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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

A MONTHLY

MISCELLANY OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. V.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1878.

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"'What do you say to "Robin Adair?"'"

"A Bit of Nature."—Page 24.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE "ROSE OF NEW ENGLAND."

FAR out at the other end of Long Island Sound, just where it begins to broaden into the expanse of the ocean, and deepen into the unfathomable, there is an opening in the line of the Connecticut shore, not far from the Rhode Island border, which you would take for the mouth of a river, but might believe to be almost an estuary, when you are informed that throughout its brief extent it is filled with the waters of both sound and sea. Thither the tides go up even to the very fountains of its origin, winding northward amid embosoming hills, green and rocky everywhere — rocky enough at times to suggest the presence of the aboriginal wilderness.

Upon the sound, and at the foot of this inlet of the ocean, is the city of New London ; at the head, the city of Norwich. Fancy now this intercommunicating tideway to be the short, crooked stem of a flaring letter Y. Two picturesque streams, with old Indian names, coming down from either hand, will furnish you with the arms of this gesticulating member of the alphabet. That is the way it looks on the map, though, as Nature has drawn it, if regarded strictly as a letter, it seems to be going distracted. The river on your left is the Yantic, that on your right is the Shetucket, which, three or four miles farther up, changes its name to the Quinebaug, though practically the same stream ; the Shetucket, at this point, like a branch, flying erratically over to the left. These Indian rivers, thus flowing down from either side and at their junction swelling the tidal waters of what used to be called the Pequot, but is now idiotically called the Thames, furnish the "why" for the present beauty and prosperity of Norwich, as well as the "wherefore" of its original settlement.



VIEW OF NORWICH.

Here—partly because of a high promontory of rock seated in the fork, partly because of a precipice, a little farther back, over which the Yantic comes tumbling, partly because of the steep incline down which the Shetucket comes rushing—the tides go no farther. But these last-named rivers may be



THE QUINEBAUG.

said to have tides of their own, so regularly do they recur in their season—freshets, often of terrific violence and volume, which, in the Indian period, roared around the base of the rocky point, but now try their strength, instead, on the brave city which has since thrown out the barrier of its wharves and terraced streets in a wide circuit under its brow. If you will bear in mind that these picturesque but threatening tributaries have proved rivers of gold to the enterprising capitalists who have erected grand mills along their banks for many miles above, you will be prepared to account in great measure for the vision of a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid for the brightness of its beauty, that mounts before you when you reach a sudden bend in coming up the Thames either by rail or steamboat. The granite cliff, which is its Mount Zion or Tarpeian Rock, as may be preferred, with a few straggling trees on its bald summit, looks like the high forehead of a recumbent sachem, with its nodding scalp-lock yet untaken by the scrambling assault of all the pale-faced houses which cover its breast and scale its very shoulders. If you were to sail up the river at night, when its dark outline is not visible, some of these dwellings would seem to be suspended in the air.

This view from the river, however, does not by any means give you the best idea of the city. There are bridges and wharves, warehouses and railroad-stations, churches and public buildings, and a multitude of private dwellings in sight, with enough of the unconquerable wildness and ruggedness of aboriginal Nature breaking through to suggest what the landscape must have been when nothing save an Indian fort stood upon the crown of the cliff, but you get only a glimpse of that finer part which lies behind the head and shoulders of the old sachem, whose full length, as we figure, extends many a rood inland, and slopes away out of sight.

You may take either of the two broad streets which part under the cliff, and which run around it, one in front, the other behind, ascending until they have fairly emerged from the thickly-populated quarter, and brought you to the level of a high plateau, nearly one hundred feet above tide-water, over which the more sumptuous portion of the city spreads itself. But, before you get to this, the high ridge between these avenues, marking the gradual subsidence of the promontory, attracts your attention, so far as you can catch a view of it from between the columns and through the heavy bower of magnificent elms, which now begin to make each avenue a long, umbrageous arcade. Washington Street, on the Yantic side, seems justly to be the favorite street of emergence from "the landing," as the lower and business part of the city is called. From Christ Church (one of Upjohn's finest structures, facing a sheer wall of rock over the way, up the side of which runs a street, as it were, across its eyes, and looking, itself, as if it might slip down its own declivity backward into the quiet Yantic Cove) this avenue sweeps so gently up round a slight curve that it gives one the sensation of a prolonged wave of the sea bearing you easily onward till it lifts you upon its crest and opens a further vista. Now the old mansions and modern villas come in sight—those on the right standing far back on the crown of the ridge; those on the left, nearer the street and hiding the lawns, sometimes the groves, which slope steeply down behind them to the cove. From the rear of several of these the Yantic Falls can be seen and heard. From the roofs of several of the others the whole surrounding country may be viewed. Connecticut neatness is proverbial, even in the humblest village, but here it becomes vivid, even splendid, where wealth and taste and public spirit have seized the vantage of the spot and so richly improved and adorned it on every side. Private dwellings, conspicuous for their sumptuous style and evident cost, with ample grounds and gardens, can be found in many towns, but not often, if anywhere, with such natural features to grace and beautify them as here; and not often, also, does it happen that culture keeps such pace with opulence that one is as gratefully manifest as the other. Even in minor street details, sometimes neglected, this scale in the very pomp of neatness is maintained. If above you the great elms throw out their massive branches, "each a forest on a single stem," below

you the sidewalks are paved with flagstones of ample breadth, set in the emerald of the sod; the gas-lamps, interspersed along, seem almost as strangely there as in the woods, and the walls which skirt the lawns, here and there as low as a curb-course to invite you over, are often as finely laid in stone as the houses themselves. What you find in this street you will find in its rival also; and this is your first impression of the "Rose of New England" when you have climbed above its business stem and fallen in amid the bright leaves of its full efflorescence.

In Broadway, the parallel avenue, the elms are likewise so magnificent that they interlace their branches overhead, and their foliage is so thick that one can walk bareheaded for long distances, sheltered from even the noontide sun. At the head of this latter street, and opposite the outcome of the other, with a high, wooded ridge close at its back, stands the Free Academy, into which all the other public and private schools may graduate their pupils, and which was built and endowed through the munificence of these dwellers on "the Plain," as well as of others more high and lifted up. All the rose-leaves get their fragrance from the generous and enlightened spirit which centred such a fortune here in their midst, for such a purpose, more than five-and-twenty years ago.

In front of this fine building is the open, triangular park and parade-ground, with the Soldiers' Monument at its apex, to tell the story of Norwich in the war; and beyond, still in front, is the royal burial-ground of the Mohegan tribe, which was only noted as "a place of Indian graves" when the early settlers first appeared, but is now inclosed, with the gray obelisk of Uncas standing in the gloom of its thick little grove. If you choose to follow the cross-street (Sachem Street), which passes close by it, you will reach in a few minutes the rocky gorge and precipice down which the Yantic plunges into the cove below. Even to this, its terminus, that river has come, after winding about for many a mile, and bearing more of the ancient story of Norwich on its bosom than you are yet prepared to suspect.

Let us now go back to the meeting-place of Washington Street and Broadway, and follow the united avenues along for a mile or two until we find the Yantic bending round to meet us just before it shoots off to the left again. It is not a lonely walk; for there are houses all the way, some of them so antiquated as to give you an inkling of what we are coming to. We are getting into the storied region now. At a certain level place the long street breaks apart into a number of short streets opening into and out of a little green, surrounded by quaint old houses, over whose low gambrel-roofs the ancient elms, older than they, hold their aged and wrinkled arms. Here and there in the broad roads which wander about this central spot (where an old meeting-house keeps watch at one corner, and an old court-house at another) a statelier mansion stands, with the look of old-time magnificence upon it, telling of the ceremonious days before the Revolution, and of the anxious ones during it, when Washington stopped overnight on his way back and forth between New York and Boston; when Lafayette, Steuben, and Pulaski, came here and lingered awhile; and the gay Duke de Lauzun, with two thousand brilliant hussars at his heels, dazzled the country round.

But the old village—so quiet and so sleepy now, nestling up here at the termination of what might still be called the Plain, crowded on one side by the same line of rude hills, rock-built and forest-clad, and brought close to the winding Yantic—has but one house in it, after all, which, if tradition be true, can awaken a scene amid which all these antiquated buildings would appear fresh and youthful. It was standing during the lifetime of the pioneers, nearly two hundred and twenty years ago, when the forefather of the old meeting-house yonder was perched upon the crag above—for the kingdom of heaven had to come by observation, sometimes, in a day when a Narragansett war-whoop might resound



YANTIC COVE.

at any moment in the woods near by. It was built when only about a score and a half of others, like fashioned with itself, were planted widely apart, each the wooden castle of its builder, to guard the broad plot of virgin soil assigned him in this new proprietary of the wilderness.

A little farther, just up the road and beyond the turn, you will find all the pioneers together—themselves, their children, and their grandchildren—but the ancient graveyard in which they sleep, now quite obliterated, is hardly more undiscernible than the old settlement itself which they rescued from the rock and the morass, which was once alive with their vigorous life, but which has gone down with them into the dust, to be built upon in its turn by the now aged hamlet which the thriving sons, doing business on the "salt-water" at "Rocky Point," whose mansions are where the "sheep-walk" used to be, occasionally drive up to see as the old homestead of the fathers.

In this general description of the old town and the new, it may be that the reader, in following the two streets which led up from the landing, has received the impression that this is all of Norwich. We could easily bewilder him if we should take him



BY THE RIVER.

over the remainder of it, and ourselves also in trying to describe it. The city has grown over hill after hill in the neighborhood of the great rock; it has sprung across both the Yantic and Shetucket; and the houses face each other from the opposite banks of the Thames. As you ride about, continually ascending or descending, coming suddenly upon magnificent distant views of river and landscape, the streets curving up this way and curving down that, houses above you, houses below you, a rocky ridge or a woody knoll appearing when least expected; now on a bridge over a gorge, and then in a peaceful country-road with cottages and villas alternately smiling on you—your conclusion will be that no place had a better claim to a magazine-paper, and yet that none was so unlikely to be deservingly portrayed.

We must shift the scene now, and take up our story from a much more interesting point of view. We have just glanced into its past, as it were through the big lenses of the lorgnette, and the figures have seemed distant, perhaps insignificant. But let us turn the perspective-glass the other way, dismiss the present Norwich to the edge of the horizon for a while, and summon its primitive history into the foreground of actual life, with all its natural, if diminutive, proportions restored.

Two hundred and fifty years ago will bring us into the midst of the great Puritan emigration—into the famous ten years between 1630 and 1640, when two hundred ships and twenty thousand Englishmen crossed the Atlantic to the shores of New England. The charter granted by King Charles I. had given the right to form a colony in Massachusetts, and Archbishop Laud's persecution of the Puritans had roused a feeling which now penetrated the higher ranks of society. The disposition to take refuge in the New World was no longer confined to the poor and artisan class who in 1620 had gone over in the Mayflower. Nobles and large landholders sought proprietorships; soldiers, lawyers, and clergymen, who had already won distinction, were anxious to join the movement. The great tide only reached its flood and began to subside when the uprising in Scotland brought about a similar condition of things in England. Then the representative men, who sympathized with the popular excitement, and who were about to detach themselves from the old country, relinquished their intention, and shortly became the renowned characters of the civil war and the Commonwealth. But the new country had already received its share of the men who were qualified to meet the crisis of that age as it should develop itself there. It may well be a curious question whether those who remained to cope with a situation unprecedented in English annals were of greater intellectual capacity, moral worth, and physical courage, than those who had entered a field literally untrodden to meet obstacles and perils equally unknown. Both had the same task before them; both had the same antecedents and the same convictions. But one had to build up a government of the people by overthrowing a long-established mon-

archy, and struggling with the chaos which they had precipitated. The other, with the same end in view, had to deal, if not with chaos, with something half created; difficulties and dangers peculiar to a new settlement in a great and terrible wilderness of whose extent they were ignorant; peculiar also to a political opportunity as free and open as the land they occupied, the wise limitations of which they were not yet prepared to foresee. The spectacle is one of the most picturesque in history. As to the comparative greatness of the men so similarly engaged, but differently environed, it is impossible to form an estimate; but it is not too much to believe that if the same amount of ability and personal force which was expended in America, and was lost in the oblivion of the woods and in dealing with affairs on a miniature scale, had been employed upon the affairs of England at that time, with all Europe for the theatre, there would be still other great reputations identified with the Puritan rebellion. The "blush-unseen" sentiment will rise up in a measure to rescue the heroes of the New England Commonwealth from undue disparagement on the score of the obscurity in which their deeds were done. "The village Hampden" here with "dauntless breast," and the "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," did not "waste their music on the savage race," whatever may have become of their "sweetness on the desert air."

We find an instance, in point, in the character and career of the man who is now to step into the field of our story; and as we trace the vigorous outlines of his course, not only in the affairs of war, but also in the arts of peace and matters of state, we are led to speculate as to where such a strong figure would have been found in the English development of that period. Especially may we do so, when we know that he was held in such high estimation by his old commander, Sir Thomas Fairfax, the general of the Parliament army, as to be earnestly solicited by him to return to England and take part in the work before them there. There is certainly enough extant concerning him to warrant a very high expectation of the prominent place he would have taken and sustained if he had done so. This man was John Mason. He served in his early manhood under Fairfax, in the Low Countries, and came to the Massachusetts Colony soon after 1630, when about thirty years of age. We are obliged to limit our account of him to those particulars which associate him with our present subject. He is described as a man of large stature and imposing presence; unlike Miles Standish in this respect, who was diminutive. After taking an active part in the affairs of the colony, both military and political, he appears in 1635 as the leader of an undertaking to found a new settlement beyond the borders assigned in the charter—on the Connecticut River. This involved a departure into a region over which no civilized government had any jurisdiction. The colonists traveled on foot. The journey occupied fourteen days. It was full of hardship and peril. In a week or two after they had arrived at their chosen destination, the river was frozen over, and one of the most terrible winters on record set in. This was the settlement of Windsor, a town a few miles above Hartford and Wethersfield, with which communities they soon formed a union under the name of "Connecticut."



UNDER THE ELMS.

About the same time another settlement had been made at the mouth of the river, under the proprietorship of Lord Say and Lord Brook, which took the now familiar name of Saybrook. In the course of time this plantation joined itself to the other three, so that the original colony of Connecticut was only a river-line of four little villages, with about a thousand inhabitants in all.

Now came the inevitable difficulty, the jealousy and malignant hostility of the Indian population, numbering three or four thousand warriors. The powerful Pequot tribe, which held the other tribes under its domination, resolved upon the extermination of the intruding but, so far, peaceful English. Outrage after outrage of the most monstrous and revolting cruelty followed. The settlement at Saybrook, from its situation, was the most exposed to these assaults. At the solicitation of the inhabitants, Mason took the military command of the post, an office which finally extended over the whole community of infant towns, and which remained in Mason's person for nearly forty years, growing into a sort of major-generalship.

We must now turn our attention to another quarter, and go among the Indians, to find the other representative hero of this narrative. It brings us

into that part of the wilderness in which this story is laid. Two-thirds of the way up the Pequot River, on its western bank, at a place still called Mohegan, was the seat of Uncas, the chief of the Mohegan tribe, who were allied in race to the Mohicans on the North River, so celebrated by Cooper. The time finds him in the midst of war with enemies on either hand. Although his history first comes into view with that of the English occupation, we already see the qualities of character and the nature of the circumstances which were so soon to identify him honorably and heroically with it. His father had married into the royal family of the Pequot tribe, and he himself had married a daughter of Sassacus, its sachem, six years before. The seat of Sassacus was near the mouth of the river, a few miles below, between where New London and Mystic now are. He claimed dominion over Uncas and his tribe, and this led to a long war of independence, on the part of the latter, in which, Indian traditions say, he was worsted no less than five times. The Mohegan domain extended on one side northwestward to the new settlement of Windsor, and, on the other, eastward over the region watered by the Yantic and Shetucket, the future site of Norwich. His near neighborhood on this eastern side to the Narragansett tribe subjected him to continual invasions by them, and kept him in a state of chronic war. Like the Pequots, the Narragansetts largely outnumbered him, and he was never out of danger of being annihilated by one or the other. The sachem of the Narragansetts was Miantonomoh, the nephew and successor of Canonicus, and he was destined to become as romantically distinguished as his rival in the strife which now first came to the knowledge of the English. The township of Norwich was the frontier country in which these battles were fought. The places are still pointed out which Uncas made his points of observation when guarding his territory. One of them was the summit of the rocky promontory between the rivers, where he had built a fort, commanding a view of the Shetucket Valley, the direction from which these incursions might be expected. What a little Flanders this whole region had become, is shown by the number of stone tomahawks and flint arrow-heads which are to this day upturned with the soil.

In the course of his perilous relations with Sassacus, his Pequot suzerain, probably on his fifth rebellion and discomfiture, Uncas took refuge in the remote western part of his territory, near Windsor. It was this which brought him among the English, and into friendly relations with Mason. From this time the white chieftain and the red appear on the stage together.

Two years after Mason's arrival, in 1637, the determination of the Pequot sachem to exterminate the English led to his forming a league with the other tribes in the bloody business. This roused the General Court into a counter-determination to put an end to the Pequots. Captain Mason was made the commander of an expedition which was ordered to proceed into the heart of the Pequot country. Only ninety men could be spared for this service. Mason immediately sought an alliance with Uncas and his Mohegans, while Roger Williams, who had already founded his colony at Providence, procured the coöperation of the Narragansetts, who had always shown themselves friendly to the settlers. If Mason had followed the instructions he received, he would, in setting sail from Saybrook, have gone directly to the mouth of the Pequot River and into the very face of his foes. Thorough-bred disciplinarian though he was, he nevertheless took the responsibility of disobeying these orders, and went with his shallops past the Pequot to a place near Point Judith, twice the distance, about fifty miles from Saybrook. Here his allies joined him. The story is too long to be completely narrated now, but its details are full of interest, and Mason exhibits all the traits of a leader of the Ironsides. The Narragansetts, in their dread of the enemy, proved unreliable. Mason found that he would have to depend entirely on his own men, whose number was now reduced to seventy-seven. Guided by Uncas, and with the Indians, five hundred in all, following, he crept along with careful self-concealment for eighteen miles to the Pequot fort. The attack was what he meant it to be, a surprise. Stationing his dusky allies around the fort, at a considerable distance, he resolved to take it by assault in the night. Inside were seven hundred Pequot warriors, asleep under their wigwams. The English, who were not all soldiers, were equipped with matchlock muskets, and probably steel head-pieces. After solemnly commending themselves to God, they stormed the fort two hours before day. The Indians, thrown into a panic, made but a wild and brief resistance, some seeking the shelter of their huts and the darkness, when Mason, fearing that the approach of day would reveal the weakness of his party, seized a fire-brand, and, with the shout, "We must burn them!" set fire to the wigwams. This so intensified the panic that some of the savages threw themselves into the flames. The troops, rushing among them, slew them right and left, without mercy, and those who escaped from the fort were as mercilessly intercepted by the investing circle of Mohegans and Narragansetts. Only seven of them escaped, and seven were made prisoners. Two of Mason's band were killed, and twenty wounded. But the work was by no means over, and its danger was increased. They were in the midst of the enemy's territory. Although nearly exhausted by marching, watching, and fighting, besides being encumbered by the twenty wounded men, they were obliged to sustain an encounter next day, while pushing toward the river, with three hundred more Pequots, who were infuriated by the destruction of their comrades. In this their Indian allies gave them but little help. The battle raged all day. Every step was disputed until they came within sight of their own boats, which had been brought round to meet them. In these the wounded were placed, after which, crossing the river, they resumed the march homeward. On the way they were attacked by a party of Niantics, whom they dispersed. At

last, on the eighth day from the time they set out, they reached the Connecticut River and Saybrook, where, though it was Saturday night, and the Puritan "Sabbath" had begun, they were "nobly entertained," writes Mason, "by Lieutenant Gardiner, and many great guns." This has been regarded as "the most decisive victory, considered in all its bearings and results, ever achieved in the whole history of the Indian wars with the British colonies."

In this expedition the fidelity of Uncas had never failed, while the record of the Narragansetts, as the Mohegan had predicted, did not turn out as favorably. Mason writes of Uncas: "He said he would never leave us, and so it proved; for which expressions and some other speeches of his I shall never forget him. Indeed, he was a great friend, and did great service. All our Indians except Uncas deserted us."

The power of the Pequots was now broken, and Mason took the place of Sassacus in being the terror of all the Indian tribes from Narragansett to the North River. The management of Indian affairs was placed in his hands, and his course was so temperate and judicious, though sometimes necessarily severe, that there was uninterrupted peace in all the colonies for forty years.

Uncas profited greatly by the destruction of his southern enemy, and by the peculiar favor he enjoyed with the English. The Mohegans were excepted in many of the stringent arrangements which were made to secure the safety of the settlements. But, through jealousy, and very likely the insolent conduct of Uncas himself, the Narragansetts were after a while exasperated into a renewal of the old feud. The English interfered, and persuaded the two sachems, who met with them at Hartford, to sign an agreement referring their difficulties to them. Five or six years passed without a serious outbreak, but there continued to be the usual misunderstanding, which, at the end of this period, broke out into another tempest over the happy valley.

During the interval we have a pretty scene, almost pastoral, presented to us. It is planting-time, and the Mohegans, with their squaws and children, are in the fields sowing the seed of the maize, the squash, and the bean. The wigwams stand thickly in the rear of Uncas's fort on the Pequot; while up the river, on the plain, near the graveyard, where his father and relatives lie, another cluster is gathered amid still other fields, ready to be planted. The hunting-grounds are in the distant parts of the inclosing forest, but no sound of fire-arms is heard in the chase of the deer, for the Indian has yet no other weapon than his bow. The bark canoes ply the deep Pequot below, which is richly stocked with fish. They are seen drawn up at the shore in two picturesque spots, a mile or two apart, one at the opening of the ravine near the foot of the falls, and the other half-way down toward Mohegan, where the river bends into another peaceful cove, the "trading-cove," to which the white man from Saybrook occasionally brings his goods for a barter.

Suddenly Uncas, who would seem to have had recent cause for especial uneasiness, receives intelligence that Miantonomoh had been seen stealthily crossing the fords of the Shetucket, three miles above Rocky Point, upon which he had kept the usual scout and sentinel stationed. Five or six hundred Narragansett warriors, armed, painted, and plumed, for war, are in the woods, and speeding swiftly and noiselessly toward his fort at Mohegan. He quickly gathers his own warriors there, but only half the number of the enemy, and, in his turn, speeds as swiftly and noiselessly to intercept the intruders. The two armies meet at a place about a mile and a half southwest of the Yantic, over which stream the Narragansetts had already swarmed. They had followed the customary route between Narragansett and Mohegan, but, just as they had crossed an intervening ridge, Uncas appeared close at hand on an opposite one. In the brief and astonished halt made by his invaders, he sends a messenger to Miantonomoh, desiring to speak with him. The two sachems meet in the narrow space between the armies. Uncas proposes a single combat as the best way of ending what was really a personal quarrel. The victor should become the sole chieftain of the tribes, and the owner of their territory. Miantonomoh insolently declined, exclaiming, "My braves came to fight, and they shall fight!" Instantly Uncas threw himself flat upon the ground, when, "twang! twang!"—it had been a



COURT-HOUSE.

preconcerted signal—the arrows from three hundred bows flew into the faces of the Narragansett host, who were off their guard. With a terrific yell, the Mohegans rushed upon them with the speed of the missiles they had discharged. The stratagem had been wisely and sagaciously planned. Its effect was just what had been sought—a panic. Miantonomoh turned, to find his braves in full flight, with the yelling Mohegans after them. Before Uncas could spring from the ground, the great sachem was already at the heels of his men, fleeing also for his life. In the desperate rush, the Narragansetts became separated, and several bands lost their way as they sped for the Yantic ford. One was chased into the river to be drowned, or slaughtered at its brink; another, by some insane deflection, flew, like a herd of buffalo, to the precipice overhanging the gorge of the falls, and were driven over the edge to pitch headlong upon the rocks over which the torrent was tearing along as tumultuously as themselves. Their mangled bodies were soon floating in the cove below. Meantime Miantonomoh continued his flight, closely pursued by Tantaquieson, a swift-footed warrior of the Mohegans. Uncas, no longer a young man, could not attain the speed with which his vanquished enemy flew over rock, morass, and the wooded ridges which lay between him and the Shetucket. But Tantaquieson easily kept up with him, contriving to trip him up, and otherwise encumber him sufficiently to give Uncas time to overtake him and have the credit of the capture. The moment Uncas touched his shoulder, Miantonomoh stood still. Offering no resistance, he calmly met the fierce, exultant look of his conqueror, without saying a word. "Why don't you speak?" cried Uncas. "If you had taken me, I would have besought you for my life!" Miantonomoh would rather have died on the spot, so he afterward said, than have done so. The Mohegan, with unwonted magnanimity, spared his life, and, giving the whoop of victory and recall, stopped the pursuit, and, gathering his warriors around him, returned with his prisoner to his fort, where, until, at the request of the English he delivered him into their custody, he treated him with respect and even kindness. Tantaquieson had to pay dearly during many a year to come for his great deed on that day. He became an object of vengeance to the Narragansetts until he died; but of especial pride to his descendants, who, for generations after, boasted of him to the whites. This battle has been pronounced to be "the most conspicuous purely Indian fight recorded in the annals of New England." The whole of it, the onset, the panic, the pursuit, and the capture, were all within the limits of the present town of Norwich.

The English had demanded the prisoner in order to bring him to trial for a breach of faith in attacking Uncas. After much hesitation—for Miantonomoh was a noble type of the Indian, and had cleared himself manfully once or twice before in person, at Boston and Hartford, of charges made against him—the court decided, in order to secure the peace of the colonies, that he should be put to death. For this he was returned to Uncas, who conducted him to the very spot where he had been overtaken, when one of the Mohegans, coming up behind, clove his skull with a tomahawk, and the gallant chief dropped dead. At the sight of his blood and oozing brain, the ferocity of a wild beast arose in Uncas, or, it may be, he was actuated by the Indian superstition that the flesh of a slain warrior imparted his strength and valor, for he cut a large piece out of the shoulder of the "Narragansett giant," and swallowed it, declaring "it was the sweetest meat he ever ate: it made his heart strong!"

Miantonomoh was buried where he fell; a heap of stones was raised above his grave, and for many years afterward it was the scene of wild demonstrations of triumph or grief as Mohegan or Narragansett passed the spot; and many a war-expedition did go by there again. The cairn grew as friend or enemy cast a stone upon it, and it stood there long after the forest had been cleared and become a white settler's farm. It has now disappeared, but in its place, as afterward indicated by an old resident who had seen the heap, some citizens of Norwich erected a monument about eight feet high, a solid cube of granite five feet square, on a massive pedestal, with the simple inscription:

"MIANTONOMO
1643."

The great sachem, in leaving his bones, left also his name and memory in the region he came to conquer, and it rivals that of Uncas in the traditions of Norwich. Sachem's Plain is now the name of the spot—Sachem's Brook flows near by—and from Sachem's Spring, where doubtless he had often quenched his thirst, a copious libation was poured over his monument in the ceremony which attended its dedication. It stands in an open field near the old Providence road, about three miles from the city, and close to the ford which he tried to reach.[1]

But the great defeat only exasperated his people the more, and drew upon Uncas threats of a terrible vengeance. The invasions and attacks now became continual, and burst in upon the Mohegans from every side. For seventeen years after this the region was a scene of war. At times the English had to come to the rescue lest their ally should be destroyed. In one of these irruptions Uncas was driven into his strongest fort on the Pequot, that of Shantok Point, above Mohegan. It could not be taken by assault, and the Narragansetts determined to starve him out. Despite their vigilance, he contrived to send a messenger to Saybrook, and a rocky projection near by is pointed out as "Uncas's chair," where, it is said, the beleaguered chief, during the period of anxious suspense, stationed himself at night to catch the first sound of the expected succor. At last he heard the low plash of an approaching canoe. It was that of a daring fellow named Leffingwell, who had often traded with the Indians here, and

[1] This locality has since been wrought into Cooper's tale, "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish."

who had undertaken the dangerous and delicate task. He had the address to get in with his cargo of provisions: the midnight shout told of the relief, and the next morning a great piece of beef, raised on the end of a pole, raised also the siege.

In 1645 Winthrop came from Saybrook into the old Pequot territory, and established the settlement of New London, and from this time, although the first name of the town was Pequot, we will know the river as the Thames. While he and his men were engaged in making surveys, they were startled by the appearance of fugitives from Mohegan. Pessacus, the brother of Miantonomoh, was on another errand of vengeance. True to their old friend, the Englishmen threw aside their implements, seized their arms, and hastened to his assistance. Although the savages were driven off, they soon made their preparations to return again more effectually, by involving



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three or four other tribes in their quarrel. And thus it was kept up for fifteen years more, harassing the Mohegan, devastating his fields, now and then driving him into some remote corner of his dominions. But, thanks to his English allies, and to his own valor, he was never brought to ruin. We cannot linger further among these incidents, however interestingly they may clothe the scene of our story, but must leap the interval and enter the year which brings the martial figure of Mason before us again, engaged with the swart and harried Uncas in an act of friendly negotiation which made them co-residents of this region, and near neighbors, until they both passed away to a quieter world.

For some unknown reason, a number of the people of Saybrook had determined to venture their fortunes again, and to found another settlement. Probably the classic ground we have been on had its attractions for them, though anything but classic at the time to them. An Indian frontier was not then, as we have seen, any more than it is now, a peaceful place of habitation. But the resolution was taken, and, as the event shows, their arrangements were made with remarkable carefulness and deliberation. They would go, not as a group of adventurers, but, in the maturity of their Saybrook experience, as a civil organization and as a church. They would even take their wise and valued pastor, James Fitch, with them, and John Mason himself should be their leader. If they had carried off Governor Winthrop himself they could not have gone with greater dignity and consequence.

So, as a proper preliminary, we find Mason, now a gray-haired man of sixty, with two companions, sailing round into the Thames, near the field of his memorable exploit which had cleared the country of its worst savages, and proceeding up the river to the Mohegan village to have a talk with Uncas. He comes with a proposal to purchase, on behalf of the settlers, the beautiful tract of the Mohegan domain which made its very heart, the favorite resort of the tribe—a tract which should include their trading-cove, the junction of the three rivers, the great promontory, the waterfall, the grand plateau above with its royal cemetery, and all the country round to the extent of nine miles square. The bargain is made, the money paid, and the deed signed by Uncas and his two sons on the one hand, and by Mason and his two companions on the other. This was in 1659.

The new possessors seemed to disregard the more romantic part of their estate, and decided to plant their dwellings inland about three miles from where their base-line crossed the Thames. It was on the direct course from Narragansett to Mohegan, and was the very spot over which Miantonomoh had brought his swarm of warriors. They placed themselves in the war-path, as if to be a barrier to all fu-

ture invasions. During the year of getting ready for the settlers, some of them had an opportunity to taste the savage quality of the locality. Two of the advance party were on a hill in the woods one day surveying,



UNCAS MONUMENT.

when they suddenly heard close by, but across the creek, the rush and yell of a pursuit. The Narragansetts were at it again, and the Mohegans were driving them. Nearly a year afterward, when Mason had built his house, and his small party were snugly sleeping in it one night, they were awakened by a war-whoop and a discharge of fire-arms. The bullets struck the house, and the next morning eleven indentations were counted in its timbers. This was an attempt to assassinate him; and, on the indignant inquiry of the General Court, Pessacus apologized for the outrage, as done without his knowledge. After this there were no more such raids.

In 1660, when all was ready, the shallops came from Saybrook, bringing the wives and children and household goods of the thirty-five new proprietors, and Norwich was fairly begun. Their town-officers were now chosen, their church mounted on a look-out crag, the green was laid out below it, the court-house built on an opposite corner, and what they called the Town Plot was divided into liberal areas among themselves.

Thus they go on, troubling themselves little with what is happening in any other part of the world. Mason keeps up his relations to the general commonwealth, becomes deputy-governor when Winthrop is absent to get a charter from Charles II., is called upon again and again to aid in settling the difficult and delicate questions of state-boundary at all points of the compass, and keeps his troops in fine order for any emergency. James Fitch, their well-tried minister, especially ordained for them years before after the most radical Congregational form—in which they would not let another minister lay a hand on his head, but did it themselves!—one of those marked men in the early Puritan communities who seemed to absorb into their own person the united influence of church and state, united here after a new fashion—he, their Elder Brewster, goes in and out among them, a sober, earnest, judicious, and reverend personage, penetrating with a devout power every household, and making it dwell in simple, faithful union with the rest as in the sight of God. The heathen Uncas down the river, who resists all his efforts to induce him to "come to meeting," and whose inner life will not bear a close comparison with the Puritan standard, lives under his more than mild reprobation.

In these three representative figures we have, now, our retrospective view complete. The Indian sachem and original proprietor of the soil, the military commandant and foremost statesman of the colony, and the Congregational minister after the purest type—the body, soul, and spirit, of the colonial movement—each so finely developed and clearly cut before us—these, with the sturdy community among whom we see them, form the picturesque and characteristic background in our story. It nobly corresponds in worth and dignity, as well as in romantic interest, to the prosperity and beauty of the opulent city we have described.

This is the root from which sprang the "Rose of New England;" but, if we go back to analyze, we will find that it is the *red* in the rose which has given it such a peculiar bloom—it is the red-man in the picture which has made it so attractive. We do not claim for Uncas himself any other virtues than this brief account of him may have suggested; but such as he had were exceptional in the savage. To courage, ambition, a spirit of independence, and, occasionally, magnanimity, he added a fidelity to his word with the white man, over which not the shadow of treachery ever passed. He was wise, too, above the measure of other native chiefs. He would not submit to Sassacus, he would not be overrun by Miantonomoh or Pessacus, but he discerned the strength and foresaw the future ascendency of the English, and put himself from the first in that moral relation to them which appealed to their highest instincts, made them treat him like an equal, and always regard him as a friend. It is a significant fact that, in the deed which transferred his property to them, no reservation appears regarding the sacred spot where his royal dead were buried, as if the tacit obligation of a decent humanity had been equally understood by both. The bones of his family were never disturbed. He himself was laid there when a very old man, and his sons after him. The gray monument which the people of Norwich erected over him, the foundation-stone of which was laid by a President of the United States, is a monument also to the generosity as well as justice, the amity as well as peace, in which the annals of the city began. This obelisk of granite, here in its very heart, literally shrouded in the gloom of the heavy foliage which overhangs

it, and that massive block of granite, standing lone and bare in the open meadow three miles away, are the first features to interest the stranger, and their presence will always serve to revive the legends and traditions which linger over the hills and valleys near, and along the two rivers, on the banks of which these rival red-men found their grave.

But we must not forget to take a parting look at the early settlement which has also returned to dust, and for whose monument, if you inquire—*Circumspice!*

We can see nearly twoscore English homesteads. No huts of logs are to be found here, as in the other settlements. The people have advanced from the half-wigwam life of the Saybrook days, and have built them houses "which had foundations," with spacious cellars underneath—houses of rough and ponderous timbers—timbers which obtruded themselves from the low-studded ceilings, and lay along the edges of the lower rooms like massive benches against the wall—great, square houses were they, which stood up for what they were in front, and ran almost down to the ground behind. The chimney in the centre, constructed with coarse masonry of broken rock, abstracts an undue share from the surrounding rooms; but its cavernous fireplaces will put the forests under generous tribute in the cold winters that are to come. The furniture, simple and rude; the few comforts brought from Saybrook, a few more from dear Old England; the black-letter Bible in its sacred corner; fire-arms, ready for war or the chase, hanging between the beams or over the mantel; the "dresser," bright with vessels of burnished pewter; ruddy English faces about, with the strong lines of their race slightly shadowed by the austerity of their faith and the grim determination of their life—this is the interior picture. And outside are fields of Indian-corn, and great, golden pumpkins enjoying the sun; turnips, but no potatoes—potatoes do not appear for sixty years—peas in pendent pods, and last, not least, *beans*—beans, to be so exuberant and triumphant in time as to overspread and give an everlasting name to the neighboring hill—baked beans, to become the joy and necessity of the Norwich palate for all generations.

At what period the English bloom began to fade, the English rotundity to shrink, and the lean and sallow days set in, when the nose grew long and sharp, and forgot its function in the art of speech—that strange metamorphosis which overtook and overspread, they say, all the rest of New England—we know not; nor can we now discover any vestige among their descendants of such a degeneracy, if it ever occurred.

Still we fear that the Puritan cloud, which hung about the meeting-house on the hill, threw its shadow somewhat over the little village in the vale. We hear nothing of the mirth and fun of "Merry England." There were no dances around the May-pole on the village-green. We can understand why there were no Robin Hood games of archery, for the twang of the bowstring in the woods had been anything but sport to them so far. But the garlands of Christmas were forbidden to the bare walls of the meeting-house; the "fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together," were good enough for the hills! As to mince-pie and plum-pudding—very seats of the papist pestilence—they had been an offense to the nostrils in the old country—out upon them in the new! And there, with that look of horror on their earnest, rigid faces, we leave them to work out their faithful way, while we go on to see how their children of a hundred years afterward are bearing themselves on this self-same soil of the fathers.

Presto! what a change! It is just before the Revolution. We need not describe the gay and lively town: its fine residences, its shops plying a busy trade, its multiplied population, its book-stores and printing-offices, and its newspapers with ready tidings from abroad. Nor need we notice the signs of thrift, the economy, the comfort, the serene ease of life, the wealth and substance, apparent everywhere. All this might have been expected as the outgrowth of such a beginning. But just as we turn from our primitive friends in short hair and long coats, in flaring boots, and hats with steeple-crowns; our friends, also, the buxom dames in homespun brown or gray; our stern friends, who took the pains to put the great and wide sea between them and such vanities as Spanish boots and fringed trouser-breeches, starched ruffs, hoods, and farthingales—what are we to think of the scene which now greets us in this inland country-town? A fitting occasion comes, and lo! a grand and stately society appears. We now see in real life what is familiar to



TOMB OF MIANTONOMOH.

us in old family pictures: gentlemen in full powdered wigs, gold-laced coats, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles; ladies in brocaded gowns, with long trains hanging over their arms, em-

broidered stomachers and high head-dresses, satin slippers and high-heeled shoes, turbans and costly crimson cloaks; even the boys are in cocked-hats and small-clothes! What decorum, what deference, what formality, what an assumption of position, what exaction of precedence, what homage to rank, what yielding to official station, what punctiliousness in the matter of titles!

And then comes the Revolution; and Tory Hill, towering up over against Rocky Point, is to-day a monument of a lingering loyalty to the king among a few of these, and of consequent confiscation. But the mass of the population spring to arms, and are content to let all this social pomp fade into more sombre hues with the commerce and wealth that brought it. Norwich does its whole duty. It has already sent its "signer," and now has its representative in the Congress, its generals in the field, its quota of troops in the army. Noble reputations come back to it in the rumors of the war—when, suddenly, the news of a terribly bad business reaches it, and the ancient and honorable town is brought into an unenviable notoriety. Benedict Arnold, one of its own sons, has attempted to betray the country! He has become a general in the British army! He has landed in New London, and burned it to the ground!

It was more than a questionable contribution to make to a good cause, and it seemed, at first, a sorry fate to have been the town to make it; but, as we see it now, it proved a foil which brightened the more an excellent patriot record. The bad eminence turned out a good pedestal. It was a consolation, also, at the moment, to know that Arnold, though born among them, had none of their ancestral blood in his veins. His parents had come from another State, and he himself had run away from there during the wild, rascally boyhood which every one now began to recall. There stood the house in which he first saw the light; and it looked as if he had played treason and destruction with it. Its timbers were slashed with his hatchet, its doors and window-seats whittled with his jack-knife, and in many places, burned in with a red-hot iron, was his name just as black as he had liked to make it. This house was still extant in 1853. The stories about him that were revived were in some instances so characteristic as almost to have warranted a prediction of his after-career. He was found one day at the hospital for the inoculation with the small-pox, a place which was so much the terror of everybody that Dr. Turner, who related the incident, had infinite trouble with the people and the authorities in maintaining it. When the boy was asked why he was there, he replied, "Because the other boys were afraid!" It was precisely the same unreasoning rashness of temperament which landed him finally in the midst of another loathsome contagion, as insensible to its horror or enormity as he was careless of the future avoidance of his countrymen, and of the fate which would consign him to the pest-house of history. At another time, during a jollification over some victory in the French War, he mischievously appropriated a field-piece, buried its butt in the ground, filled it with powder, and then dropping from his hand a burning brand into the muzzle, leaped back just in time to save himself, huzzaing as furiously as the others over the prodigious blaze and noise he had made! It was essentially the same thing when he sought, through selfish chagrin, to wrest a great cause from its serious purpose, and played a reckless game with the quick and fiery material of a people's patriotism; for what face in all the annals of human treachery is now more blackened and disfigured than his? These stories are sometimes repeated with an emphasis of admiration, as if they gave the best side of his character. They rather expose the utter absence of that very quality of feeling and sensibility which makes character. The incidents are chiefly interesting as showing the boy to have been the father of the man.

As we stroll around the old Town to-day, and wander through its sleepy streets, and notice how few its houses are, we wonder what has become of it. Where are the buildings which held all that lively trade? Except here and there the old mansions we have mentioned, where now are the signs of the social glory of one hundred and more years ago? Is there a blight? No! What you see is only the ancient grandmother knitting in her ancient corner, a little shrunk and withered, to be sure, but quite content to forget her ancient finery because her children are doing and appearing very well in the newer homestead a little way down the road.

We have heard of a certain rose-tree that, after budding and flowering out for a while, bends over with its own weight, and takes root again. It must be the Rose of New England, for this is exactly what did occur. Or we may say that, like its own arbutus-vine, Norwich, after twining itself all about these rocks up-town, and blossoming in little bunches as we have seen, went trailing away into another rocky region a considerable distance off, and began to clamber over the hill-sides there. How exuberantly, in a more auspicious soil and better exposure, it has twined and blossomed again, and how thickly it has bunched itself around the promontory, and over the ridge, and throughout the plateau, and along the river-banks, the reader has been already informed.

But to come back to our rose-tree. Norwich did actually bend over with its own weight, and that weight was first its commerce and manufactures, and finally a better appreciation of its own natural beauty. Not much more than fifty years ago the spot on which it stands now was hardly occupied at all, and not long before that it was little else than a sheep-walk. This change of base is almost grotesque in its result and the comparisons it suggests. The grandmother watches her progeny from afar. The primitive town is not a part of the present city!

It was a curious sight, nearly twenty years ago, when the bi-centennial celebration made the city for two days a carnival of illuminations and ceremonials, orations and poems, dinner-speeches and songs, to observe how the great procession—headed by the governor, and freighted with an ex-president, and no one could begin to tell how many other notable de-

scendants besides—formed, and started on its march, under the very cliff which was a craggy unknown to the fathers, wound its way through avenues, up hill and down, where once there had been no footing for man or beast, passed under arches, floral and evergreen, with "Welcome Home!" inscriptions in every variety—spanning sometimes places where the tides had ebbed and flowed, at others where the cattle had been most at home—and finally sat down to dinner in a mighty tabernacle which, if Norwich had not hurried up, or rather down, of late years, would have been pitched in the wilderness. What is more, a stranger would hardly have dreamed, from anything that he heard, that this was not the veritable spot, two hundred years settled, if the procession had not made quite an excursion "out of town" to pay its filial respects to the old lady on the Yantic who occupied the original homestead, and who alone could remember the days that were past!

The young city took the jubilee pretty much into its own hands, and danced and clapped its hands for being two hundred years old. But, after all, though a little under a delusion, it did have a very good time, and so awoke the echoes of the period we have now gone over that they will continue to ring for many a year to come. What an array it was when more than two thousand of its returned sons and daughters sat down to dine, and nearly five-and-twenty rose up to speak! There were Mrs. Sigourney, Millard Fillmore, William A. Buckingham, Chancellor Walworth, John A. Rockwell, Bishop Lee, of Delaware, Lafayette S. Foster, Donald G. Mitchell, Thomas Sterry Hunt, Daniel C. Gilman, and many another distinguished name. There, we take leave to say again, was Chancellor Reuben Hyde Walworth, as genealogical as he was genial, whose researches for his twelve ancestors among the original Thirty-five had raised the very dust of the dead. He had become so well known for this diversion, especially his pursuit of those who held a certain family name, that the profane had been thinking of putting under his shingle "Cash Paid for Hydes." When it was his turn to speak, the old graveyard up-town awoke, and then not only the twelve ancestors which centred in himself, and the general cousinship which he could claim with everybody, appeared, but it seemed as if the entire horizon awoke, too. So vast a portion of the human race came thronging in, under special mention, to take part in the celebration that there could no longer be any doubt as to the unity of the species. From memory and memoranda the venerable spokesman of the fathers emitted a luminous cloud of family names, which shortly burst into such a prodigious shower of spray that every face in the multitude was sprinkled. Such a general christening had never been seen before. With secret pride in his heart every one drew the lines of his countenance into the ancient Puritan limitations, and tried to look grave and austere, as was befitting to the thought of an ancestry which had committed them all to a life of sobriety; and yet—tell it not in Gath!—"there was a sound of revelry by night," under the folds of that very tent, and they didn't go home till morning!

AT EVENING.

A PRAYER exhales from out the wood,
The prayer of Nature to her God;
And in this low and purple glade
The strolling herds pause half afraid;
So deep the peace, so deep the rest,
An infant on its mother's breast,
With even pulses breathing balm,
Can image forth the perfect calm!

The light has waned to crystal clear;
A luminous and pearly tear
Upon the pallid cheek of Night
Seems softly trembling into white,
And lo! on the horizon's marge
There glows a planet fair and large.
Above the vault is passion pale,
Where died the sunset's fiery trail.

From dewy glens and thickets dank,
With thymy herbs and flow'rets rank,
Small furry things steal out to trace
Their paths upon the dripping grass;
And nestlings, restless in their sleep,
Awake to stir and softly cheep,
While glow-worm tapers flare and gleam
On forest-altars dimly seen.

Forth from her azure cave of space
The moon reveals a sainted face,
And weaves her thin and filmy veil
Over the woodland and the dale;
She steals the cloak of glowing green
And drops a robe of silver sheen,
And fleet of foot she gently glides
Where Memory lurks and Echo hides.

Within this hushed and sacred hour
The silence blossoms like a flower.
As color melts unseen away,
And leaves the silver and the gray,
So thought gives place to vague content,
The soul of music twined and blent
With reverie's dim and pleasing throng,
A soundless chant, a wordless song.

The mountains bend to lesser height
Beneath the majesty of night—
An awe-struck circle hand-in-hand,
A linked and mighty praying band.
And we, too, light the inner shrine,
To worship here the All-divine;
Where Consciousness his throne reveals,
Within its fane the Spirit kneels.

A BIT OF NATURE.

A STORY IN TWENTY-THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A HUMBLE HOUSEHOLD IN THE COUNTRY.

THE nomadic life of a peddler, with horse, wagon, and dog, had charms for Daniel Potter, and for several years he drove through the villages and rural districts of Pennsylvania accompanied by his only daughter Daisy, he being a widower. At the time I take up the history of the twain Daisy was about fifteen, and of general utility in driving, trading, and what not. It was a light, canvas-covered wagon, with a beak in front, to protect from sun and rain, under which father and daughter sat, their merchandise being stowed away behind them. The daughter generally drove, and with a practised hand. In going down-hill, if she sat on the right—her usual place—her foot as naturally sought the brake as her hand held the reins. She was quicker than her father to discover if the traces were too long, the hames wanted tightening, or the wheels wanted grease. She frequently harnessed the horse, Dobbin, and was as familiar with every strap about him as she was with her own simple apparel. Further, she knew how to use him without abusing him—a trait, according to men, unusual in her sex. To rub him down with a wisp of straw, and turn out his measure of oats, was a labor of love. To stop the wagon, get down and take a pertinacious horse-fly out of his skin where she could not reach it with her whip, was a duty.

The father was a robust man of fifty, of a cheerful countenance of nut-brown ruddiness. Life in out-door air neutralized the effect of the imperfectly-cooked food with which he was fed on the road. Besides, the breed was good. At the first glance, the face was one of rustic candor, but a closer examination revealed behind the general expression a certain sagacity. His walk and conversation, from a moral point of view, were as straight as his vocation would permit. The capes of some critical situations had to be doubled by lying. Like the Vermont peddler, he could not be tempted to tell a lie for a shilling, but he certainly would tell eight for a dollar! In order to sell, he would at times draw the long bow to a degree that shocked his daughter. Indeed, Mr. Potter had been taken to task for this by her, but he answered that it was all in the way of business, and was not to be regarded in a more serious light than the fibs which waning spinsters tell about their age. Still, thereafter, Mr. Potter was careful not to break the most frequently-broken commandment when within ear-shot of the reproving offspring. Further, although the parent was, ethically, a little smirched, through the temptations of successful dickering, he had a higher code for her than for himself, and strove to bring her up according to the principles of the Good Book.

Part of the equipment was the dog, or Jerk, whose place was in the rear, where he trotted along under the tar-pot between the hind-wheels, and where the unchanging prospect in front of him was Dobbin's hind-legs, and on each side the flitting spokes of revolving wheels. At night he was the sentinel over the wagon and its contents. In the absence of father and daughter, he was the master of it and the horse, and he guarded them with jealous vigilance. The privilege of manifesting his pleasure in the usual wag was almost denied to Jerk; he was without a tail, or nearly so, for what was left of the appendage scarcely deserved the name. In short, it was the merest nubbin, with very limited capacity of movement, but still it did move on extraordinary occasions, when the cup of Jerk's joy ran over.

Jerk's brief ending was the cause of village and rustic wit. For instance, one said that he ought to be a popular animal with the most rigid Puritan, for he never trifled with his latter end; another inquired if he was detailed on unwaggable duty; and another said the difference between him and Hamlet's ghost was that one could a tale unfold and the other couldn't. As may be observed, these were sorry quips, but the Sydney Smiths were not numerous in this part of the country. Mr. Potter was not responsible for the deep damnation of this taking off, for thus he came to him as a pup—unwaggable. It is certain that, if the dog had possessed a tail, it would never have been found between his legs. From the upward tendency of what was left, it is reasonable to suppose that in its normal condition it would have proudly and stiffly curled. On the other hand, it is doubtful, had this portion of himself not been taken away, if he would have used it much in the way of lateral movement, for he was no wag, but a serious dog, and, thus shorn of the usual sign of dog jollity, he became a stern dog.

It was about the beginning of the oil-discoveries, and they were in the oil-region, driving along an old, comparatively disused stage-coach road, lined on each side with forests of white-oak, pine, and hickory trees. The lofty white-oaks raised their crowns against a sky of pure blue, or a thin shred of white fleece. The wagon-wheels bruised the green hickory-leaves, which exuded an odor that mingled with that of the pervading pine. It was in the full maturity of summer. Here and there a squirrel peeled his nut, and a bird flashed across the road into the recesses of the forest.

As they approached a somewhat long hill, father and daughter, according to their custom, descended from the wagon, and walked up, to relieve the horse. On the summit there was a house, to which the father called his daughter's attention.

"We must try and sell this smart Alick something. He always has such a deal to say before one can do anything with him, but I must try."

At length the slowly-mounting wagon ceased to creak, stopping before the newly-made, unpainted pine house on the top of the hill, from which its owner issued. Potter possessed the shrewdness usually found in his calling, and by way of illustration a part of the conversation between this client, Mr. Smith, and himself, is here given.

"Fine morning, Mr. Smith," observes Potter, as he drives up, a proposition which is assented to. Mr. Smith hopes peddling is lively. Mr. Potter says he cannot complain. Mr. Smith inquires if there is much demand for spool-cotton, and hooks and eyes. "Greater than the supply," answers Potter. "And matches?" pursues Smith. Potter replies that his lumber department is doing well. Mr. Smith hopes that needles—those warranted not to cut in the eye—continue to attract the eye of the sewing community, and adds, with a chuckle, that it must be matter of congratulation to him (Potter) that that part of Scripture does not apply to him about its being easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Potter says he has threaded his beat pretty well with needles—those warranted not to cut in the eye. As to the camel going through the eye of the needle, he thinks it all depends on the size of the needle. Thus, at a blow, without any particular effort, does Mr. Potter cut a Gordian knot which has puzzled theologians from time immemorial. Mr. Smith trusts the apple-paring machines continue to go off lively. "As if they were under an auctioneer's hammer," answers Potter. The questioner hopes that things generally in his machine department are brisk—the self-adjusting lanterns, the combination clothes-pins-and-paper-holders, the five-minute churns, the back-action pen-holders, and the case-of-surgical-instruments-knife-with-a-corkscrew. Mr. Potter says that all these articles are as lively as mosquitoes in August. "And the pain-killer?" pursues Smith. "Graveyards are on the decrease since its introduction," answers Potter.

Thus did Potter give the questioner rope to chaff until he succeeded in selling him several dollars' worth of his wares. Had he been approached with a direct demand to buy, there would probably have been a flat negative; here was shown Mr. Potter's knowledge of human nature.

While the bargaining was going on, Daisy took a bucket from the wagon and went to the well. Fetching her pail of clear, cool water, she held it up to the eager Dobbin, and looked pleasantly into his eyes as he sibilantly sucked the refreshing liquid. When he would take no more, she dashed the remainder over his legs—after which he probably felt like a new horse. Then she examined the linch-pins, and let out the horse's throat-strap a hole. By this time, Mr. Potter was through his dicker, and he said:

"Mr. Smith, I reckon this is about the last trade I shall have with you. I'm goin' to quit the business. As you see, my stock's pretty well run down, and now I think's a good time to stop."

"I 'spect you've feathered yer nest right well," returned Smith. "What are you goin' to do?"

"I've bought a farm in your neighborhood—a matter of four or five miles from you. I'm goin' to it now, to settle."

Smith closed his right eye, saying:

"I see. You want to strike it."

"Well," said Potter, "if it comes, well and good. If it don't, why, I've got the farm."

"How many acres?"

"Eighty."

"How much did you give for it?"

"I'll tell you—when I want to sell," answered Potter, as he got into the wagon alongside his daughter.

"Good luck to you!" said the man, as he went back into the house.

Daisy gave a cluck with her mouth which no letters of the alphabet can describe, the wagon started, the pendent tar-pot swung like the pendulum of a clock, and Jerk resumed his position beneath it.

They went softly down the hill with the braked wheels gashing the dirt in trails of smooth stripes, and sounding like the flutter of a bird; then, toward the bottom, the foot was lifted from the brake, the cluck was uttered, the wheels gayly rattled, and the dog was obliged to increase his pace threefold. As father and daughter walked up the next hill, he said:

"It goes again' me to give up peddlin'. It's a beautiful business; free as a bird and independent as a nabob. But pleasure is one thing and duty's another. We must try and roll up somethin' for a rainy day, and if we've any sort of luck, Daisy, we'll get a deal more out of the land than we ever would out of the wagon."

In something over an hour after leaving the unpainted house of pine, the wagon stood on the brow of a hill. Below them began a valley which widened like a funnel until it reached a stream of water which glistened in the sun like a sheet of silver. The two hills were of mild declivity, which bordered the broad valley, the highest point being where they met and formed the parent hill. From this they sloped gradually until they reached the stream.

Potter looked down over this valley with pride and affection, as he said:

"There is our home, Daisy. I reckon we'll be as happy down there as anywhere else."

Daisy inhaled the sweet odors of Nature, and her eyes drank in the landscape which unrolled itself at her feet.

"I think so, father," said she, not with his enthusiasm, but probably with as much feeling.

Land-hunger is inherent in man, and Potter had it. Here was ground which formed a part of himself, and he noted the character of the trees and the soil with the enjoyment which belongs to new possession. The sun did not paint those trees and blades of grass with more glowing tints than did the imagination of the new owner. It was the land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey.

As the wagon descended the valley, Potter

thought, as he was entering upon a new era, it was the time to make an important communication to Daisy.

"Daisy," said he, "I think you are old enough now for me to make you acquainted with a piece of family history."

"What's it about, father?" said she, as she cracked a horse-fly off the shoulder of Dobbin with her whip (the *a* in the word father being pronounced as in flat, for the Italian sound of the vowel was unknown to her).

"It's about a matter of money, pet, and I don't want to put it off any longer, in case anything should happen to me."

"I'm listening," said she, as she extricated the rein from under the horse's tail.

"Several years ago, I don't exactly know how many, a cousin of mine by the name of Samuel Potter died up in New York City, and left a million dollars. He hadn't any wife, children, brothers, or sisters, and his money went to his kinsmen. How many there are of 'em, I don't know, but I am one. Nigh on to two years ago, I heard that a man by the name of Thomas Herbert, up there, was one of 'em, and I wrote to him about it. I didn't get any answer. About a year after, I wrote again. No answer—not a line, not a word. Now, Daisy," pursued Potter, "I want to get the facts well lodged in your mind, as well as the name."

"I have them, father."

"So that you can go straight to 'em in case of anything happenin' to me."

"But I won't allow anything to happen to you, father."

"In which your father will cheerfully coöperate. And as this is business that don't concern any one else but ourselves, just keep mum about it."

"Then, we may be rich some day, father?"

"It's best never to count on things in the shell. Besides, I never saw the will; the property may be given away in charity—there may have been creditors as well as kinsmen."

"I see," said Daisy, and then urged the horse to a brisker pace.

Potter was glad to get this off his mind as a matter of duty, and he discouraged any further discussion of the subject as being profitless. He turned his reflections to the present, and looked with a practical eye around him. First, there were mysterious hints which indicated to the daughter the tendency of the father toward oil-discovery, then the openly-expressed desire.

They were soon in the midst of the bustle and that mind-tension which characterize those who expect from day to day to become rich.

Dobbin was unhitched, never more to be hitched to peddler's wagon, and Daisy became mistress of a rude cabin near the shore of the stream which had gladdened her eyes when she first saw the place from the brow of the hill. It faced the river, and a forest of white-oaks stood between it and the river, which at this point was unusually wide and deep. The house was of logs, the interstices being closed with hardened straw-clay. The door opened into a large room, which formed half the building, and was kitchen, dining-room, and parlor. The other half consisted of two chambers, one being occupied by the father and the other by the daughter. The loft overhead was the sleeping-place of Hannah, the servant who assisted Daisy in the house-affairs.

During her wandering life in the wagon, Daisy had often sighed for a home where she might have a garden and plant flowers and vegetables, and gather pets about her. The wish was gratified, and she took delight in her new duties and responsibilities. Order and cleanliness were observed throughout the three rooms of the humble tenement. To such an extent was Daisy's cleanliness carried that she occasionally tyrannized Mr. Potter, saying, "Father, why *don't* you scrape your feet before you come in?" and, "Father, don't be knocking the ashes out of your pipe all over the mantel-piece!" and, "Don't be whittling chips all over the floor!"—all of which Mr. Potter took good-naturedly.

Before long the cabbages were up, and the beans were rapidly climbing their poles, the roses were budding, and the morning-glories were arching the doorway—and all of Daisy's doing. Within, the pans were as bright as silver dollars just from the mint, the bare pine table from which they ate their food was as white as soap and water could make it, and not a speck of dirt was visible on the well-swept floor.

At the close of each day Mr. Potter returned from the toils of boring for oil, washed his face and hard hands, and sat down to the evening meal which Daisy had ready with unfailing punctuality. This finished, Daisy "red away the things," and Hannah washed the dishes. This done, Daisy filled the paternal pipe with "Lone Jack," and handed it to the smoker, who lighted it with a live coal. Then the face of Mr. Potter glowed with satisfaction, as he sat on a tilted chair with his feet against the side of the mantel-piece. Thus they dwelt in the happiness of simplicity.

". . . . Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll."

CHAPTER II.

A GOOD SHOT.

In the morning they were astir with the sun, Mr. Potter going forth like a giant refreshed to bore for oil, the girl busying herself with house-affairs like a matron. There were out-door duties as well: a visit to Dobbin, with a few words and caresses in memory of old times; one to the cow, and others to the pigs and domestic fowls. The greater part of these last consisted of a dozen hens, headed by a golden-necked chanticleer, who was the living ornament of the place, and strutted in unrivaled glory. Her acquaintance with these fowls and their habits was of an intimate character. Among her trials were, on two occasions,

when a couple of the feathered pets had to be potted in obedience to the rites of hospitality.

One of the first melancholy events in Daisy's experience as an amateur raiser of fowls was the death of Rickety. As there is always a black sheep in a fold, so there is a forlorn creature in a brood of chickens, and in this feathered group it was Rickety. Much care was lavished on this weakling, but to little purpose. Her sisters pecked at her, and the grand chanticleer hardly deigned to notice her. At feed-time she was thrust aside by her vigorous companions, and deprived of her share of the corn, and at night on the roost she was not allowed to nestle close to her kind, after the fashion of other hens, but folded her bedraggled wings on an isolated perch with a weak, complaining chirp. As the stunted pullet continued to decline, Daisy at length took it each night into the house, and placed it in a box lined with flannel before the fire, to keep up the heat in its wretched little carcass. Still, like David of old, it gat not heat in its body. Its contented chirp was almost lost under its comfortable covering, faint and fainter every day. After it was taken out of its box of a morning, it stood blinking its weak eyes before the fire, and uttering an occasional "Peep," which vibrated in its frail frame through feathers and all. It was put on dainty diet, and cozened to the last degree, to pull it through the tightening hand of death, but to no purpose. One morning, when the flannel covering was removed, no chirp came from the box. Rickety was no more troubled with gaps and rickets, and Daisy was sad for the day.

The cow occupied a share of Daisy's attention. It was she who prepared the mash for it, consisting of bran and slices of cow-pumpkin and a sprinkling of salt, reduced with warm water to feedable consistency. The cow ate it with avidity while her mistress watched, for Daisy experienced the pleasure of seeing animals feed.

The possession of the cow furnished an opportunity for the exercise of charity in the supply of milk to a poor family of ragged children and a drunken father, who lived over the hill, and Daisy had the satisfaction of seeing the effect of the milk on the face of the urchin who made diurnal visits in quest of it, and Potter said to him by way of advice:

"Young un, avoid the still and keep to the cow, and you'll always have cream in your coffee."

And it occurred to Mr. Potter after uttering them that these were words of wisdom. As for the young person to whom they were addressed, it was plain they sank into his memory—he putting them away in a corner of his mind, as Daisy put away her new milk in the spring-house—for future cream.

Under the new order, Jerk was the general policeman, whose beat extended over the eighty acres. He was a rigid disciplinarian, kept his eye on things generally, and almost seemed to count the chickens before they went to roost—to count them before they were hatched being Daisy's province. He had a rare instinct and a penetrating eye, yet such was his docility that the hens occasionally perched on his back without fear. He was broad-chested, bandy-legged, and short-haired. His integrity was beyond question. He could be left alone with a piece of savory meat, and not touch it.

Months passed, a year rolled round, and still Mr. Potter bored ineffectually for oil. He found, however, some degree of compensation for his disappointment in the tranquil pleasures of a home-life. After the labors of the day, he would say, over his pipe, of an evening, "Well, if I don't strike ile here, I did once in my life, and that was when my Daisy was born."

"There are plenty such girls as I am, father."

"None!" would Mr. Potter say, in a tone of conviction. "And if ever I *do* strike it, I'll—well, let us say no more about that; I know what I'll do."

After a year's residence, Daisy was acquainted with the country for miles around, for most of her time was passed out-of-doors. She knew the crannies, the rocks, and the great trees; she knew the particular birds which took up their quarters near her home.

She kept her eye from time to time on one particular flecker, who made his home in a great tree that stood a little distance from the house. As she ran about over the place, she never failed to look up into the tree, to assure herself of the bird's presence. One morning, as she stood under the branches, looking at the bird hopping about from limb to limb, she heard the report of a gun, and the next moment the flecker fell lifeless at her feet. She picked up the bird to see if it was quite dead, and, seeing that it was, she looked around with a clouded brow for the shooter. Two men approached, the younger with a smoking gun.

"It's you, is it?" said she, as he came up.

"It is I," said he, with a smile.

"Well, I think you've got very little to do to go round shootin' fleckers. This one in particular. I was just gettin' used to him."

"I'm sorry if he was one of your pets."

"Your being sorry won't bring him back to life."

"How shall I make my peace with you, miss?"

"By just makin' yourself scarce, and keepin' off these premises from this time on."

"Why, what a tyrant!"

"I've got no respect for people that goes round hittin' sittin' fleckers."

The elder of the two here came forward to pour oil on the troubled water, saying:

"I'll stuff him for you, and you can put him on the mantel-piece for an ornament."

"And I will make a picture of him, to be put in a frame or a book," added the other.

She was mollified, but still ruffled.

"It was a poor shot, any way," said she, looking where the bird was pierced.

"Perhaps you could do better, miss?" returned the young man, in a bantering way.

"I think I could," said she, seriously.

"I have reloaded my gun; take it and give us a proof."

"What good will that do?"

"It will likely convince a certain miss not to boast about her shooting."

"Give me the gun," said she, as she took hold of it with a practised hand. "Crows ought to be killed, for they are always tearing up the crops," continued she. "Do you see that one up there?" said she, pointing to one that was flying at a considerable distance. They signified that they did. Like an old marksman she drew the gun to her shoulder; there was a report, and the bird fell.

"By Jove!" was the exclamation of the younger. "How did you learn to shoot like that?"

"I have been shootin' for a long time—out of a wagon and on the road-side."

"She is a boy-girl, Richard," said the elder of the two men; "brought up by a man, and separated from the society of women."

"How did you know?" asked she, curiously. "It's true, any way, for I have never lived with anybody but father."

"I never saw anything like it, Walters," said the younger, still looking in the direction of the fallen crow.

"Miss Diana," said he whom the younger called Walters, "will you kindly give us a drink of water?"

"We never refuse that to anybody on this place, but my name is not Diana."

"Pray what is it?" pursued Walters.

"Daisy. Come along to the house, if you will."

They proceeded to the cabin, where Daisy looked at the two men more closely than before. The marked character of Walters first drew her attention.

His collar was thrown open about the neck, his attire was loose and commodious, and he wore a broad-brimmed straw-hat, such as farmers usually wear. His costume was suggestive of a sailor, although it was not a sailor's costume. Besides, his talk was of the land, for which he showed a partiality hardly in keeping with a man of the sea. He wore a flower in the button-hole of his sack-coat, and was familiar with the crops, and soils, and trees, around him. He had a mild blue eye, a full, flowing beard, and a deep, gentle voice. It was difficult to assign him to any particular walk of life, although his sympathies seemed to be rather in the direction of the humble. His age was probably thirty, and he was the embodiment of health.

The younger, whom Walters called Richard, was apparently about twenty-five, fine-looking, and habited in a toilet which indicated dandyism, but of a good tone.

"Perhaps you would sooner have milk?" said she, as they reached the house. On their signifying a preference for it, she went to the spring-house and brought two bowls of milk, which she set before them. As they were going away, after cordially thanking her for the bowls of milk, Walters said:

"Miss Daisy, if you will sit for us, we would like to come back to-morrow to make a sketch of you."

She did not clearly catch what he meant, and he added, "A picture, you know."

"Oh, do you take them?" asked she.

"We do," answered Walters. "Not very well, but as well as we can."

"Have you got a horse and wagon?" continued she. They had no horse nor wagon. Then she asked how they carried their machine around, from which the two men learned they were taken for perambulating photographers. She was informed that they took pictures by another process, which they would show her the next day.

She looked after them as they departed down through the white-oaks, with a curious eye, for she had never seen men of this kind before. They were of a new race. The event was an important one in the life of the young mistress of the cabin, and Mr. Potter was made acquainted with it as soon as he came in. From her description he recognized them as two persons whom he had the previous day met in the settlement, and he presumed they were on the lookout for oil. It is hardly necessary to say that Potter's mental vision was fixed on cascades of the soft fluid, day and night, and he supposed that every one in that part of the country looked with his eyes.

"They are playin' it deep," said Mr. Potter. "They go around chasin' bugs, butterflies, and shootin', as a blind for prospectin'."

"What good will that do them?" asked she.

"Why, they will go on followin' their frivolous pastimes until they light on a piece of ground that has signs of oil, which they will want for timber or for farmin', and they will make an offer for it in a casual kind of way, as they are nailin' a bug or a butterfly, and some simpleton will sell 'em his oil-land before he knows what he's about."

"Oh, that's what they are at, is it?" asked she.

"Depend on it," said the father.

"They said they were comin' back to-morrow, to make my picture."

Mr. Potter smiled at this weak pretext for examining the surface-indications of his soil; he averred with some emphasis that they were losing their time, and that there were still some people in Western Pennsylvania who had their wits about them. But Mr. Potter added that their visit to the eighty acres was inoffensive, and that they should be treated with the politeness usually extended to strangers.

CHAPTER III.

AMATEUR PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

THUS advised, Daisy kept an eye on the movements of the two men when they returned on the following day. They approached, and Walters cordially held out his hand to her. They had their sketching-materials with them. She asked where they wanted to take her picture, and they responded that they would take it under one of the white-oaks,

if she liked, under the one from which the flecker fell, as some sort of expiation for the death of that bird. She assented, and they walked toward the spot. On the way thither, Walters, who, as the reader has probably divined, was something of a naturalist, plunged forward on to the ground and secured a small coleopterous insect of brilliant colors belonging to the genus Coccinella. Having caught it, he took one of a row of small fine pins from the sleeve of his coat, and pinned his prize on the outside of his great straw hat. Daisy, having noted this operation, saw in it confirmatory evidence of what her father had told her, and the conclusion came to her that Mr. Walters was certainly "playin' it deep."

"There is no use sayin',

'Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,
Your house is afire, your children alone,'

to that one," said Daisy, with a smile.

"True, she must hereafter put up with my home," said Walters.

Again, Walters kneeled down to examine the exquisite tint of a wood-violet, calling his companion's attention to it with—

"Richard, look at this bit of color. It would be hard to paint, eh?"

"That it would," said Richard, as he also submitted the flower to an examination.

The admiration expressed over the wood-violet caused another smile to pass over the face of Daisy. When they arrived at the foot of the tree, Richard said:

"Now for the pose."

"Let us toss up for it," said Walters.

"Good!"

A coin went filliping up into the air.

"Tail," said Walters, and when it came down he won.—"Miss Daisy," said he, turning to her, "I have won the privilege of placing you in a position for your picture."

"Don't you want a fork for me to put my head into?" asked she.

"What kind of a fork, pray?"

"Why, that pronged thing of iron behind the head to steady it with."

"We do not use that instrument in our process, Miss Daisy."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I think the fork is confinin'."

"Just please sit down on this clump of moss at the foot of the tree. So. That is it. And look this way. Exactly. Now you can go on talking with us as much as you like. In other words, you can squint your eyes and open your mouth as much as you please."

Both worked diligently at their water-colors for over half an hour, when their sitter manifested a desire to go to the cabin to attend to her household duties. With the usual forgetfulness of painters, they begged her to remain five minutes more. When these had elapsed, they, as usual, begged her to stay five minutes more, but she arose decidedly and said she would not.

The portrait they were taking was of a healthy girl of medium height, of rather more than the development which belongs to a person of her years. Her eyes were as blue as the violets which grew around them. Her abundant hair was of a tawny color gleaming with warm tints, and, as one of the complements of this hue of hair, there were several freckles on her face. With this exception, the complexion was pure and healthful. The features were somewhat irregular, and the teeth were perfect. It was certainly not a Greek head, nor a beautiful head. Neither was it pretty, being too serious and uncoquettish for such a term. The expression had the audacity of innocence and candor, and was free from anything like self-consciousness. She was clad in a straw-hat, a light jacket of durable texture, a robe equally durable reaching to her ankles, and stout, thick-soled gaiter-shoes. She had a stick, which she usually carried in the absence of gun or whip.

They brought their portraits to her, and asked her how she liked them. She looked particularly at that which Walters had made, and asked:

"Am I really like that?"

"I think it's a pretty fair likeness," said Walters, looking scrutinizingly at it after the manner of artists.

"Well," said she, with a simple-mindedness that struck the elder, "I did not think I was as handsome as that."

"I hope it won't turn your head, Miss Daisy, if I tell you that you are better-looking," observed Walters.

She looked at him with an ingenuous expression which showed that she and coquetry were strangers.

"The fact is, that we are poor hands at this sort of thing," said Walters, deprecatingly, "and we can't do you justice—it is not our calling."

"We are only amateurs," added Richard.

Whereupon Daisy invited them to the house to take some more of the milk which they had praised the previous day. They accepted the invitation, and, while they were drinking it, Mr. Potter himself entered the house. He shook them each by the hand, and said he was glad to see them in his house.

To some readers the description of a welcome extended by the master of the house to men who were comparatively unknown to him may seem exaggerated, but those who are familiar with the customs of the rural districts of Western Pennsylvania, where hospitality is the rule, will recognize that it is after Nature.

In the course of conversation Walters observed that he and his friend were taking a little vacation, and they thought that a visit to the oil-region offered as curious a spectacle to disinterested observers as anything else, and they had come down to spend a week or two.

To Mr. Potter this was hedging to hide a design for speculation in oil-land, but he said:

"Just so."

He evinced by the remark a polite discretion, as

he thought, to refrain from prying into the affairs of strangers. After some further talk of a general character, he invited them to supper when he should be through the labors of the day, and they accepted the invitation in the spirit it was given.

"Perhaps Daisy will go out and find a wild-bird or two in time to cook them," added he.

They said they would like to try and do a little shooting themselves, and, if his daughter would wait until they went for their guns at the tavern where they were staying, they would be glad to join, which Daisy at once said she would do. After they started off for their guns Daisy narrated what had taken place during the morning—the catching of the bug, the admiring of the flowers, and the painting of the picture.

"Did they look at the stones and the soil?" asked the father.

She did not see them do that.

"I've no doubt they did it all the same when you were not looking at them," said he, with a shrewd look.

In due time the two men returned with their guns. Daisy slung her ammunition and game-bag across her shoulder with an easy grace because it was natural, and picked up her shot-gun. She was equipped without ceremony. Richard, with an urban gallantry he could not altogether restrain, asked if he might be allowed to carry her gun. She looked at her father, then at him, and saw that his offer was well meant. She replied:

"No; I always carry it myself."

The father left them to look after his affairs on the place, and the three started down the valley in search of game. As they walked along she observed:

"If there is anything going, it's generally to be found in this bottom."

In about fifteen minutes she espied a pigeon sitting on one of the topmost branches of a tree.

"There's a shot," said she, pointing to it.

"Take it," said Walters.

"I would rather not."

"Why not?" asked Walters.

"I don't like to shoot a still bird."

"Ah, Miss Daisy," said he, "this is the pride of a crack marksman. You disdain an easy shot."

"I don't know what you call it," said she, simply, "but I like to give a bird a chance for its life, and that's why I rather draw at it on the wing."

"But everybody can't do it, Miss Daisy."

"Every one must do what he can, and as he thinks best. That's what I do," said she.

"These are words of wisdom, sister of Apollo," said Walters, smiling.

"Why do you call me such funny names, Mr. Walters? Is it the way of people in your part of the country? Who was the sister of Apollo?"

"She was a great huntress, Miss Daisy."

"Ah, I see; you wanted to say something pleasant to me. But the pigeon will move off if you don't shoot.—Try it," said she, turning to Richard.

He said, in a spirit of emulation, that he would sooner try it on the wing.

"Be sharp, then," said she, "for it's going."

In effect, it spread its wings and left the branch; Richard put up his gun, pulled the trigger, and missed it. Walters laughed, and Richard, in spite of his effort to join his companion in his hilarity, showed some mortification as he looked at Daisy, who only remarked:

"You were unlucky, Mr. Richard."

Two other pigeons, frightened out of a neighboring tree by the report, appeared overhead. Walters shot at them, and one dropped, fluttering and wounded, near them. Daisy took up the suffering bird, pressed her thumb-nail into its brain, and killed it.

"There is only one shot in it," said Richard, examing the bird, "in the wing. You brought it down almost by accident."

"You see, Miss Daisy," said Walters, "the young man is trying to mitigate his own disaster by depreciating the prowess of his neighbors."

They both insisted on her shooting at the next bird they should find. Thus pressed, she held her gun in readiness. Both the men were curious to see her shoot again. The opportunity soon presented itself. She drew up her gun with the natural grace they had observed before, fired quickly, and the bird fell dead to the ground.

"What an eye you have, Miss Daisy!" said Walters. "It's wonderful!"

She said nothing as she removed the exploded cap from her gun.

"I am sure there are no better shots in this neighborhood than you are," pursued Walters.

"I don't think there are," said she, simply.

"Do you ever shoot with the rifle?" continued he.

"Yes. Father carries a rifle, and I often use it. I like it because it is honest shootin'."

They strolled through the woods for some time, and secured two more birds. Walters insisted on relieving her of her game, and emptied her bag into his own.

"I see you mean well," said she; "but I am as able to carry game as any one. I am stronger than you think I am. But I see the sun is getting low. It is time to go home to get the birds ready for supper."

When they got back to the house, Mr. Potter was already there. Outside a brisk fire was burning between two stakes, and a tea-kettle puffed the steam from its spout. Mr. Potter received his guests in his usual hospitable manner. Father and daughter began plucking the birds between them, on the grass, after the latter had put on a check apron. Walters asked if he might join in the task.

"Fall to," said Mr. Potter, and Walters got down on the grass, and plucked in a matter-of-course way, as if it were an every-day occupation of his life. Richard doubtless felt like following his example, but he had not the same adaptability of character as his comrade, so he remained a spectator of the plucking. To a gastronomer like Walters, the preparation of game an hour or two after being killed was naturally heresy; but the desire and grat-

ification of entering into the movement of daily life of these people impelled him to ignore it.

"Perhaps you will let me cook them?" said Walters, when the birds were dressed.

"If you think you are up to it, Mr. Walters," said Potter, "why not?"

"But Miss Daisy holds the sceptre—or perhaps I should say spit—in this department.—What do *you* say, Miss Daisy?"

"I say as father says—why not?"

"Very well. Then you are under my orders, Miss Daisy, for two cooks spoil the broth, and two cooks may spoil the birds. Have you a gridiron and some bacon?"

Being provided with both by Hannah, he cut a very thin slice of the bacon and wrapped it securely around each bird. Thus enveloped, the birds were placed in a row on the gridiron, and the gridiron was placed on the live coals between the stakes.

"Did you ever see birds cooked in this way?" asked the volunteer cook of the daughter. She confessed she never had.

"Two points are attained in doing them this way," pursued he. "The juice of the game is retained, and the bacon imparts to it a nice flavor—especially in freshly-killed game, as this is."

The usually serious face of Daisy smiled at this explanation, and the manner which accompanied it.

"Come, Richard," said Walters, "go into the house, and help the mistress of the house to bring out the table, and place it under the tree there."

Richard cheerfully obeyed, for he was glad to get out of his inaction. Having brought out the table with Daisy, he assisted in spreading the table-cloth and in setting the table—the table-cloth having been bleached to a snow-like whiteness on the grass. Then he brought out the chairs, which Hannah handed to him, and placed them around the table, while Daisy arranged the plates.

"Suppose you put a bunch of wood-violets in the centre of the table, by way of decoration?" said Walters to Daisy.

"What are they?" asked she.

"Why, those little blue flowers that you see growing all around you here."

"They're Johnny-jump-ups, Mr. Walters."

"Richard, here is a philological fact of some interest, for which we are indebted to Miss Daisy."

"I have heard children in this section who say, besides—

'Johnny-jump-up
And-kiss-me-too,'"

said she. "So you call them wood-violets?" queried she, to Walters.

"Yes. But I must turn my birds—to say nothing of keeping an eye on the vegetables in the pot and the saucepan!—What an aid you have in your daughter, Mr. Potter!"

"That is true," said Potter.

"What is the name of your place, Mr. Potter?"

"The people about here call it Potter's Hollow, or The Hollow for short."

As they sat around the table, Potter said:

"Mr. Walters, you are a neighborly man, that I would like to see as much of as possible. If you see anything round here that you take a fancy to, I may be able to give you some advice about it."

Walters looked at him without understanding.

"Depend on it, I shall be mum about it, and my advice ought to be worth something in this section," said Potter.

Walters looked at him again, but was no further enlightened.

"Open your mind," continued Potter, "and if you see a bit of choice oil-land that you want, I may be able to tell you something about it."

"Oh," said Walters, "you think I want to buy oil-land?"

"Of course."

"I never thought of that."

"Just so," said Potter, somewhat skeptically.

"Why," said Walters, with the accent of conviction, "I never tried to make money in my life. I have no desire that way, and money-making, or trying to make it, would be for me an irksome business. The desire to possess houses and lands, which is common to my fellow-men, I know nothing of."

This was improbable, and father and daughter looked to Richard for some confirmation.

"It is true," said Richard, thus mutely appealed to. "He is what we call in the city a Bohemian—of Upper Bohemia."

"Then you don't know anything about tradin', peddlin', and that sort of thing?" said Potter to Walters.

The latter confessed that he did not, although he had often thought there were charms in the life of a peddler well suited to his character. Roving over the country, dickering with the housewives, taking care of a horse, shooting an occasional bird, and the enjoyment of a landscape which was always changing, appealed strongly to his nature. This awakened the vagabond instincts of Potter, and he said, meditatively:

"It's true. There are few things like it." And Daisy looked with a new interest at the man who described the pleasures of a peddler's life. It was a bond of union.

As Potter saw the two guests leaving the Hollow, he said to his daughter:

"I can't make them two out."

"They know many things that we don't know, father."

"It's book-learnin'," said he.

"And Mr. Walters doesn't know anything of tradin'," added she, thoughtfully.

"And never tried to make money."

"I wonder how he makes his living?" pursued she.

"Perhaps it's made for him by somebody else," said he.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLEASURES OF SIMPLE FOLK.

In response to an invitation to tea, Walters and Richard wended their way to the Hollow a couple of days after making Daisy's portrait. As they came over the hill and descended the valley, the western sun threw its rays in dying splendor athwart the white-oaks and the quiet stream. The smoke curled peacefully in thin, pale-blue spirals from the chimney of the log-house, and the last crows of the chanticleer bade adieu to expiring day.

"How refreshing," said Walters, "after the turmoil of the town, to come to a scene like this!"

"It *is* an agreeable change," returned his companion, "after Broadway, the opera, and the ball."

"And how pleasant," continued Walters, "to meet people like these in constant intercourse with Nature!"

"Who don't ask you how you enjoyed yourself at the last party and all that sort of thing," added Richard.

"And what an interesting young girl! so true to herself and to others. The charm of innocence and self-respect," pursued Walters.

"And so jolly good-looking!" said his companion.

Then a cloud came over the brow of Walters, and his companion divined what he was thinking of, for he asked, after a pause:

"You have heard nothing of her since she left you?"

"Not a word. I only know that she fled with her lover across the sea."

"You should try and forget your faithless wife, Walters. She does not deserve another thought from a man like you."

"My affection for her is dead, Richard. At present she only excites my pity—poor, foolish, erring woman!"

They were here met by the four-footed policeman of the Hollow, who escorted them to headquarters.

The persevering oil-borer, with a face shining from a recent wash after the work of the day, stood at the door to welcome them in his usual hearty way.

As they came down the path, there was a bow-wow of admonition from their escort. The hens gave way to a suppressed cackle, and the golden-necked polygamist followed in *basso-profundo*. The pigs aroused themselves with grunts of inquiry as to whether the sounds betokened coming food, and the mild eyes of Dobbin peered with curiosity through the rails of his stable. The rustic wench, Hannah, appeared for an instant in the doorway, and, descrying the arrival, darted back into the house, snatched up her great-tooth comb, and arranged her hair before an eight-by-ten looking-glass framed in bright one-inch mahogany, making herself as pretty, in her estimation, as such a hasty toilet would admit of. The art of doing up back-hair was a sealed book, and the tangled appearance of the back part of her head presented a striking contrast to the plastered-down locks in front. The ostrich, with his head only in the sand, fancies he is secure. Hannah, seeing in the mirror only the portion of her hair which was smooth, believed appearances were saved, and nursed herself in the security of the great bird.

Having thus, with the characteristic coquetry of her sex, made herself as presentable as possible, Hannah busied herself about the supper, Daisy occasionally lending a hand. At length they sat down to a simple and substantial meal, a particular feature of which was flannel-cakes, produced hot from the griddle, as they were consumed, by the watchful Hannah; Mr. Potter pouring chicken-gravy profusely over his, and disposing of them with cheerful dispatch. There was the usual pressing of the guests to eat, which was part of the local coloring.

The habits of Mr. Potter at table were not those which obtain at the tables where Walters and Richard usually dined when at home. He ate with his knife, and held his fork as a stone-mason holds his chisel. When his coffee was too hot, he poured it into his saucer, and blew it with a sound that was like the combined buzzing of a bee and the hissing of a gander. Or he puckered his lips and sucked the hot beverage in a manner that would have been unexceptionable in the East, but which was open to criticism in the Western world. In moments of prandial expansion, notwithstanding the admonitory looks of Daisy, Mr. Potter occasionally wiped his lips with his sleeve or the edge of the table-cloth. These were unimportant details in the estimation of Walters, but were not so in that of his more finical companion. On the other hand, although Potter was addicted to the habits referred to, his jaw moved slowly, and he ate with the composure of a sheep nibbling grass.

After their appetites were satisfied, the cloth was removed, and Mr. Potter brought forth his Lone Jack and clay-pipes. Walters smoked one of these with him, but Richard excused himself from following his example, preferring to make a cigarette from the contents of an elegant tobacco-pouch, saying, as he did so, that the pipe was too strong for him. A large lamp was lighted and placed on the table. Its light shone on the face of the host, cheerful from another day's work and a satisfied stomach, and on the face of his daughter, which betokened curiosity.

Mr. Potter was colloquial between his whiffs, and talked about his farm and its neighborhood. He did not undervalue the benefits of education, but the schoolhouse, the church, and the post-office, were all on the other side of the river. His daughter, however, had gone to school pretty regularly the past winter, going over in her boat. The school-teacher was also the preacher, and she tried to make a point of going to hear him every Sunday. He was subscriber to a weekly paper, which kept them advised of the oil-movement. This information was furnished to show, after all, that he and his daughter had little reason to complain of what some might consider their isolation.

As the father waxed garrulous, the daughter was observing the guests more closely than she had yet done—the handsome, almost pretty, face of Richard, regular in feature and fair of skin, his small, white hand and silky mustache; the older and more thoughtful face of his companion, full bearded and gentle of expression.

Their traits appeared more striking by contrast when a neighbor, who lived a mile or two over the hill—by name Isaac Butler—knocked at the door and entered. He was a young man, toward whom the rustic heart of womankind turned as the needle points to the pole. He was the *boute-en-train* of the corn-husking and the apple-butter boiling.

"Sit down, Isaac, and make yourself at home," said Potter, cordially.

"I don't care if I do—thank you. I reckon you hain't seen ile yit, Mr. Potter?"

"Not yet, Isaac."

"Do you allow to strike soon?"

"I think it will come sooner or later. I don't take on alarmin', but, if there's ile on this place, I aim to find it. How are the folks down your way, Isaac?"

"There ain't any on 'em complainin' now. They are a heap better since we've had the pain-killer and cherry-pectoral in the house."

Potter, knowing the customs of the country, was probably asking himself what the young man wanted to borrow.

"A fine spell of weather we're havin'," resumed Isaac.

"Uncommon."

"I allow it'll be fine for hay."

"And wheat."

Another pause, when Mr. Potter probably made the mental query again as to the borrowing.

"The singin'-school is gettin' on right smart," continued Isaac. "They sing 'Old Hundred' down there strong enough to take the roof off the schoolhouse." Then, apparently for the benefit of Daisy, he observed: "Sam Stiles is sparkin' Jane Judkins tremendous; they say it's goin' to be a match."

She looked at Walters and thought how different his talk was from this. As for Walters, he was observing Mr. Isaac Butler as an interesting specimen of natural history, but not unkindly.

"Abner Judkins has struck," continued Isaac. "It's throwin' up two barrels a day. There's luck for you!"

There was a pause after these words; Isaac braced himself, and Potter knew it was coming.

"Mr. Potter, would you oblige me with the loan of a hand-saw for a couple of days?"

When Mr. Butler was provided with his hand-saw, he narrated another incident or two of contemporaneous history in the rural world, and retired.

Daisy, doubtless, made mental comparisons between him who went away and those who remained. After following the departing guest a step or two, Mr. Potter returned, saying to his daughter—

"Isaac wanted us to go to the barn-raisin' up the road to-morrow, but knowin' you don't take to these frolics, Daisy, I told him we couldn't go."

"I'm obliged to you, father," said the daughter, her serious face unchanged.

"Well," said the father, resuming his seat, "this is the first visitor we've had for the past month—savin' yourselves. You see, my daughter is a silent sort of a girl, and she don't encourage the young men, and she don't like to go to the frolics. But it makes no difference to me—as long as she's content, so am I."

Daisy did not, during this speech, keep herself in countenance with knitting or embroidery after the manner of her sex, but sat idle-handed, like a young man.

"What with swimmin', boatin', shootin', and ridin' Dobbin, my daughter seems to find all the amusement she wants," continued the communicative Potter, "and all by herself."

"If she has the necessary resources within herself to make life happy, she is fortunate," observed Walters.

"And can you do without society?" was the platitude from Richard's lips, as he turned toward Daisy.

"I have plenty of company," answered she, in her straightforward way. "There are father and Hannah; there are the horse, the cow, the dog, and other animals about the place. I feel as if the trees and plants kept me company, too."

"Yes," added Potter, "she can pass hours alone, in the woods, on the water or in it, and not feel lonesome. Indeed, she would sooner not have Hannah with her.—Isn't it so, Hannah?"

That person, in the partial obscurity of one corner, writhed in giggling gawkiness, as she answered affirmatively.

Daisy looked as if she desired to turn the talk away from herself.

"Mr. Walters, you can do so many things, perhaps you can play on that," said she, pointing to a violin hanging on the wall.

Walters said that he was hardly up to it, but suggested that Mr. Potter should do so. The latter said that he was but a poor rasper of the instrument, yet if no one else would raise a tune out of it he would. He took it down and began tuning.

"Don't you play on anything, Mr. Walters?" pursued Daisy.

"I am a poor player of the flute."

"That's lucky," spoke up Potter. "I have a flute—part of my peddler's stock that I couldn't sell. It's an old thing—been banged about over the roads for a year or more."

"Then you have a poor flute and a poor player," returned Walters.

Potter went into his chamber and returned in a moment with the instrument in question, and handed it to Walters, who began putting it together. He blew two or three notes in it to test its tone and wind.

"Let us have a concert," said Potter.

"Very good," said Walters.

"It's a pity we haven't something for you," observed Potter, turning to Richard. "A triangle would be better than nothing."

"I shall invent one with the poker and tongs," said he, as he took those utensils from the fireplace.

"What shall it be?" asked Potter, as he rosined his bow. "What do you say to 'Comin' through the Rye?'"

"All right," answered Walters.

As Daisy observed the musicians, she thought she saw something like a mocking smile in the face of Richard as he kept time with poker and tongs, from which she inferred that he had a poor opinion of the performance. Potter drew his bow as energetically as if he were chopping wood, and beads of sweat were soon visible on his brow, concentrated with a single purpose. Walters looked as serious as if he were playing chess, his head nodding back and forward to the measure. It was evidently hard work for both. Potter wiped his forehead at the conclusion.

"It's a pretty tune," said Daisy, regardless of the implied censure which she had noted in the face of Richard.

As Walters rested, he felt as if he were, in some measure, following in the footsteps of Oliver Goldsmith, who, in his wanderings on the Continent, played to his entertainers on the flute.

"Now for 'Home, Sweet Home,'" spoke up Potter. This was done in the somewhat laborious manner of the first air, and at its conclusion Daisy repeated her word of encouragement.

"Now for a rattler," said Potter, whose blood was up. "'The Sailor's Hornpipe.'"

"Well," said Potter at the conclusion, as he wiped his face, "I haven't done as hard work for some time. I must give over.—Now, then, Daisy, it's your turn," added he, as he handed the violin to her.

"Will you play with me?" asked she of Walters, as she took the instrument.

"I shall be glad. What shall it be?"

"I only know a few — that father taught me. What do you say to 'Robin Adair?'"

"With all my heart."

They started off, with the tongs and poker after them, Daisy drawing the bow with less effort than her father, but still with considerable energy, her face quite as serious as Mr. Potter's had been.

"How well you play!" observed Richard, still under the influence of the social drill of the metropolis.

"Don't say that, because it is not true," returned she, in her downright way, at which Richard was abashed.

After playing one or two more airs, she laid aside the violin, when Walters took it up and gave imitations of the sounds of different animals. This amused both father and daughter, and they laughed unrestrainedly. In the effort to control her loud cachinnation in the corner, Hannah nearly strangled herself. And, after this burst of merriment, the two visitors arose and took their departure.

CHAPTER V.

A RURAL SUNDAY.

WALTERS having expressed a desire to see the little church on the other side of the river, Daisy invited him to go with her on the following Sunday. He repaired to the Hollow, and found her waiting for him in the same costume in which she hunted and fished; in a word, there was no difference between the toilet of the week-day and Sunday. Hence was there no trace of the *endimanché* and sombre air which rustic people generally wear on such an occasion. She left her stick behind, but carried instead a prayer-book bound in calf.

The summer sun shot ardent glances through the openings of the foliage, and here and there checkered the path on their way down to the river. They heard the woodpecker's tap on the trunk of a tree, and the shrill cry of the jay-bird as his brilliant blue plumage flashed before their eyes.

They reached the boat. It was a light, narrow skiff, well up on shore. Daisy placed her prayer-book in the bow, and dexterously and easily shoved the boat into the water, saying as she did so:

"Now, Mr. Walters, jump in."

"I place myself in your hands, Miss Daisy."

"Call me Daisy, please, without the miss," said she, after giving the bow a shove and nimbly jumping in.

"Daisy be it."

"Sit in the stern, Mr. Walters."

"Are you going to row?"

"It's manners for me to do it, I think. You are company."

She took her seat in the middle, dipped her oars, and pulled in the direction of the opposite shore, over the deep, limpid stream. For a few moments the only sounds in the boat were the glock, glock, made by the oars in their rowlocks. Her strong, regular stroke excited the admiration of Walters, who said:

"I am glad you took the oars, for you handle them better than I can."

"Well, I can't tell that," returned she, "for I haven't seen you row. I do pull fairly; I've had a good deal of practice."

And Walters fell to thinking that it was to this out-door exercise that she was principally indebted for the elastic fibres of her well-developed frame.

"You like this better than sewing?" asked he.

"I do. The fact is, I'm not good at sewing—or anything like it."

The monochromatic woods on the opposite shore in a few minutes resolved themselves into all the intermediate colors, from brown umber to pale yellow.

As they got out of the boat, Walters asked if he should pull it up.

"I can do it just as well myself, thank you," said she; "I'm in the habit of doing it."

"And you know," added he, "when you do it yourself, it's done properly."

"It's something that way, I suppose."

They went up the bank, followed a road for a short distance, and reached the church—a small building of roughly-hewed stones, surrounded by a few trees to which three or four horses were attached. Not more than a score of people were present when they went in. Soon the old clergyman entered and read the lessons, to which Daisy made the responses with the same earnestness which characterized her in all the serious acts of life. She apparently forgot about her companion, so absorbed was she in her devotions. In the psalm and the hymn, she was the chief supporter of the man who started the air. Her voice, though lacking in culture, was fresh and clear, and she lifted it up heartily in praise.

The old preacher, had he been more self-asserting, would have occupied what is called a wider field, but, being modest and retiring, he contented himself with doing his work conscientiously in this little corner of the world. There was self-deprecation in his words and manner, as he delivered the sermon, although it was rather better than what is usually heard. Daisy listened to it with attention from beginning to end. Though naturally reserved in her nature, as has been shown, she shook hands with several of her neighbors after the service was over, for the bond of Christian union was strong.

As she returned with Walters to the boat, she scarcely spoke, being still under religious influence.

"Shall I row back?" asked he.

"If you wish, Mr. Walters."

When she saw him plying the oars, she said:

"Ah, Mr. Walters, I see you are an old hand. I supposed you would hardly have the time to boat much; yet you do it naturally."

"I did more of it when I was younger, Daisy."

"I suppose your business has something to do with book-learnin', Mr. Walters?"

"More or less. I am a journalist, Daisy."

She did not comprehend clearly, and he added:

"I write for a newspaper."

"What you write is printed?"

"That's it."

This information had the effect of exalting Walters in her imagination, and she looked at him curiously as he swayed to and fro in pulling his oars.

"I should think it would be tiresome to you to talk to simple folks like us," said she, after a pause.

"On the contrary, Daisy."

"What a lot of books you must have read!" said she, after a few moments' silence.

"And you? What have you read?" asked he, resting on his oars.

"I have not a mind that way. I wish I had. I'm fonder of gunning, and boating, and making hay. Still, I would like to know a little of the many things you must know. I would be willing to give up some of my likings, to be a little more like you, Mr. Walters. Couldn't you tell me how to go about it?"

"You will have to rob yourself of some of your freedom, and take to study."

"That's tiresome."

"The way to knowledge is always the same, Daisy. The king is obliged to follow pretty much the same path as his poor subject."

"I would like to give it a trial," said she, reflectively.

"Shall I map out a plan for you? Say two hours a day, to be devoted to study?"

"I shall be glad if you will."

Here the glock, glock, stopped, and the boat touched shore. On reaching the house, they found Potter sitting out under a tree with Richard, dawdling, as people generally do of a Sunday in the country, this being called "keeping the Sabbath."

"Mr. Potter, have you ever been in the little church across the river?" asked Walters, taking a seat alongside, as Daisy strolled into the woods followed by Richard.

"Yes, I was there once. It's not accordin' to my idea of a meetin' to read the biggest part of it out of books, and to be bobbin' up and down all through. I like to have a good old-fashioned prayer out of the heart, and the sermon the same. My daughter's a 'Piscopalian, but I'm a Methodist, of the real old kind. There's some feelin' in that. Daisy likes hers as much and more than I do mine, and as I don't believe in interferin' in religious matters, she goes her way and I go mine. She thinks hers is finer, handsomer, and truer, than mine; it's her church that has given this turn to her mind. We sha'n't quarrel about it, that's certain. Ever since we have been in the Hollow she's been goin' over there. The old preacher came over to see us as soon as we moved in, and she was taken with him at once.—Well, I'm blowed if there isn't a pig in the potato-patch!—Here! Jerk! Sick 'em!"

And Mr. Potter hurried off to drive out the pig.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WATER.

THE Naiad of the river, not being a coquette, was hardly aware of her perfections in the swimming-costume in which she plunged into the water. Her smooth, shapely arms, naked nearly to the shoulder, gave evidence of strength. Her hands and feet, although not large, were not small. As she walked down the shore the feet did not spread, but conserved their conformation the same as in repose. In form she was like one of the women which Hamon paints—that prevailing type seen in all his woman-pictures.

The two men, who now passed much of their time about the Hollow, in leaving their homes thought to return by the sea-coast, and take a few swims in the Atlantic; and, with this end in view, had provided themselves with bathing-costumes. They now considered themselves fortunate in being thus provided, especially Walters, who had gone into the water with

Daisy several times, and who was nearly, if not quite, as expert a swimmer as she.

There would have been an impropriety in a young woman educated according to conventional rules taking a swim with a man, but in the case of Daisy there seemed to be none. Her modest unconsciousness of it would have repelled even the suggestion of impudicity. She knew nothing of that vice which lurks under the forms of an advanced civilization.

Daisy having announced her intention, one afternoon, of taking a swim, Richard asked if he might go along. As she made no objection, he soon habited himself in the water-costume which he had brought down from the tavern to the Hollow for just such a contingency. She ran down the well-known path to the river, Richard following in a gleesome mood. They stood on the edge of the inviting stream, under the far-extending boughs of a giant white-oak whose trunk an industrious woodpecker was tapping with machine-like regularity, undisturbed by the twain below. On the hard, sandy shore Daisy pattered with the water, ankle-deep, before taking the plunge. The smile of anticipated pleasure was on her face, and the rays of the sun through the leaves flecked her hair with golden tints. Her handsome feet ceased to play with the water as she said:

"Do not come with me unless you are a good swimmer."

And she plunged in boldly, he following. He was loath to part company. He felt that to stay near the shore would show unmanliness, and he went on behind the bold young woman.

"There is nothing like this," said she, with elation, as she cut through the water.

"Do you like it better than shooting?"

"I think I do, but I would not like to give up either," said she, as she turned on her back, and floated without motion, for a change. She might have been lying on the ground as she looked into the sky, dappled with whitish clouds, which veiled for a time the ardor of an evening sun. Then she gently struck out with her feet, and moved outward, still followed by her companion. Afterward she turned on her side, and cleaved the water with the speed of the expert swimmer. Her imprudent companion continued to follow, through a desire to appear well in her eyes, to say nothing of that fear of ridicule which sometimes drives people to their death.

She was out in the middle of the stream when she turned round, and observed that something was the matter with her companion, and she swam to him. As she approached she saw that he was both nervous and tired.

"Let us go back," said she, quickly; and they struck for the shore, which was at a considerable distance, she observing him closely as he swam. He began to labor and sink, when she, with that decision of character which never seemed to abandon her, threw her arm around him, and asked:

"Will you do exactly what I tell you?"

"Yes," said he, faintly.

"Get behind me; place your hands lightly on my sides; and strike out with your feet. If you do that, I can easily take you in."

And she treaded water as she adjusted his hands according to her instructions; then she struck out for the shore.

"In this way," added she, to give him confidence, "I can easily swim with a person of your weight."

They would probably have reached the land in this way without much difficulty had not another mishap occurred. He thought at first he would not make known the second misfortune, but torture wrung it from his lips.

"Daisy, I have a cramp."

"Arm or leg?"

"In my right leg."

"Kick it out—strong."

He moved his leg with a failing strength, but the paralyzing pain did not leave him.

"Is it gone?"

"No," answered he, weakly, as he began to impede her movements. He was losing his head and his courage.

"Richard, none of that!" said she, sharply, as he clutched at her wildly. He appeared, however, to have lost control of himself, for he continued to hamper the brave swimmer, and once she went under water. She looked at him quickly as she arose to the surface, and, with that decision of character already described, she understood what was to be done. She hesitated but a moment; the hesitancy coming through the modesty of her nature. By a strong effort she drew back from him, and with all her strength—oh, tell it not in the *salons* of the Faubourg St.-Germain, nor in the drawing-rooms of Manhattan Island!—dealt him a blow on the temple with her clinched hand. He sank unconscious, but, before he had completely sunk out of sight, the arm that had driven the blow caught him round the waist, and with the other she swam shoreward. She held up the unconscious dead weight in this way for several slow-dragging minutes, until, wearied to the last degree, she was doubting whether she would be able to reach the shore, when her feet touched the ground!

She had never put her feet on the soil with such a thankful heart as she did then. Another effort, and she and her burden would be out of danger. Holding up the limp man, she waded quickly, and, as she neared the shore, she heard the distinct tapping of the woodpecker on the white-oak as if nothing had happened.

She pulled her burden with her on to the dry land, where it fell like a clod. At first she thought that he remained unconscious from the stunning blow she had dealt him, but soon discovered that he was nearly drowned, as he lay motionless a few feet from the water. The warm afternoon sun shone down on his pallid face and blue lips, but did not revive him. She quickly turned him on his right side, the face toward the ground, to facilitate the escape of water. Several times she placed the head a little lower than

the body for the same purpose, but only allowed it to remain thus for a few seconds each time. She alternated this process with another—that of manipulation to induce breathing, which consisted in softly pressing the stomach and the sides of the chest. These efforts were without effect.

These trials to restore consciousness took but a few moments, and, seeing them fruitless, she paused. Maidenly modesty was struggling with duty during this brief pause, but the latter prevailed, and she picked him up. As his breast was pressed against hers, the instincts of chastity were aroused, and a burning blush mounted to her brow. To hold a man thus in her arms sorely troubled her. She did not stop to think any more about it, but ran with the insensible man up to the house where her father was sitting at the door with his pipe in hand. She said to the astonished Potter, as she deposed the unconscious form in his arms :

"Take him to your room, strip him quickly, wipe him dry, and put him between blankets on the bed, while I get something in my room."

Potter immediately set to, stripped the still inanimate man, dried him with what he found under his hand, and laid him on a mattress between blankets.

"Why, he's drowned, Daisy!" said the father, as she returned.

"Don't let us give up yet, father. I saw a man brought-to that looked just as he does."

She took an old woolen comfort of her father, and wrapped it round the head of the prostrate man, as she said she had seen others do in the resuscitation of the nearly drowned along the river. Then she opened his mouth, and cleansed it with her fingers, and resumed the manipulation to induce respiration, with intervals of about a quarter of a minute between each pressure, repeated fifteen or twenty times, the manipulation being suspended for eight or ten minutes, and the result watched for with anxiety by both. As they looked at the handsome white face before them, the blue lips, and half-closed eyes, the father said :

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he has had his last swim."

"Father, if he dies, it's me who killed him. He *must* not die!"

"Daughter, don't talk any nonsense."

She waved her hand—she had no time for idle talk—and pointed to the feet.

"Rub the soles," said she, "while I rub the palms."

Then she inserted a piece of soft wood between the teeth to keep the mouth open, ran into the kitchen, heated cloths, and placed them on the sides of the chest and the pit of the stomach. She and her father alternated this treatment with friction. Still, life did not come back.

"Breathe into his mouth, father."

"Breathe into a dead man's mouth! Daisy, that's asking too much."

A deep blush passed over her comely face. There was a moment of hesitation ; then she leaned over, placed her lips against his, and breathed long breaths into his mouth. At this there were indications of revival, and Potter, surprised at the result, said :

"You have breathed into him the breath of life!"

This was an extraordinary trial, and it required an extraordinary effort, but she determined at all hazards to snatch him from death. As her warm lips were pressed against his, the chest began to move ; then the eyes opened with a bewildered stare. In a few moments he began to breathe regularly, and then, weak to exhaustion, he fell asleep, as his chest rose and fell in a natural manner. Hers rose with a great throb as she grasped her father's hand, and said :

"We have saved him, father."

"And not without some trouble, my girl. You did for him what was done for Adam in the garden of Eden—you breathed into him the breath of his life!"

Seeing that the man was saved beyond peradventure, Mr. Potter went out to look after some of his duties in the garden, while Daisy continued to watch by the bedside of the sleeper. After a refreshing sleep of an hour, he awoke. Dazed, he looked at the rough ceiling, and then at the watcher at his side. He passed his hand over his troubled eyes, and then the recent scene came quickly to his memory. As he did so, he blushed to the roots of his hair, and hardly dared to encounter the gentle eyes that were watching him.

"I am a milksop," said he, bitterly—these being his first words. "You must despise me, Daisy."

Tears of vexation ran down his cheeks. He sobbed like a child, and she, leaning toward him, *crooned* over him as if he really were one.

"There, now, Richard ; you could not help it. It was my fault. I did not think of it when I led you out. Then, you know, few people swim as I do."

"For a man to have been as weak as I have been—to have lost all presence of mind—is despicable."

"No man can do what is beyond his strength, Richard," said she, gently.

"To have been taught such a lesson, and by a woman, is humiliating," continued he.

"Some are born strong, and some delicate," said she. "Being a man or a woman has little to do with it."

"Then do you freely forgive me, Daisy, for losing my presence of mind in that shameful way—do you forgive me for nearly losing your life?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said she, quietly, "for you have done nothing to be forgiven."

"Are you sure I have not forfeited all claims to your respect? You still have some regard for me, Daisy?"

"You are to me the same as before, I hope—just as Mr. Walters is."

A little cloud passed over his face at the introduction of this name.

"He is strong, robust, and clever," said he, "and much more entitled to your esteem than I am."

"When a man does the best with what is given

him, nobody can ask more than that," said she, with the calm philosophy with which she was born. "Our friend Mr. Walters has a good heart, and could not be anything else than clever."

"I know he is that," said he, "but I did not mean clever in that way, but intelligent—what you call smart—and he has a name."

"He has a name!" repeated she. "I think I do not understand you."

"He has written books that have been widely read, you know, and has become celebrated, so that people make much of him wherever he goes."

"He has written books!" exclaimed she, with surprise. "And we have been talking to him, and going about with him so long, without knowing it! I never saw one before."

"Saw what?" asked he.

"A man that makes books. If he is so clever, as you call it," pursued she, "why don't he go with the quality?"

"Quality? Oh, yes; I understand — because they do not interest him, I suppose."

"Whenever I've seen him down here with anybody," continued she, as she sought in her memory, "it's always been with men like boatmen, farm-hands, fishermen, and the like."

"That is one of his peculiarities," returned he.

"And that is one reason why he comes to humble folks like us," said she, reflectively; "we are not worthy of him."

"Ah, there is no use making him out such a swell as that comes to, for, after all, he is a Bohemian, and Bohemians are not particularly respected in society."

Daisy was about asking for a full definition of the word Bohemian, but Richard saved himself the difficult task by abruptly saying:

"You, of course, prefer a man like Walters to me."

"I like you both very well. You and he are the only friends I ever had—except," added she, whether innocently or maliciously, the listenerer could not tell, "Dobbin and Jerk."

The conversation was taking a turn that appeared to embarrass her, and she arose as she said:

"I shall leave you now to get up and dress yourself, for you must want to rise."

She retired, and left the young man to his reflections, which were not of an agreeable kind. His vanity was mortified. He was capricious and finely fibred, and in consequence, thus made, was calculated to feel more than an ordinary person his unfortunate conduct in the water.

After supper, he proposed to go boating, as he sat with father and daughter in front of the cabin.

"What!" said Potter, "haven't you had enough of the water yet?"

"No."

"You had better wait for another day," said she.

"Please do not treat me altogether as if I were a child, Daisy."

"I do not care about boating to-night," said she, possibly fearing another conversation of an intimate character. "Get Mr. Walters to go with you."

"I, of course, prefer you, Daisy. Besides, Walters has not come down from the tavern, or he is wandering around with some wood-chopper, and is unfindable."

"Very well," said she, humoring him good-naturedly; "let us go."

They proceeded to the beach; she asked him to go into the boat, then she gave it a shove, and stepped in as it was launched with the cleverness of the experienced boatwoman she was.

"Were it any other woman than you," said he, "I should take the oars, but, as I know you can row much better than I can, I shall not make another exhibition of my inferiority, at least to-day. I shall sit in the stern, and admire your grace and strength. I am sure you are equal to the Harvard and Yale men. It is not necessary for me to dwell on the fact —you *know* you are a good rower."

"I think," said she, simply, "whenever we do anything well we always know it."

She threw her straw-hat to her companion. She was lightly habited in a loose gown, without regard to fashion. Long, strong, and graceful, were her strokes as the boat cut through the water. The occupant of the stern could not help wondering at her dexterity as he felt the boat impelled through the water at each stroke.

"When a person rows as well as you do, he must feel like a bird," said he.

"Or it is like riding a good horse," added she.

When they were well away from land, in the stillness of surrounding water, the rower held up her oars, and they softly floated with the current. Richard was undoubtedly desirous of rehabilitating himself in his own estimation, as well as in that of his companion, by doing something that might partially efface the unfortunate scene in which he had played an unenviable part. It was plain that he could not do it by shooting nor swimming, in the opinion of the expert who sat before him. At the bottom of his thought there was an antagonism to the young woman who had crushed him with her superiority, of which he was almost ashamed. He was obliged to confess that she was more of a man than he was, and yet these attributes were joined to others of a feminine and winning character.

He would seek her approbation in a field of art with which she was comparatively unacquainted. In a word, he would sing to her, for he had a voice that was well trained. He employed it in several airs, to try its timbre, while she softly played in the water with her hand, and listened. He was curious to note the effect of passion on his hearer, and he sang the simple and ardent appeal of Faust to Marguerite in the garden—

"Laisse-moi contempler ton visage," etc.—

which Daisy listened to with deep interest, in the stillness of the night, as the moon threw its sheen across the quiet river. As the sound of the melody died on the water, she asked him to go on, and he, nothing loath, gave the passionate confession of Marguerite, when she sings:

"Pour toi je veux mourir."

Feeling that there was a dramatic story behind the music, in the accents of passion with which it was sung, she asked what it was about. He replied by telling her the history of the loves of the rejuvenated lover and the simple Saxon girl, with which the reading and musical world is familiar.

"You sing it in Dutch," said she, simply.

"Why do you think it is Dutch?"

"Because it is not English."

"It is French," said he, beginning to feel his superiority, "and the music was composed by a Frenchman—Gounod. It's a softer language than ours, and better adapted for singing."

"Do you talk it well?"

"That is a question you must ask some one else."

"Why?" asked this *naïve* and persistent seeker after truth.

"Because I might have too high an opinion of myself in that way, and give an incorrect answer."

"Oh, I see—you might be too conceited," said she, slowly.

This music was a revelation to her. She had heard nothing but the simple airs from her father's violin, and the singing of the choir in the little church across the river. The melodious and trained voice of Richard stirred her heart as it had never been stirred before, and when he sang he was the embodiment of his song. His handsome face and graceful gesture was the natural expression of it, and he became the high-priest of a new and wonderful language, on whose accents she still hung.

There was another chord which drew him to her. She had saved this divine chorister from a watery death—she had brought him back to life. She had borne him like a child in her arms; with her own breath she had brought back that wonderful voice; part of her life had passed into his, and as she looked on him, with his gentle eyes fixed on her, she thought he must resemble that Antinous which Walters had told her about.

The sentiment of gratitude in Richard could hardly be stronger than that of the interest which Daisy experienced in having saved his life, for next to the satisfaction of being saved is that of saving.

As they had floated down with the current some distance, she plied the oars, to reach the point abreast of the landing, and as she did so said:

"Perhaps you won't mind singing some more out of the same story as I pull back."

"I shall sing you the 'Veau d'Or'—'The Golden Calf'—of Mephistopheles. He, if you recollect, is the evil-one, who is the cause of all the mischief."

"Oh, I shall remember him for many a day."

While he sang, she rowed as softly as possible, to catch every note and intonation of the song. Toward the end, she was so much interested that she ceased to row. The sounds went across the water, and were echoed in a neighboring valley.

"What an artful one he was!" said she, with conviction.

"He has always been so from the time he deceived your mother Eve."

"It is a sad story," said she, as she dipped her oars anew.

Soon the boat neared the shore, when, with a few vigorous strokes, she sent it part of its length up on the sand. They got out, and, as they walked up the beach, she said:

"You know so many things that I have never even heard of! That was indeed a sad story about Faust and Marguerite."

"But I have another story to tell," said he, working himself up to a resolution. They had passed under the shadow of the great white-oak, into the lunar light, as she asked, with unsuspecting face:

"Is it like the one you have just told me?"

"Not at all."

"Please tell it."

"It comes nearer home."

"How does it come nearer home?"

"Because it concerns me," said he, with an earnest face. "It is of my love that I have to speak."

"Is it a story?" asked she, with deepening interest.

"It is, but it is not yet finished. It depends on you to give it a happy ending."

"What do you mean?" asked she, with a slight tremor in her voice.

As they again passed into the moonlight, and stood upon the silvered sod, he took her hand, and said to her, passionately:

"What I mean, Daisy, is, that I love you."

She slowly withdrew her hand, and, after a pause, said:

"Please do not speak about that any more."

And they went over the rest of the walk to the cabin in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENVY.

WHERE spacious oak-trees thrive, in rustling state,
No fragile sapling quivers with weak hate.

Where palaces loom proud, in sculptured height,
No lowlier roofs desire the earthquake's might.

Where groups of chaste-urned lilies whitely blow,
Dark soilure does not crave their balmy snow.

Yet what life ever towered, sublimely sweet,
But sneers, like adders, hissed about its feet?

OUT OF LONDON.

(*Continued.*)

VI.

I FELT relieved of an oppressive responsibility when I had realized, once for all, that Byemoor is not a picturesque town. On first coming to these venerable countries, one finds it difficult to look at them with unprejudiced eyes. They are so overgrown with traditions and associations that a good deal of resolution, and perhaps a little irreverence, is required to scrape away these accidental attributes from the matter-of-fact substance underneath. Sometimes the substance justifies and harmonizes with the accretions, but not always. "How picturesque! how interesting!" gradually grows faint upon the tongue; and the day arrives when we murmur despondently, "How ugly! and, oh, how stupid!" That day will very likely be a sad one; but after a while the sadness loses its poignancy, and we feel, as did I in the case of Byemoor, that it is better an illusion should die than live to harass the soul with a vain effort to maintain faith in it.

There is, I suppose, a certain epoch in the existence of buildings when they are not attractive. This observation must, of course, be understood of buildings in the widest and most universal sense; because some buildings never are attractive at all, and others may possibly be beautiful from their birth to their annihilation. But the average building, let us say, reaches a period when the charm of its newness is worn off and that of old age is yet to begin. Byemoor, on this theory, is composed entirely of average buildings, all of which, by a singular coincidence, have simultaneously attained this certain age. How long an interval must pass before the second change begins I know not; sometimes I feel inclined to think that the only agreeable change possible would be obtained through the agency of fire or of an earthquake. But the ugly things of the earth, like drunkards and idiots, seem to be protected by a special providence. They are as long-lived as sin; not, as their self-conceit might lead them to imagine, because their ugliness is a virtue; but as a warning to mankind never to make anything ugly again.

The quaint analogy which exists between men and their habitations is continually suggesting itself, and on many points is striking enough; but here it would seem at first sight to fail. A new house is as different as can be from a baby: nor does it grow up as it grows older. But, though this is true of any particular house, it is not true of house in the abstract, considered from its earliest origin to the present day. The mud-hut of the savage is our architectural baby, and the Belgravian or Fifth-Avenue-istical mansion corresponds to the man of larger growth. It would be interesting to know, however, whether the aforesaid mansions should be likened to old men or to middle-aged ones? In other words, whether we are to look for a further development or gradual decay of the present order of habitations, or whether their race is run, and we are to begin the future with a baby of an altogether different constitution? For my part, I have the most profound faith in the capacities of science; and now that it is decided that the coming novelist shall talk his novels into a bottle, instead of writing and printing them, I expect to find myself soon provided with a portable climate (which I will take care shall be a warm one), and with all the comforts and appliances of a first-class residence economized into the compass of a hand-satchel. Thus shall men and cities come to mean pretty much the same thing: London will be wherever the biggest crowd happens to collect; a church or a cathedral shall say grace at dinner-time, while the stock-exchange carves the joint; hotels will mean—

"For pity's sake," remonstrated Hedgley, with a glance of compassion, "stop being prophetic and suggestive, will you, and take notice of these shops. We can explore the future at home in my study; but, since we came out to see the present, we ought to get our money's worth. There is nothing confuses the eyesight of the body so much as that mind's eye which you seers and philosophers are so fond of squinting through. Come, to business!"

VII.

THERE is really something odd about Byemoor. You may fix your eyes upon it (both bodily and mental) with the grimmest determination; you may resolve as firmly as you like to see and to register in your memory its every peculiarity of feature: and yet, suddenly and without warning, the seeming solid houses on either side of you vanish away; you walk on through a troubled and forgetful blank, wondering how and why you got there; occasionally, a jostle at a corner or a slip at a crossing will restore a momentary glimpse of the lost town; but it is gone again before you can adjust your eyeglass. By-and-by, after stupidly plodding onward for an indefinite time, you happen to glance over your shoulder, and there is the fugacious suburb just disappearing behind a turn of the road! All this, I say, is very mysterious, and beats all I have read about in the Arabian Nights and other fairy-books.

"You had better say what you mean in plainer language," observed Hedgley. "The idea that you are trying to convey is, I presume, that the commonplaceness of certain objects prevents them from commanding the attention. But that plea shall not avail while I am with you to recall your wandering wits. Now, as to these shops: what peculiarity (other than that to which you have just alluded) is noticeable in them?"

The peculiarity consists in the way they blossom out, like some supplementary feature, upon the face of buildings originally constructed for other pur-

poses. If you examine the business streets of a city, you will generally find that their first state was a shopless one—the shops were an after-thought. The sober houses stand a little back, looking somewhat ashamed of themselves ; the shops stare you brazenly in the face, and do their best to arrest your steps, and make you stare back. You may easily insult a house, and put it out of countenance ; but a shop will put the countenance out of you. "Come and buy me!" it says; and you, not seeing anything that suits you, or not having the money to pay for what does, slink away abashed. I have a proper respect for commerce ; but, whenever I think of this, I cannot help pitying the poor houses, and regarding the shops as a kind of desecration of their proprieties. Shops have a propriety of their own ; but they ought to stand on their own bottoms, not to play the part of a gaudy fungus. Perhaps this criticism applies less to American shops than to European ones. With us, the commercial idea precedes the domestic : we build our shops first, and use the remaining materials to construct our homes withal ; and so Stewart's store is in working order before his marble palace is habitable. But in these old slow places it is different : here the first idea is to get a spot to sit down in ; and only after sitting there for a few years or generations does it enter into the sitter's head to throw his front-windows into one, and put merchandise in them. I can imagine that this resolve may often be attended with pangs, and blushes, and reluctance ; for here, more than with us, lingers the hoary heresy that it is less creditable for a man to make money than to steal it, or to get it made for him. The die once cast, however, the blushes, as far as the shopkeeper himself is concerned, speedily subside ; but, brick and mortar retaining impressions longer than flesh and blood, it happens that we may often trace in the merchant's second-story windows the old embarrassment which has forgotten to lurk behind his own eyes.

It seems open to question, by-the-by, whether the mania for display which is the religion of modern shop-windows be wise from a merely politic point of view. Does not curiosity, in other words, yield the shopkeeper a larger profit than wonder and admiration? If he took as much pains to keep his wares out of sight of the passer-by as he does now to obtrude them upon his notice, would not the passer-by be more apt to cease to be such, and to become a passer-in? As things are now, everybody outside of the interior of Africa knows that when he has examined a shop-window he has seen the cream of the shop ; but, under the arrangement proposed, every shop would be a mystery, whose reticence would argue all manner of delightful possibilities. But that it sounds cynical, we might say that curiosity would draw more customers than admiration, because the latter is the more generous sentiment, and therefore the less prevalent and influential. But let shopkeepers look to it ; their advantage is no business of mine ; though I might bid them take a leaf from the novelist's book, who would find but a small market for his novel were he to explain his plot in the introductory chapter, and become less and less interesting thence to the close. A novel is the novelist's shop. Business profits aside, the disappearance of shop-windows would be an architectural gain ; for, to say nothing more of it, the upper stories of the most admired and fashionable warehouses have the appearance of resting on air, or, at most, on thin sheets of glass. The only drawback would be the intense stupidity of the business thoroughfares ; some notion of the way things would look might be obtained by passing along those streets of a Sunday. But life is compact of compensations and revenges.

As for Byemoor, it may be described briefly enough. It consists of a crooked street a quarter of a mile long, branching into a Y at the northern end. At the crotch of the branch stands a guide-post, with three arms. The streets are narrow as well as crooked ; narrower now, probably, than they originally were ; for most of the shops are little wooden projections, from ten to twenty feet deep, built on the fronts of the primitive houses, and sometimes, in their eagerness, almost jostling the pedestrian off the scanty sidewalk. The oldest houses have, for the most part, been apotheosized into "Pubs," and their ancient faces have been suffered to remain unmutilated ; you enter the old, narrow door, up the steep, awkward steps, as narrow and as awkward to-day as they were two hundred years ago. The second story projects heavy-browed beyond the first ; the rooms within are low-ceiled and beam-divided ; the floors rude-planked and sanded. You feel grateful, perhaps, to the ruddy publican who draws your pint, for having had the grace to preserve his ancient hostel from the vandalism of improvement ; and only remember, on finding the beer flat, that the reason of his forbearance lies in the sad fact that his ware is so indispensable to British wants as to preclude the necessity of his rendering the warehouse convenient.

VIII.

THE majority of the Byemoor tradesmen have carried on business in the same stands during more than one generation ; and the result is seen not usually in any marked increase in wealth, but in the local prevalence of certain names. The heir at law has stuck to the old shop ; the second son has moved along four or five doors, and set up the same (or any other) business under the ancestral name. Now and then a more enterprising member emigrates into a neighboring township five or six miles distant, and is probably spoken of at home as though he were an exile in Canada or New Zealand. But all those who remain in Byemoor have, of course, been well known to one another for years and years ; they are a kind of informal club, mutually curious and communicative, and with not more of professional jealousy than might reasonably be expected. Sometimes, indeed, they play into one another's hands ; so that the customer who fancies that he is astutely cheapening one against the other is apt in the end to find himself the victim of a smug conspiracy. Prolonged and petty experience has taught these worthy merchants

that honesty is the best policy among and between themselves; and they reserve their capacities in the opposite direction for the benefit of their patrons. Yet I would not convey the impression that British shopkeepers are exceptionally or persistently prone to cheating. If they are devoid of positive virtue, they are not always positively unprincipled. Should a bit of sharp practice come in their way, they will seldom bid it avaunt; but they will quite as seldom go out of their way to indulge in it. The fact is, their innate and essential stupidity acts as a preservative of their morality; they are not bright enough to be thorough rogues. Nor must this statement be read as an insinuation that they only need brightness to become rogues; I believe there is a species of wholesome public sentiment among them which would never allow of any such organized and brazen system of wholesale and retail theft as exists, for instance, among Dresden tradesmen. No, no! even the most debased Englishmen are better than Saxons—and that is giving them the least credit possible.

On the other hand, they are easily enough victimized, if one puts one's mind to it; and the guild of Byemoor has been especially unlucky in this respect during the last few years. The chief qualifications necessary in the victimizer are—a handle to his name (anything from captain up to baron will do; to go higher would be to risk detection through that "Peerage" which no Briton's back-parlor is without), a carriage and horses if obtainable, and a lordly indifference as to the running up of bills. Cajoled in this manner, the simple British tradesman will not only pour out the whole contents of his shop, and as much as he can borrow of his neighbors, at his despoiler's feet; but he will adore the hand that strips him, and lick the boot that tramples upon his prosperity. As to handing in his account, he would turn pale at the mere mention of such an atrocity. And when the end comes, and the bird has flown, leaving a beggarly array of empty rooms to liquidate his debts withal, the pathetic victim would half forgive him could he be assured that he was a real captain or baronet after all—so great is the English love of rank and title. The worst of it is, the defrauded ones avenge themselves for their laxity toward the great by observing most embarrassing precautions toward the small; so that for a long while after the absconding of the pseudo-aristocratic scamp, the honorable but unpretending householder finds it next to impossible to get so much as a lemon at his grocer's without paying cash on the nail for it, and at starvation prices too. All of which goes to show the fatuity of virtue in modern civilization.

One feature in the behavior of the mechanic and artisan class of suburban tradesmen, which soon forces itself upon the admiring notice of the guileless foreigner, is their colossal and audacious dilatoriness in the matter of filling orders. The foreigner above characterized fancies at first that the weeks of silence and inaction which follow his request to have a window-cord mended are merely a delicate way of impressing upon him his utter unimportance as being a gentleman whose limbs were not made in England. But herein he is mistaken. Dr. Auburn (of whom I hope to speak more at length presently), one of the old residents, a member of the local board, and in many ways an influential and notable personage, informs him that he has himself waited two months to have a cowl put on his smoky chimney; that, when the cowl came, it was not a cowl after all, but something quite different and unsuitable; that, this having been pointed out and the original order insisted upon, the pensive artisans departed; and that during the nine weeks that have elapsed since then, hide nor hair has been seen of cowl or them. This intelligence at once restores the hearer's personal self-esteem, and depresses his general hopefulness. Individual wrongs, however unpleasant, stand a better chance of being righted than wrongs endured by a community. Oh those lazy, indifferent, beery, good-natured, ignorant, awkward, slovenly, dirty, mendacious, unpersuadable artisans and mechanics! I should be afraid to state—nay, now that it is over, I do not myself believe—how long it took a squad of these gentry to patch and tint the dilapidated ceiling of one of my rooms. Children grew up and died in the village; kingdoms arose and passed away in the east of Europe; an expedition started for the north-pole and nearly got back again; a famous murder-trial ran its allotted number of months and was forgotten; and still that ceiling was not finished. It was finished at last; it was painted an entirely different color from that for which I had stipulated; and three weeks afterward it was as cracked as an antique piece of pottery; but I was cowed and did not complain. Had they tinted it crimson, with a green-check border, I should have acquiesced without a word. It will fall down soon, but I would rather sit beneath naked rafters than tempt their artisanship again.

The Byemoor tradesmen are not a cultured class, though most of them can read their newspapers and write their ledgers, their dunning-letters, and their receipts. Their political views, though generally pronounced, seem to be adopted as a matter of temperament and emotion rather than through any intellectual process; but I am not sure whether in this respect they are not at one with politicians the world over. In spite of the monotonous and unstimulating character of their environment, a large proportion of them are humorists, and have distinctive individuality. Once or twice I have met a dozen of them at an inquest, and have been charmed by the diversity of their idiocrasies. Some have developed an unexpected and incongruous branch of knowledge, which sticks out of them like a crumpled horn wherever they go, embarrassing both themselves and those who forgather with them. Others—retired veterans for the most part—affect sporting-papers, the turf, and unsweetened gin; and come back from attending the Derby and the St. Leger with disheveled attire, empty pockets, and flushed and ruined looks. Others, again, become the town oracles and philosophers, and can take

their pipes out of their mouths with an air big with the fate of empires. Others But this kind of enumeration would lead me too far. Let me rather pick out one or two particular types of character.

IX.

It is noticeable that the two tradesmen who have the reputation of being the wealthiest members of the guild are neither of them natives of Byemoor. They both came hither as boys, with no friends and no money, and built up their present prosperity, like Mr. Disraeli, in despite of fortune. Mr. Stock, the fish-monger, made his first appearance here as a youthful hawker of whelks and periwinkles; his whelks were larger, his periwinkles more pungent, than other people's; in process of time his peripatetic basket became a stall, which was solidified into a booth, which in the lapse of years generated a shop; and that shop stood on the spot now occupied by the present elegant establishment of white limestone and tiles, communicating through a door at the back with Mr. Stock's private residence. Mr. Stock is now a man of near fifty, tall, lean, harsh-featured; he is never seen without the long, dingy apron of his calling flapping below his knees, nor is his head ever destitute of one of the very brownest and furriest beavers in all Byemoor. His nose is long and thin, his eyes sharp and shifty, his chin prominent; his gaunt jaws are framed in a semicircle of grizzled red beard. He has a trick of clapping his hands to his hips and cocking his head on one side, when taking or chaffering about an order; his voice, in persuasive moments, is unctuous and affable; but in sterner moods exasperatingly strident and unreasonable. He takes a pride in giving his personal attention to his business, and is as indefatigable over it now as ever in the days of his struggling poverty. Like many thorough-paced scamps—and that he is such his warmest admirer attempts not to deny—he affects a bluff, blunt, live-and-let-live sort of manner; and he has a hearty, cajoling way with cooks and house-maids that ought to be worth ten pounds a week to him at least. Within certain easily-defined limits, he has a keen, vulgar knowledge of human nature, and knows how to turn that knowledge to the best commercial advantage. His customers are well aware that his salmon, his rabbits, his ducks, are as apt to be poached as not; but they are the best in the market, the proof of the theft would be difficult, and the upshot is that they yield to his fluent recommendations and buy. Mr. Stock, however, has one incorrigible enemy, which, though possibly connected with much that is most energetic and effective in his character, has unquestionably lost him many advantages which otherwise he might have gained: this enemy is his own infernally bad temper. He cannot control it, though he has sense enough to perceive that he throws money away every time he gives way to it; and to see him in a passion is to see the whole strenuous, persistent, but mean and venomous nature of the man revealed. That his wrath should be imposing or terrible is not to be expected; few men's is; but, on the other hand, it exhibits such traits of character as often to be highly amusing. 'Tis a favorite harangue of his during these paroxysms: "You call yerself a gen'leman, do yer? What is a gen'leman, I'd like to know? Come! I'll bet I got as many bank-notes in my pocket as you have!" There is no resisting this argument; it is as unanswerable as Carlyle's "Eigmann;" it gives in a phrase the self-made man's estimate of gentility; and I must confess that when I heard it I was filled with an inexpressible emotion. Nevertheless, should this page happen to meet Mr. Stock's eye, I would counsel him to be sparing of such trenchant logic; for all men are not students of mankind, and might resent the idea of matching their bank-account against a wealthy fish-monger's.

Mr. Wimm, the other nabob to whom I have alluded, began life something like Shakespeare—by holding gentlemen's horses at the door of a public-house. In process of time his deftness and intelligence, combined with a stern self-denial in the matter of saving up his eleemosynary coppers, instead of spending them for gingerbread and marbles, gained him the favorable notice of the publican. He was allowed to fill a subordinate position in the establishment, and in a surprisingly short time he rose through the intervening grades to be head clerk, partner, and finally proprietor-in-chief. He did not stop here. The trade of the publican, it is needless to remark, is the very most profitable in all England; and the industrious Wimm so improved his opportunities as soon to find himself on the high-road to fortune. Far from losing his head at such rapid elevation, his faculties expanded to the situation: he developed a talent for the larger operations of finance; his investments were a model of prudence and success; in not many years he was the largest landowner in Byemoor. Money stuck to his fingers, and hidden treasure revealed itself where he trod. When still considerably under forty years of age he began to look abroad, and to trim his wings for higher flights. He bought a big house in the fashionable quarter of South Kensington; he bought plot after plot and acre after acre of the most available building-land adjoining; then he built house after house, and sucked in mortgage after mortgage on those already built; and now he began to reap the return of his outlay a hundred-fold. Sell he would not, but let he would, at rents almost prohibitory; but people must live in South Kensington, so the houses all rented sooner or later; and to-day John Wimm, Esq., is worth a million sterling. He is barely forty, unmarried, and without relations or friends. In disposition he is morose and taciturn, with lowering, black brows and sullen, drooping mouth. He is sometimes seen driving about Byemoor in a trap and pair, dressed from head to foot in black broadcloth, with a roundabout white collar, like a parson; a rigid footman sits buttoned up in buff beside him. He pulls up at the door of some such poverty-stricken hovel as I attempted to picture a while ago; he throws the reins to the footman,

springs to the ground, and enters the narrow door. After an interval he emerges again, resumes his seat in the trap, and drives away. A haggard and draggle-tailed woman appears on the threshold, and gazes after him.

"What has he been doing in there, Hedgley?" I inquire.

"She is one of his tenants."

"Ah! probably some old acquaintance of his, made before he got rich, and now living rent-free at his expense. I like that: it shows the fellow has a soft place in his heart somewhere! No doubt he has just been tipping her a sovereign or two to buy a new gown and some shoes for the children."

"No doubt at all," returns Hedgley, dryly. "Suppose we step up and ask her about it?" And he says to the woman: "Good-morning, Mrs. Gradidge. That was Mr. Wimm, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was him. Good-mornin', Mr. 'Edgley."

"Very pleasant of him to call round in such a social way," rejoins my friend, cheerfully.

"Ah, sir, *you* know!" says Mrs. Gradidge, shaking her head with a grim smile; "maybe this gen'leman doesn't."

I express my readiness to receive information.

"It's the rent 'e comes after," continues the lady, gloomily. "Always follows up we poor folks 'imself, Mr. Wimm does. The hagents might give us a bit of time, you see, sir, but Mr. Wimm 'e never does. If the money ain't there on the nail, out we go into the street, sir. The hagents is sent only to the rich folks—or, more likely, *they* ain't sent to at all. 'E knows they can pay, you see; but might be as 'e'd lose a few shillings by us now and again; so down Mr. Wimm 'e comes—as you have seen for yourself this day, Mr. 'Edgley and this gen'leman."

While speaking thus, Mrs. Gradidge kept smoothing down her apron in a jerky manner, and gazing with an intense injured look at anything that happened to be in sight, except her hearers.

"Well, business is business, Mrs. Gradidge," remarked Hedgley; "and probably Mr. Wimm comes among you in this way because he loves to be reminded of old times."

"Ah! 'e was halways the same, man and boy, Mr. Wimm was," said the matron, malevolently. "They as don't suffer may think to laugh at them as does, Mr. 'Edgley and this gen'leman. But laughin' don't 'elp us pay the rent."

"Here is sixpence, Mrs. Gradidge," said Hedgley, promptly tendering the coin, which Mrs. Gradidge as promptly accepted—remarking, the while, apparently to somebody standing just behind my shoulder:

"Ah! if heverybody was like you, Mr. 'Edgley!"

"If you would take some copper, Mrs. Gradidge—I have no other change about me," said I, diffidently.

"Thank you, gen'lemen, I'm sure," returned the lady, gloomily, and with a cold, preoccupied expression of countenance that indicated dismissal. We made our adieux, and walked away.

"So there wasn't any soft place in his heart, after all?"

"Oh, yes; there is," affirmed Hedgley. "If you look at the list of subscribers for the steeple to the new church of St. Steven, over there, you will find Mr. Wimm's name down for a hundred pounds. He is very charitable."

Altogether it reminded one of a leaf out of the goody-goody books of childhood, where the blackness of the iniquitous characters is not impaired by any feeble-minded gleams of light. But one does not believe in the goody-goody books, notwithstanding.

X.

Byemoor Church—not St. Steven's, but the old one—stands near the northern extremity of the town, within a hundred yards or so of the river. The body of the church is of red brick, and was doubtless built within the memory of living men; but the square tower of rough, gray stone, with spreading buttresses at each corner, looks very ancient—the more so by contrast with the brand-new clock (black, with gilt hands and numerals), which is stuck like an ornamental wafer on its venerable front. A low wall incloses the churchyard, in which is a permanent mass-meeting of gravestones, some standing erect, others prostrate, as though weary of waiting for the sound of the last trump. It takes but a short time for an English gravestone to look old; many here, whose inscriptions are barely legible, date less than a hundred years back. To my thinking, however, a gravestone ceases to be a disagreeable object only when the name and record that it bears have crumbled into oblivion. It is painful to reflect how often the catalogue of the dead man's virtues, as inscribed over his remains by the stone-cutter, must outlast the memory of them in the hearts of his friends and relatives.

Within, the aspect of the building is much like that of other English churches. The walls and pillars are smooth, bare, and cold; the roof is dark and sombre; the array of wooden pews has that uncomfortably temporary appearance which makes one feel that it is hardly worth while to sit down in them to so serious and everlasting a business as Divine worship. Such as they are, however, there is a choice in them; some are bare, which is barbarous; some are cushioned, which is well; but some—the countess's and Colonel Bengal's, for example—are curtained into the bargain. These curtains somehow impressed me very much. The colonel and the countess, you are to understand, feel a delicacy about communing with their God in full view of the public eye. Ordinary persons, of course, need no such screen; it is not to be supposed that a fashionable Deity would have anything so very particular to say to *them*. No; and I consider it very obliging of the countess and the colonel not to insist upon having their interview first, the others to come in afterward, you know, and make the most of such supercilious attention as the Creator might feel inclined to bestow upon persons of no rank. Yes; and I maintain it to be a wicked and malicious libel that

the English religion is not Christianity, but caste. Caste, indeed! You are not going to deny that caste existed before Christianity, I suppose? Caste is a law of Nature, to which all men must bow; but Christianity is something arbitrary—what I mean is, something invented for the benefit of society, and to occupy one's idle time, and to support dear curates and vicars. What would become of gentlemen's younger sons, I should like to know, if it wasn't for Christianity? They couldn't all go into the army.

"This is a pretty sermon to be suggested by six yards of green curtain!" said Hedgley. "But it may console you to know that the curtains are there, not so much for the purpose you imagine, as to preserve the countess and the colonel from catching cold. They are both very sensitive to temperature, and the aisle is full of draughts."

XI.

WITHIN a respectful distance of the church is to be found the police-station, a neat, compact, austere little building, with a blue-shaded gas-lamp over the doorway, and a bulletin-board on either side the same, pasted over with notices of property lost or stolen; of dead bodies found, and lacking identification; of absconded or missing persons, with descriptions and photographs; and of the MURDER of somebody in appalling black capitals, together with the *Pardon*, in smaller capitals, of any person, not actually an accomplice in the deed, who shall give evidence leading to the apprehension of the murderer. A reward of fifty or a hundred pounds, according to the supposed importance of the deceased, is furthermore proffered to any such disinterested individual as may choose to try his luck as a bloodhound. What innocent pleasure must attend the spending of money earned in this way! I think I should want to invest five per cent. of it in a ticket permitting me to be present at the murderer's execution.

If, passing the portal, you proceed to examine the inside of the building, you will find it as clean, as orderly, and as bare, as the church itself. In the front-room sits the inspector behind a wooden desk which has a family resemblance to a dock; the remaining furniture consists of one or two wooden chairs. The inspector will answer whatever topographical or like inquiries concerning the Byemoor district you may have to put; he will receive any criminal information you may have to lay; or he will provide you with an "officer" to look into any flagrant abuse of the law, demanding immediate redress, of which you may have to complain. Moreover, he will not refuse the shilling which you feel impelled, from feelings of personal regard, to bestow upon him. Now, if you are inclined to push your inspection further, you will find two or three other rooms fitted up in a style of luxury in keeping with the first, and used for the accommodation of the men by day and by night. In the rear is the small inclosed court where drill and gymnastics may be carried on. And this is about all, unless you feel sufficiently interested to take a look at the prisoners' quarters, which I believe you will find down-stairs.

For my part I prefer to linger about the railway-station, which lies not far away; there is an almost inexhaustible fund of entertainment there. In the first place, there are the half-dozen or more hackney-carriages—or, as their proprietors call them, "kebs"—ranged in a row before the station-door. The drivers of these vehicles form a little tribe by themselves; they are in a chronic condition of mutual jealousy, chaff, and bicker; sometimes serious feuds arise, hardly to be pacified otherwise than by a resort to fisticuffs; and yet, upon the whole, they rub along comfortably enough. There is nobody quite like an English cabbie; one is at a loss to imagine what he was before he became what he is. His costume is always incongruous, eccentric, and desperately shabby; it has a tendency to get massed round his neck, whence it thins away to scantiness at the extremities of his frame. His physical development seems to follow the lead of his clothes; his shoulders appearing the sturdiest part of him, while his legs are generally weak at the knees, flabby in the calf, and not much to boast of anywhere. His face has commonly an apoplectic look, with blood-shot eyes, and a well-balanced capacity for the vivid expression of either servility, scorn, or wrath—these being the three emotions in which every well-appointed cabbie must hold himself in readiness at a moment's notice to indulge. He has an extraordinary facility in dabbing at his forelock with his forefinger, and an equally remarkable incapacity to remember whereabouts upon his carcass there is any probability of disinterring sixpence change. When he captures a newly-alighted passenger from the train, he takes no pains to disguise his triumph over his less fortunate fellows; but convoys his prize through their midst with an insufferable arrogance of demeanor, the sting of which, one would think, could be appeased only by blood. His leisure half-hours are spent at the neighboring "pub" when tuppences are plentiful; or otherwise in lounging about his vehicle, with his great red hands squeezed into some of his many pockets, conversing with his associates in a jargon only intermittently intelligible to alien ears. I should like to know (in a general way) what they talk about. After living together a few years, they must have exhausted all topics available from their previous experiences; current events are, of course, exhausted and turned inside out as fast as they occur; they never read, or think abstractly; their jokes, their sarcasms, their humors, must be more threadbare than their elbows. What, in the name of mystery, can they find to lay their tongues to? So far as I have been able to make out, their most unfailing colloquial diversion seems to consist in trying who can most frequently introduce the word "bloody" into an ordinary sentence. Twenty-five per cent. is a moderate proportion to reach in rapid and unpremeditated delivery; fifty per cent. is attained by experts with occasional hesitations; one hundred per cent. is the achievement of a few grand-masters; but all these pale before the inspi-

ration of genius of a certain small boy, who showed the way to two hundred per cent. by thus giving vent to his feelings at sight of a circus-wagon: "Bloody hurray! hur-bloody-ray!"

Having run the gantlet of the cabbies, we pass through the street-door of the station into the booking-office, as the place where tickets are sold is called in England. An open-grate fire burns here in winter, instead of a stove; the walls are covered with framed copies of the railway rules and regulations; with framed pictures of favorite sea-side resorts with which the railway connects; with framed advertisements of the "best tea the world produces —Cooper Cooper & Co.'s 2/6;" with railway time-tables of this and connecting railways; and with the railway-clock over the window, which is never either fast or slow. The ticket-window, which is closed until within five minutes of the arrival of trains, is just large enough to sell tickets through; on one side is the advertisement of the railway insurance company—in case of death, one thousand pounds insured for threepence, not a reassuring announcement to timid travelers; on the other, a tin box with a hole through the lid, and inscribed with the legend, "I was sick and ye visited me."

After buying your ticket, you may, if you like, step into the waiting-room, where you will find chairs, a table with a Bible on it, and hanging up beside the mantel-piece a quire or two of paper broadsides, printed with curdling texts from Scripture in fine, bold type. These you are at liberty to tear off and keep by you for reference on your journey. Issuing now on to the asphalt platform, which is roofed by a permanent wooden awning, and is raised two feet or more above the roadway, you find yourself confronted by a new set of placards, advertisements, notices, and cautions. You are not to enter or leave the train while it is in motion under penalty of forty shillings; a similar fine awaits the barbarian who smokes beneath the covered platform; you are not to cross the track on any pretense whatever—a perplexing restriction until you discover that crossing by the wooden bridge a few paces farther down does not "count." You are not to give gratuities to the company's servants, but no fine is exacted if you do. You are informed that the *Daily Telegraph* has the largest circulation in the world; that the *Daily News* has a world-wide circulation; that the *Standard* is the largest daily paper; and that the *Echo* is not only the only London Liberal evening paper, but has a larger circulation than all the London evening papers combined! As you ascend the steps to the bridge, you are given to know that *Lloyd's Weekly* is hebdomadally perused by a million readers, and that "molloscorium" is the only substance capable of at once softening, preserving, and beautifying the leather of your boots.

Bearing all this in mind to the other side of the track (where you will find every facility for refreshing your memory should it prove treacherous), you may improve what spare time remains to you in brooding over the varied contents of W. H. Smith & Son's book-stall. W. H. Smith & Son is, as everybody knows, an M. P., a cabinet minister, and First Lord of the Admiralty; in spite of which he keeps a book-stall at every principal railway-station in England, and is not ashamed of so doing. On these shelves you will find (in addition to the circulating-library of current literature) all the popular novels in the two-shilling editions; all the famous novels in the six-shilling editions; all the most notable books, other than novels, of the past year or two; a selection of standard works of all times and descriptions; and a medley of pamphlets, quarterlies, and monthlies. So much for the book-stall; and on an adjoining stand are arranged copies of from fifty to a hundred daily and weekly newspapers; while below stand the bulletin-boards of the leading journals, containing a daring and stimulating epitome of the morning's intelligence from the seat of war and elsewhere.

All this literature is served out and watched over by one middle-aged clerk, business-like but obliging, and three small boys with glazed caps, above the visors of which are inscribed the words "W. H. Smith & Son." These boys, on the arrival of trains, walk up and down the platform singing out a piping refrain of "Maw-aw-ng p-pahs!" or "E-e-e-vng p-pahs!" as the case may be. Every morning, too, as soon as the papers arrive from London, a couple of boys are dispatched through the town with copies for regular subscribers, who are thus able to glance through them while eating their breakfasts.

Just before the train comes in, one of the railway-porters catches up the big brass bell which stands outside the booking-office door, ding-dongs it five or six times violently, then drops it and recites as follows: "Wind-sor trai-ain! Staines-Harrow-Barnes-Kew-Brentford-Kingston-Wimbledon-'nd-Windsor trai-ain!" and *da capo*. Other porters emerge and take up the chant. This is for the benefit of the intending passengers on the platform. But as soon as the train is in, the recitative is changed, and now it is the passengers already on board who are instructed: "Byem'r! Bye-moror! Change for" (a vast number of places which no passenger in his senses would ever dream of changing for). "Bye-moor!" Then ensues a minute or two of confused scrambling in and out, a slamming of doors and turning down of door-handles, a whistle, and a steaming away. The train trundles off; the porters, in their dark-green corduroy trousers and jackets, saunter back into the porters' room; the newly-alighted passengers are passed one by one through a narrow gateway, when, having given up their tickets to the guard or policeman stationed there, they are grappled and rent by the menagerie of cabbies waiting outside.

"Pray, are you going to spend the rest of the day here?" demanded Hedgley, with an intonation meant to convey the impression that he was less entertained by all these aimless details than I was.

But, from my earliest years, railways, and everything connected with them, have possessed for me an inexhaustible fascination. Perhaps I am destined to be killed on a railway some day; or some amazing piece of good fortune may be ordained to come to me by rail. Be that as it may, I cannot

resist holding forth concerning these matters upon occasion; and I believe I am so far in sympathy with mankind as to be safe in thinking that many of them will be less impatient of my hobby than my friend Hedgley.

XII.

Byemoor is governed by a Local Board, which occupies offices in a modest building on one of the side-streets leading to the main thoroughfare. I have already referred incidentally to the tax-gatherers and their deplorable lack of uniform; and I am not going to recur to the subject; nevertheless, the inquiring stranger might find matter of amusement in a view of these grave little sanctums. I would not imply, of course, that there is anything properly laughable, still less ridiculous, in the persons or demeanor of the able and public-spirited gentlemen who discharge their duties there. Only, human beings in their situation are so apt to take themselves seriously; and the irreverent modern spirit is somehow so unsympathetic with official solemnity! Even popes and emperors do not entirely escape the criticism of demure eye-twinkles and eyebrow-liftings; and the pygmy popes and emperors, unfortunately for them, are apt to be even more self-conscious of their augustness than the life-size ones. I confess that I have always entertained a cordial liking for those Roman augurs who could never meet each other face to face without grinning. Sometimes, when the pressure of my curiosity as to the rights and wrongs of rate and tax imposts has led me to an interview with one or other of our Byemoor magnates, certain turns of the conversation would cause me to scan the face of my interlocutor for a reflection of the respectful but scarcely-repressible smile which I felt widening my own. But the reflection never came. Vainly—like Earl Douglas when performing gymnastics in the presence of King James—vainly I watched with watery eye some answering glance of sympathy. The idea of there being anything of a farcical nature in official routine never seemed to dawn upon the man's mind. I believe the suggestion of such a possibility would positively have hurt his feelings. And yet—but we had better dismiss the subject.

The gentlemen constituting the Local Board are chosen by general election once a year. So far as I know, there is no direct personal canvassing of electors; papers, with the names of all the candidates printed upon them, are sent to every householder, together with an intimation of the number of votes which he is entitled to give. The papers, having been filled in, are returned to the proper functionary, and in due time are reissued, with the number of votes scored by each candidate written against his name. Then we know who are to be our rulers during the next twelvemonth. Byemoor elections, it is unnecessary to say, are controlled by the same determination to secure the best men, apart from all personal and interested considerations, that ever has and will be the rule and practice of popular elections the world over. And the best test of the satisfactory nature of the result is the fact that there is so little to remark in it. A government that offers no peg to hang a criticism on must be the best of governments.

Mr. Wimm, by-the-way, has just built a new town-hall, of brick so unmitigatedly red that it looks like Mr. Bumble's face in a passion. After some prudent doubts about paying the high rent demanded, the blameless government has moved into it; and, I fear, will henceforth be less than ever disposed to take a humorous view of affairs. Public benefactors should be cautious, and not stretch out too roughly, on the rack of their philanthropy, the tender webs of individual character.

SAM.

I.

"MIGHTY! how it pours!"

Sam Dollivar braced the cabin-roof, squarely, with his broad, brawny hands, as he looked straight out into the stormy world outside. It was not every window that afforded Dollivar the opportunity to look straight out into the world; but this slit under the eaves—narrow and high, to let in what light it could, and keep prowling "varmints" out—served his six feet four of height admirably, only there was not much of the world to be seen therefrom—a gravelly, shaly stretch of half a dozen rods or so, from which the gravelly, shaly bank arose a hundred feet or more; though Sam, with his narrow chance of view, could hardly see up to the higher stratum of clay, from which the dirty, yellowish streaks were pouring down, in a zigzag way, over the shelving surface. This was all, only the deepening rivulets, making irregular network about the cabin, which intercepted their course to the river, rushing and roaring twenty feet beyond and twenty feet below. Early that morning the three miners had stood, hardly knee-deep, in its midst, washing out the gold-flecked sand of its bed; now, it would have been highly doubtful whether Sam himself, with his great length of body and limb, could have reached a hand to the surface of the boiling current.

"I tell ye what it is, boys, I don't much like the cap'n's idee o' startin' for the Forks, this mornin'. The river'll be ten feet over the ford in less than two hours, an' it'll be jes like him to try to git back. S'pose ye jes take a look, Bill, an' see what ye think of it," Dollivar continued, taking down his hands and locking them behind him.

"Jes take a look! I s'pose likely, if whoever hed the contrivin' of ye, Sam, hed happened to put in a handful more o' dust, an' made ye to stand peekin' over the moon, ye'd look down an' coolly ask ord'nary-sized mortals to jes take a look, sayin' nothin' of im-

posin' on a shortish critter like me!" Bill growled, good-naturedly, as he kicked along and mounted the transverse section of a pine-log upon which he had been seated. But he was down again as soon as up. "A mighty sight to be seen from *that* hole! Why didn't ye cut a slit toward the river, while ye's 'bout it, Sam?" he said, looking doubtfully toward the door at the end of the building, which was bracing itself against the face of the storm, supported by a barrel of bacon and three pickaxes.

"I s'pose I might," Sam replied. "But it's my opinion thet I'd better slip on my wampus an' go down es fur as the Bend. It must be gittin' some'ers near sundown, an' the cap'n'll be 'long 'fore a great while, if he's started back."

"The cap'n won't be fool enough to start back to-day," was the sententious remark of Jake, the third miner, who, perched upon the second barrel of bacon, was, with ball of twine, crooked wire, and jack-knife, laboriously and solemnly intent upon securing the long rent that had left one knee out to the weather.

"I ain't quite so sure 'bout thet es I might be," was Bill's reply. "Ye see, the youngster hesn't much knowledge o' the ways o' the streams hereabouts, an' he's got grit enough, an' no mistake, if he hain't got much to him to back it with. He wants to do the same es the best of us—but, Lor', these fancy-bred chaps from the East hev the backbone taken out of 'em ten generations 'fore they're born! An', what's worse 'bout it, the youngster's thet reckless thet he don't seem to care the value of a three-cent wash whether he goes under or not."

"Thet's what worries me most, when ther's danger 'round," said Sam, with a troubled look, as he proceeded to run his long arms into the sleeves of his outer garment. "Ther' ain't no use o' waitin' for a slack, an' I shouldn't much like the idee o' the boy's gittin' the start o' me."

"Zhe capitaine is one très faine zhentlemong; I admire zhe capitaine très mouch," observed the fourth occupant of the cabin, who was mending the strings of an old violin in its farthermost corner, and who bore the *sobriquet* "Frenchy." But Frenchy, with his "gibberish," his narrow-tailed waist-coat, and immense cravat, his hundred pounds avoirdupois, and generally monkeyfied *tout ensemble*, was not looked upon as having much in the way of opinions, and they were usually passed over in silence; however, his "fiddle," and his knack of making coffee and broiling bacon, were held in higher estimation; so Frenchy was not altogether without honor in the cabin.

"I rather reckon I'd better go with ye, Sam. If the cap'n should come, two of us wouldn't be in the way, I take it, 'fore he gits across. Thet animal o' yourn'll hev a tough scratchin' to git herself over, after her travel o' thirty miles through the mud, sayin' nothing o' carryin' him — though the cap'n hain't much heft, to speak on." Bill said this rising from the pine block, to don his "wampus."

"The critter ain't worth much, but I rather reckon on his knowin' 'bout my likin' for her, more'n on anything else, to keep him from comin'. Though I'd rather my int'rest in horse-flesh, for all my days to come, should go to the bottom, than thet anything should happen to him."

This last was said in a lower tone, and more to himself than to his companions, as Dollivar prepared to leave the cabin.

"Jes h'ist this bar'l back, when we git out, Jake, or ye'll be drowned out," Bill said, as he put the pickaxes one side, and prepared to roll away the barricade.—"An', I say, Frenchy, don't scrape thet concern till supper-gittin' is put out o' yer mind, quite. It's likely we'll be back— Thunder! What's that?"

The barrel of bacon settled back into its original position, and for one short instant the two men stared silently at each other.

"A painter, es sure es guns! Nothing else ken let sech an ungodly screech es that," Jake ejaculated, coming forward, with a yard of twine and the wire needle dragging. A wild animal was the one thing that could get talk out of Jake.

The three men, with noiseless, cat-like movements, possessed themselves of their rifles, and Sam's brawny arms stood the barrel one side without jar or sound.

"Be ready to fire if the critter's still in front; if he ain't, you an' Bill go round by the river, an' I'll go the other side," were the whispered instructions as he made ready to open the door.

Frenchy was never taken into account at such times. He stood, backed closely against the cabin-wall, hugging his violin tightly in his arms; not that he feared the animal outside—he had much too great faith in the protective power of the three men for that—but he had a terrible dread of the three rifles which the three men handled as carelessly as he ever did the silver-knobbed walking-stick stowed away in his especial corner.

The three rifles were carefully held now as the door was cautiously opened. The storm dashed furiously into the faces of the men, who gazed out for an instant eagerly, then mutely dumfounded.

"By blazes, it's a woman!" uttered Bill, who was usually the first to regain speech.

The three rifles were quickly stacked against the barrel, and the three men hastened out into the rain. A woman it was, though only a woman in a dirty, fleece-colored blanket, with the long, coarse, black hair falling over it in wet, oily straightness, and over the large pack strapped over her shoulders. But it was a woman, prone and senseless upon her face.

"She's some poor half-breed critter that's got separated from the gang, I s'pose. Spread out some o' them blankets, so I ken lay her down," said Sam, who was always foremost in action. "Yer jes lay this some'ers, Frenchy. I'll be bound, there ain't a man in the hull tribe who'd carry a pound ef he's got a woman to pack it on to," he continued, as he unstrapped the bundle and handed it to the Frenchman, who, with his greater stock of gallantry than courage, was dancing around in his eagerness to be of assistance.

"It has mouch of weight. I have wonder of what it contains," said Frenchy, as he deposited the pack upon the pile of skins and blankets that constituted the bedding of the household.

Dollivar, meantime, had laid the woman down, and was doing what he could toward forcing through the tight-closed lips some of the contents of the partially-filled flask he was holding.

"Ther' didn't much go down, I guess; but I rather reckon she'll— Lord! don't yell so!"

With a quick succession of the unearthly screeches that had, just before, armed the men against the supposed animal, the half-breed sprang into a sitting posture, and then to her feet, staring about her with great, blazing, black eyes.

"What's the use o' yellin' that way? We're all civ'lized humans, an' ain't goin' to hurt ye," expostulated Sam, with considerable concern and some disgust in his tone, as the half-breed continued to give vent to her screeches at longer intervals.

"I am Monsieur Pierre de Lajolais. I have très mouch happiness to be at madame's service," said Frenchy, who appeared to think that better acquaintance might help matters.

"Better interduce the rest of us while ye're 'bout it, Frenchy. She seems to fancy makin' our acquaintance," said Bill, who rather enjoyed the fun.

"Better open the door an' let the critter out," said Jake, who did not enjoy it.

But suddenly the wildness went out of the woman's eyes, and a dullness came in. She sat down again upon the blankets, and, clasping her knees with her arms, she stared straight before her with all the immobility and stupidity of expression of an Indian stoic. The wildness came back for a moment, and she gazed about her rapidly till her eyes rested upon her pack; then, apparently satisfied, she returned to her dull, straightforward stare, and might have been deaf and dumb for all the attention paid to the various questions put to her.

"Me want eat," was finally said, in measured guttural, as proof that she had a voice, but without change of look or position.

Cold bacon, cold mush, and cold sweetened coffee, were placed on one of the pine blocks before her. Unclasping her knees, she ate as one who had fasted the better portion of her past life and expected to fast the better portion of her future. The meal finished, she arose to her feet, and, drawing her wet blanket about her, stared steadily at the barrel against the door.

"Me go," she said.

Jake, with alacrity, made a way of egress. With a quick movement, she glided out the instant the door was opened enough to let her pass, and had disappeared from sight before the men had hardly time to realize that she had gone.

"Zhe madame has left behind zhe package," said Frenchy, a moment later.

"Thet's so. Wall, leave it be; she or some o' the tribe'll be back after it, most likely," Dollivar replied. "I can't say, however, that I like the idee of havin' a gang o' the critters prowlin' round with the 'mount o' gold thet's in the shanty. She didn't act much es if she's on spyin' business; but the leavin' o' the pack may stand for suthin'. At any rate, I guess ye'd better stay back, Bill, an' let me go to the Bend; it ain't best to leave the shanty too empty in case there might be an attack, es on the boys out beyond the Gulch."

Sam was soon taking his way down the river with long, rapid strides; Jake went back to his mending, and Frenchy to his violin, while Bill dealt out and redealt out a blackened, well-worn pack of cards, and smoked the cabin blue with his stub of a pipe. Jake was ready to take his deal after a time, and the two men played almost in silence, while Frenchy played by himself in his corner, low, gentle melodies on his mended violin—only when once or twice the card-players motioned him to silence to listen intently until it became evident that some new sound that had caught their ears was caused by the elements and not by human agency.

"I hope Sam'll get the start o' the cap'n to the ford, if he's fool enough to be comin'; he'd be mighty cut up if anything should happen to the youngster—he's taken sech a likin' to him," was at last remarked by Bill, to whom long silence was never acceptable. "Sam's a queer sort o' chap, an' he's got a powerful sight o' feelin's to him, if Natur' did seem to hev the notion of a pine-tree when a-plannin' him. But, ye see, they all got cut adrift like in that gal-affair of his'n, an' ever since they seem to be allus reachin' out round, as it was, fur suthin' to cling to—like a grape-vine thet's got beyond its tree—an' the cap'n seems to be jes one o' the kind for 'em to git a tight hold on."

"What was it 'bout that gal-affair, anyway?" asked Jake, who was not averse to hearing talk, if not given to making it.

"I never jes knew all the partic'lers 'bout it; but it seemed that Sam, when he was a youngster, was her father's hired-man—out in the States some'ers—an' she hed promised to hev him as soon as he got rich enough to suit the old man; an' thet's what sent Sam out here to the diggings nigh onto twenty years ago. Ther' was some sort o' 'rangement 'tween 'em that he should write back every six months, to let her know how he's gittin' on, but she wa'n't to write onless something should be the matter; an' they were keepin' it up—that is, Sam was—when I first got acquainted with him, some five years after. Sam didn't hev much luck at first—though a precious little of what he's got now would make both of us richer than we ever will be—but he struck a smashin' good lead jes by accident like, out in the mountains, the next year; an' es if contraries were bound to come together, it was that same week that notice came 'bout a letter's bein' at the settlement fur him. It was nigh onto fifty miles o' the roughest goin'; but Sam never slept a wink till he hed that letter. He came back ag'in in a few days, lookin' kind o' white an' kind o' bent, as if he'd grown shorter like, an' with that way o' seemin' to want to speak tender like to everybody round when he spoke at all. Mebbe ye've noticed how Sam's voice has a

way o' growin' soft an' gentle like when he hes a spell o' feelin' bad 'bout suthin'? It seemed that the gal hed been married more'n three years, an' that her husband hed got tired o' Sam's letters comin', an' hed wrote fur him to quit."

"I'd hev traveled them miles back in short time an' put that chap where the dogs couldn't found him!" said Jake, emphatically.

"I s'pose likely; an' so would I; but that ain't Sam's way. He jes kept on workin' stiddy as ever, an' puttin' all he got together into the 'Frisco bank, an' buyin' property there—though Sam's the last one to be stingy if anybody needs anything. But he told me one time—the queer critter that he is—that he was hopin' that the man his gal hed married might be poor, and that mebbe he might git a chance to help 'em some day. But I guess he's got the notion out of his head, es he's learned that her man is rich enough."

"Where's the cap'n kept himself 'fore he come here?" asked Jake, who had a knack of keeping up conversation without doing much toward carrying it on.

"Blamed if I know. Ye must 'a' noticed what a way he has o' never talkin' 'bout himself or anything that happened—only when he's a youngster—makin' no more account of years as lay between than if he'd never lived in 'em. There ain't many of 'em—he ain't half-way through his twenties now; but I doubt if Sam knows what he's been doin' in 'em."

"Where'd Sam find him?" continued Jake, who was a more recent inmate of the cabin.

"Wall, it was him as found Sam an' me, when we's down to the Forks one day. He come to Sam and wanted a chance to work. He didn't make much show fur bein' worth much, with his fine clothes an' womanish hands; but Sam kind o' took a fancy to him at first, an' he turned out to be a handsome worker for a new hand, if he could only stood it—not that the cap'n hed any idee o' givin' in—'most the only time I ever saw him out o' nature was when Sam put his foot down thet he should stay on dry land an' do the gravel-sep'rating."

"Ain't ye feelin' kind o' holler?" was Jake's next interrogative.

"Thet's so," said Bill, readily takin' the hint to use his more fluent speech to hurry up supper.—"I say, Frenchy, hadn't ye better put off that music fur a spell, an' be thinkin' 'bout gittin' suthin' to eat? Sam an' the cap'n'll be back 'fore long, if nothing happens."

The Frenchman always acted upon suggestions with alacrity. Various sticks from the pile of split flood-wood in the corner were soon blazing in the rude stone fireplace; the bacon was broiled, the mush fried, and the coffee made; and the three men ate heartily, and listened ever and anon for some sound other than the rush and the roar of the waters outside, while the darkness of night settled heavily over the cabin. It came at last: a rap and a well-known voice. Sam stood before the quickly-opened door, and the men could see, in the darkness beyond him, the outlines of the horse he was holding by the bridle, but they could see nothing of a companion.

"Jes hand me one o' the ropes, boys, an' I'll tether Jinny behind the shanty fur the night," Sam said, with a peculiar intonation that made the two miners look at each other with an expression of concern.

He came in after a little, and stood before the fire with his hands clasped behind him, and his tall, dripping form looking bent and shorter, as it were.

"The cap'n's gone under, boys," he said, presently, in a slow, quiet way. "He must have turned back on account o' the storm; Jinny hed got 'cross, an' I found her feedin' down the river a piece."

The Frenchman gave voluble utterance to his surprise and sorrow in his own language; but Bill only said, "We're sorry for you, Sam;" and he and Jake sat silent and sober.

Dollivar sat down after a while, and he drew something from the bosom of his "wampus," and held it tenderly. It had been a rather stylish brown-felt hat, but it was sadly crushed and water-soaked now.

"It had caught onto a snag among the rocks, an' I thought I'd better git it," he said, simply, in explanation.

There was nothing strange to his mind in the fact that his life had been imminently risked in the worst vortex of the raging current to secure this possession of his lost friend; he only wiped off the sand and water with an almost caressing touch, and dried it with careful hands in the warmth of the fire, while his own water-soaked garments steamed themselves dry as best they could.

"Hadn't ye better eat a bite, Sam?" asked Bill, in a kindly tone.

"Not jes now. I kind o' want to dry this off first," Sam replied, in an apologetic way. Not for a great deal would he have let them know of the choking in his throat that would not have let him swallow a mouthful; not that he was ashamed of his grief, but there was no need of making others feel worse because of it. Nothing more was said; Bill and Jake stared into the fire, and smoked their pipes slowly, turning occasionally a silent, sympathetic gaze upon their companion. Frenchy played by himself, low, mournful music, that seemed to blend, in a weird, solemn way, with the silence in the cabin and the rush and roar of the waters without. All else was quiet, only the occasional whinny of the tethered horse; and the miners, in their new trouble, seemed to have forgotten whatever of apprehension they may have felt from the supposed gang of prowling half-breeds.

Sam spoke after a time:

"It's a kind o' dull night, boys, an' it'll seem to pass off sooner if ye turn in early.—Ye jes hang thet squaw's pack on one o' the pegs, Frenchy, an' spread out the blankets. I feel sort o' tired, an' mebbe I'll feel more like eatin' if I lay down an' rest a spell."

Frenchy obeyed with his usual quickness. He seized the large, long bundle with both hands, and dropped it again as suddenly.

"Eh, mon Dieu, it has life!" he almost screamed.

"Don't ye tech it, Frenchy!" needlessly cautioned Bill, starting to his feet. "More'n likely the critters hev packed up a grist o' rattlesnakes to pizen us."

Sam, who was always foremost in any emergency —perhaps because his strides were the longest—was already carefully examining the bundle, which unmistakably had a squirming interior.

"My God, boys, it's a baby!"

The binding-cords were cut with quick, eager hands; a moment more, and Sam held in his arms, not the brown half-breed papoose that he had expected to hold, but a delicate white baby-girl of less than two years apparently—the merest atom of a thing, in dainty white, with blue ribbons and blue shoes. The little dress was moist and crumpled, and the short, brown curls clung about the forehead, wet with perspiration, while the child's head rested weakly against Sam's shoulder after the long slumber; but the little thumb was put into the mouth contentedly, and two great, brown eyes stared brightly and without fear at the three men before her; while the three men, in their turn, stared back their mute astonishment. How long there would have remained an immovable quinary tableau, had it rested with either of four of its components to have interrupted it, cannot be stated, for the little thumb suddenly came out of the mouth, and a clear baby-voice said, with slow distinctness:

"Me want eat."

There was an instant of harder staring and an instant of muter astonishment; then it was Bill who first found voice:

"Thet's so! But, thunder, Sam! what d'ye think? It can't be *that* critter's baby!"

And Frenchy found voice to mutter, "La pauvre enfant!" in most excited sympathy.

The thumb came out of the mouth again, and in a slow, measured way, as if repeating a lesson learned by rote, the child said, with remarkable plainness:

"Mamie wants papa, Harry Waterberry."

"The cap'n!" ejaculated Jake.

With a quick stride Sam reached the fireplace, and, kicking into flame the smouldering sticks, he held the child up before him in the light of the blaze, and gazed at it with a slow, searching look.

"D'ye s'pose it ken be Waterberry's, Sam?" Bill asked, with something of superstitious awe in his tone.

"Yes," Sam replied, slowly; "it's Harry's baby; ye can see it as plain as if wrote in a book. Sech eyes are not repeated by accident."

There was a moment of speculative silence, broken only by Frenchy's alternation of "La pauvre enfant!—la pauvre petite!"

"It looks mighty queer," was Bill's final observation. Then, after another moment of meditative silence, there was added, "I didn't s'pose the cap'n was that kind o' chap."

The miners were too familiar with the loose habits extant among the promiscuous population and irregular society about them not to give a ready interpretation to the episode.

There was a troubled, puzzled look in Sam's kindly gray eyes, and a thoughtful hesitancy to his speech as he said:

"Things hes happened kind o' strange like, an' there's nobody to put the meanin' to 'em; but I'd rather gone down myself than hed that boy drowned, and, though mebbe he hadn't ought to be this little thing's father, it ain't for us to judge the wrong of it, an'—"

The choking in Sam's throat suddenly came back, so that he did not finish; but the tender, fatherly gesture with which he laid the tiny face against his swarthy, beard-covered cheek more expressively told the rest.

"Me want eat," querulously repeated the little thing, to whom hunger was making stronger appeals than any concern about what was thought of her coming.

"Thet's so," repeated Bill.—"But, Lor', Sam, what does sech little uns eat?" was added with a dubious look at the cold bacon and fried mush.

"Ther's some crackers an' things in the box there thet I brought from the Gulch last night.—Ye jes git some out, Frenchy, and fix her up suthin' soft-like, with sweet'nin' in it."

And baby's form was lifted on Sam's broad breast by a deep, indrawn sigh as he said it. He did not tell that the sole object of his walk of ten miles and back the night before, after the finishing of his day's work, had been to get these "crackers and things" because he had noticed of late that the "cap'n" ate with effort of the rude fare of the cabin—this handsome, boyish young fellow, who seemed so wholly out of place in the midst of their rough miner's life. Sam did not tell; he only pressed the tiny cheek to his, as if, in protecting the little one, he would protect the father it claimed from these strange appearances of evil.

"Ther's a queer look to the happenin' of it. Ye don't s'pose ther's any special providence or sech-like 'bout it—do ye, Sam?" was the next question of Bill, who was largely inclined to view the coincidence from a superstitious point of view. And it was noticeable that both he and Jake—though in no manner lacking in hospitable feelings toward their young guest—evinced rather a disposition to keep at proper distance from her.

But if baby was a wraith, she was unmistakably a hungry one—the improvised supper was eaten with a relish that was eminently satisfactory to all lookers-on. To be sure, it was served in a basin, old and leaky, and by hands large and awkward; but they were tender, gentle hands, nevertheless; and they carefully helped to guide the clumsy spoon that would keep bottom upward in the tiny hands; and the little one ate in silent contentment. Only once, in the midst of her meal, the child suddenly stopped short, as if by some recollection, and in the same slow, measured way, as if repeating the rest of her lesson, she said, with the same remarkable plainness:

"Mamie loves papa—Mamie stay with papa always."

And the miners stared at her in silent, superstitious awe. But Sam's nature held too much of kindness to hold much of anything else; and he soon said, in explanation:

"It's suthin' the little thing's been learned—by the mother, mebbe—that the father might have a chance to take a liking to her."

But this set him into a new train of thinking. If the little one had a mother, this mother would be likely to have a future interest in her, and to have an interest in the death of her child's father.

"Ye jes look over the things as came in the pack with her, Bill. Mebbe ther's suthin' as will tell us where she's come from."

The pack, which consisted of a couple of thick Indian blankets fastened together into a sort of sack, and which now revealed to the men a careful arrangement for breathing-purposes, was hardly penetrated by the storm—the result of some sort of oily application to the exterior. With the child had come a number of suits of dainty garments, which, even to the miners' unaccustomed eyes, showed themselves to be of the finest material, and wrought by experienced workmanship, and which Bill touched with gingerly reluctance; but the search revealed nothing besides—only a small bunch of flowers, a few half-opened apple-blossoms, dried, and out of their season.

"Jes lay 'em with the things, Bill," Sam said, upon their being produced. "Mebbe they'd had a meaning to him, though they can't tell anything to us."

But Sam had no present opportunity to cherish whatever of regrets the thought may have brought him, inasmuch as his little guest, after having satisfied her hunger, showed herself to be possessed of a decided curiosity respecting her surroundings. She got herself down from Sam's knee, and, with sober, silent scrutiny, every inch of the cabin was traveled over, and every visible object it contained was placed under close inspection; a proceeding that—what with the fire, the roughness of the floor, and the guns and tools standing around; and what with the desire to show off things to their best advantage—kept her host and his companions in a state of most excited interest till a note from Frenchy's violin threw all else into hopeless insignificance. With the early instincts of universal appropriation, she pulled it from its owner's rather reluctant hands, and hugged it in her arms with no consideration for its fragile construction, and it took all of Sam's adroitness to rescue it.

"Jes play her suthin' on it, an' mebbe she'll let me hold her a bit," Sam said, after the instrument had been restored in safety.

The little one made no special objection to this arrangement, and the two brown eyes watched the violin, eagerly at first, then dreamily, and then they had closed altogether, and the child was sleeping off the lingering effects of the drug she had evidently taken. The eyes partially opened once, and the baby-voice said, dreamily:

"Mamie love papa—Mamie stay—" and that was all.

But the words sounded in Sam's ears with a strangely solemn meaning as he sat, silent and still, long after the others lay snoring on their rude couches, holding the little one still in his arms. He had only once laid her down. It was to lift, with almost reverent hands, the lid of a small, leather-covered trunk, and place therein the dainty wardrobe which unknown hands had so carefully prepared. There was just room—it only contained a few garments of finer material and make than the miners usually wore, a few books and papers, and a few more valued possessions which Sam had never seen; while, on top of all, lay the soiled and crumpled but carefully-dried hat of soft, brown felt. It was some indefinite thought, that Sam could not have expressed, which made him lay close beside it the little bunch of dried apple-blossoms. And then he took the little one again in his arms, and sat down to keep his long, silent vigil.

There was a comfort in the holding of her, and there was a comfort in the sound sleep of his companions. There were no eyes to watch him—none to know that one, and then another, great tear slowly trickled down and fell upon the little white dress. Sam hardly knew it himself; he only knew that his heart was very heavy, and that he was fighting back a haunting thought that had persistently fastened itself upon him.

Bill was right; but it was doubtful if ever he fully comprehended with what a strength of clinging Sam's yearning affections had, in their silent, unobtrusive way, fastened themselves upon their young companion. It was Sam alone who had learned to know that all the restless, impatient recklessness, which had characterized his boyish friend, was but the outgrowth of something underlying — a silent, ever-present something, that would age the features in quiet moments, and which seemed to be forever eating into the happiness of his life. And Sam, who had so long mutely borne the burden of his own buried pain, could only turn to him with tender, yearning sympathy, that could never be put into words. Only once. Sam was thinking of it now—of a time when he had awakened in the midst of the night to discover that the companion who always slept upon the same blankets with him was not lying by his side; and, growing troubled by the long absence, had gone out to seek and to find him, thrown upon the long, wet grass, clutching and tearing it, and sobbing with all the abandonment of a grief-stricken child. It was then that Sam, in the strength of his great pity, had spoken: "If ye could only tell me 'bout it, Harry, mebbe I could find suthin' to say—or suthin' to do—to comfort ye. God knows how glad I'd be to do it, Harry!"

And Sam thought now, with a shudder, of the passionate reply:

"You can't, Sam—nobody or nothing can—unless you can make the water of that river deep enough to drown me, and can make it right that I should lie at the bottom."

Sam shuddered as he held the little one closer to him, as if there lay in the act some power of protecting the father from the dread suspicion — the haunting thought that had troubled him since his first discovery that the horse his friend had ridden must have recrossed the river before it had risen to a dangerous degree.

"He couldn't 'a' meant to drowned himself—by his own words he knew the wrong of it," Sam reasoned mentally and earnestly, but he had shared no hint of his suspicions with his companions. He knew well that in their rough system of honor and ethics no crime or folly was placed lower in the scale than premeditated self-destruction, and Sam longed to shield his friend from every thought of evil.

II.

A MINER, wending his way from the Forks below to the Gulch above, reined his horse to stare in broad curiosity at the sight of Sam Dollivar's cabin being surrounded by a rather fanciful fencing of driven poles and entwined bark, upon which Bill and Jake were intently laboring, with whatever of assistence Frenchy could give.

"Hullo, Bill! What the thunder yer 'bout there? Has Sam got the idee in his head of outshinin' 'Frisco, or d'ye 'xpect an army o' grizzlies or red-skins along?"

But the miner's loud laugh was silenced in the astonishment of seeing Jenny approaching around the near bend of the river, snaking up from the broader valley another relay of bark, and Sam doing the double duty of leading a horse by the bridle, and holding on her back a tiny (not quite) white-robed girl, with very crumpled blue ribbons. And the broad visage grew very sober when Sam came up and said, in his slow, quiet way:

"Ye've happened 'long lucky, Dan. Ye ken save one of us a trip to the Gulch if ye'll be so good as to say to the boys there that Waterberry went down yisterday in crossin' the stream, an' that I'd take it kind if some of 'em would turn out as soon as the water runs down, to see what ken be done 'bout findin' him. It would seem kind o' better like if he could be buried upon dry land."

Then, as Dan's sympathy showed itself to be closely blended with the curiosity of his stare at the child, Sam continued:

"It's his little one. It has happened kind o' unfortunate like. She'd jes come to stay with him a bit, an' his goin' down so sudd'n hes left us without no knowledge o' the whereabouts o' the rest o' her folks.—Ye jes take her in, Frenchy, an' give her a cracker, an' play her some music," he added, as he lifted the child from the horse to the Frenchman's arms.—"Ye see she'll hev to stay here, most likely, till some sort o' information turns up, an' as she's shown a likin' fur toddlin' round outside o' the shanty, we thought we'd fence it 'round a bit, on account o' the stream."

A goodly number of miners—nearly the available force of the Gulch—headed by Dan, made their appearance the next morning, ready to give every assistance in the proposed search. A few of them knew little, many of them nothing, of the stranger, who had been but a few months a member of Dollivar's party, but there was not a miner among them who would not have spent the best week of his life in zealous search, with hearty good-will, if he were doing it for Sam Dollivar's gratification. But the search, though continued throughout the day, and well into the next, proved wholly fruitless. The river had already fallen to its usual level, but, with all its shallowness, it was treacherous, with deep holes and imbedded rocks, and the chance of finding one drowned in it—at the best—was but a doubtful one.

The men went back to the Gulch, and the miners returned to the labors, interrupted by the occurrence of the past days. But Sam, for the first time since Bill had known him, showed a disposition to forget his steady habits of work. He hardly went to the river, or, if he did, it was only to return again to the cabin with some new thought or concern for the well-being of its little inmate. And the object of his consideration appeared well satisfied. She took to Frenchy as a playmate; but, when she grew tired, or hungry, or sleepy, it was Sam that she wanted; and from the first she evinced the same remarkable contentment with her strange companions and new surroundings that had characterized her first night's acquaintance. She never cried—except for Frenchy's fiddle—and never seemed to pine for anybody or anything that she had left behind. From time to time—more often when she would be just dropping off into sleep—she would say, "Mamie wants papa—Harry Waterberry;" or, perhaps, it would be, "Mamie love papa, Mamie stay with papa always;" but she seemed to forget it after a time, and her conversational powers—when she rarely saw fit to use them—fell back upon the substantive and adjective combinations peculiar to early childhood, with an occasional more complete sentence, unmistakably borrowed from half-breed dialect.

Perhaps it was on account of this contentedness that Sam took no steps toward attempting to discover where the child had come from—though he really knew of no steps to take further than his decision to put a notice of the father's death into the San Francisco papers. But one day and another passed by, and Sam did not take the proposed journey to the Forks to have the notice properly written, and sent off by the lawyer of the place. He shrank from it with a dread which he could not overcome. To his sensitive and unaccustomed mind, there seemed something barbarous in this business-like advertising of the death of his friend. It is to be recorded, however, that Sam did take a journey to the Forks meantime. He had arrived at a conviction of the necessity of it, and he made known his intention to Bill, as the latter was on the point of taking to his blankets, a few nights after the giving up of the search.

"Ye see, Bill, I'm lettin' her keep awake kind o' latish that she'll sleep along in the mornin'; an' I'll jes lay down with her a bit, that she'll think I'm goin' to be with her, an' if ye'll keep yer eye open

occasion'ly through the night — Jake an' Frenchy sleep so powerful sound—an'll see that she don't git the cov'r'n' off ; an' if she kind o' worries like, ye ken jes lay down by her a spell, an' sing a little, low an' soft like, an' she'll think it's me, an' won't mind if I slip out an' go up to the Forks to-night. Ther's some things that I've been wantin' to git from there, though it ain't nothin' pressin', only, es I've been thinkin' to-day, thet it seems kind o' hard like fur the little thing to be here, es she is, with nothin' 'bout her, es children ar' usual'y in the habit o' takin' to, an' nothin' to play with—only Frenchy's fiddle, thet he ain't willin' she should hev—so I'm thinkin' thet I'd better take the trip to-night, as she'll be sleepin' the most o' the time I'm gone, an' I ken see if Riley hain't got some children's fixin's in his store thet I ken git for her. I shall start back es soon es I ken git 'em out an' git the things ; an' I guess ye'd better stop 'round the shanty till I come back, thet ye ken keep an eye on Frenchy, thet he don't let anything happen to her."

Bill made no objection to the arrangement—only the singing part ; inasmuch as Sam, with his own rich, mellow bass, had given no consideration to the fact that Bill had never been known to attempt a note within his own memory.

"If yer mind to catch a frog out o' the river, I might set it to croakin' at the right time, p'rhaps, as a sort o' compromise between us," was his final suggestion.

It was nearly noon the next day when Sam made his appearance, laden with a bundle, which, in point of size and weight, well outdid the mysterious pack left by the half-breed the week before. The things that had served as a fundamental reason for the journey formed but an unimportant item in its make-up ; while, if it did not contain every fashion of toy known to childhood, it was the fault of Riley's stock-in-trade, and not of Sam's selection ; and, whatever the packages of nuts and sweetmeats lacked in variety, was made up in a quantity that seriously threatened the future of baby's digestion. But the crowning glory of all was a blue-eyed, fat-cheeked doll, gorgeously arrayed in pink, yellow, and green.

"I might hev been back in the early part o' the day if it hadn't been fur that ; ye see, they're thet oncommon slack at the store thet they let every one o' the things go stark-naked, an' I hed to hire one o' the women-folks to rig this one up," Sam said in explanation.

If his tramp of sixty miles had left anything of fatigue, or if the jokes, and winks, and laughter, that had attended the purchasing had left anything of an unpleasant impression, it all dwindled into insignificance when baby, with hands and feet flying like castanets, ejaculated, "Pretty ! pretty ! pretty !" and when, with dolly carried by one foot, and dolly's yellow, china curls dragging in close proximity to the rough cabin floor, the little thing chased, in laughing glee, the remarkable white horse that rode on his casters, Sam's happiness was more than complete.

Thus one week, and then another, had gone by, and the third was passing since the strange advent of the little sojourner in Sam Dollivar's cabin ; and never, since he first marked out the claim, had as many days accumulated as small a quantity of gold as had these. Sam's lack of interest in his work was casting a very apparent influence over his companions, while Sam himself had almost ceased to work altogether. He had the habit of taking long walks to the Bend and on down the course of the river, scanning with close, careful gaze every angle of its bank, every rock or snag that could possibly stop in its course a body borne downward by the current. Day after day he had followed the river thus, almost always with his little *protégée* in his arms, and not unfrequently with her *protégée* also — though dolly, who had lost the better part of her garments, and who had sustained a reparable fracture of three of her limbs, and an irreparable loss of her nose and the crown of her head, had probably little to say in favor of the protective qualities of extreme youth.

But dolly came to a sudden end of her troubles one day. Sam, with his double burden in his arms, had stepped out on a low rock in a deeper portion of the river to get a better view of some object under the water that had caught his sight, and had hardly obtained his position when the child, with a sudden perversion of innate, maternal instinct, threw her doll, with all the strength of her small arms, down into the current below. The water gurgled for a moment into the fractured skull, and then the minute human representative sank slowly out of sight, to the pitiful wail of its too late repentant owner. And Sam, who had watched its fate, felt come over his painfully wrought-up feelings of the moment such a sudden and unaccountable sensation of the horrible that he turned abruptly away, without once looking toward the object he was seeking to see, and took his way homeward with long, quick strides, without casting a glance toward the river.

The first relief to the shock he had experienced was the unaccustomed sight of Bill coming down from the cabin to meet him. Sam stopped and awaited his approach.

"Frenchy's gone !" was his first salutation.

"Gone ?" And Sam turned his eyes toward the shallow water, with no thought but of drowning.

"Yes ; ye rather made a mistake in payin' him off this mornin' if ye wanted to keep him. He's took his money an' his fiddle an' started for the Forks an' on to 'Frisco, I s'pose, without so much as a 'pology."

Sam looked relieved.

"Thet's rather bad, it's a fact ; but I s'pose the critter's a right to go if he wants to—though I don't see but I'll hev to tend the cabin an' look after this little one," he said.

There was a show of a discreet smile on Bill's good-natured face, but he said nothing. He only remained standing and kicking the pebbles into the water with his great miner's boots, while the smile grew into a perplexed look of hesitancy.

"Was ther' suthin' ye's wantin' to speak about ?" Sam asked, encouragingly, as he stood on the ground

the child, who was struggling to get down from his arms.

"Wall, yes ; I kind o' thought p'rhaps I'd better. Ye see, Sam, though, of course, I don't want to interfere in your business—or what's jes the same, es my part ain't enough to speak on—but I've been sort o' thinkin' that, es ye're more'n likely to hev that baby on yer hands for no tellin' how long, an' es Jake's gittin' one of his spells o' pinin' for the mountains—Jake ken never be contented long when he's out o' the range o' the grizzlies—an' es things er gittin' into the way o' goin' kind o' slack like, I've been thinkin' thet, es that agent o' Higgins's, who's been wantin' to git hold o' the claim, is up to the Gulch, an' es me an' Jake er goin' up to-night, mebbe ye'd like the idee of hevin' him come down an' talk things over, if he's any way fairish." Bill uttered all this with some hesitancy.

Sam stood sober and silent, looking after the child, who was making her way alone toward the cabin.

"Was you thinkin' o' wantin' to quit, Bill?"

"I don't want to break up yer int'rests or put ye out in any way, Sam, but I sort o' thought thet if ye did hev any idee o' wantin' to sell out, I wouldn't mind goin' out with Jake an' doin' a bit o' prospectin'. Ye see, Sam, though this kind o' work, most likely, gits together the most in the end, yit there's a kind o' certainty 'bout it—the gittin' o' 'bout the same every day, and no chance of expectin' anything else, thet it grows sort o' tame after a year or two ; an' Jake an' me, as a gen'ral thing, hev a better likin' for the hit-an'-chance work, with a prospect o' findin' a nugget once in a while—though neither of us ever did ; an' so I sort o' thought—"

But Bill did not finish. Sam's *protégée* at that moment had contrived to get under her feet an end of Sam's immense bandana, which his thoughtful care had tied over her head, and, as a result, was lying upon her face in the sand. Bill waited patiently until Sam's interest returned to the matter he had proposed.

"I can't quite make out why whoever hed the gittin' up of her things didn't send suthin' in the way o' head-gear. If I'd only known what to got, I'd bought suthin' o' the kind at the Forks," he said. "But 'bout the sellin' out, mebbe ye're right 'bout it—es ye say, ther's no tellin' how long I may hev this little one, an' this ain't jes the proper place, it's a fact, to bring up a child—'specially a little girl o' this sort ; an', es ye an' Jake er gittin' restless, I don't care if ye send the man along."

Bill went on to the Gulch, but Sam never saw the agent. Baby's mishaps seemed destined to change the course of things more than once for him that day. The questionable adaptability of the bandana to the purpose of "head-gear" put a new idea into Sam's head. He hesitated a moment in sober indecision, then went to the trunk, whose lid he had lifted rather frequently of late, and took therefrom the water-soiled, brown-felt hat.

"It's soft an' light, if it is a leetle largish for her, and it'll be jes the thing to keep the sun from burnin' her ; an' I don't see but it's the most proper thing that she should be the one to hev it," was Sam's mental argument ; but he shuddered a little as he placed the hat on the child's head. He was thinking of the object down under the water, that he had left the river without seeing, and—of the water gurgling into the little broken skull.

Baby, meantime, seemed well contented with the wearing of her new possessions—for two minutes, at least—then, running both hands up into its somewhat of excess of space, she clinched the hat by the lining, and jerked it from her head, only to drop it with a scream of pain ; and a small, red stream trickled from one of the tiny fingers.

Never was a young mother over the first mishap of her first-born in greater depth of distress than was Sam then. It was not until baby's finger had been done up in a strip torn from Sam's one white handkerchief, and her tears turned into laughter by a ride on Jenny around the corral, that he bethought himself to return to the cabin to discover what had been the cause of the misfortune. He picked up the hat from the floor, where the child had dropped it, and for the first time examined the inside of it, and found, pinned fast beneath the once crimson silk lining, a folded paper, crumpled and discolored, and covered with pencil-writing, more or less effaced. Baby laughed, but Sam did not hear her. Baby fell down, but she had to get up again without Sam's assistance ; he only sat in the cabin-door, and studied that discolored sheet of paper. When he arose, half an hour after, his face was whiter than it had been on the night that he brought Jenny from the Bend riderless.

The next morning, when Bill returned from the Gulch in advance of his companion, he found Sam impatiently awaiting his coming, dressed in the suit that was only worn in honor of his annual visits to San Francisco ; and his little companion was arrayed in a fresh white frock, over which Sam's clumsy hands had awkwardly tied a fresh blue ribbon, in imitation of her first night's toilet. The rest of her wardrobe —mostly the worse for wear—and a few of Sam's things, were neatly tied up in the afore-mentioned bandana.

"Goin'?" was Bill's simple interrogation.

"Yes. It's come sort o' suddin—the fact is, Bill, I've got a letter from Harry. I found it yisterday jes as it had come from the water."

Bill's smallish blue eyes showed signs of coming up to the average.

"Yer ain't gittin' struck loony, be ye, Sam?" he questioned, with an anxious scrutiny of his friend's rather excited countenance.

"No, no ; I don't mean that. I mean thet the boy never meant to drown himself—thet is to say, I mean he never thought o' comin' back to the shanty. Ye see, the letter's most washed out, an' I ken only make out a little here an' there—suthin' 'bout his meetin' somebody who give him a paper to look at —ye know how crazy he allus was for newspapers? —an' suthin' 'bout wantin' to catch the stage, an' 'bout his goin' to San Francisco bareheaded rather

than not let me know—but ther's a line, thet ain't so washed out, thet tells me thet the boy hes gone to the city to git himself into trouble, an' I must git there as quick es I can on account of his child, ye see. I shall hev to take her along, an' I ken say thet I'm takin' her to her father if questions are asked."

"Where d'ye git the letter?" Bill asked, not fully satisfied as to his friend's sanity.

Sam's explanation of the manner of finding the letter conveyed to Bill's mind something more tangible.

"It seems a sort o' Providence thet I should 'a' seen the hat in the water, though it would 'a' been a better Providence if I'd thought 'bout her wearin' it when she first come—not thet I wanted the little thing hurt by it, though. It seems thet Harry must 'a' pinned the paper in the hat, and fastened it to the animal, for want of a better way o' sending it," Sam added.

Since the supposed fate of his friend, Sam had left off the habit of using the *sobriquet* given him by the men in honor of one of his reckless adventures.

"What shall I tell Higgins's man 'bout the claim?" Bill asked, when it became apparent to him that Sam's plans were definite, and sanely arranged.

"Thet's what I'm wantin' to speak about. Ye see, Bill, you an' me hev been together off an' on a good menny years, an' hev been pretty good friends through it all, and, if ye're a mind to do what ye ken with the claim, an' share suthin' along with Jake, it'll be all square with me. I've got more together than I ken make good use of now, an' it ain't likely I'll ever dig much more, as I'm gittin' kind o' stiffish o' late—though a man o' forty-five hadn't ought to be—an', ye see, it's pretty well washed out, an' won't bring a powerful sight, anyway," Sam added, by way of apology.

Bill's gratitude was genuine, though expressed in a few words; he received Sam's "word to Jake," as he couldn't wait for his coming, and a few further commissions—the most important being in regard to Jenny and the leather-covered trunk, both of which were to be sent to the Forks to await further orders. Sam never rode his horse; he considered it unjust, when he was "mighty near the heaviest." And then the two men stood for a moment, with hands clasped together, gazing into each other's honest eyes; and then, with a simple "Good-by, Bill!" "Good-by, Sam!" the two friends had parted forever; and Sam strode off on his thirty miles' walk with a red bundle over his shoulder, and on his arm a white-robed, blue-ribboned child, with a rather large-fitting brown-felt hat.

Dollivar's joy in the knowledge that his friend was not in the river was largely counterbalanced by his new concern for him—a concern that troubled him the more because of its indefiniteness. "God bless you, Sam; and I may never see you again! There's a man in San Francisco that must leave this world, or I must," were the lines that stood out in plainness amid the effaced writing, and no other word could Sam make out, either before or after; but the lines troubled him night and day throughout his journey, and troubled him night and day throughout the week of anxious, fruitless search after his arrival. Sam was not without acquaintances in the city—a man with his banking-account, and the owner of the best of one of its streets, would not be apt to be—and, out of consideration for the high standing of these acquaintances, he always stopped at one of the first hotels during his short annual visits; and, out of consideration for his own self-depreciation and shyness, taxed his best ingenuity to keep out of the way of the fashionable guests. It was here that Sam had stopped, as usual; but his little charge was domesticated with the family of his lawyer—the only feminine acquaintances that Sam possessed. Sam's story was a simple one. The father had been in his employ, and the child had been sent to him, without his knowledge, the day of his departure for the city; and, "Ye see, es I was comin' on 'fore long, at any rate, I thought it would be easier to git the little thing to the father than to try to send her back to her other folks, es I hed no thought o' trouble in finding him." Sam had fallen into a way of telling the truth, but of telling it charily; and, although he had never told an outright falsehood in his life, he would almost have done it rather than have compromised or cast a suspicion upon the father of his little charge.

III.

It was rather late in the evening of the sixth day after Sam's arrival that he was just coming from his lawyer's house, where he had been for the double purpose of seeing his *protégée* and of giving further instructions with regard to the advertising, that he had at last decided to resort to. "Ye're to jes say thet Sam Dollivar is in the city, an' wants to see Harry Waterberry on urgent business; an' put in nothin' else—only the tellin' him where to come to. It ain't likely thet he'll want the hull world a-readin' more things 'bout him than ken be helped," was Sam's parting injunction as he strode away to his hotel, only stopping every now and then to gaze at some group on the street, or into some building where people had congregated, in an anxious, searching way. He had already reached the steps of his hotel when the familiar look of one of two persons standing on the sidewalk arrested his steps.

One stood in the brighter gaslight, a medium-sized, stylish-looking man, with a face that would have been remarkably handsome only for a certain disagreeable smile that was constantly upon his features as he stood talking, and a flush and redness of the eyes that bespoke the use of brandy; the other, a slight, curly-haired young fellow, with a face that gleamed white and eyes that glowed like stars in the shadow. Neither of them noticed the gigantic form that approached and towered above them.

"Softly, softly, Waterberry: those are not exactly the words for a jail-bird to speak. Tut, tut! I wouldn't start out on any declaration of innocence—it sounds theatrical, and loses one, you know. One has to be guided by the opinion of the law about

such things—that's the rule, I believe." And the handsome white teeth gleamed between beard and mustache as the man leaned, in smiling gracefulness, against the railing.

"John Gurney, I have not stopped you to declare my innocence, nor to tell you that I know that you put those notes into my trunk that you might get me out of the way to carry out your accursed plans. I have stopped you to demand that you tell me where I can find my wife." Waterberry spoke in a low, suppressed voice that sounded unnatural to Dollivar's ears.

"Your wife? Ha, ha, ha!—that's rich! I knew you were young, Waterberry; but I did suppose you had lived in the world long enough not to call a woman divorced from you at her own desire your wife." And the man laughed in a low, easy way, as he took out a cigar and proceeded to light it with a match.

Harry Waterberry clutched the railing with nervous fingers, but he spoke in the same low, suppressed voice:

"Until a month since, when I read that accursed personal—put in the paper by your hands, I believe—so long as I thought that my wife was divorced from me to legally marry you, I forgave you, John Gurney, for the crushing of all happiness out of my life, because I believed that she cared for you most; but now— Will you tell me where she is?"

"Well, on the whole, I think not," the other replied, lazily, as he put the cigar between his teeth, then took it out again, with the same low laugh. "Really, Waterberry, I don't see why you should hold me accountable, or should show anger about it. It isn't quite gentlemanly, you see. It isn't my fault that your pretty wife should take a fancy to me—should prefer me to her own husband, even; and, of course, as the husband was so foolish as to get himself into the penitentiary—innocent or otherwise—for a year or so, it was but natural that I should take an interest in the little thing, just on account of her *penchant* for me; and, it being a part of my profession, should help her about getting the divorce, even though my interest and magnanimity should cost me the trouble and expense of keeping up a separate establishment—having a wife and family already, you understand; and—"

He did not finish. Harry Waterberry sprang upon him like a tiger, and the man grew black in the face from the grasp of the slim, nervous fingers. There was a gurgling oath, a quick motion, and a pistol gleamed in the air—only to be knocked far into the street. The hands were taken from his throat, a crashing blow dealt, and the man lay senseless upon the pavement; and the next moment Harry Waterberry was being borne like a child through the hall, up-stairs, and along corridors, and into Sam Dollivar's room. At first, he had struggled with fierce, impatient frenzy; then he lay strangely quiet in the arms that carried him. It was not until he was seated on a chair in his room, with his burden still in his arms, that Sam spoke any word.

"Ye jes lie still, Harry, an' don't worry or be troubled. You've got a friend thet'll stand by ye, an' stronger hands than yours shall make things right for ye."

But there was no sign that his words were heard, and Sam began to grow frightened by the strange, motionless quiet. He spoke his name again, but the eyes were closed, and there was a purplish, death-like hue upon the features, and a few moments after Harry Waterberry was trembling and moaning in the cramping chills of coming fever; and the first words he spoke again were the ravings of delirium.

Hour by hour, day and night, Sam sat by the bedside during the days and weeks that followed. Only his voice could ever quiet the restless ravings, and only his hands could soothe the wild frenzy; and, when the ever-constant, delirious desire to go, always to go, somewhere to find some one, would become uncontrollable, Sam would take the sick man into his arms, as he would have taken a child, and walk about the room, until the satisfying motion would soothe him into one of his short hours of restless slumber.

It was not until the fever was past and the danger well over—not until he was lying for days in the half-sleeping, uncaring stupor of weakness—that Sam left him, several times for a few hours, and once for a day and night, in the hands of the best hospital nurse of the city. But when strength began to return, and with it a returning interest in those about him, Sam was again by the bedside caring for him with a gentle tenderness that seemed strangely inconsistent with his powerful strength and gigantic stature.

Sam spoke no word of the past occurrences, but waited patiently until his friend should first speak. But Waterberry's reticence of old still seemed to cling to him. He talked frequently and freely, but almost always of the miner's life down in the cabin—never of the circumstances of his leaving or of that which had followed.

It was not until one day when the return of the old, impetuous restlessness had almost decided Sam to broach the subject himself, that he turned suddenly upon the propping pillows, and said, abruptly:

"Sam, why didn't you let me kill that man?"

"Ye couldn't, Harry. He'd 'a' shot ye with his pistol, long 'fore ye could hev choked the life out of him," was Sam's simple and logical reply.

Harry only turned away again, throwing an arm above his head with a restless, impatient motion. But the way was opened, and Sam spoke again, after a pause:

"Harry, I know ye feel very hard, now, but it wouldn't bring any comfort to ye to have the life of him, or any man, upon your hands. It ain't your nature, an' ye wouldn't be thinking o' sech a thing, only ye're sort o' wild on account o' yer trouble. I hed the feelin' of it a few days when I thought he's goin' to die o' the blow I gave him. I felt, jes then, as much like strikin' as ye did, an' I know little 'bout the strength o' my arm."

"Sam, you don't know what that man is—what he has done!" said Waterberry, with sudden force.

"Yes, I know, Harry," Sam replied, quietly. "I heard the talk between ye, down ther' in the street, an' hev found out a good deal sence. But, Harry, don't ye be troubled; that man will never cross yer path again, most likely. Ye see, he'd got most run out, here in the city, an' hadn't much to speak on, only the fine clothes on his back, an' he was right glad o' the chance I got him to go out with that minin' company to Australia; an' I paid the passage out fer him an' his folks, an' give 'em a bit, fer the benefit of havin' 'em out o' yer way. An', Harry, I think ye would hev been glad to let him go, if ye could hev seen the wife an' the little ones a-clingin' to him, an' carin' for him. I tell ye, Harry, ther's no man so bad but ther's good enough in him fur some one to git hold of to love him."

But Harry had sprung up into a sitting posture, for the first time since his sickness.

"His wife and little ones! My God! Sam! what right has he to have a wife? What right had he—a married man, to—"

"There, there, Harry, ye mustn't do this—it'll bring the fever on to ye again!" said Sam, in a soothing tone. "There, jes lay back an' try an' keep quiet like; an' I've got suthin' to tell ye, Harry, thet'll make things look brighter to ye."

Harry lay back upon the pillows, because Sam's hands placed him there; but he turned upon them restlessly, and his eyes were still burning."

"Sam, did he tell you where—she is?"

"Yes, Harry; ye didn't s'pose, my boy, thet I'd let that man go off until he hed undone all his injustice to you, thet he hed any power to undo? See here, Harry, this is what he wrote himself, and signed it, in the presence of Lawyer Tillin'hast an' me."

And Sam took out from the large leather wallet a slip of written paper, and laid it on the bed before his friend. Harry turned his eyes downward, and read, without touching it:

"I, John Gurney, do testify, in the presence of Samuel Dollivar and James Tillinghast, lawyer, that I did place within the trunk of Henry Waterberry, former secretary of Williams & Huxley, attorneys-at-law, and without his knowledge or consent, certain notes belonging to said firm, for the supposed appropriation of which said Waterberry was arrested, tried, and found guilty.

(Signed) "JOHN GURNEY."

There was a slight flush, but the eyes turned away wearily.

"I believed he was my best friend, then, but I have been convinced of this long since. It is not this that I care for, Sam; no confessions that he can make can do any good now."

"It ken do this good, Harry: it ken make sech es hes known ye know thet ye were innocent. We took it to the firm yisterday, when ye were sleepin'—Squire Tillin'hast an' me did—an' Squire Williams is comin' to see ye es soon es ye're stronger. Ye see, they'd turned him out of his connections with the firm, some time back, on account of his drinkin', but, if ye'll believe it, they's thet mad when they found out 'bout it, thet they'd hed him arrested in spite o' my promise to him, when I got the writin' from him, only he was so fortunate es to be well on his way out to Australia. But they'll make it all clear for ye, Harry, to ev'rybody who knows 'bout it; an' *she* knows 'bout it—she hes known it, in her own mind, ever since 'fore ye got out o' prison. An', Harry, ye're thinkin' things worse than they ever have been. That man was half drunk, an' was only talkin' to ye, down in the street, more to tantalize ye than anything else. She hes lived with the Sisters most all the time sence they found ye guilty, an' sent ye off to prison; an', Harry, she's never hed any connections with thet man—not sech es ye're troubled about, though the credit is to her and not to him. I don't blame ye fur hatin' him, Harry. She'd never hed left ye only fur his makin' her believe worse things about ye, all the time he's pretendin' to be yer friend, an' tryin to clear ye—jes the one kind o' things that'll ever make a woman leave the man she cares about. But she knows it all now, Harry—hes known it—an', Harry, ken ye lay quiet an' let me tell ye suthin' thet'll seem more strange to ye than all?"

Harry had been lying quiet—in fact, very quiet; with only the eyes seeming to take in Sam's words. But there was just a perceptible nod, and Sam proceeded:

"I only jes wanted to tell ye thet ye mustn't blame her too much. I know thet ye don't, Harry, or ye'd never wanted to find her so; but ye mustn't think thet she don't care for ye most of all. No woman thet didn't could ever take the little one es hed been her only comfort, an' put it away from her, an' hev it learn not to care for her; an' never go to it only to teach it the words thet would be a comfort to the father—thet's what I'm wantin' to tell ye, Harry—it's your little one, Harry—jes as much yours es if—es if ye'd held it an' loved it ever sence it was a day old. An', Harry, she sent it to ye, to comfort an' stay with ye; an' a queer sort o' half-breed brought it, thet's more faithful to the mother than a dog; an' it come to the cabin, Harry, jes the night thet ye left, an' it's named after the mother—only we didn't call it so, 'cause she's so little—an' its eyes er jes like yours, precisely, Harry. Harry, don't ye want to see it? It's jes in the house, now," continued Sam, growing earnest and rapid, as he began to grow nervous from the strange, motionless quiet, and the steady, questioning stare of the great brown eyes.

But there was neither sign nor movement. Sam stood a moment irresolute, then quickly left the room. The eyes turned and followed him to the door, and they were fixed upon it, in waiting, when Sam returned with the little one upon his arm. He placed the child close by the father's pillow, and, for a moment, the two pairs of brown eyes stared steadily at each other; then, suddenly, the little arms were extended—a new lesson learned—and the baby-voice said in its distinctness:

"Mamie loves papa—Mamie stay with papa always."

With a quick motion, the child was clasped to the father's breast; no word was uttered, but Harry Waterberry was sobbing, as Sam had once heard him sob down in the long, wet grass by the river; and baby, after one moment of astonished quiet, lifted her own voice in a high wail of terror, and Sam felt that his hands were full.

But Sam was equal to the occasion. It was not long thereafter that the little one was sitting contentedly upon the bed, alternately hugging and sticking her fingers into the eyes of a second dolly, who wore garments, sewed fast, and had a nose and a skull not liable to fracture or loss; while the father watched with laughter and hot tears in the brown eyes. But they were turned to his friend after a little.

"Is not Mary coming too, Sam?"

"Not jes yit, Harry. Ye see, my boy, she has a kind o' feelin' that she hadn't ought to; an' I guess it'll be best thet ye git well es soon es ye ken an' go to her first. Ye ken wait, es ye know thet ev'rything is right; an' ye ken keep the little one with ye."

Sam could not remind the young husband just then that he would have to be remarried to his wife before she could ever be his again. But Sam had something else to say to him.

"Ther's suthin' I've been thinkin' 'bout, Harry, mostly when I've been watchin' ye asleep. I know, Harry, that ye've never found much happiness in this city, an' I've been thinkin' thet it'll be better fur you, an' the wife an' little one, to go back to the States. Nobody'll know there of what hes happened here—or, if anything does git there, nobody'll ever think of it, if ye live kind o' grand like, an' hev plenty of money. An' ye ken hev it, Harry: I've got enough to make ye as rich as most of 'em. It ain't much that I'll ever want here for myself, an' ye'd better hev the rest an' go there an' live, for the sake of the little one."

Harry turned slowly upon his pillow, but there was a hot flush upon his features.

"Do you think I would do it, Sam? Do you think Mary would—take your hard-earned wealth and go off to luxuriate upon it?" And there was something very much like anger in the words.

"There, there, Harry; I know it seems hard—it's only a natural feelin' that one wants to be earner of his own money. But I didn't know but ye'd try to kind o' make up your mind to it, if ye only could know how I've set my heart on it. I know it's a sort o' selfishness, but ye see, Harry, there was a time once when I thought I was workin' for some one thet cared for me, an' ever sence then there has been a strange sort o' feelin'—a sort o' longin' an' wantin' for some one to work for thet ud seem dear to me. An' I know ye'd think of me kindly sometimes, an' mebbe would teach the little one too, es she grows older; an' if ye could only know what a comfort it would be, Harry, when I hev the way o' dreamin' o' nights an' longin' in the day to go back to the States, where I grew up es a boy, an' to find there some one thet cared for me a little—to go back, not to live, Harry, but to die, when I'd most got through with livin'."

But a pair of wasted arms had drawn Sam's face down toward the pillow, and a boyish, impulsive kiss was placed upon it, while tears were standing again in the handsome brown eyes.

"Sam—you dear, blessed old Sam!—just make yourself a home wherever you will, be it the palace of the East or a cabin out in the diggings, and baby and I and Mary will come and live with you, and be to you all that you desire. You shall be baby's grandfather, and she will grow up to honor you, first of all, as the best man that ever lived and the best friend."

There was a wistful, happy look in the honest, gray eyes, and a quivering of the bearded lip.

"God bless ye, Harry! I know that ye mean it. Mebbe you're right 'bout what ye say. The house could be built with rooms enough, and there'd be no need thet I should git in the way of your kind o' people. There, there, my boy; ye mustn't mind my foolishness, it's kind o' grown on me, on account o' my allus bein' awkward an' largish, an' not havin' the knowledge or knowin' the ways o' people; an' on account o' the hopelessness, because thet the longin' in me was always a-wantin' for some one thet was different from my kind. It seems like a Providence thet ye were sent to me in yer trouble, an'—God bless ye, my boy! ye don't know what ye and yours hev grown to be to me."

And Sam's great, empty, yearning heart was filled.

The cabin-passengers of an Eastern-bound steamer, a month or so thereafter, exhibited great interest in a beautiful, brown-eyed atom of a girl, belonging to a very affectionate but very sea-sick couple on board; but said passengers were seriously troubled to establish satisfactorily in their minds the relationship of the gigantic, primitive-speaking miner, whom the little one alternated between calling "Dranpa" and "Sam," and who had his hands too full, with the care of the trio, to have time to remember that he was gigantic and primitive. But Sam enlightened a group of passengers on deck one day.

"Ye see the little one's father an' me hev been together a spell in the minin' business, an', es there's a good deal o' property got together, an' he's got a family an' I hain't, we've kind o' 'greed to stick together in the spendin' of it." Sam thus told the story that Harry had very reluctantly promised to never contradict.

"One of the most remarkable features of California society is its conduciveness to the formation of unconventional friendships," a traveled gentleman learnedly remarked, as Sam strode away to get the little one out of some new trouble.

JET: HER FACE OR HER FORTUNE?

CHAPTER XIX.

A GENUINE POMPADOUR.

IT is ten o'clock when Mr. Biron asks this question, a question upon the solution of which hang the destinies of at least four actors in this little drama. At eleven young Mark, with a quick-beating heart, waits in the hall of the Paradis to know if his mother, after more than three years' separation, will "receive" him.

He has sent up his card by one of the hotel-waiters. Mistress Vallance—a good quarter of an hour having elapsed—brings down word that miladi is visible. Mistress Vallance (with a face differently made from the face which Nature gave her, jigging, ambling, lisping, nicknaming God's creatures after the very manner of Lady Austen herself) walks before Mark up-stairs, then ushers him, with a stately "Mr. Mark Austen," into miladi's presence.

The mother and son shake hands. Lady Austen presents her forehead for Mark's salute—from his earliest infancy Mark was educated to regard his mother's lips and cheeks as fashioned of perishable materials. Half a minute later, arranging herself, with Fifine, in an attitude, miladi sinks again into the arm-chair from which she rose on the entrance of her *enfant chéri*, and begins to talk commonplace.

What! Mark really arrived in Esterel last night, and never came to see her? Is putting up at one of the small French hotels, with a paved floor, no doubt —oh, those terrible paved floors!—in preference to the Paradis? Well, well; she must not find fault, after his glorious examination! The greatest delight to herself, and to his other *amis intimes*, though, to be sure, it will involve that cruel climate of India. Now, was it two thousand nine hundred and fifty or three thousand marks? She read all about it in the papers at the time, but has such a sad, sad memory for figures! In any case, it is a relief to think that that distressing land-surveying, which has ever—with a sigh—been so *sharp a cross* to her to bear, should be over.

Mark listens in silence; the old pain at his heart, the old, bitter sense of humiliation gaining upon him with each airy sentence Lady Austen utters.

He had hoped—poor lad!—to find some substantial change in his mother's outward woman at least; some abandonment of paint, perukes, and broken English; some acknowledgment of age; some outward and visible sign that Laurence Biron's reign, and the frivolities that accompanied it, were over.

With his heart crushed by the knowledge that Biron has become his successful rival in Jet's regard, he has still felt, throughout the wretched watches of the night, that there would be balm for him in seeing Lady Austen maintain her changed position with dignity; consolation in finding that he could call her "mother," appear with her in the sight of men, be all to her for which his affection yearns, unhaunted by the jealousy which has clouded so many years of his young life.

That she should have invited him to visit her was an omen from which, ere he quitted England, he augured the best; a sign, at all events, when she dispatched the message, of her being no longer under Biron's influence. But still—

"Mother," he begins, abruptly, unable longer to bear her commonplace talk, the cruel suspense that tortures him, "I see, a good deal to my surprise, that Mr. Laurence Biron is in Esterel."

"Yes," answers miladi, calmly, arranging a rebellious frilling of her Pompadour robe. "Laurence Biron is staying just at present at the Hôtel Paradis."

"I passed this way last night at an hour when I could not think of disturbing you, and saw him. He was sitting opposite Miss Jet Conyngham at dinner."

"Indeed!"

If Mark believed this sudden home-thrust would bring about a crisis he was mistaken. No shadow of embarrassment crosses Lady Austen's face. She meets her son's eyes with steady coolness.

"I was so tired after my journey, and Fifine, too —*n'est-ce pas, ma charmante?*— that we could not dine in public. I had not got Fifine in your day, surely, Mark? No, it must have been Napoleon—poor, sweet pet! I don't know whether I ever wrote you the particulars of Napoleon's tragic ending?"

Mark rises hastily. He walks to and fro about the room, his hands clasped behind him—an "Austen look" that miladi should know about his face.

"Of course, I have no wish to open unpleasant discussions, mother. When I came here I hoped from my soul that the name of Laurence Biron would not be spoken between us! Your invitation made me believe that a new leaf had been turned at last. Am I mistaken?"

"If I had the slightest notion—down, bad Fifine, down! she makes herself so thin with eating flies—the very smallest *soupçon* of an idea what you mean by a new leaf, I dare say I could give you an answer."

"I mean a new leaf with regard to Mr. Biron. Do we still reckon him upon our list of acquaintance, or do we not?"

"Laurence Biron upon our list of acquaintance, child? I protest I do not know what you are driving at," says miladi, innocently. "Laurence was in this room not a quarter of an hour ago, talking over the results of your examination, and as pleased"—Lady Austen raises a morsel of perfumed lace to her eyes—"as pleased as your own dear papa could have been at the improvement in your prospects."

Up springs the angry blood into Mark's face.

"If I had known this sooner!" he exclaims,

with sudden passion. "By Heaven! if I had known I was to find that fellow under the same roof with you, the expense of my journey to Esterel might have been spared."

"Expense!" repeats miladi, in what she would fain render a soothing tone. "Really, Mark, you are *impayable*. What can expense, the price of a railway-ticket, of half a dozen hotel-bills, matter?"

"It matters a great deal to me," is Mark's answer. "You cannot suppose, mother, that my examination, from first to last, has cost me nothing? I am in debt more than fifty pounds at this moment."

"Fifty pounds—the price of a dress, of a *bijou!* How many fifty pounds have I not thrown away this year? Ah! if you knew the pleasure it would be to me to help you, Mark, you would not be so stiff-necked—I can call your perversity by no milder name—on the score of money."

Honest tears are in miladi's eyes (tears, I need scarcely add, kept carefully on the safe side of overflowing). No man or woman exists with character absolutely unleavened by good. Lady Austen's one virtue is a certain constitutional open-handedness that makes it easier for her, in every relation of life, to give than to withhold.

"And if you knew the pleasure it would be to me to receive your help!" says Mark, crossing over to her side. "You call me stiff-necked—I am more. I am obstinate, unforgiving; oh, I know the faults of my disposition well enough, and I know the foundation-stone upon which they rest—jealousy. Money! Why, from the time I was a schoolboy, it would have been sweeter to me any day to starve—you hear me, mother, to starve—than to take money from you."

"Why?"

Lady Austen's eyelids droop. She murmurs something, in a plaintive voice, about letting by-gones be by-gones.

"With all my heart, when they *are* by-gones," exclaims Mark. "It was in the hope that the past was over and done with, that at length you would look upon me with undivided affection, that I came here. I was warranted in my hopes by your last letter."

"That letter was written in a moment of painful annoyance," interrupts Lady Austen. "The past fortnight has been the most trying ordeal I have gone through since your poor dear papa's death."

Mark, on this second allusion to his father, moves away. He stands looking at her coldly.

"You must remember, child, I have been quite alone of late. Florence is so desperately empty—and nothing shatters my nerves like solitude! I believe a life of solitude would drive me out of my senses, I do indeed. I am not as young as I once was, Mark?"

A certain pathetic tone supplies the note of interrogation with which this truism ends. But Mark is in no humor to supply the sweet unction of flattery that miladi's soul yearns for.

"And I care less and less for the empty pleasures of the world. I require *épanchements de cœur* (*Fifine, mon idole, ma bibiche, les mouches seront ta ruine!*), companionship for the heart as well as the intellect. Where—where among the gilded crowds of fashion shall we find this?"

"You are taking me out of my depths," says Mark, in his most freezing voice. "Worldly pleasures, gilded crowds of fashion, are altogether beyond the range of my imagination."

He laughs, joylessly enough. The old, hopeless want of sympathy has but strengthened, the lad feels, by absence; the impassable gulf yawns wider than ever between his mother and himself.

"If you really desire a quieter life, if you are weary of Florence and its dissipations," he goes on, presently, "why not make your home for a while with me? I shall have to pass two years under a practical engineer before I start for India. In some quiet German town—"

Lady Austen holds up both her hands with a little deprecatory scream. The action may be theatrical, the sentiment of horror that inspires it is real.

"A German town, German climate, German coffee-parties, for me, a child of the south, accustomed to sunshine, blue skies, a life of emotion, art! No, *caro mio*. I have spent the best half of my existence in Italy. I shall remain there," says miladi, not without a softer cadence in her voice, "until I die."

Mark looks at her fixedly.

"I had hoped," he remarks, after a few seconds' silence—"I had hoped, under present altered circumstances, that you might like the change for a year, for a few months, at least, of being my companion."

"What do you mean by 'present altered circumstances?'" cries miladi, her eye kindling.

"Surely, you do not want me to tell you in plainer terms?"

"I do, indeed; I dislike imbroglios, *sous-entendus*, *Geheimnisskrämerei*, of any kind."

"I mean Laurence Biron's engagement. After his marriage, Mr. Biron can scarcely play the part of Greek chorus in our lives that he has played during the past six years."

Lady Austen raises her head with all the dignity that a genuine Pompadour (peruke, laces, and ribbons to match) can yield. She looks up sternly into her son's face.

"Mr. Biron's engagement—marriage! Mr. Biron no longer able to play the part of Greek chorus in our lives—*our* lives! You are talking to me in an unknown language, Mark."

"I thought no language was unknown to you, mother," cries Mark, with rising color. "But perhaps you have lived too long away from England to understand plain English words, or thoughts, or feelings. Laurence Biron was engaged five days ago to Miss Jet Conyngham. She is spoken of openly in Esterel as his affianced wife. Thus much is certain."

"Is it indeed, child? Then I can tell you, 'for certain,' with permission to cite me as your authority, that Laurence Biron is not engaged to Miss Jet Conyngham, and has no intention, under any circumstances whatever, of making her his wife. You hear me?"

"I do," answers Mark, his face whitening with passion; "I hear, and I believe I understand. If my suspicion is true," he adds, with bitter meaning, "if Laurence Biron, influenced by I care not whom, has played false to the best and noblest woman living, he is a greater scoundrel than even I have taken him for!"

"And pray what business is it of yours, *figlio mio?* What do you know of this best and noblest woman to call forth such a *tintamarre* of indignation? The whole story is of every-day occurrence.

> 'Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen;
> Die hatt' einen Andern erwählt;
> Der Andre liebt eine Andre!'

Wait till this afternoon," goes on miladi, unconcernedly. "Come to a little *tertulia* I shall have at five o'clock to-day, and you will meet Miss Jet Conyngham and Laurence Biron together, *as my guests.*"

To this invitation Mark vouchsafes no answer; and, ere Lady Austen has had time to repeat it, a step is heard outside in the passage; the door opens.

"I may come in?" asks a voice, whose unforgotten, half-airy, half-commanding ring sends the blood boiling through Mark Austen's veins.—"Ah, Mark, my boy, this is a pleasure indeed."

And with face decently well set to the part he plays, with hand outheld, in token of friendly greeting, the Reverend Laurence Biron walks across the room.

Mark folds his arms upon his breast, and, ignoring the proffered hand, looks Laurence Biron steadfastly between the eyes.

"We—we were just in the middle of a little discussion," cries miladi—her flushed cheeks, her set lips, belying the playfulness of her tone. "Don't you remember, Laurence, you used to declare you never came upon Mark and me alone without finding us in the thick of an Austen controversy?"

"A controversy—with absent friends for its subject?" says Laurence Biron, gradually withdrawing the hand that Mark refuses to receive. "'*Les absents*,' as I know to my cost, '*ont toujours tort.*' You were not discussing my merits, now, I hope, Mark?"

"I was not, sir," answers Mark Austen, with stern emphasis. "On the contrary, I was speaking, as you entered, of the person I esteem most in the world—of Miss Jet Conyngham."

Miladi starts, with an exclamation of fury, to her feet.

CHAPTER XX.

NOVEMBER VIOLETS.

"'JEALOUSY is the ugliest vice by which a woman can be deformed. If it is impossible for love to exist undisfigured by it, I, for one, would sooner exist without love.' Those are Mr. Biron's doctrines, so solemnly enunciated by him last night that I vowed no Rose Pinson, no miladi, should ever put me off my moral balance again. And still—still, Cora," says Jet, with one of her rapid transitions from gay to grave, "it needs but an afternoon's absence to bring back the ugly vice in fullest force. Everything will be set right half an hour hence," she adds, a little tremulously. "We shall see Laurence at Lady Austen's party, and a word from him will be more than sufficient explanation of his conduct. But to-day, forever, must be a day lost! Nothing can make up for the happy hours we might have had since this morning."

The November twilight is closing fast; already a glaring flood of gas streams forth, preparatory to the *tertulia*, from Lady Austen's *salon* on the first floor of the Paradis. The invalids are safe within-doors; the more valid gossipers loitering, as usual, under the portico of the Hôtel Paradis. Jet and Cora Conyngham, alone, pace up and down the upper terrace of the garden, the palm-shaded terrace, where Jet watched the ixora during its one short night of fragrant perfection, and marveled whether her own happiness were destined to be as transitory, as frail!

"Every joy we possess is insecure. I have been reading that observation in books and hearing it in sermons all my life. It never had much meaning for me till to-day. Insecure! Why, I dare say there have been thousands, hundreds of thousands of women, as happy, once, as I was last night, whose hearts have broken in the end. Cora," after a pause, "if anything so ridiculously unlikely were to happen as Adolphus marrying any one but you, what should you do?"

Cora has to stop in her walk and meditate. At last, drawing a wild check on her imagination, "I—I do not suppose I should like it, just at first, Jet," she answers, with an air of conviction.

"Like it! Well, no, I never imagined that you would. What should you *do*, eventually? Would you be able to live life out, do you think, or would it kill you?"

"It would not kill me, I am sure."

"And you would grow to be cheerful again? In time, perhaps, marry some one else, yourself?"

"Most likely. If Adolphus had another wife, I certainly could not marry him."

"I wish I were you, little Cora! I wish I had your temperament. For me," says Jet, her voice sinking, "everything must be in extremes—violent happiness, or pain too keen to be endured. To-day, even, with no better excuse for my folly than that Laurence, through some accident, has not come near us, I have suffered—horribly."

And, in truth, the girl's cheeks are wan; lines that her nineteen years do not warrant seem, in the last twenty-four hours, to have become graven round her mouth.

"Laurence Biron is a vast deal too much under a certain bad influence, Jet. I felt it the first moment I saw him with miladi's lapdog in his arms. If I were you, I should make him break off that little friendship of his without delay. Just see how 'his reverence and miladi,' how we all, are talked about in this hotel! Why, Lady Austen's maid told Porter, and Porter told me—"

"Something that you are dying to repeat in your turn. Relieve your mind, child," says Jet, with forced coolness. "Lighten your conscience by repeating the last servants'-hall news, and I will listen —patiently, if I can."

"Well, Jet, in the first place, ever since you and papa arrived in Esterel, it appears—prepare for something desperately unflattering—that you have been mistaken for me."

"Cora!"

"Of course, taken by itself, this matters nothing: still, it is as well, perhaps, that you should know of it. 'Miss Conyngham, the heiress.' That is the title the English people in Esterel have given you."

"Brevet rank for once in my life," cries Jet, but with a quivering lip. Some unacknowledged presage of evil, some dread, as yet foundationless, is gaining mastery in her brain. Her look is restless; her color goes from white to red with suspicious quickness.

"And Lady Austen was under the same impression as the rest, until Major Brett undeceived her."

"That terrible Major Brett! If I were superstitious, I should believe him to be my evil genius, my grave-goose, as we used to say when we were children. The very sight of the amethyst brooch, the wig, the teeth, makes me shudder."

"And yet, Major Brett may have been a truer friend than you think."

"Cora, these oracular utterances are too much for human nerves. Tell me the worst secrets of Porter's prison-house, and let us have done with it."

"The worst secrets are—about Mark. The poor fellow visited his mother, for the first time, this morning, and there was a frightfully violent explanation between them all—Lady Austen, Mark, and Mr. Biron."

"An explanation that can in no possible way concern us," says Jet, a little coldly. "There is nothing new in Mark and Laurence disliking each other—some groundless jealousy, no doubt, standing over from Mark's schoolboy-days. Laurence, I am certain, has been generously doing his best to bring the mother and son together, and—"

"And has succeeded in setting them wider apart than ever," interrupts Cora, with meaning. "Mark returned by the mid-day train to Paris. Miladi, within half an hour of his departure, sent out invitations to all Esterel for her *tertulia*, then spent the afternoon alone, with Mr. Laurence Biron, in her own apartments."

Whiter and whiter grows Jet's face; more and more have youth and brightness died from it.

"It is an intimacy that I do not like—how can I like it?" says the poor child, very low. "But I believe, utterly, in Laurence Biron's good faith. It would take a great deal more than appearances, a great deal more than idle gossip, to shake me in my belief. As to Lady Austen's quarrel with Mark, it may have been about family matters—money—a hundred things of which we are ignorant—"

"And if I know more than I have told you," says Cora, taking her sister's cold hand, and holding it wistfully between her own—"if I know that your name—"

"We have no right to know anything whatever," interrupts Jet, with determination. "I have a good, strong pair of shoulders, and must bear whatever burden falls on me. No need to go out and meet ill-fortune on its road. Half-past four already!" Just at this moment the old church-clock of Esterel strikes the hour. "I must gather some violets for Laurence's button-hole—yes, Cora, though I should have to give them to him under Lady Austen's very eyes. Did you ever see such November violets?" she adds, hiding her face from Cora's scrutiny, as she bends, under shadow of the palms. "Talk of sweetness—why, they are sweeter than all the wild-flowers of all the Devonshire Aprils put together."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST FIVE MINUTES.

JET keeps up her spirits bravely; half an hour later, she enters Lady Austen's *salon* with a step as firm, with head as well erect, as her wont. Only Cora, and perhaps one other observer, can detect that the bloom on her cheek is feverish, that her eyes are over-lustrous. Miladi, who comes forward, with exaggerated cordiality, to receive the sisters, is lavish of pretty speeches.

"Quite a pleasure to have my little assemblage ornamented with so much beauty. I did my best to make my son, Mark, prolong his stay in Esterel, especially when I heard he was a friend of Miss Jet Conyngham's, but all in vain. Perhaps he showed discretion, acted wisely for his own *peace of mind*, in cutting his visit short. What do you say, young ladies? Now, I hope you will find yourselves among friends. Miss Wylie, Major Brett," indicating her visitors with successive waves of her hand. "I always say that at my little receptions, my *tertulias*, as I call them, introductions are needless. All present are friends of mine, and friends, I hope, of each other."

Miladi is gorgeous, I had almost written satanic, in a robe of black and flame-colored satin—a Parisian confection, no doubt, of the highest price and novelty, but grotesquely unsuited to the woman and the occasion. All the flower-shops of Esterel have been ransacked to furnish forth adornment for her *salon;* not tea only, but wine, ices, fruits, are being handed round by white-gloved waiters to the assembled guests. The gas is lighted; brackets and tables are weighed down by the "bigotry and virtue," the gilt bottles, ivory carvings, photograph-stands, without which miladi never travels. Everything is overdone; everything is in false taste. Quiet, soft light, friendly talk—all the essential requisites for afternoon tea, as a hostess of cultivation understands the term—are wanting.

And the Reverend Laurence Biron?

Jet's eyes, in one quick glance, take in each occupant of the room, and for an instant—shall I say

of fear or of hope?—she believes him to be absent! Then, in a farther corner, speaking to no one, a newspaper in his hand, she descries him, dressed, as she has never seen him, in a suit of ultra-clericals—a coat, of cut ritualistic, reaching to his heels, a turned-down lawn collar, a pair of lavender, black-stitched gloves.

This is his livery, put on by Lady Austen's command—livery that he wears only when her influence is in the ascendant.

Laurence Biron, to say the worst of him, belongs not to the class of amateur or unpaid impostors. Give Biron five hundred pounds a year, and see if he would seek to hide his spiritual deficiencies under a long-skirted coat or down-turned shirt-collar more! Wherever his eclecticism may have landed him, it is a long way beyond the point at which we voluntarily assume faith, or symbols of faith, that we have not. He *knows* that he believes nothing, venerates nothing, hopes nothing; no, not even the final triumph of good in human hearts.

For what, save the solid inducement of pounds, shillings, and pence, should such a man play the hypocrite?

Life is a burlesque. This, if circumstances allowed him to speak frankly, would pretty fairly summarize Mr. Biron's creed. We are ignorant whence we come, or whither we go, or what is the object of our existence. Such being our condition, enthusiasm on any subject, or of any kind or degree, can only be regarded as the outcome of a diseased brain. Wisdom consists in accepting whatever material good lies to our hand—art, literature, the love of woman, the beauty of Nature, the excitement of baccarat—in putting aside every question that does not admit of definite answer, in taking care of the digestion, and, finally, if life should become a burden intolerable to bear, in getting rid of it.

Yes, give Laurence Biron five hundred pounds a year, make him easy as to his breakfast, his dinner, and his tailor's bills, and he would, in words, confess his creed of base prudence, cynical worldliness, and low content, as plainly as he confesses it now in actions.

Alas! that five hundred pounds a year is hypothetical! His hopes of possessing fortune and (small item) Jet's heart are in the dust. A marriage with Lady Austen is once more the open door between himself and starvation—the necessity of wearing his livery more stringent than ever.

Miladi, good creature, is not particularly well versed in the finer subtilties of unbelief; troubles not her head as to whether the Reverend Laurence Biron be positivist, agnostic, eclectic. It is her will that he shall wear the garb clerical, just as in former days it was her will that Sir George Austen, on all possible or impossible occasions, should wear his general's uniform. It makes him somebody.

To belong to the army or church is of itself a passport, miladi will say. Into what society can an officer or a clergyman not gain admission? A scarlet coat, a white tie, are letters of credit. As well drop the prefix—how gladly would Biron, long ere this, have dropped his!—that attaches a certain social standing to your name.

Accordingly, on this day from which his new, rehabilitated life is definitely to commence—this day on which, as regards freedom, Mr. Biron's last dying speech and confession have been made—it is her pleasure that he should, in all literalness, be "reverend" down to the ground. A curious set-off or relief, had miladi the sense of humor to perceive it, to the Cimmerian flame-color of her own costume.

"Really, the most ludicrously ill-assorted couple," remarks Miss Wylie, behind shelter of her fan, to Major Brett. "Miladi must have gone in that dress to a masked ball as the Inquisition."

"With Biron as high-priest. Ah! young lady, let those laugh who win! Miladi is a deuced fine woman still, and has secured a deuced handsome fellow for her husband."

"I suppose it *is* all settled, in good earnest," Miss Wylie hazards, ingenuously. "It would be a relief to one's conscience to know things stood on a correct footing at last."

"Correct, and more than correct," says the old major, rubbing his hands. "The marriage of his reverence and miladi is to take place at Florence before Christmas. I have it from the highest source—from Lady Austen's own lips."

"And Miss Jet Conyngham?"

"Ah, a trifling misconception as to the ways and means—the forty thousand charms of her sister assigned, by the lying jade, Rumor, to Miss Jet herself. From the first, if you recollect, I had my fears that some mistake of the kind was likely to occur."

"Poor thing, poor thing! With all her faults, one cannot refrain from feeling a certain—"

"Spare yourself the trouble of commiseration, my dear madam; it is unneeded. Handsome girls may die, and worms may eat them, but not of love—not, at all events," adds the old major, cynically, "in the present age of the world. A good-looking face, more or less, in Araminta's photograph-album—an experience practically made use of to give pathos to the 'little new song that she sings'—and then—consolation in the shape of some gentleman bound up with the great eating interest out of the city. That is how young ladies of the nineteenth century get over their love-sorrows."

Thus Major Brett and Miss Wylie.

Upon the other side of the room, the Marie Stuart widow murmurs her little plausible confidences into the ear of Mr. Conyngham.

"It is but hearsay, I am told, at present, and indeed one should not waste one's sympathies on mere temporal things; still, it is a matter of relief to think that this Lady Austen" (*this* Lady Austen, whose hospitality we are enjoying) "is likely to marry the Reverend Laurence Biron."

"Lady Austen—marry the Reverend Laurence Biron?" repeats Mr. Conyngham, with his usual blank want of interest in any affairs save his own. "I had supposed them to be married, or engaged—it comes to the same—for years past. 'Lady Austen—Mr.

Biron '—it seems to me the two names have invariably been entered together in my note-book."

"Y—es. That is the very sad part of the history. Ah, my dear friend, what a pang it costs one to reflect that a person like Mr. Laurence Biron should be a lawful minister of the Truth!"

"Biron is a most desirable traveling-companion," says Mr. Conyngham, almost with warmth. "We came down with him from Avignon, and his attentions were of real service to me. You see, I had taken a slight cold at Lyons—"

"Ah, those slight colds!" ejaculates the widow, piously sympathetic.

"Perugino had not, at that time, learned his duties, and Jet, poor child, is scarcely to be trusted in the matter of packing."

"Jet is thoughtless—Jet has been deprived, alas! too early of maternal care." The widow glances with meaning at the window beside which the girl stands, flushed and smiling—Laurence Biron in the act of crossing the room toward her. "We must hope that with time and training her levity will tone down."

"And, but for Mr. Biron, I should infallibly have got my feet damp at Marseilles. There is an uncovered platform, if you recollect, that one must traverse in changing carriages. We had had a slight shower of rain in the course of the forenoon, and my galoshes were packed away. It was a moment of great distress for us all. Happily, Biron had the presence of mind to think of a *chaise à porteurs*, and procured one for me. That laid the foundation of my good opinion of him."

"Indeed! I consider the Reverend Laurence Biron a very dangerously fascinating person, Mr. Conyngham."

"If the feet become damp during exercise, the chances of taking or escaping cold may be even. Sitting still in a railway-carriage, I should have been simply sure of inflammation. As it is, with every care and, up to the present time, favorable weather, I am *not* progressing. Since I left England, last October, I have lost exactly seven ounces and a fraction."

The widow abandons the subject of Jet's levity in despair.

Levity! If human creatures, the self-elected salt of the earth more especially, could look into the hearts of others now and then, would it turn them into Christians, I wonder?

Jet Conyngham's heart is frozen. With no tangible confirmation, she feels that her worst fears are becoming realized: that Biron's love—that Biron himself—is gone from her! She reads the sinister truth in every loud laugh of Lady Austen's in every whisper exchanged around the room; reads it on Laurence Biron's changed and haggard face.

He approaches—what choice has he but to approach her? They shake hands. Cora, invaluable always at commonplace, makes some observation about the weather.

"Yes," remarks Jet, in a forced kind of voice, but calmly enough; "it would have been a fine day for exploring the forest—if we had had an escort. Protected or unprotected, I shall certainly take Cora over to Tamaris to-morrow."

"If you knew how my day has been spent, you would forgive me," says Biron, bending over her; then he adds, in a lower key, "Forgive—and pity me."

"Have I anything real to forgive?" Jet whispers, looking up at him with eager beseeching, with a lifetime's condensed pain in her deep eyes.

"Anything real? O my poor little love! You have to forgive me everything, Jet—forgive and, if you are wise, forget me."

Cora by now has moved aside. The lovers for five minutes' space—with a room full of people, with Lady Austen herself, looking on—are alone.

"I felt, throughout the whole of yesterday, that a storm was gathering round our happiness. The storm has burst, Jet, and I am shipwrecked."

Biron's face is white with genuine passion; the muscles round his mouth quiver convulsively.

"From the first day I saw you," he goes on, in a broken whisper, "I have been led away from—from my allegiance. I had a hope—in the generosity of others, in the possibility of my regaining freedom—and the hope has proved a false one. I—I—"

"Have ceased to care for me," she utters, unfalteringly, with rigid lips. "I understand now what you told me that evening on the terrace. The ixora was your favorite flower, you said, because of its short life—there was no time to grow tired of it! Yes; I understand now."

Her voice, her quiet words, cut Laurence Biron to the quick.

Much experience has rendered him proof against scenes, reproaches, tears, hysterical demonstration, of all kinds. Jet Conyngham's cold despair, the promise of future anguish on her young face, touch every lingering fibre of manhood that exists in him.

"Ceased to care for you! I shall love you till the last hour I draw breath," he whispers, hoarsely. "There will be my punishment. Do you think a wretch expiating his sins in hell could forget that he had once seen heaven's gates ajar? Do you think I shall not look back, out of my infernal life, to your sweet face, feel your poor little hand, touch your lips, in dreams?"

"I think," she answers, still with perfect self-command, "that I would far rather not hear you talk like this. Our whole acquaintance has been a mistake. I have never rightly known you—nor you me, sir, for the matter of that! But nothing that is done can be undone. Spoiled, or not spoiled, we must just live our lives out to the end. Do you know, I have brought you some violets?" she goes on, quickly. "I came here, remember, thinking that we were friends still— Well, and I mean to give them to you. Surely, as a last gift, you are not afraid to accept them?"

She loosens the violets from her dress, and gives them to him.

Laurence Biron lifts them, with a gesture unseen by all save Jet, to his lips.

They are warm from her touch—pure, fragrant, as the girlish love that she has lavished on him.

"Afraid! You have a right to talk of fear. You do well to remind me that I am the most abject coward on the face of the earth. But I shall have my punishment—no room for doubt on that head—I shall have my punishment!"

"I hope you will have happiness," says Jet, softly, solemnly. "If others"—she cannot bring herself to speak Lady Austen's name—"have a claim on you stronger than mine, it is right, it is to your honor, to give me up. You deserve no punishment."

Right—honor! As Jet pronounces those words, her face like death, a piteous light shining in her eyes, Mr. Biron gains practical knowledge as to whether conscience—the deposit left in the crucible of experiment—be a myth or a reality.

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When the last of the guests has departed, Lady Austen crosses the room to her lover's side.

He has opened one of the windows, and stands there with face out-bent to the chill evening wind.

"Just the way to catch a violent cold," remarks miladi, affectionately. "Really, Laurence, I must make you take better care of yourself."

"The room wants air," he answers, shortly; "impossible to breathe in such a stifling atmosphere."

She pauses for a moment or two, watching his expression narrowly.

"I have misgivings as to the climate of Esterel agreeing with you, *mon ami*. You are positively saffron-colored to-day; don't you think it would be well, *for your health's sake*, to go on to Florence, at once?"

"As you choose," he answers, without looking at her, without stirring from his position.

"You see, there is the villa to arrange about. If we decide on spending the winter at Florence, we cannot do better than secure the Villa Corona. And there are your money-matters at Nice. I do not choose that you should leave your debts of honor unpaid."

Honor! He seems fated to hear the word to-night—spoken by what different lips, with what different signification!

"Decide everything as you like, Helena. All places are the same to me."

He turns, now, and she can see the horrible weariness of his face; can see, too, the bunch of November violets, Jet's gift, in his button-hole.

In a second, ere he can divine or frustrate her intentions, the violets are in Lady Austen's hands, are shred to fragments, flung forth into the darkness.

"So much for Miss Jet Conyngham's love-token!" she exclaims. "Do you think I have no eyes, *mon cher?* Do you think all the touching little farewell scene was lost upon me?"

"I think," says Biron, moving away from her with cold disgust, "that there is one subject it would be wise for you not to broach, one name that had best never be mentioned between us."

"And I," says miladi, harshly, "see no reason whatever for such delicate reticence. In every game, one must win, one lose. Miss Jet Conyngham has chosen to dream a dream. She must bear the awakening from it, as best she can."

CHAPTER XXII.

JET IS SILENT.

READER, the story I have told is a thing of the past. Five years have fled since Jet Conyngham watched the sunset among the forests at Laurence Biron's side. The girl, keenly expectant of life's drama, and of the part that she should play therein, is now a woman; beautiful—though not with the brilliant coloring, the vivid expression, of her first youth—quiet, self-contained.

"The cold Miss Conyngham." Such is the epithet that the world, indiscriminative between coldness and reserve, has found for her. "Ole Aunt Det." That is the name by which she best likes to hear herself called; the name that she has, already, taught Cora's baby-children to lisp.

. . . . Spoiled, or not spoiled, we must just live our lives out to the end. . . .

Crucial has been the test put to Jet's philosophy; doubtful, at times, the final issue of the struggle.

At first, the people nearest to the girl judged it wise, after the manner of friends, to put her through a course of tonic or heroic treatment. She had squandered her love—rather, say, her childish fancy—upon an unprincipled fortune-hunter, a disgrace to his cloth, a man whose heartless selfishness was unredeemed by one solitary virtue. Look to what Mr. Biron had sunk as Lady Austen's husband. (And, indeed, the married life of his reverence and miladi might furnish an adequate text to many a sermon!) Was it worthy of her to mourn, lastingly, for object so worthless? Time, that in the highest natures has been known to heal nobly-gotten wounds—was time never to skin over the scratch that, during a fortnight's madness, had befallen her? And Jet, though the reasoning was unimpeachable, remained uncured. At the end of months, at the end of years, her love and her regret were pretty much the same as they had been at first; crushed down out of sight, of course—can men and women walk about the world's highway with shrieks and tears?—but ready to start, at any chance reminder, a flower, a song, the smell of fir-woods in autumn, to the surface.

Five years. Jet Conyngham is now four-and-twenty; a confirmed old maid, she says, herself, in all sincerity. Her summers she spends at Dulford Rectory; her winters, abroad, with her father. For Mr. Conyngham is as great a valetudinarian, though as little likely to die, as on the day when we first saw him at Folkestone. Since that luckless southern November, Jet has received more admiration than falls to the lot of ninety-nine young and happy girls out of a hundred, has read much, thought much; seen many men, many countries; talks brilliantly;

is a perfectly charming companion to young or old. And still—

Still the world calls her "the cold Miss Conyngham," and before you have been in her society five minutes you feel the appropriateness of the title.

With all her grace of language, her knowledge of life, her ready sympathy in the concerns of others, Jet's brightness strikes you as unreal. The old heart-whole laugh, the dancing step, the enjoyment that once lit up every feature of her mobile face, are gone from her forever.

"In fact, Mark, I am old—yes, a great deal older than papa and Aunt Gwendoline. They can take an interest, both of them, in things that I have outlived a century ago, and as to you—you remember Edgar Poe's description of the youth who insisted upon being in love with his great-grandmother? The situation is ridiculous enough in a story-book. Think what it would be transferred to real life."

It is a fair August afternoon, and Jet Conyngham is walking in the woods that lie around Dulford Rectory, Mark Austen at her side; Mark, home, on a six months' leave from India, bronzed, bearded, out of all knowledge, but with his heart in the same hopeless place as ever, and rather more incapable than he was, five years ago, of receiving Jet's "No" as final.

All the world of woodland creatures round them is wrapped in peaceful happiness. Legions of rooks are talking to each other in the elms; the squirrels are darting to and fro among the branches; the bees hum in the tall foxgloves. In the middle-distance lies the placid picture of Dulford Rectory. A stationary white spot on the lawn represents the rector's wife; three smaller white spots, in perpetual motion, represent the rector's children. At an open library window may be seen a slight black figure and a writing-table; Adolphus, no doubt, busied over the sermon which, next Sunday, shall furnish forth the accustomed eight days' nourishment to the intelligence of Dulford parish.

'The worst of it is, I do not care, one bit, about being ridiculous," says Mark; deep, resolute has grown his voice since last we heard its tones. "The sense of humor must be wanting in my character, at all events, as regards myself. How many years, I wonder, have you been laughing at me, Jet?"

Jet! They have at least progressed to the use of Christian names!

"Six—seven? Yes, you have been laughing at me exactly seven years, and I—mind it rather less than I did at the first Dulford tea-party when I ever met you. Do you remember the archery-ball, talking of festivities?—the ball at which you not only gave my cotillon to the colonel of the regiment, but defended your conduct afterward as based on principle? You wore a blue-muslin gown, Miss Conyngham. By the end of the evening it was torn to shreds by the spurs of your successive partners, and I picked up a rejected fragment—laugh at me as much as you like—and kept it. That morsel of blue rag has been to India and back with me."

But Jet is not laughing. She has turned her face away, sharply. In the matter of hoarded relics she too has had experience. Is there not a certain packet of dried ixora-petals, the touch, the faint cold odor of which are more than she can bear, even yet?

"You are a great deal too honest, too true," so, after a minute, she tells him, "to waste your youth, as you are doing, on a dream. To all intents and purposes I am an old woman. 'Ole Aunt Det,' Cora's little daughters call me. For *you*, the best part of existence is still to come."

"The best part—if you choose to make it so!"

"Even traveling, the one thing that used to rouse me out of myself, is growing insipid. I was telling Cora, this morning, that I would spend next winter with them here, at Dulford. Perugino suits papa to perfection—I am never, really, wanted on the journeys—and hotels, new acquaintances, *tables d'hôte*, and the rest of it, do not amuse me. I must look out for a fresh occupation for my old age—write a novel, perhaps—"

"A novel of which the scene shall be laid in India," says Mark, promptly. "You could not do better."

For a few seconds Jet pauses. Then she rests her hand upon his arm—the slender, sunburned hand whose touch, now, as in the olden times, can bring Mark Austen so near heaven. She looks up seriously, candidly, in his face.

"A day or two ago, dear Mark, you asked me a question, and I told you I must have time before I could give you a final answer. I have taken time, and—"

"Your answer, whatever it is, cannot be final," he interrupts. "As long as human beings draw breath they change. The word 'final' is an absurdity."

"Well, we will not quarrel about that. Mark, if I cared for you less, I think, perhaps, my answer might be—yes."

A flush of quick emotion sweeps over Mark's face.

"But, as it is, looking upon you, liking you, as my best friend on earth, I shrink from the barest possibility of your unhappiness."

"Unhappiness—if I possessed you!"

"Sometimes, I confess, it seems to me that I have got strong at heart again. With Cora and the children, and now, since you have been here, there come such good, bright days that I feel like a girl once more. And then—then, O Mark, in a moment the old anguish rushes back! The old anguish, the old despair of life." Her cheek has grown white as marble while she speaks. "And I feel that it will be—ah! any number of years, before I am cured, really."

"And suppose I am willing to wait—any number of years?" persists Mark Austen.

Jet is silent.

[THE END.]

RUSKIN'S "FORS CLAVIGERA."

ABOUT the middle of last summer Mr. Ruskin received, and published in "Fors Clavigera" for September, a vivacious letter from a young lady who had been reading with pleasure that remarkable serial, and who repeated, with indignation, some of the strictures made by her friends upon it and upon its author. To quote from her letter:

"They say you are 'unreasoning,' 'intolerably conceited,' 'self-asserting;' that you write about what you have no knowledge of (Political Economy); and two or three have positively asserted, and tried to persuade me, that you are mad—really mad! They make me so angry, I don't know what to do with myself."

To which Mr. Ruskin made this answer:

"The first thing to be done with yourself, I should say, my dear, is to find out *why* you are angry; you would not be so unless you clearly saw that all those sayings were malignant sayings, and come from people who would be very thankful if I *were* mad, or if they could find any other excuse for not doing as I bid, and as they are determined not to do."[1]

Now I will not say that opposition to Mr. Ruskin's views on reform, or neglect of them, is generally malignant; generally, on the other hand, it seems to me simply unintelligent. The stock criticism of Mr. Ruskin's philanthropy may be reduced, and with sufficient accuracy and compactness to serve my present purpose of setting that criticism entirely aside and out of our way for a little while, to the following heads:

1. Ruskin is a poetical person; but he cannot think accurately.

2. Ruskin's best work was done and ended years ago with his art-criticism.

3. Ruskin's intentions may be the best in the world; but he is out of his head.

Well, we are nearly all of us critics nowadays, and many of us are trying, not always with entire success, to stand taller than our neighbors. But suppose we drop for once the superior air; suppose we turn aside from the untenable distinctions which have been drawn about him, and the definitions, sound or unsound, of his method as a reformer; suppose we forego for a little our birthright of greater wisdom, sounder method, and more certain sanity than his, and endeavor, on the contrary, to get at the fact and substance of this later thought of his—to try, quite simply and unambitiously, to understand something of the very noticeable message which he has been proclaiming for now seven years or more in his "Letters to Workmen," entitled "Fors Clavigera."

A noticeable message, indeed, it is, whether we should call it finally a true one or a false one in the main; and yet it is little attended to by the people to whom it is addressed, and among us it is hardly otherwise known than by the singular title of it. For the work has been but in small part reprinted here, and both here and in England, at least by those for whom it is specially intended, it is practically inaccessible on account of its price. So little, indeed, is it known among us, except by casual newspaper mention or merely decorative citation, that I shall make no apologies for giving most of my space in this article to Mr. Ruskin's own words, as being at once more clear and eloquent than any of my own could possibly be, and also, even in brief space, if rightly selected and arranged (and I have carefully studied these letters from the beginning of them), far more sufficiently expository than any other of his views of liberal thought and modern life, of the evil tendencies that are in them, and of the cure that is needed. Are not his words presumably worthy of attention? At least they are spoken by a man who has taken and held for now thirty-five years the most conspicuous place among English critics, and by a philanthropist whose recent gift of a fortune to the poor has proved him to be in earnest.

Leaving criticism, then, of Mr. Ruskin's views for the most part aside, I will try to set forth, mostly by citation, what they really are. And, first, as the countryman, hearing announcement of a lecture on "The Age of Pericles," demanded, But what *are* Pericles? so we, with, I hope, a less typical ignorance, may properly ask, "What is 'Fors Clavigera?'"

"Fors Clavigera" is the name of Mr. Ruskin's series of monthly "Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain," of which series now eighty-five numbers, each beautifully printed as an octavo pamphlet of some twenty-four pages, have appeared in due succession since January 1, 1871. The "Letters" are "sold only by Mr. G. Allen, Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent;" and Mr. Ruskin wrote, in November, 1871, that their price, "to friends of mine, as supplied by me, the original inditer, to all and sundry, through my only shopman, Mr. Allen, is sevenpence per epistle."[1] But in January, 1874, he raised the price to tenpence, saying: "I hold it my duty to give my advice for nothing, but not to write it in careful English and correct press for nothing. I like the feeling of being paid for my true work as much as any other laborer; and, though I write Fors, not for money, but because I know it to be wanted, as I would build a wall against the advancing sea for nothing, if I couldn't be paid for doing it; yet I will have proper pay from the harbor-master if I can get it. The surplus shall go to St. George's Fund."[2] Of which fund more hereafter.

It is not surprising that these "Letters" have had but little sale hitherto, and for yet another reason than their cost, their inaccessibility, and their plain-speaking; namely, that their author will not consent in any way to advertise them. For three years he sent them to the editors of leading journals,

[1] Letter 81, September, 1877.

[1] Letter 11. [2] Letter 37.

"to be noticed by them, or not, at their pleasure." But finally he came to this radical conclusion:

"I find it necessary to defy the entire principle of advertisement, and to make no concession of any kind whatsoever to the public press—even in the minutest particular. And this year I cease sending Fors to *any* paper whatsoever. It *must* be bought by every one who has it, editor or private person."[1]

And the title itself—what does "Fors Clavigera" mean? "That title means many things," says Mr. Ruskin, "and is in Latin, because I could not have given an English one that meant so many. 'Fors' is the best part of three good English words—Force, Fortitude, and Fortune. . . . 'Clavigera' may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer, or nail-bearer. . . . Fors, the club-bearer, means the strength of Hercules, or of Deed.

"Fors, the key-bearer, means the strength of Ulysses, or of Patience. Fors, the nail-bearer, means the strength of Lycurgus, or of Law.[2] Briefly, the first Fors is Courage, the second Patience, the third Fortune."[3]

But oftenest Mr. Ruskin speaks of his pregnant title under this third sense of it—that of the chance which sends him, from month to month, the particular subjects of his "letters on many things." While "the current and continual purpose of Fors Clavigera," he says, "is to explain the powers of chance, or fortune (Fors), as she offers to men the conditions of prosperity; and, as these conditions are accepted or refused, nails down and fastens their fate forever, being thus 'Clavigera'—'nail-bearing.'[4] Not only that it fastens in sure place the truths that it has to teach, but also that it nails down, as on the barn-door of our future homestead, for permanent and picturesque exposition, the extreme follies of which it has to give warning; so that in expanded heraldry of beak and claw, the spread, or split, harpies and owls, of modern philosophy may be for evermore studied by the curious in the parched skins of them."[5]

And again, with sufficient positiveness:

"Certain authoritative conditions of life, of its happiness and its honor, are therefore stated in this book, as far as they may be, conclusively and indisputably, at present known. I do not enter into any debates, nor advance any opinions. With what is debatable I am unconcerned, and when I only have opinions about things, I do not talk about them. I attack only what cannot on any possible ground be defended, and state only what I know to be incontrovertibly true."[6]

And he says elsewhere:

"To the few readers whom these letters now find, they will become more useful as they go on, for they are a mosaic work, into which I can put a piece here and there, as I find glass of the color I want: what is as yet done being set, indeed in patches, but not without design."[7]

Not without design. To readers who have followed these letters from the first, that design grows each year more clear, and it is twofold: first, to indicate the theory; and second, to begin the practice of a sound reform. We have in Fors two distinct bodies of criticism—destructive, namely, and constructive; and besides these a particular account is given of the creation of the St. George's Fund, the name which Mr. Ruskin gives to his bequest in favor of the working-man; and the beginnings of the St. George's Guild, or Company, are described with some details of its proposed and already commenced practical operations.

And first, what is the main trouble in modern life of which Mr. Ruskin has been complaining for now many years? What is the mischief, according to him, which we must cure before the most of us, whether in town or country, can live honestly and comfortably? It is the present system of distributing the earth's products, by which the idler grasps too much, and the laborer retains too little. This source of evil Mr. Ruskin perceives almost to the exclusion of any other. In one place he says:

"All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the laborer by the idler, the idler leaving him only enough to live on (and even that miserably), and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness. . . ."[1]

Not that this state of things is new to our times; on the contrary, it is an ancient evil "which has, indeed, been generally so in all ages; but beyond all recorded history is so in ours. Just and godly people can't live, and every clever rogue and industrious fool is making his fortune out of them, and producing abominable works of all sorts besides."[2]

To take the nearest instance of this unrighteous division:

"Here's my publisher, Mr. Allen, gets tenpence a dozen for his cabbages. The consumer pays threepence each. That is to say, you pay for three cabbages and a half, and the middleman keeps two and a half for himself, and gives you one. Suppose you saw this financial gentleman, in bodily presence, toll-taking at your door; that you bought three loaves, and saw him pocket two, and pick the best crust off the third as he handed it in; that you paid for a pot of beer, and saw him drink two-thirds of it, and hand you over the pot and sops—would you long ask, then, what was to become of him?"[3]

Or, again, see the abuse on a larger scale:

"England spends one hundred and fifty-six million pounds per year on beer and tobacco. Of this one hundred million pounds go to the rich middlemen, and thirty million pounds to the middling middlemen, and for every two shillings you pay you get three and one-half pence worth of beer to swallow."[4]

Finally, this chief trouble which Mr. Ruskin cries out against, this chief source of poverty and wickedness in our older communities—and especially in

[1] Letter 38, February, 1874.
[2] Letter 2.
[3] Letter 15.
[4] Letter 43.
[5] Letter 73.
[6] Letter 43.
[7] Letter 35.

[1] Letter 84.
[2] Letter 36.
[3] Letter 73, January, 1871, p. 12.
[4] January, 1877.

England—comes from "the defiance of every moral law by modern political economy." [1]

For the earth is quite as bounteous as ever. There is no deficiency in production, that there should be hard times among the farmers, failures and commercial depressions in the cities, and strikes at the manufacturing centres. Nor does Mr. Ruskin find the essential difficulty in redundant population; this Malthusian element in the problem he does not discuss. The philosophy of the present situation, as he conceives it, he puts with more particularity in very clear and entertaining words as follows:

"Virtually, the entire business of the world turns on the clear necessity of getting on table, hot or cold, if possible, meat—but, at least, vegetables—at some hour of the day, for all of us; . . . mutton and turnips, or, since mutton itself is only a transformed state of turnips, we may say, as sufficiently typical of everything, turnips only, must absolutely be got for us both. . . . So that when we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses: the peasant paymasters, spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some—too often theoretical—service. There is, first, the clerical person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for giving him moral advice; then the legal person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for telling him, in black-letter, that his house is his own; there is, thirdly, the courtly person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for presenting a celestial appearance to him; there is, fourthly, the literary person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for talking daintily to him; and there is, lastly, the military person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for standing, with a cocked-hat on, in the middle of the field, and exercising a moral influence upon the neighbors. Nor is the peasant to be pitied if these arrangements are all faithfully carried out. . . . But if, perchance, it happen that he get *im*moral advice from his moralist; or if his lawyer advise him that his house is *not* his own; and his bard, story-teller, or other literary charmer, begin to charm him unwisely, not with beautiful words, but with obscene and ugly words, and he be readier in his response in vegetable produce for these than for any other sort; finally, if his quiet scarecrow become disquiet, and seem likely to bring upon him a whole flight of scarecrows out of his neighbors' fields—the combined fleets of Russia, Prussia, etc.—it is time to look into such arrangements under their several heads." [2]

To England, indeed, many of these ill things are happening, and with increasing frequency; with the additional misfortune that some millions of her people are already dependent for the most part upon charity—receiving their turnips, not at the point of the spade, nor yet by proper spiritual persuasion of the peasant producer, but by the direct humiliation of gift; and by what process is this misery and this debasement brought about, especially in the case of manufacturing communities?

[1] January, 1878. [2] Letter 11.

"The real root of all the mischief," says Mr. Ruskin, is not in machinery, "nor in rogues, or mechanics. It is the crime of the squire himself. . . . The action of the squire for the last fifty years has been, broadly, to take the food from the ground of his estate and carry it to London, where he feeds with it a vast number of builders, upholsterers, carriage and harness makers, grooms, footmen, bad musicians, bad painters, gamblers, and harlots, and, in supply of the wants of these main classes, a vast number of shopkeepers of minor useless articles. The muscles and the time of this enormous population being wholly unproductive, . . . the entire mass of this London population do nothing whatever either to feed or clothe themselves; and their vile life preventing them from all rational entertainment, they are compelled to seek some pastime in a vile literature, the demand for which again occupies another enormous class, who do nothing to feed or dress themselves; finally, the vain disputes of this vicious population give employment to the vast industry of the lawyers and their clerks, who similarly do nothing to feed or dress themselves." [1]

That is the state of things under the modern dispensation in the great cities; how is it in the country? Mr. Ruskin continues:

"Now, the peasants might still be able to supply this enormous town population with food, but it cannot, without machinery, supply the flimsy dresses, toys, metal-work, and other rubbish belonging to their accursed life. Hence, over the whole country the sky is blackened and the air made pestilent to supply London and other such towns with their iron railings, vulgar upholstery, jewels, toys, liveries, lace, and other means of dissipation and dishonor of life." [2]

And, more than this, the farmer himself has taken to using machinery, to his own actual displacement from the soil, and to small increase, at least in an old country like England, of its productiveness.

"If all the steam-engines in England, and all the coal in it, with all their horse and ass power put together, could produce so much as one grain of corn! The farm, we will say, gets over-populous: the ground no longer affords corn and milk enough for the people on it. Do you suppose that you will make more of the corn because you now thrash it with a machine? So far from needing to do so, you have more hands to employ than you had—can have twelve flails going instead of six. You make your twelve human creatures stand aside, and thrash your corn with a steam-engine. You gain time, do you? What's the use of time to you? Did it not hang heavy enough on your hands before? You thrash your entire farm produce, let us say, in twelve minutes. Will that make it one grain more to feed the twelve mouths? Most assuredly the soot and stench of your steam-engine will make your crop less next year, but not one grain more can you have to-day. What will you do then?—spin and weave cotton, sell the articles you manufacture, and buy food? Very good: then somewhere there must be people still living as you once did—that is to say, producing

[1] Letter 44. [2] Letter 44.

more corn and milk than they want, and able to give it to you in exchange for your cotton, or velvet, or what not, which you weave with your steam. Well, *those* people, wherever they are, and whoever they may be, are your lords and masters henceforth. *They* are living happy and wise human lives, and are served by you, their mechanics and slaves. Day after day your souls will become more mechanical, more servile; also you will go on multiplying, wanting more food and more; you will have to sell cheaper and cheaper, work longer and longer, to buy your food. At last, do what you can, you can make no more, or the people who have the corn will not want any more; and your increasing population will necessarily come to a quite sudden stop by starvation, preceded necessarily by revolution and massacre." [1]

"Observe, I repeat, the power of your machine is only in enabling them to be idle. It will not enable them to live better than they did before, nor to live in greater numbers. Get your heads quite clear on this matter. Out of so much ground, only so much living is to be got, with or without machinery"—unless, indeed, we come finally to eating clay and crocodile-flesh, like the Otomac Indians, described by Humboldt—"persons quite of our present English character," adds Mr. Ruskin.

"We have surely brick-fields enough to keep our clay from ever rising to famine prices in any fresh accession of prosperity; and though fish can't live in our rivers, the muddy waters are just of the consistence crocodiles like; and, at Manchester and Rochdale, I have observed the surfaces of the streams smoking, so that we need be under no concern as to temperature. I should think you might produce in them quite 'streaky' crocodile, fat and flesh concordant—St. George becoming a bacon purveyor as well as seller, and laying down his dragon in salt; potted crocodile will doubtless, also, from countries unrestrained by religious prejudices, be imported, as the English demand increases, at lower quotations; and for what you are going to receive, the Lord make you truly thankful." [2]

Where shall we find a more sombre and passionate irony than this? As to the argument, the reason of it, the answer may be made that the state of things here described is that of an old country, not of a newly-civilized one like our own. It is certainly the condition of England. I rode through the north and east of it in 1875; the hills of Lancashire, the fields and valleys of West Riding, were a wilderness of chimneys, and the streams ran foul with manufactory refuse. And what manufactures have done for England they are fast doing for us.

One more description of the bad time, and I will turn to the brighter pictures which our reformer draws for us. See, meanwhile, what the railroads do for the laborers in the lake-district of England:

"For instance. The town of Ulverstone is twelve miles from me, by four miles of mountain-road beside Coniston Lake, three through a pastoral valley, five by the seaside. A healthier or lovelier walk would be difficult to find.

"In old times, if a Coniston peasant had any business at Ulverstone, he walked to Ulverstone; spent nothing but shoe-leather on the road, drank at the streams, and if he spent a couple of batz when he got to Ulverstone, 'it was the end of the world.' But now he would never think of doing such a thing! He first walks three miles in a contrary direction to a railroad-station, and then travels by railroad twenty-four miles to Ulverstone, paying two shillings fare. During the twenty-four miles transit, he is idle, dusty, stupid, and either more hot or cold than is pleasant to him. In either case he drinks beer at two or three of the stations, passes his time between them with anybody he can find, in talking without having anything to talk of; and such talk always becomes vicious. He arrives at Ulverstone, jaded, half-drunk, and otherwise demoralized, and three shillings, at least, poorer than in the morning. Of that sum a shilling has gone for beer, threepence to a railway shareholder, threepence in coals, and eighteen pence has been spent in employing strong men in the vile mechanical work of making and driving a machine, instead of his own legs to carry the drunken lout. The results, absolute loss and demoralization to the poor on all sides, and iniquitous gain to the rich. Fancy, if you saw the railway officials actually employed in carrying the countryman bodily on their backs to Ulverstone, what you would think of the business! and because they waste ever so much iron and fuel besides to do it, you think it a profitable one." [1]

I will not go further with Mr. Ruskin's negative criticism. A hundred details of it I have not cited; but I have indicated the essential points of it, which hold as true for this country as for England; namely, the false distribution of the earth's produce through usury and the power of machinery; the certain effect of machinery in displacing the laborer, and the prospect that sooner or later—soon, perhaps, in England, and later in the United States—we shall see on a national scale what we saw last year in our railroad strikes—the armed rising of the laborer against the capitalist; and with the laborer, the criminal and the vagabond bent on bloody revolution. The leader of the revolutionary communists in this city said, a few months ago: "The Commune, as we tried it in Paris in 1871, will come here; it will be brought on by the misery and oppression of the people. It was the Commune that you saw at Pittsburg last year." [2]

But I am in danger of getting away from Mr. Ruskin and "Fors;" let us turn at once to his definitely constructive effort in criticism, which has occupied the letters of the last four years, as the destructive criticism occupied the first three; and, also, to the great scheme of his life, now beginning to be made real in lands, and houses, and laborers, the establishment of St. George's Guild, or St. George's Company, as he called it at first and until last August. For all of these letters were written with this practical object in view. In the first of them, speaking of the misery of England, Mr. Ruskin said:

[1] Letter 44. [2] Letter 27, March, 1873.

[1] Letter 44. [2] New York *World*, March 29, 1878.

"For my own part, I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, not an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is seldom, nowadays, near London—has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly." [1]

And a few months later he announced his purpose as follows, in a promise which, as we shall see, he has exceeded in the fulfillment:

"I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas-day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I can earn afterward. Who else will help, with little or much? The object of such fund being to begin, and gradually—no matter how slowly—to increase, the buying and securing of land in England, which shall be cultivated by Englishmen, with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

"We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no 'liberty' upon it; but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely—not at forty miles an hour, in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our garden, plenty of corn and grass in our fields—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it—perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. . . . Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us, and feeble rays of science may dawn for us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men—nay, even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude magi, presenting, at such nativity, gifts of gold and frankincense." [2]

What an exquisite burst of poetry is that! and is it nothing more than poetry? Or might these ideas, if put in practice once more, prove to be, after all, nothing novel, but only the "carrying out of what has been done already?" Is it quite inconceivable that others should be found to give as Mr. Ruskin has given—if not so abundantly, yet in the same spirit and for the same purpose?

"To divert a little of the large current of English charity and justice from watching disease to guarding health, and from the punishment of crime to the reward of virtue; to establish here and there exercise-grounds instead of hospitals, and training-schools instead of penitentiaries, is not, if you will slowly take it to heart, a frantic imagination." [1]

Elsewhere he sums up as follows the object of his foundation:

"The object of the society is to buy land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible as many Englishmen, Englishwomen, and English children, as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish for them and their descendants a national store of continually augmenting wealth, and to organize the government of the persons and the administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the law of God." [2]

And again:

"We will, indeed, try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful; and, if sufficient help come, many such pieces of ground; and on these we will put cottage dwellings, and educate the laborer's children in a certain manner. But that is not founding a colony. It is only agreeing to work on a certain system." [3]

And further, as to the character of the foundation:

"The St. George's Company reclaims land for the public good, and no more asks whether its work is to 'pay,' in reclaiming a rock into a field, than in quarrying one into a cathedral." [4] "It is a gift. It is not an investment. It is a frank and simple gift to the British people—nothing of it is to come back to the giver.

"But, also, nothing of it is to be lost. . . . It is to be spent in dressing the earth and keeping it—in feeding human lips, in clothing human bodies, in kindling human souls." [5]

Who are to receive this gift? Not the worthless, but the deserving. Mr. Ruskin sees clearly the common mistake of philanthropists upon this point. He says:

"Benevolent persons are always, by preference, busy on the essentially bad, and exhaust themselves in efforts to get maximum intellect from cretins and maximum virtue from criminals. Meantime they take no care to ascertain (and, for the most part, when ascertained absolutely refuse to remove) the continuous sources of cretinism and crime." [6]

Coming now to the details of the plan, Mr. Ruskin explains:

"I do not care where the land is nor of what quality. I would rather it should be poor, for I want

[1] January, 1871. [2] May, 1871.

[1] Letter 9, September, 1871. [2] October, 1875.
[3] January, 1875. [4] Letter 79, July, 1877.
[5] Letter 8, August, 1871. [6] Letter 9, September, 1871.

space more than food. I will make the best of it that I can at once by wage-labor, under the best agricultural advice. . . . The St. George's Company is to be consistently monastic in its principles of labor, and to work for the redemption of any desert land, without other idea of gain than the certainty of future good to others. I should best like a bit of marsh-land of small value, which I would trench into alternate ridge and canal, changing it all into solid land, and deep water, to be farmed in fish. If, instead, I get a rocky piece, I shall first arrange reservoirs for rain, then put what earth is sprinkled on it into workable masses; and ascertaining, in either case, how many mouths the gained spaces of ground will easily feed, put upon them families chosen for me by old landlords, who know their people, and can send me cheerful and honest ones, accustomed to obey orders, and live in the fear of God. Whether the fear be Catholic or Church-of-England, or Presbyterian, I do not in the least care, so that the family be capable of any kind of sincere devotion, and conscious of the sacredness of order. If any young couples of the higher classes choose to accept such rough life, I would rather have them for tenants than any others.

"Tenants, I say, and at long lease if they behave well, with power eventually to purchase the piece of land they live on for themselves, if they can save the price of it; the rent they pay, meanwhile, being the tithe of the annual produce to St. George's Fund. The modes of the cultivation of the land are to be under the control of the overseer of the whole estate. . . . but the tenants shall build their own houses to their own minds, under certain conditions as to materials and strength, and have for themselves the entire produce of the land, except the tithe aforesaid. Each family will at first be put on its trial for a year, without any lease of the land; if they behave well they shall have a lease for three years; if through that time they satisfy their officers, a life-long lease with power to purchase."[1]

And how shall the labor be done?

"What is required of the members of St. George's Company is, not that they should never travel by railroads, nor that they should abjure machinery, but that they should never travel unnecessarily, or in wanton haste; and that they should never do with a machine what can be done with hands and arms while hands and arms are idle."[2] And again: "All machinery needful in ordinary life to supplement human or animal labor may be moved by wind or water; while steam may only be employed justifiably under extreme or special conditions of need—as for speed on main lines of communication, and for raising water from great depths, or other work beyond human strength."[3]

Briefly, therefore, "on the estates of the society, wind, water, and animal force, are to be the only motive powers employed; and there is to be as little trade or importation as possible—the utmost simplicity of life and restriction of possession being combined with the highest attainable refinement of temper and thought. Everything that the members of any household can sufficiently make for themselves they are so to make, however clumsily; but the carpenter and smith, trained to perfectest work in wood and iron, are to be employed on the parts of houses and implements in which finish is essential to strength. The ploughshare and spade must be made by the smith, and the roof and floors by a carpenter; but the boys of the house must be able to make either a horseshoe or a table."[1]

As to education and reading, some pretty hard doctrine for most of us is laid down by Mr. Ruskin:

"The children will be required to attend training-schools for bodily exercise and music, with other education. . . . Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes—some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterward may increase their library if they choose. The formation of this library for choice, by a republication of classical authors in standard forms, has long been a main object with me. No newspapers, nor any books but those named in the annually-renewed lists, are to be allowed in any household. In time I hope to get a journal published containing notice of any really important matters taking place in this or other countries in the closely-sifted truth of them."[2]

Of discipline Mr. Ruskin's ideas are, perhaps, more concisely put in this passage than in any other I can quote:

"The first essential point in the education given to the children will be the habit of instant, finely accurate, and totally unreasoning obedience to their fathers, mothers, and tutors: the same precise and unquestioning submission being required from heads of families to the officers set over them. The second essential will be the understanding of the nature of honor, making the obedience solemn and constant. In our present state of moral disorganization it might, indeed, seem as if it would be impossible either to secure obedience or explain the sensation of honor; but the instincts of both are native in man, and the roots of them cannot wither, even under the dust-heap of modern liberal opinions. My settlers, you will observe, are to be young people bred on old estates; my commandants will be veteran soldiers; and it will be soon perceived that pride based on servitude to the will of another is far loftier and happier than pride based on servitude to humor of one's own."[3]

And as to the laws of the community:

"Most of these will be merely old English laws revived; and the rest Florentine or Roman. None will be instituted but such as have already been in force among great nations."[4]

I have now quoted enough, I think, to make clear exactly what in the main Mr. Ruskin is trying to do

[1] Letter 37, January, 1874. [2] January, 1875.
[3] July, 1875.

[1] Letter 37, January, 1874. [2] February, 1875.
[3] Letter 37, January, 1874. [4] October, 1875.

with St. George's Fund, to which his first gift was seven thousand pounds, made over on Christmas-day of 1871. Let us see what success his appeal for subscriptions has had. In December, 1873, he writes:

"Three years have passed since I began these letters; . . . and, as a result of my begging for money, I have got upward of two hundred pounds. . . . Had I been a swindler, the British public would delightedly have given me two hundred thousand pounds instead of two hundred, of which I might have returned them, by this time, say, the quarter, in dividends; spent a hundred and fifty thousand pleasantly myself, at the rate of fifty thousand a year; and announced, in this month's report, with regret, the failure of my project, owing to the unprecedented state of commercial affairs induced by strikes, unions, and other illegitimate combinations among the workmen.

"And the most curious part of the business is, that I fancy I should have been a much more happy and agreeable member of society, spending my fifty thousand a year thus, in the way of business, than I have been in giving away my own seven thousand, and painfully adding to it this collection of two hundred for a piece of work that is to give me a great deal of trouble, and be profitable only to other people. . . .

"It may be that I have not brought my plan rightly before the public yet. 'A bad thing will pay if you put it properly before the public,' wrote a first-rate man of business, the other day, to one of my friends. But what the final results of putting bad things properly before the public will be to the exhibition of them, and the public also, no man of business that I am acquainted with is yet aware." [1]

Five months later Mr. Ruskin writes this passage, which in its "prevailing pathos" is very touching:

"I believe at this moment the reason my voice has an uncertain sound, the reason that this design of mine stays unhelped, and that only a little group of men and women, moved chiefly by personal regard, stand with me in a course so plain and true, is that I have not yet given myself to it wholly, but have halted between good and evil, and sit still at the receipt of custom, and am always looking back from the plough. . . . It is true, indeed, that I have given the half of my goods and more to the poor; it is true also that my work at Oxford is not a matter of pride but of duty with me; it is true that I think it wiser to live what seems to other people a rational and pleasant, not an enthusiastic life; and that I serve my servants at least as much as they serve me. But, all this being so, I find there is yet something wrong: I have no peace, still less ecstasy." [2] And again: "'Whosoever of you forsaketh not *all* that he hath, cannot be my disciple.' And you yourself, who have a house among the lakes, and rooms at Oxford, and pictures, and books, and a Dives dinner every day, how about all that?

"Yes, you may well ask—and I answer very distinctly and frankly, that, if once I am convinced (and it is not by any means unlikely I should be so) that to put all these things into the hands of others, and live myself in a cell at Assisi, or a shepherd's cottage in Cumberland, would be right and wise, under the conditions of human life and thought with which I have to deal—very assuredly I will do so." [1]

That, indeed, Mr. Ruskin has now gone far toward doing; having, with due forethought and purpose, spent or given away his fortune to that extent that it is to yield him henceforward but one pound per diem. His publication of his private accounts with those of St. George's Fund, hitherto one of the most curious features of Fors, is to be made no longer in that work, but to be forwarded upon separate sheets to the subscribers, and to be purchasable annually by the public.

And now, in closing, let us see what has actually been done toward the establishment of St. George's Guild. Under date of November 28, 1875, Mr. Ruskin says:

"During these five years very signal distress has visited me: . . . everything I have set hand to has been unprosperous; much of it even calamitous; disappointment, coupled with heavy money-loss, happening in almost every quarter to me, and casting discredit on all I attempt. . . . Under which conditions I proceed in my endeavor to remodel the world, with more zeal, by much, than at the beginning of the year 1871. . . . Although," he adds, "I would give anything to be quit of the whole business; and therefore I am certain it is not ambition, nor love of power, nor anything but absolute, mere compassion, that drags me on." [2]

But in the same letter he tells us that "the St. George's Company is now distinctly in existence; formed of about twenty accepted companions, . . . to whom the entire property of the company legally belongs, and who have the right at any moment to depose the master, and dispose of the property in any manner they think fit." Mr. Ruskin is himself, of course, the master, and duly subject to reëlection as such. The trustees of the fund are Sir Thomas Acland and the Right Hon. William Cowper-Temple; but they are not responsible for the conduct or the principles of the scheme. "They simply undertake the charge of the money and land given to the St. George's Fund; certify to the public that it is spent or treated for the purposes of that fund in the manner stated in my accounts of it; and, in the event of my death, hold it for such fulfillment of its purposes as they may then find possible." [3]

Finally, in September, 1876, Mr. Ruskin reports his first tenants on the first bit of ground acquired by the guild, a piece of "noble crystalline rock" at Barmouth. By the end of the year the subscriptions to the fund, other than his own, had amounted to nearly twenty-five hundred pounds. In April, 1877, he invested twelve hundred pounds of this in the purchase of thirteen acres near Sheffield, rentable to

[1] Letter 36. [2] Letter 41, May, 1874.

[1] January, 1876. [2] Letter 61, January, 1876.
[3] Letter 9, September, 1871.

workmen at three per cent.; and he adds, with some exultation:

"Here is at last a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand, and Heaven's." And in Worcestershire, too, St. George has ownings, and is not without difficulties, already, in the way of their management.

"One of the men whom I had ready for this Worcestershire land, being ordered, for trial, to do a little bit of rough work in Yorkshire, threw up the task at once, writing me a long letter, of which one sentence was enough for me—that 'he would do *his share*, but no more.' These infernal notions of equality and independence are so rooted now, even in the best men's minds, that they don't so much as know even what obedience or fellowship mean."

There were also many legal difficulties in the way of Mr. Ruskin's foundation; among the latest of these was one of nomenclature:

"Since we take no dividend, we cannot be registered as a company, but only a society, institute, chamber, or the like. Having for some time felt that the title of 'company' was becoming every day more disgraceful, . . . I am of opinion that the sooner we quit ourselves of this much-dishonored title the better; and I have written to our solicitors that they may register us under the title of St. George's Guild, and that the members of the Guild shall be called St. George's Guildsmen and Guildswomen."[1]

Last November he reported some difficulties "in the first organization of the work at Abbey Dale. . . . The root of all mischief is, of course, that the master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority. It is, at any rate, to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner, and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there."[1]

In the January letter of this year he wrote:

"The business at Abbeydale can in no wise be put on clear footing till our guild is registered, and I have been warned of some further modifications needful in our memorandum for registry."[2]

With which citation from the last-printed words of Mr. Ruskin that reached us before his recent nearly mortal illness, we may take leave of him for the present, with hopes that he may be able to tell us, in the new series of "Fors," that he began with the present year, more of his working plans of reform. And we may close his letters, I hope, with this clear perception: that after setting aside all of Mr. Ruskin's "peculiar theories," the thing that he is doing is what all great reformers have actually done, and will continue to do; namely, he is striving to persuade men that honest living is still possible in the world, and to help them toward it.

"The very gist and essence of everything St. George orders is that it shall *not* be new, and not an experiment; but the redeclaration and redoing of things that have been known and practised successfully since Adam's time."

And upon those superior persons who tell us, in scorn, that they have "given Ruskin up," we must pass, I think, the sentence of the Vulgate upon people who "speak evil of the things they understand not:" *In corruptione sua peribunt.* While for ourselves, less superior, and perhaps therefore more docile toward those who are striving to make honest living still possible upon the earth, let us bear in mind this saying from the same book: "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,[3] think upon these things."

[1] August, 1877.

[1] Letter 83, November, 1877. [2] Letter 1, New Series.
[3] Better in the Vulgate—*sicut laus disciplinæ.*

SUMMER WINDS.

SWEET are the summer days that come with tender shining,
Sweet are the wandering winds that visit me repining:
The bloom, the song, the grace of all the year they capture,
And fill this desert place with unimagined rapture.

Prisoner of hopeless pain, in lengthening chains I languish;
Day still renews the strain of night's unuttered anguish;
I lie beneath His rod, His bolts and bars surround me,
Yet the sweet winds of God with healing touch have found me.

O welcome wind that comes His gracious law fulfilling,
In you the brown bee hums, the sky-lark's song is thrilling;
Voices of wood and field your whispering voice discloses,
And in your breath revealed I find the summer's roses.

They have not lent their bloom to comfort me more nearly,
And in my silent room no bird has caroled cheerly,
Yet while your light caress, O wind of heaven, woos me,
Nor rose nor singing-bird its sweetness doth refuse me.

Blow through my fevered brain, soft breath, and cool its burning;
Speak, soothing voice, again, and hush the wild heart's yearning;
Though in the floods I stand, and deep waves overflow me,
Show me my Father's hand, His loving-kindness show me.

Truly I will not doubt that love shall yet avail me,
My fear I will cast out, nor let despair assail me:
Blow, summer winds, away the black cloud of repining—
My heart lies still to-day, to feel the tender shining.

PARIS AND MAY.

I DO not believe that the Café de la Paix is the centre of the world, but I know an American who does. "Sit here half an hour daily, my friend," he says, "and in the course of the year you will see everybody who is anything on this mundane sphere drift by you. You can judge them, too, from your coigne of vantage, as you can nowhere else. Each one fancies himself or herself lost in the crowd, and the cleverest drops the mask. The judge lays aside his severity, the prude her smirk, the hypocrite his guile, the man of affairs his worried look and hunted air. When they get out here, into this great current on the Paris boulevards, they feel as free and easy as if they were—in the middle of the ocean," continues the friend, struggling for a comparison. "And you can just study them at your will. You can take a fresh type from a new nation every day for your analysis. Turk to-day, Yankee to-morrow, black-browed and scowling revolutionist from South American plains the next day, cool and collected Englishman a week from date, and sinuous John Chinaman a month hence: there is unfailing store. They all go by here; the globe seems to revolve around this establishment, and to allow its patrons a view of the different characteristics of the human species without giving themselves the trouble and fatigue of travel."

At night, when a flood of electric light sweeps down across the great Place de l'Opéra, setting out in bold relief against a dark background the massive portal of the National Academy of Music, and the shapely walls of the Grand Hôtel, the Café de la Paix is thronged. Certainly the crowds are cosmopolitan; all languages are spoken, all politics discussed. In this *café* the adherents of the late house of Bonaparte most do congregate; but they are hustled by people who represent the red republic in their own country, or by Prussians who were at Sedan, or by Mexicans from Querétaro; and, on pleasant May afternoons, when the sparrows are half mad with joy, in the long line of trees opposite the *café*, where the old women in the newspaper kiosks are folding the wares which they have just received, damp from the presses, and when Alphonse and Dieudonné scamper furiously hither and yon among the five hundred ladies and gentlemen seated beneath the awning, and waiting to be served, the scene is more brilliant, varied, vivacious, piquant, and amusing, than any other that can be found on the same number of square feet of space in the hemispheres. People lounge on the Prado, in Madrid; they exercise violently in Hyde Park, in London; they strut and ogle Unter den Linden, in Berlin; they languish, flirt, and intrigue, on the Ring, in Vienna; but they promenade on the Paris boulevards.

The ghost of pale *ennui* never haunts the promenader in Lutetia. Long ago the Gaul discovered that to divide a city into two quarters, one devoted exclusively to business, the other to residence, was an invention of the enemy—a trick calculated to sow dissension in the family—and he avoided it. He builds his towns with shops and residences in the same streets, but he scatters elegance everywhere; he carries the beauty of the park and the forest into the humblest quarters, and he never lunches "down-town." Never does he waste tedious hours slowly crawling "homeward," stopping, from very weariness, in some gilded club, where he is perhaps drawn, almost before he is aware, into the vortex of dissipation. Even if he is a commercial magnate, his home is on the floor over his office, and he can at any moment step from the arid atmosphere of parchment and copying-ink into the pleasant sunshine of his wife's smiles, and can hear the music of his children's voices. The result is, that there are few streets in Paris filled with dull and dingy warehouses, which, at six o'clock in the evening, are hermetically closed, like sepulchres in New Orleans. In every corner there are light and life, innocent gayety, and abundant amusement. The stranger feels none of the loneliness which overcomes him, which seems to stop the beating of his heart, in London, or which settles heavily upon him in Vienna, where the steady members of the population appear to go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening. When other great cities sleep, Paris wakes; the cool breeze which rarely fails at eventide, from April to December, puts life into the limbs, and the laziest mortal feels inclined to promenade. Gleams of light, echoes of music, perfume of flowers, laughter of merry crowds, all encourage and tempt him on. His pulse, as Paul Féval says, beats one hundred and twenty to the minute. He feels emancipated, enlarged, inspired. No plodding mortal who comes over-seas, worn down with brain-work, frightened at symptoms, imaginary or real, of incipient paralysis, crippled in wind and limb in the terrible, unremitting transatlantic race for fortune, ever quits Paris without grateful comments on the rest which it has given him. He emerges from it as from a Turkish bath, elastic and refreshed. He never feels the depression usually attendant upon residence in a great city while he is in Lutetia. Unless he is impatient of the very repose which he needs, unless he rebels against the health slowly but surely returning to him, he goes away immensely benefited.

He who walks across Paris of a fine May morning, from the super-central Café de la Paix to the exquisite Park Monceau, and out through the long lines of palatial mansions, past the Triumphal Arch, into the Bois, where sun and shade make checker-work on the sand in the long, tree-bordered avenues, finds it difficult to persuade himself that he is in a great city. Provincial quiet everywhere; the profound peace of the village street—yet in a mighty metropolis. The thousands of carriages so lightly press the macadam that one hears only a confused murmur, as

of waves breaking on a beach far away. In the very centre of Paris, in the merry month of May, an invalid may find absolute tranquillity, and air and sunshine as refreshing as those of Florida in mid-winter. Extreme heats are rare; July and August sometimes bring them, but they slink away, as if ashamed of themselves. They never linger after nightfall, and only at rare intervals does the festive mosquito dare to present his bill, wherein he differs from the polite but somewhat over-keen Paris landlord.

Queen Paris likes the stranger, although she generally professes to find him eccentric, and, whenever he transgresses any of her somewhat absurd conventions, she mildly intimates that he is insane. Despite her oft-repeated criticisms, however, she allows him to do exactly as he pleases; and, if she is astonished to see the Englishman affront her serene skies with umbrella and mackintosh, she is too civil to tell him of it to his face. Great is her joy, nevertheless, in little quips and sly laughs behind his back; and sometimes she pillories him in *vaudeville*, sweetly unconscious that her citizens are quite as ridiculous in the eyes of John Bull as he can possibly be in theirs. She insists that the English are by nature droll, and, if her inmost thought could be fathomed, it would be discovered that she regards all other foreigners as inclined to perversion of proper and natural ways. But she summons a fund of charity, and, graciously forgiving them their shortcomings, welcomes them heartily. The beatific expression of a *bourgeois*, who gazes at a group of tourists admiring some special beauty of the great capital, cannot be described. It has something positively religious in it. The *bourgeois* seems inexpressibly contented that the outside world is not so fair as the domain in which his lot has been fixed; and he listens with a mild incredulity to the rhapsodies of any foreigner who dares to hint that the land of the orange and the palm is fairer than the country where winter hangs heavily five months in the year, and where the only colors in the skies are delicate blues and ethereal grays. And his final argument, if he be led into discussion, is always the same: "This must be a better place than your home; if it is not, why do you come here?"

The self-confidence of an elderly nation is always somewhat amusing. A community which is the growth of a thousand years, which has been for centuries moulded in the same mould, refuses with scorn to borrow anything from the manners of another country. It criticises those manners with grave, supercilious air, as defects due to inferior education, or to climate, or diet, and now and then it cannot refrain from satirizing them. The French, who are poor travelers—and are the more disinclined to journey because they fancy that all the world comes to them—are very salient examples of the above-mentioned self-confidence. That all nations do not move forward according to French plans and in the direction taken by the Gauls, is to Frenchmen a mystery. Nothing more shocked and surprised them than the International Exhibition of 1867. They had, during that colossal fair, momentary revelations of the fact that other communities, living under almost totally dissimilar laws and in very different climates, were excelling them in culture and progress. But this the masses speedily forgot; and, if the men of culture remembered it, they took great care to say nothing about it. The surprise of the Parisian, when he finds that some good can come out of Nazareth, is betrayed by his cynical remark, "Well, that isn't badly done, *after all!*"

The stranger troubles himself but little about what Paris thinks of him. He uses the capital very much as if it were his. "When I walk down the Boulevard Haussmann of a morning," once said an American to me, "I feel as if I owned it." It is a kind of stately pleasure-house, this Paris, which the man of taste decrees himself, which he occupies when it pleases him, and which he can quit without even taking the trouble to close his house, or give his servants warning. From time to time the Parisian grumbles because strangers usurp the best places at the theatre and crowd all the fashionable restaurants. A lady friend told me that she was once complaining to a French lady of the difficulty of getting good seats at the Grand Opéra. "Think how much more aggravating it must be for us, my dear," said the French lady, with a malicious twinkle in her eyes; "we built the Opéra for our own use, and now we find ourselves crowded out of it by foreigners." The narrow-minded shopkeeper, who goes out only once a week with his family, does not conceal his disgust at finding the invading traveler everywhere; yet he is up betimes in the morning awaiting, with smiling face, the advent of the very persons whose proximity he had found so disagreeable on the previous evening. If he could have his way, he would compel the noble foreigner to disgorge his lucre all at once, and would then conduct him by special train outside the city limits—except always during the Exhibition. The stranger must be allowed to remain until that festival is finished, for Paris wishes animation, variety, and babel. Such is the shopkeeper's sentiment.

There are plenty of liberals of cosmopolitan thought among the French politicians and men of business, who have been most active in arranging the present international *fête* in Paris. They are far in advance of the mass of the nation. They are anxious to learn and to teach, to compete sharply, with respect for their adversaries, and with knowledge of their own shortcomings. They are actuated by sincere desire for the glorification of the new and victorious republic, whose policy should be pacific, and whose victory has been over her own spirit, and there is naught but good-will in their progression. If they have an ambition, it is that the Exhibition of 1878 should in every particular excel that of 1867. They hope to sweep away even the memory of imperial splendor. They are determined that republican fireworks shall be brighter, that republican art-displays shall be more noble, that republican Paris shall be more beautiful, than an emperor and his satellites could have made them.

Thus far they have amply fulfilled their inten-

tions. The palaces which have arisen on the Champ de Mars are dreams of beauty as compared with the hideous "gasometer" of 1867. The stately walls of the edifice on the Trocadéro plateau were equaled by nothing in Napoleon III.'s "peep-show." Every imperial and royal government of consequence in the world has without hesitation accepted the invitation of the republic to share in her rejoicings. Germany comes limping in at the last moment, no doubt glad of a chance to participate in the art-department, where she can do herself credit, without contributing to the industrial section, where her poverty would become wofully apparent. A sad lesson was learned by the German Empire at Philadelphia, in 1876—a lesson which all powers devoid of military glory would do well to profit by—which Austro-Hungary took to heart when her financial crash came in 1873, and which Spain is vainly endeavoring to commit to memory. You cannot have your cake and eat it too, gentlemen of the cloak and sword! If you will persist in drawing into the military channel all the power, force, and glory, of the nation, you must expect to see your fields barren and deserted, save by poor, faithful women, whom your detestable government treats like pack-horses. You must expect, if you spend millions on the walls of Strasburg, to hear wails from the working-men of Nuremberg, and to see want and corruption stalk hand-in-hand over the ruins of unused manufactories.

"Pax vobiscum," says the old man eloquent, from his nook in the Rue de Clichy, as he surveys the assembled nations, and accepts their homage. Victor Hugo is one of the central figures of this republican Exhibition. Eleven years ago his voice was but faintly heard, as it called through the din of drums, of trumpets braying praises to the false Cæsar; of cymbals clashing in honor of King William and Bismarck, who were at that early day laughing in their sleeves; of cannon thundering salutes to the dull-eyed sultan, who has since been forced by cruel Fate to resign his empire and to fly to Mohammed's arms. Napoleon is gone, and Abdul-Aziz has sunk into the sea of oblivion; but the old man of the Rue de Clichy is still hale and hearty. In the days of exile he foresaw the downfall of the usurper, and prophesied it. When it had come; when the red glare of Sedan had lighted up all Europe; when the Commune, with its agony and fiery storm, had come and gone—the old man cried, "Peace! peace!" He prayed for amnesty, for reconciliation, for forgiveness; he calmed the passions of the nation. Serene and magnificent in his humility and devotion, he sits to-day on the Olympus which the world has voluntarily accorded him, and with no feeble hand he strikes his lyre, and sings of peace. Enemies below him, enviously dazzling their weak eyes in the reflection of his splendor, accuse him of bathos, and call him a trimmer and a charlatan. But the old man does not hear them. As he sits, enthroned and acclaimed, he sees a vision of a golden future, which, alas! may never come, but in the realization of which he firmly believes. He sees the "United States of Europe" arising slowly from the ruins of old governments, of dead formulas, of wrecked superstitions; he sees the resistless hand toppling all sham monarchs and pretentious usurpers to their fall. The dawn of a new era is at hand; he is ready to say his *nunc dimittis*, but he will not say it as long as his voice and hand can be of any use. And with what virile energy he throws himself upon the labor of organizing the intellectual *fêtes* at hand! He presides at the centenary anniversary of the death of Voltaire, and eulogizes the great mind which sent its influence, subtile and almost invisible, along the current of thought in the eighteenth century, to accomplish changes which would once have been deemed miraculous. Not content with this, he agrees to be the president of the congress at which the literary interests of all the nations are to be compared, discussed, and aided. He is to be the president of the "Congress of Poetry," one of the most novel gatherings of the nineteenth century, and comparable to nothing in the past since the gatherings of the German Meistersingers. His hand is in every great ceremony; his heart beats in unison with every heart that longs for peace, and throbs with desire to excel in her arts. A gentle and yet a sublime and commanding figure, that of this old man, the father of the romantic drama, the liberator of the French language from the swaddling-clothes which had robbed it of all plastic grace—the chastiser of the Brummagem emperor—the soft singer of the joys of the family and of pure and earnest loves. "We did not know how rich France was in great men until the republic was given back to us," said a Frenchman, himself eminent, to me one day, as with loving patriotism he glanced over the distinguished names appended to the programme of the Exposition.

Some of the great men succumbed before the battle was over; and who among them was more conspicuous, or would have held a prouder place to-day, than the last and noblest of the departed—he whose heart was broken by the brutalities of the 16th of May, capricious, indomitable, cunning, mighty Thiers? Many a grave face will turn pale, and hundreds of thousands of eyes will be wet with tears, whenever the name of the good little man is mentioned in the midst of the wild rejoicings of this republican festival. He "should have died hereafter." Nothing could have been more fitting than that, in this year when the republic is definitely triumphant, he should have been borne to his long home amid the acclamations of the assembled citizens. But it was not to be. He could not even see the completion of his work. It was his fate to die in harness, and, as his eyes closed upon the world, to see his beloved republic, on which he had bestowed all the maturity of his wisdom, and all the passionate ardor of his intense nature, in greater danger than ever before. He died confident, however, that his fellow-citizens were ripe for liberty, and that, after a few more sharp struggles, they would grasp it firmly. This old monarchist, who came late in life to bow humbly at the throne of truth, to confess his error, and to show the strength of his repentance by a zeal which astonished France and amazed the world, would have been

one of the most noteworthy sights of the Exhibition. But he is gone. The petulant, silvery voice is heard no more; the alert, lithe, tiny figure, crowned with the comical, wizened face, and the white hair, comes no more out through the great iron gate in the Place Saint-Georges, darts no more hither and yon at Versailles as if its threescore years and ten were only a score. The "liberator of the territory" is but a memory, yet a memory that lingers in the heart of the very humblest Frenchman.

In the Salon of this year, in the Champs Elysées, hangs a painting by Jules Garnier representing a dramatic episode in the Chamber of Deputies on the 16th of June, 1877. A month had then elapsed since the vindictive faction determined to overthrow the republic had come into power, and the moment had arrived for the dissolution of the legislative body, in order that arbitrary measures might be pursued without danger of interference. On that memorable June day M. de Fourtou mounted the tribune, and in the course of a rambling address spoke of the National Assembly, which had already become in most minds an unregretted thing of the past, as "the liberator of the land." As the minister spoke these words, hundreds of faces turned toward M. Thiers, who sat bent together as usual in his modest place; hundreds of hands were extended toward him; and hundreds of voices cried, as by one great magnetic impulse, "The liberator of the land! 'Tis he! 'tis he!" For more than five minutes the stormiest applause continued, while M. de Fourtou stood aghast at the excitement he had created. From that moment Thiers was known as "the liberator of the land," and it is the scene at that moment which Garnier's picture portrays. The artist has done his work with exceeding power, and to the millions of visitors who wander through the vast galleries of the Salon this painting will have a significance which no other can possess. For the great facts of the war, the overthrow of the empire, the establishment of the republic, the freedom of the territory from Prussian domination, are still nearer than any others to the hearts of Frenchmen, and will be for many years to come.

Thiers is gone, but Jules Simon survives, and takes active part in the Exhibition, which he rightly understands as the apotheosis of the republican struggle. How he strove night and day for years, hoping against hope, fighting on when agitation seemed worse than useless, none but those nearest him can know. Nothing is greater condemnation of the late empire than the fact that it failed to enlist such men in its service. Indeed, the emperor saw what a powerful aid Simon would be to him, and endeavored to tempt him, but in vain. The supremacy of conscience was never more thoroughly acknowledged than by Jules Simon. Not even false professions of reform could induce him to wear the imperial collar. He was the man last struck at by the failing hands of the Bonapartist leaders ere they went down. With what joy they struck him last year from the proud place he had reached by the simple force of his genius, and his adherence to republican sentiment! The edict went forth from the conspirators' cabinet, and Premier Simon fell in a night. De Broglie and his men were wild with joy. But the wave rolled on and on, and blotted out Maître de Broglie and all his aides, and Jules Simon once more came into prominence. Philosopher, humanitarian, masterly orator, it was astonishing that a reaction headed by such acrid and rasping talent as that of De Broglie should have swept him down. Hugo, Thiers, Simon! These three great names were scarcely heard in 1867. A host of elegant platitudes, lay figures whose outward adornment was striking, but which possessed nor aggressive nor resisting force, stood in the places which these worthies should have occupied. And the French did not see that they were governed by men of straw clothed in shadows.

There is no savage simplicity about the republicans who have invited the people of the world to Paris on the occasion of this great festival. There is no look askance at royalty: the shah, the Queen of England, his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, are welcome, and magnificently entertained. The Marshal-President is allowed to lavish five hundred thousand francs in *fêtes* and dinners, and this is as generous as it would be for us to have allowed President Grant half a million dollars for similar purposes in 1876. The Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Agriculture and Commerce are each allowed two hundred and fifty thousand francs; and the other ministers, and the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, may spend one hundred thousand francs each. The wise, the witty, and the beautiful from every land are entertained with lavish care: music, flowers, marvelous new lights, paintings, statues, poetry, and song, are the features of every entertainment. From the opening to the close of the Exhibition there are to be twenty-six ministerial receptions, and an equal number of ministerial dinners, each of which will be a memorable festival. The empire is outdone: republicanism is the fashion, and republicans are rich. M. Menier, a manufacturer with a net income from his business of four million francs yearly—a colossal fortune in France—rivals the splendors of the Arabian Nights in his palace on the borders of the Park Monceau. A republican, who died the other day, left a sum of eighty-six million francs, to be divided among republican heirs.

As for the *plebs*, it was never more satisfied than now. Not that it has more money than it had under the empire, but its condition is improved, and the trammels to progress exist no longer. The government was asked if it would prevent the workmen from holding a congress. "Certainly not," was the answer. The workers could scarcely believe their senses. Were they, then, to be allowed liberty to do as they pleased? Could they have a collective exhibition of the products of French workmen's industry? Why not? They organized an exhibit which is in itself a sufficient refutation of the brutal and cynical assertion that they are not fit for the suffrage. What! Shall M. de Philpotte, whose ancestor fought at Jean d'Acre, vote, and shall Alphonse Terreneuve, who has been prevented, by circum-

stances over which he had no control, from tracing his ancestry, but who can produce a most exquisite bronze, or mayhap a wonderful chronometer, or possibly a machine combining ingenuity and art in highest degree, shall he not vote? Shall not the men who build these palatial residences, adorning every avenue of Paris, have at least as much to say concerning representative government as brainless fops, who wag their witless pates out at first-floor windows, and chatter of Amanda at the ball, of Lola's *Assommoir*, and the latest indecency in comedy? The government knows that the workmen's "collective exhibition" will be the vindication of the theory of universal suffrage in France, and hence it is not likely to interfere with it.

Trocadéro was once a desolate, windy plateau, across which one did not care about wandering alone late at night. To right and left of it, as one stood fronting the Seine, one saw dull-gray masses of tall, old-fashioned houses, some of which looked as if they might contain a mystery. Gardens choked with rank weeds surrounded these melancholy dwellings. Here and there a long flight of stone steps led up to some high balcony, or descended into a subterranean recess. Beyond Trocadéro were the peaceful domiciles of Passy, elegant villas, where artists, actors, and literary men, made their homes; and from the breeze-swept height one could see away across the plains, over the tops of broad forests, set down between pretty villages and towns, to the line of hills on which the Prussians placed their cannon in the siege of 1871. Many a shell did the Germans land on Trocadéro, and in the darker days of the Commune an iron hail fell there night and morn. Who that passed a few days in Paris in those stirring times does not remember the excursions which the careless foreigner made to Trocadéro, for the pleasure of being shot at, and of watching the hissing iron globes as they drowned their terrors in the Seine? A massive flight of stone stairs led in those days from the top of Trocadéro to the Seine Embankment; and down these steps shells, which had just arrived from the Versailles batteries, plunged headlong, as if delighted to take a bath after their long and somewhat exciting journey. Through this leaden shower, Silas J. Stebbins and Emilie Maria Brown and Mrs. Jane Arthur Higginbottom tranquilly made their way at all hours, not even shielding themselves with umbrellas or parasols, bent only on saying, upon their return to their hotel, that they had dodged three, five, or fifteen shells, as the case might be. I have known people to come all the way from London, entering Paris by the only line of railway which remained open, and spending a few days in dodging the shell and solid shot which Papa Thiers's troops threw into Paris, then going away with an air of radiant content which was most amusing to witness.

To-day a huge palace arises on the spot where once stood the Communist batteries, and the gray walls are decorated with pretty placards, bearing the names of popular composers, artists, and actors. Paris secured this palace by paying three out of the eight million francs which it has cost the French Government; and the edifice will prove a treasure. Looking down the Seine from the Pont de la Concorde, the palace melts prettily into the sky-line; its towers, its long, semicircular, lateral galleries, something like those of the Church of St. Peter at Rome, produce fine effects. The architect could not have builded better, had he desired to complete the picturesqueness of the view from this especial point.

We miss the splendid sweep and the exquisite verdure of Fairmount Park at this Exhibition, but we are compensated for their lack by the majestic avenues on either side of the Seine, the lines of massive buildings surrounded with foliage, the Bourbon Palace, the Invalides, and long rows of barracks, upon whose fronts France wastes more art than she is willing to bestow on her school-buildings. From the masses of miniature forest in the Champs Elysées the Palace of Industry arises; in the warm blue air, lofty and superb upon its hill, towers the Triumphal Arch. On the left bank of the Seine, the pedestrian, wearied with his long rambles through the Exhibition, may always find a nook where he can seat himself, looking out on the smoothly-flowing Seine, along which hundreds of tiny steamers and huge barges are moving. On the Esplanade of the Invalides an unromantic and prosaic "animal-show" is established, and here, four days in the week, one may see thousands of blue-bloused farmers, burly of frame and red of face, roaring in stentorian voices as they point out the merits of the stock. Merry men are these French farmers, with no nonsense whatsoever in their composition. They take a stern pride in the products of their native communes, but look with a certain jealousy upon Paris, the absorber, the magician, who profits by their labors, and gives them comparatively small return.

Approaching the Champ de Mars by the Avenue Rapp or by the Seine bank, the visitor comes presently to a long series of semicircular buildings, gracefully arranged in the enormous spaces near the river's shores. These are annexes devoted to agriculture and horticulture, and are extremely pretty, now that the flowers and tropical plants are rejoicing in the brilliant summer sunshine. The Champ de Mars is transformed. The Military School has disappeared as by magic. The dreary stretches of sand on which the emperor's troops were sometimes drawn up in review, over which the Communist cavalry—mechanics mounted on omnibus-horses—were wont to gallop, and in which—oh, more sombre memory!—trenches were dug to bury the Communists who were slaughtered by the regular troops—these sandy wastes have been changed into lovely gardens. Here is a fernery; there a mass of artificial rock, beneath which is a grotto. Trees and flowering shrubs have been brought from a dozen climates, and planted in soil which itself came from a far-off section of France. Broad avenues lead up to the façade of the palace, the two domes at right and left being the only things which mar the artistic effect. This palace, which is longer than Machinery Hall and the Main Building of the Philadelphia Fair would have been if joined together, and is of enormous width, has three sec-

tions. That on the right, as one enters from the bridge over the Seine, is devoted to foreign nations; that on the left, to France. Between the two extends a monster art-gallery, cut in two in the middle by a vast court-yard, in the centre of which stands a pavilion erected by the city of Paris. Between the foreign section and the art-gallery is an avenue known as the International Street, and it is the favorite promenade in the Champ de Mars. Fronting on this avenue are the houses of the English Commission—a dainty, old-fashioned cottage in which the Prince and Princess of Wales sometimes hold receptions; and a second pavilion, erected expressly to show the utility of the celebrated "Doulton-ware" for exterior decoration. Then in regular order thereafter are ranged specimens of national architecture, or fantastic edifices intended to heighten the general effect. Canada and the United States err by too great simplicity: the American façade is pretty, and that is all that can be said for it. But that is not so in the cases of Italy, and Spain, and China, Russia, Japan, Switzerland, and various other countries. The Italian portal is a marvel of beauty in terra-cotta, with polished stone pillars, with arches studded with medallions of Boccaccio, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Da Vinci, Cellini, and the sad, sweet face of Savonarola. The Chinese Commission has allowed its artists to riot in color, in fiery dragons with dreadful eyes and impossible tails, in green monsters ferociously pursuing red chimeras. The peaked and spired pagodas stand out among the rest of the architecture with startling effect; but the Chinese portal requires close inspection, for there is an infinity of delicate inlaid work upon it. In ivory and in bone and precious wood the clever Mongolians have made landscapes of singular graphic power. We see the mandarin taking his walk surrounded by troops of obsequious servants; the laborer in the fields cultivating rice, or bringing water in the oddest of pails strung upon the clumsiest of neck-yokes; or the almond-eyed damsel reposing in a cool grove, with her maids-of-honor fanning her, or distracting her attention from her love-musings to the spectacle of pretty birds or of pictures on a scroll. Japan is China's neighbor, and has combined a severe simplicity of exterior façade with richness of exhibit within. The massive gates of an ancient temple are represented in the Japanese portal, and over the entrance hangs a heavy wooden sign, the borders of which are elaborately carved, and on which is painted the single word "Japan." Spain resuscitates Moorish splendors for her frontage on the International Street, and her young monarch seems to have determined to make an imposing show at Paris if he has to bankrupt the national treasury in order to do it. The Portuguese department is a marvel of cream-white plaster-work, the entrance representing the door of a Gothic cathedral. In this pavilion one may feel cool in the hottest midsummer hour. Italy and Russia are separated from each other merely by a grand nave which runs through the palace parallel with the river Seine. The Russians have made elaborate provision for this Exhibition. One knows not which to admire most—the great house, built of unhewed timber, which stands at the entrance to the Russian department, or the rich displays of jewels, furs, and bronzes, or the enormous collection of cereals and agricultural implements. The Russian house is modeled after one which Peter the Great once owned and occupied near Moscow. It has a pleasant open gallery at the front, whence the visitors can look down on the throngs moving restlessly up and down the Rue Internationale. The odd peaked edifice near the Russian department is the work of the Swiss, who proudly display their national motto, and a model of one of the ancient gates at Berne. The Belgians have built a huge house of stone from the quarries in their native hills; and this imposing structure is ornamented with numerous statues. Austro-Hungary has erected a sombre-colored construction, profusely decorated with imperial designs, and with the names of Austrian and Hungarian writers, painters, and sculptors. And Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, exhibit with their accustomed taste, which is very high praise. These little countries furnish enormous exhibits to every international fair, and arrange them in the most delightful fashion. Denmark has a bevy of handsome, lithe young guardsmen on duty in her section—dare-devil fellows, dressed in blue and white, and stroking their straw-colored mustaches with rakish air. All countries except, I suppose, Prussia, and the other German states in the Union, have little specimens of their army on show in their national sections of the Champ de Mars Palace. In the United States department blue-coated marines, white-gloved, dignified, and evidently just a little bored, pace up and down. There is a corporal, with a dreadfully vivid stripe on his arm, who is, from time to time, called by a youthful officer in a braided fatigue-jacket; and this corporal, when he salutes, puts into his arm, as he shoots his hand out from his cap, energy enough to start a dozen difficult enterprises. The whole American character—the dash, the recklessness, the nerve—is embodied in that salute. The members of the American army are objects of curiosity for the French especially, who study them with a keenness born doubtless of the knowledge of the failure of their own troops. The Canadians and the English are Uncle Sam's nearest neighbors on the Champ de Mars, and little Canada has reason to be proud of her smart display. Of England much was naturally to be expected, as she is only, at most, a day's journey from Paris, and as the most extravagant sums have been expended on her exhibit. There is a kind of defiance in the lavish manner in which the resources and splendors of British India are shown forth. The vast hall at the entrance of the Champ de Mars Palace on the right hand is consecrated to this, and Lord Beaconsfield need not be one whit ashamed to welcome into such a gorgeous museum the sovereign lady whom he has made Empress of India. Under the lofty dome arise pagodas, bazaars, houses which are dreams of Asiatic luxury and taste, models of public works in India, and silks, and satins, and pearls, the very multitude of which fatigues the

eye. Into this place England has also emptied the Indian Museum of London, as she did into the Philadelphia "Main Building." In addition to this gem, England or Great Britain occupies about six times the space allotted to the United States. Our people would gladly have made an exhibition which would have compared favorably in quantity as well as quality with that of the mother-country, but the stupid delays of an inadequate Congress were powerful preventives. Yet, was it not unwise to allow our country, in this great congress of nations, to be in the slightest degree overshadowed, especially by the power whose commercial rival she is and must be for a hundred years to come? America has lost the best opportunity likely to be afforded her for perhaps a quarter of a century for making an adequate display in Europe of her resources. The Agricultural Bureau has been allowed to do something, and sends a thoroughly satisfactory series of contributions; the "annex" which contains the contributions to the agricultural group from the United States is roomy and pleasant, and attracts crowds of visitors. But every branch of industry, and especially the mechanical ones, should have been represented on three times the present scale. Our display at Philadelphia was comprehensive, but it was seen only by our own people. Those whom we wish to convince of American superiority in the mechanic arts are the European and South American populations, who are to be our customers in a nearer future than some dullards imagine.

The French occupy fully as much space in the Champ de Mars as all the other nations put together, and certainly their department is a wonderful museum. There is scarcely any branch of industry into which these clever, quick-witted people have not peered—not one which they have not embellished with their instinctive taste; and, in connection with this exhibition, and their share in it, it may be well to call to mind the fact that, under the working of liberal institutions, there has been an enormous increase of inventive and imitative force among the working-classes here. The standard of intelligence is also rising far more rapidly than it did before the workman believed that the trammels which hindered him from profiting by an education, even if he acquired it, would be removed. In painting, the Salon shows a fine advance over other years on the part of the French. But decidedly the best contribution that our Gallic friends have made to the fair is their organization of the innumerous accessory features. Never was exhibition so varied, so really international, before. Congress after congress is held, interspersed with musical, literary, and scientific festivals. The streets of Paris are crowded with spectacled *savants* from all parts of Europe and from remotest Orient. The Celestial embassador sent from China to her Majesty of England has been detailed hither to report on all that is rare and curious, and a most faithful reporter he is, for I remember watching him at a lecture delivered by Mr. Stanley, in London, as he laboriously traced down, on grandly-figured paper, the outlines of the great African map of the Royal Geographical Society. The eccentric shah is on his way; and it would be certainly surprising, in case peace should be the outcome of the present European dilemma, to see the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey hobnobbing together in the *salons* of the grand-vizier. Royal visits are but of minor consequence, however, by comparison with the arrivals of the distinguished composers, singers, actors, painters, musicians, from all parts of the world. In the great theatre in the Trocadéro Palace—a hall which can seat many thousand persons, and which has an organ run by steam—there is a gathering of intellectual gods and goddesses almost every day in the pleasant midsummer-time. Music—heavenly maid!—receives the first attention at the hands of the music-adoring Parisians, and ten mammoth concerts are to be held in the great "Salles des Fêtes;" while an unlimited number of picturesque and popular musical festivals, international in character, has already begun. From Italy, from Austria, from Spain, from Belgium, and Holland and Germany, come musicians of all classes and recognized conditions, eager in emulation. Interspersed among these harmonious gatherings are lectures by men of all nations on every conceivable subject, and the Postal Congress is displaced by the Congrès Géographique, which, in its turn, gives way to a congress on money, weights and measures, which is set aside for a congress of Americans and Frenchmen, on the subject of a commercial treaty, and so on, until the very brain tires. If you care about international discussions upon argriculture, public hygiene, industrial and artistic property, institutions for saving money, philology, political economy, meteorology, medical service in armies, or analytical anatomy, you may come and discuss and air your views, until the doors of the Exposition close, on the last day of October. The city of Paris proposes to treat the simplest of her guests in true republican fashion, as well as the most renowned, for she has organized grand out-of-door *fêtes* for the late summer and early autumn, in which every one can participate. All the principal avenues and parks will be deluged with the brilliancy of the electric light; the genius of M. Alphand, the Director of Public Works, has exhausted itself in efforts to prove that magnificence is not the special appurtenance of a corrupt court, but may belong to a latter-day republic as well. How vastly wiser are the French of to-day in celebrating their political progress in this fashion, than their forefathers, who transformed the Champ de Mars into an amphitheatre, in which crowds of frantic and unreasoning men and women met to worship the "Goddess of Reason!"

THE COLLEEN RUE.

A TALE OF THE CORRIEBAWN.

"WELL, ye see, sir, he was a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man, an' he had such soothe-rin' ways wud him, that ye'd borry a shillin' for to stand a round to him."

Peter Clancy took several short, wicked whiffs from his *dudheen*, and, crossing one leg over the other, stared retrospectively into space.

It was a lovely summer day. The sun was fanning himself with a soft, gray cloud. The bees, butterflies, *et hoc genus omne*, were buzzing and humming, and adding their music to the sweet, harmonious concert which drowsy Nature loves to dream to when the flowers are brightest; the little brown trout jumping for joy; the solemn-looking kine standing knee-deep in hooded pools, and the ferns shading the green-velvet mosses from the burning gaze of the amorous king of day.

I had been whipping the Corriebawn, a quaint little brook, born in a lichen-covered well, and only angry during stormy winter days—whipping it in the languid hope that some hungry trout might be tempted to rise at my gaudy fly, and become a prey to an admitted skill, but the Fates were dead against me; and, although the trout jumped, it was merely for pastime, and apparently in an effort to discover which of their joyous party could make the largest ring in the placid water, or leap the highest into the glowing air. Peter Clancy was my landlord. His thatched cabin was perched beneath a huge granite bowlder, which seemed ready to annihilate it without the preliminary form of a notice to quit, and in this "coigne of vantage," if such it may be termed, the Clancys lived and flourished, since that terrible day when their ancestors were politely offered a choice between "hell or Connaught." A purple-heathered mountain, warm and round, smiled upon this lonely yet lovely valley at one extremity, and a bleak, scraggy, uncompromising crag frowned menacingly at the other, while, like a connecting link of silver, the pert little stream gurgled, and plashed, and flirted, with the ferns and wild-flowers until it joyously bounded into the glad waters of the broad Atlantic.

My briefs had been numerous, and with them came a deal of luck. Much of the good fortune was fairly attributable to hard work, and I was absolutely fagged out. Selecting Connemara for my holiday-trip as *terra incognita*, I found myself in Westport, without exactly knowing why or wherefore. Nominally, I wanted fishing; actually, I required rest. The "boy" who drove the "lobster-car" from Westport to Lunan, and to whom I casually hinted my piscatorial proclivities, made honorable mention of the Corriebawn as a "darlint lump av a strame," where the "throuts wor as plinty as hayves, an' as hungry as the divole;" and, with reference to hotel-accommodation, "Sorra a house in it at all, at all, barrin' wan, kep' be a dacent man be the name av Peter Clancy, a soart av relayshin to Father Pat beyant at Ballynacruskeen."

"Will he take me in?" I asked.

"Sorra a know, I know, yer honor; but shure ye'll make an offer at him anyhow."

A walk of six Irish miles across mountain and over bog brought me to Corriebawn, and, although Peter was at first decidedly averse to receiving a "forriner," a few well-directed thrusts penetrated his armor, and he ultimately but somewhat reluctantly consented.

"I tuk a jintleman, a fisher, he sed he wor, in wanst, the tinth av last May was two year, an' he got me into thrubble wud the poliss," observed Peter; "an' I'm afraid av doin' the like agin; but you don't luk as if there was vaygaries or combusticles about ye, so I'll take ye on probation, as they sez to the young priests below at Maynorth Collidge."

The verdict having been given in my favor, I exultingly took up my quarters beneath his thatched roof—more, indeed, in the character of a guest than in that of a lodger; and better quarters it has never been my good fortune to have been billeted in. The cabin was a long, one-storied building, the exterior being whitewashed to almost a painful whiteness, and the thatch the color of amber. Luxuriant creepers, with broad, sheening, silken leaves, festooned the windows, and a border of blood-red geraniums fringed the entire façade. The interior, of Dutch-like cleanliness, was divided into four apartments, of which I proposed to occupy but one, as I preferred taking my meals in the general room, *alias* kitchen, with a view to the thorough enjoyment of the *entourages*. My bedchamber was adorned with quaint little holy pictures, comprising, at the very lowest calculation, one-half of the saints in the calendar, and a portrait of the "Liberator" in a Spanish cloak, while idiotic-looking Chloes and Strephons, in Delft-ware, stared at me from out their vacant eyes from every available nook and corner. The ceiling was, shall I say, pure Gothic? and the windows so low that when shaving I was compelled to gaze at my visage as though peering down into a well. A perfume of freshly-culled lavender pervaded the apartment, and, albeit an insufficiency of light, the room was home-like, cozy, and comfortable.

Peter Clancy's wife died in giving birth to a daughter, who had already witnessed eighteen summer suns glowing on the sheening waters of the Corriebawn. She was familiarly known as the Colleen Rue, or the little red girl, in allusion to her hair, which was of a lustrous reddish hue and of a gushing profusion. Her dark-gray eyes sent mute, appealing glances direct to the heart, and her poppy-red lips smiled over a set of teeth that flashed like the riplets of the saucy little stream flowing past her bower. She was tall and graceful as a young hind,

now smiling like Dolly Varden, now frowning haughtily as Lady Clara Vere de Vere. She resembled the charming "Milkmaid" of Mr. Fildes, save that her complexion was not quite so fair. The sun, small blame to him, had covered her with caresses till she was tanned a nutty brown, while an occasional freckle seemed but to challenge admiration, as "patches" upon the cheeks of "ladies of quality" in the days of the good Queen Anne riveted the amorous glances of their periwigged admirers. Worth, of Paris, the Mohammed of all true believers in toilets; Elise, of London, who sways a double duchess by a flounce, and "the daughter of a hundred earls" by a ribbon, have it in their magic power to paint the lily, and add additional bloom to the rose of beauty; but I doubt if, with all their artistic excellence and combined subtilties of light, color, shade, tint, tones, and effect, they could have developed a further beauty or heightened a charm in the *naïve tournure* of the Colleen Rue, as when, arrayed in her deeply, darkly, dangerously blue petticoat, and with a yellow-silk handkerchief modestly folded on her bosom, bareheaded—ay, and barefooted—she tripped across the dark-brown bog, in search of a truant cow, or presided, with white arms bared to the shoulder, over the destinies of the creaming-churn.

The "boys" of five baronies had beaten each other black and blue in her honor, and Jacobus O'Hanlahan, the schoolmaster, roamed about the bogs singing her praises in the old classical ditty—

> "Are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora,
> Or Euthuspashia, or fair Vaynus bright,
> Or Helen fair, beyant compare,
> Whom Paris stole from the Graycians' sight?"

The Colleen Rue and I were thrown much together. She was housekeeper, and I did *not* rise with the lark. Eight o'clock found my platter of stirabout smoking on the table, and the trout which I had captured the previous evening simmering in the frying-pan, in company with a couple of rosy rashers, while a bowl of new potatoes grinning through their tattered jackets bade good-morrow to my lusty appetite. Two o'clock, or thereabouts, found me "foreninst" a broiled chicken and a bit o' bacon; and at sunset, such tea! worthy of a mandarin with yellow buttons; and griddle-cakes fit for the Highland breakfast of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

These were my surroundings, this my life in the Corriebawn, and it was after the mid-day meal, upon a lovely summer afternoon, that Peter Clancy observed:

"Well, ye see, sir, he was a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man, an' he had such sootherin' ways wud him, that ye'd borry a shillin' for to stand a round to him."

This was in reference to his former lodger.

"I think you mentioned that he got you into trouble with the police, Clancy?" I said, in order to draw out the story.

"Thrue for ye, yer honnor, an' this is how he done it."

Mr. Clancy took a prolonged pull at his pipe, and, scratching the side of his head as if to recall the incidents, commenced:

"The poliss an' me is very frindly, bekase I never gev thim any thrubble, for shure, av I did, they'd be as hard on me as on poor Mickey Maguire beyant, whose owld gun wint off av its own accord whin the landlord was passin', an' leveled him. Well, sir, it was durin' the time that the boys was unaisy about the cunthry, an' their lan'lords, an' all to the like o' that, an' if two or three av thim met for a golligue, or stopped to talk afther last mass, bedad a polisman's gob was cheek be jowl wud thim, and the divil raison a minnit's quiet they'd get up nor down. We were all suspected av bein' Faynians, and mebbe some av us was, an' some of us wasn't, but that's nayther here nor there *now*, anyhow. Wan mornin' I was dhrillin' the little patch beyant, for to put in the seed-pratees, whin who does I see meandherin' along the boreen but Sargint McQuaid from the barracks at Ballinsacorney! 'Be the mortial frost,' thinks I, 'some av the Corriebawn boys is goin' to sup sorrow, or this little baste wudn't be so far from his billet.'

"I tuk no notice av him howsomedever, an wint on wud the dhrillin', but shure enough, up he comes to just where yer stannin', sir, as bowld as a ram.

"'Good-mornin', Misther Clancy,' sez he.

"'Good-mornin', Sargint McQuaid,' sez I.

"'How is your lodger?' he sez, quite smart.

"'He's fishin',' sez I.

"'For what?' sez he.

"'Fish,' sez I, 'divil a more or less.'

"'Yer fond av a joke,' says the sargint, 'but just lave yer jokin' wan side, an' answer wan or two questions. Who's this young man?'

"'He's my lodger,' sez I.

"'What's his name?'

"I wasn't goin' to get a dacint boy into thrubble, so I ups an' sez:

"'Sorra a know, I know.'

"'Do ye mane for to tell me, Misther Clancy,' sez the sargint, 'that ye don't know the name av the man that's livin' wud ye?'

"'Arrah, what is it to me what he's called?' sez I. 'He might be Julius Saysar, or Bonyparte, for all I care. I call him wan-pound-wan a week.'

"'There's somethin' behind this,' sez the sargint.

"'Divil resave the farthin' more nor less than "wan-pound-wan,"' sez I.

"'An' where does he cum from? I suppose yer know that much, Misther Clancy?'

"'I never axed him, sargint, but I think it's not from Roosha or Asha.'

"'Yer coddin' me, Clancy,' sez McQuaid, lookin' very fierce. He was a northern man, an' his accent wud blow a railway-whistle, it was that sharp.

"'Divil a cod, sargint.'

"'Has he any papers?' sez the sargint, returnin' to the charge.

"'Hapes,' sez I.

"'Have you seen thim?'

"'Yis.'

"'Have you read thim?' an' he got red in the nose, expectin' somethin'.

"'Every wan av thim.'

"'An' what's their nature? Is there anything political in thim?'

"'Plinty.'

"'Any thrayson?'

"'Thick as yer hair.' He was as bare as an egg, sir.

"'Any Faynianism?'

"'Barrowfuls.'

"'Where are they?' sez he, tearin' wud excitement.

"'Here's wan av thim,' sez I, an' I pulled a newspaper out av me coat-pocket.

"Begorra, sir, it was as good as a play for to see the luk he gev me as he marched down the boreen as mad as a Turk.

"Well, sir, the minnit his dirty back was turned, I off wud me along the river to where Misther Lyons was fishin', an' I found him up to his middle in wather be raison av his hooks ketchin' in a three, an' I towld him what Sargint McQuaid sed.

"Well, sir, ye'd think he'd split laffin', an' he had the water bubblin' round him, the way he shuk in it. A nudge av a bee's knee would have rowled him over in it.

"'An' so they take me for a Faynian, Clancy?' sez he, still chokin'.

"'Sorra a less! An', be the mortial frost, here's the poliss in earnest!'

"Shure enough, two of thim war crossin' the bog, and makin' hard for where we wor discoursin'.

"'Do ye think these min are afther me, Clancy?' he sez, takin' down his rod.

"'Curse o' Crummle an them!' sez I; 'av coorse they are.'

"'I'll give thim a walk,' sez he; an' he starts off quiet an' aisy, but his steps wor more nor a yard long, every offer. 'Have me supper reddy as usual;' an', winkin' at me, he was off like a midge.

"Now, sir," continued Peter Clancy, after a succession of short whiffs, "Misther Lyons had a pair av legs as long as flails, and he was as thin as Father Gaffney at Aisther afther the Lint and salt ling, an', more be token, he was the supplest boy I ever laid me two eyes on; so I sez to meself, as the poliss was hurryin' up, 'He'll lave yez widout a whiff in yer dirty carcasses—not as much as wud blow the froth off av a pint av porther.'

"'Isn't that yer lodger, Clancy?' sez Sargint McQuaid—for he cum back whin he got another to back his tack—pointin' down the river.

"'Where?' sez I, lukkin' up at the sky.

"'There below.'

"'It's a man, anyhow,' sez I.

"'Forward!' shouted McQuaid. 'I'll dale wid this reprobate another time.' An' they lurched down the hill.

"I run up to the top of Carrig-na-Polthogue, where I cud see five miles every side o' me, and I sot down for to watch the fun, for I knowed that me lodger wasn't afraid av thrubble, an' I had it in for the sargint. Misther Lyons, never out av a walk, hedded the river, the two polissmin runnin' afther him for bare life. He thin sthruck aff for Donnelly's Hollow, and through the wood for a cupple o' miles, an' out to Glenismore, on to Phil Redmond's—his purshuers about quarther av a mile afther him. He crossed the river at Roundwood, and bolted up for Derrybawn for about a mile, until he set the cross-roads. Whin he kem to the cross-roads, bad cess to me av he didn't sit down and make believe that he was waitin' far the poliss, as if he was bet up; but no sooner did they cum to O'Toole's meadow than he riz, and out wud him through Mulligan's fields, an' on for a mile an' a half till he cum to Lacey's mills, where he sot down again. Thin, sir, he scurried, still walkin', mind ye, over Coote-na-Bolliah beyant, and then I seen that he was makin' for home, so I run down for to meet him. He tuk it quite aisy now, and let the poliss gain on him. Whin he came up to me sorra a hair was turned on him, though he done six miles, brave wans, if he done an inch, an' he was safe over a rowser av sperits whin the poliss staggered into the room.

"'Yer—yer me prisoner,' sez the sargint, gaspin' like a frog that was chokin'.

"'Am I?' sez he.

"'Yis,' sez the sargint.

"'An' might I make so bowld,' sez he, 'as for to ax what's me misdemaynor?'

"'Yer not to ax nothin', but to come to pres'n,' sez the sargint.

"'An' what,' sez Misther Lyons, as polite as th' agint on rint-day, when he sees the bank-notes—'what if I refuse for to comply wud yer demand?' sez he.

"'We'll have for to take ye,' sez the sargint, still blowin' like a sick calf, an' the other polissman was laynin' agin the dhresser bet up intirely.

"'Hut-tut!' sez Misther Lyons, an' he lugged out a pocket-buke. 'That's me,' sez he, showin' the sargint a paper. 'Read that, me man, an' don't be arrestin' dacent people for divarshin.'

"The sargint said nothin', but ordhered the other polissman to march, an' as he was hobblin' out av the doore, he threw me a luk that sed, 'I have it in for you, me boy;' and shure enough he gem me no ind av throuble an' heart-scald as long as he was in it."

"And who was Mr. Lyons?" I asked.

"A prize-walker, no less, an' a soart av gauger in Liverpool beyant. He's eddicated, like Father Falvey—although, mind ye, his people is as retired as meself."

"And what became of him, Clancy?"

A shade of intense sadness passed over his face as he replied, in a low whisper:

"He got a letther wan mornin', an' he was off; but, wirra-wirra! he tuk along wud him the heart av the Colleen Rue."

He smote his hands together, and rocked backward and forward in a gush of suppressed grief.

"She's dawney ever sence," he continued. "She

aits like a midge, an' gets as little sleep as a corncrake. It's nothin' wud her but larnin' an' bukes. Lyons used for to tache her, an', begorra! she'd bate him now aisy. Father Pat sez she'd puzzle the Frinch in their own langwidge. Here's her writin';" and he handed me a crumpled piece of paper.

I opened it with feelings of considerable curiosity, and was astonished to find an extract from Sandeau's charming novel "Madeleine," written in a neat if not an elegant hand. Master Cupid had done this. What a transition! From the churn to the closet, from heather-covered bogs to flower-strewed fields! Here was Arcadia! Here was Chloe with her crook: where was Strephen with his reed? and where, where the sheep? I was utterly unprepared for this revelation anent the mental culture of the Colleen Rue. Her manner was that of a simple peasant-girl, her ideas those of the crack pupil of the village school; but her education above this particular point was either very artfully concealed or had sunk fathoms deep into her mind, remaining at the bottom. What a struggle toward the light! What a fierce fight against heavy odds! What a dogged conflict against crushing influences! And what a victory!

"Thry her on pothrey, sir, an', begorra! she'll give ye wisps av it."

At this moment the object of our remarks was seen ascending the hill, with a stride as stately as that of a *gitana*. She walked like a Spanish woman, a sweeping motion from the hips, full of dignified grace; and, old bachelor that I was, with a heart like a shriveled walnut, I felt a pulsation beneath the left bosom of my waistcoat that ordered up the danger-signal instanter. I had experienced a similar sensation once before when Miss Tabitha— But why touch a chord which produces discord? No! let my dead thoughts lie with the dead leaves of the autumn of 186–.

"Micky Mulligan wants you about the turnips, father," said the Colleen Rue.

"Av coorse he does, bad cess to him!" grumbled Clancy, as he moved off in the direction of the barn.

"And so you're a French scholar, Mary?"

She plunged a short, sharp, incisive look right into me, totting me up, pounds, shillings, and pence, at the same tot, withdrew it gently—blushed from the roots of her glorious red hair to the hem of her yellow neck-handkerchief.

"Who told you?" she asked.

"Your father."

"I wish he wouldn't be talking of me at all!" she exclaimed, in a dissatisfied tone.

"You are not ashamed of being educated, Mary?"

"I am *not* educated, nor half educated!"—stamping on the purple heather a naked foot, such as Phidias might have imitated in marble, if he could —"I know nothing. I wish to Heaven I had a chance of learning!"

The tone was earnest, the action was earnest. Her eyes glistened, and tears came timidly on her fringed lashes.

"Why not make a chance?" said I, awkwardly enough.

"How can I?—tell me how!" she cried, passionately. "Is there a chance in feeding pigs, in milking cows, in churning butter, in boiling potatoes? There is always drudgery, deadly drudgery, for me to do. If I get up at day-dawn and go to bed at midnight, it's all the same. Oh, how I hate my life!"

She flung an amount of pent-up wretchedness into her last words that made me quiver. They spoke of blasted hope, colorless existence, of grief, misery, and heart-break.

I gazed at the placid Corriebawn; at the pretty cabin, from which the smoke was so peacefully ascending; at the gentle cattle; at the purple mountains, sleeping in the sunlight; at the valley, where all was calm—and then I turned to the beautiful, panting form beside me, and grieved to think that peace could find no resting-place within that heaving bosom.

"What has my reading done for me? This: I have no companions. The girls despise me because I cannot, *cannot* herd with them. It has isolated me. I am alone. My world is not in this valley."

The girl was heart-sick. Her mood was dangerous.

"May, May, come here, acushla!" cried Clancy, in the distance.

"There it is. I'm wanted," she said, with an intense bitterness, "to feed the PIGS!" And, with an ill-suppressed sob, she swept from me.

I had never seen her in this mood. I did not believe her capable of it. Was this the timid girl who made my stirabout and boiled my potatoes? Was this the barefooted nymph who tended the kine and looked after the grunters? Where was King Cophetua? Here was a lowly maiden waiting but his majesty's arrival to lay aside her blue petticoat for a robe of ermine, and to bind her flowing locks to fit the crown. What a queen that peasant-girl would make!—and I thought of the dumpy little lady who represents Britannia, and sighed. The shriveled walnut that was on duty in my left breast again betrayed symptoms of unwonted animation. How was this? Surely, the fire of love had been raked out long ago, and the grate black-leaded for summer. A blaze just now would be dangerous, as the chimney was stuffed, and the tenement of clay uninsured. Hang King Cophetua! Confound that bewitching beggar-maid! A fig for Clancy's red-headed daughter! Let her mind the pigs. Was this gauger comeatable? If yea, the girl's happiness should not be allowed to wither without an effort. Lyons wasn't ice or a block of marble. It would never do to leave this lily-of-the-valley to pine on the stem. An effort must be made to save her from her most dangerous enemy—herself. This morbid condition of mind, this duplex movement of being, would end misanthropically, if not more deplorably. Every day was torture, every night fever. The routine of life was hideous; and, as every page she read would tend to refine, so every hour would but increase her miser-

able burden. Study was poison; idleness, death. She had but two courses open—one, to increase her store of knowledge, and thereby isolate herself *in toto* from her present surroundings; the other, to plod wearily onward, and to struggle toward the setting sun. All this and more I pondered by the flowing Corriebawn, and many a little trout owed its prolonged existence to my day-dream of the future of the Colleen Rue.

When we met at supper-time she never raised her eyes, or vouchsafed me a word.

"Troth, thin, but yer as dull as ditch-wather to-night, mavourneen," observed Peter Clancy, in sorrowful tones.

"I've a headache, father," was the reply, as she glided out into the twilight.

"Is there any chance of this Lyons coming back?"

"Do ye think we're goin' for to ax him?" cried Clancy, fiercely. "No, not if she was dyin' there at me feet, and a word from me 'ud do it!"

"Did you consult a physician?"

"To be shure I did. Docthor Finnerty, av Westport, a knowledgeable man, that knows every combustible that ever was med, an' has brought more min out av the horrors av dhrink than any docthor in the land. But he done nothin' for her. 'Lave it to Nature,' sez he, 'an' in coorse av time she'll cum round. Av it was delirim tremens,' sez he, 'I'd cure her while ye'd be axin' for the loan av a sack.' She takes no divarshin, nor no elemint in nothin'. Wirra! wirra! what's to be done at all, at all? I'm fairly heart-scalded!"

"Is there no way of bringing this Lyons business about, Clancy?"

"Divil a wan, barrin' Father Falvey tuk it in hand."

"Do you think he would?"

I resolved upon seeing the priest. My visit could do no possible harm, and might be productive of good.

The dew lay on the grass, the mist upon the hills, and the birds were chirruping on every bough, as I started across the mountain for Ballynacruskeen. What elixir one quaffs when one *does* get up in the morning! What acrobatic elasticity, what a swing in the mind! The impossible seems within reach, and honor, fame, glory, and riches, are to be had for the asking. This is the time to seek for the four-leaved shamrock, or to catch a leprechaun napping. The sun has not had time to melt the crocks of gold which the "good people" have left behind them, and nothing of evil dare remain abroad. The ground passed, as it were, from under my feet, and, ere I could have possibly imagined that three miles had been traversed, I found myself within hail of the village.

Situated in the remotest corner of the wildest portion of the county of Mayo, Ballynacruskeen mustered but a few mud-cabins, erected here and there in such positions as their owners deemed most advantageous, both as regards shelter from the cutting winds from the Atlantic, and the "bit o' ground" for the cultivation of the potato. Resembling stragglers from the main army, these rude habitations presented a desolate if not a dissolute appearance; and, were it not that the place was enlivened by a chapel, very small and very white, as if constructed of snow-flakes, and a cottage covered with crisp thatch bearing a defiant air of whitewash about it, to say nothing of a desperate effort in the direction of a flower-garden, Ballynacruskeen might fairly be set down as one of those localities only known to a miserable few, and to whom, out of sheer and desperate necessity, it bore the relationship of a home.

Upon a little patch of verdure immediately opposite the cottage, attired in his *soutane*, and breviary in hand, paced Father Pat Falvey. Tall, and thin almost to emaciation, there lingered still about his gaunt form a wiry swing that spoke of scarce yet faded vigor, while a flickering flash in his dark-gray eye told of a hot heart and a busy brain.

"Father Pat," as he was familiarly styled—a large number of his parishioners were ignorant of his surname—was revered and loved by his little flock. They tilled his "thrifle" of oats, thatched his cottage, and dug his "pratees" for him. The best take in the net was set aside for his "riverince," and during Lent, while the O'Gradys of the Hall were compelled to do as best they could upon corned cod or potted herrings, Father Pat fared upon fish that would have caused a sensation in Billingsgate Market. A true and faithful pastor, he never yet was known to miss his mass, and the dead hours of the darkest night, in fair weather or in foul, found him astride his stout little pony, wending his way through wild mountain-passes or across treacherous bogs, to minister to the requirements of the sick, or to soothe the agonies of the dying. In worldly matters a child, he lived clean out of the world, perfectly satisfied to learn what was whirling within it from the pages of the *Weekly Courier*, from which it was his habit to read aloud in summer by the sad sea-wave, and in winter by a roaring turf-fire, specially laid on by his housekeeper, an "ould widdy" woman whose husband was lost at sea during the night of the great storm.

All these particulars, and many more, anent the good priest, I learned subsequently, but I may as well narrate them here.

Knowing it to be a violation of etiquette to address a clergyman during the performance of his "office," I seated myself on a granite bowlder, and patiently awaited his convenience. Divining my intention, he closed his book, and advanced to me.

"Good-morning, sir," he said; "I see that you and the sun are capital friends."

"This is an exceptional occasion, reverend sir."

"Then it requires an exceptionally good breakfast, sir, and I hope you will favor me with your company. You hear the hens cackling; they have contributed their *quota*. There goes the boy after milking the cows. A few slices from a flitch of the own brother of that pig. My housekeeper is very

'knowledgeable' on tea, and I make coffee *à la Louis Quinze*."

This was a good beginning. There was a courtly grace about Father Falvey that spoke of the *ancien régime*, of Saint-Omer, or Salamanca.

"I do not know what to do with this poor child," said the priest, as we sat together after breakfast. "She is in a very melancholy position between the Scylla of duty and the Charybdis of the tender passion. I doubt if I acted wisely in feeding her intelligence; a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and it might have been better for her never to have read a line of print out of her missal. She had some hopes of qualifying for a governess; but, dear sir, with that fatal dowry of beauty, her heated imagination, and her total ignorance of the world, notwithstanding her religious training, she might be led astray, and return to the Corriebawn wrecked on the rock of sin. Lyons admired her—who would not?—and he meant well, but he wrote but one letter, and nothing has been heard of him since. She is true to his memory, true to her first love. It is her second religion. This very morning, early as it is, I have had a visit from a suitor," continued the priest, with a smile; "a decent boy, who is breaking his heart about her. I told him that his case was hopeless, but he hopes against hope, and, poor fellow, spends his nights in writing and reading, in order to level up to her standard."

"Have you spoken to her about him?"

"Very often, but the subject is now one that actually seems to afford her pain, and I am reluctantly forced to abandon it."

"Then what can we do for her, Father Falvey?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. We must trust in Providence that this state of things will pass away, and that her reading will become a tonic instead of an irritant poison."

"Could we not dig out this Lyons?"

"*Cui bono?* We couldn't say, 'Come and marry the Colleen Rue, Mr. Lyons.' The days for forcing men to wed 'mickle-mouthed Megs' are gone. I greatly fear for the dead ashes of this poor girl's life."

I quitted Ballynacruskeen a sadder man than when I entered it. Somehow or other I entertained a hope that a conference with Father Falvey would be productive of a something which might bear fruit, but my anticipations were in no way realized. The priest was as helpless as I was myself.

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When I drew near home, I found the Colleen Rue seated beneath the rustic porch, buried in a book. So engrossed was she that I was enabled to stand beside her ere she was aware of my presence.

"What are you reading?" I said.

She gave a great bound, and the book fell from her hands. It was the "Idylls of the King."

"Let me read a little to you, Mary." This was to reassure the poor girl, who looked perfectly scared.

"Oh, if you please, sir," she said, with the intense eagerness of a child.

Here was a picture for an aspiring artist.

The honeysuckled bower, the listening maiden, the reading—I wasn't the lover, nor yet the friend—"the reading lodger" wouldn't do at all. The reading youth! Ah! I was forty-five, and a few scoundrelly gray hairs had impudently squatted in my beard. I had arrived at that age when men look down the hill at the glorious scenes which they have left behind them, twenty-five miles back on the road. I was now also referred to as the elderly gentleman, and I had commenced a course of severe study in hair-dyes.

I was not a bad reader. I had heard the melodious voice of Bellew, had studied his splendid action, had imbibed some of his method. No wonder, then, if in the wild valley, with an untutored girl for my audience, and freed from all *mauvaise honte*, or hesitation, I was an unexampled, nay, a splendid success! The passionate nature wept or laughed with me as I willed. To-day we were in the tomb with Juliet, to-morrow at a dinner-party at Veneering's. Now we stood with Horatius on the Bridge, or on the "dreary moorland" at Locksley Hall, upon the scaffold with Montrose, or with the Tuggs at Ramsgate.

Each day gave birth to a new subject and a fresh current of thought. The pastime became a passion: hours, days, weeks, glided away. My rod was neglected, my flies untied, my letters unanswered. I became wholly, absolutely engrossed. The past was dead, the future unborn; I was leading a child-life in the present. Surrounded by an atmosphere of my own creation, I reveled in its voluptuous haze. I would not look beyond it; and when, betimes, the rude hand of reality essayed to thrust aside the veil, I closed it with a shudder of peevish anxiety. The roses bloomed once more upon the cheeks of the Colleen Rue, and light—was it love-light?—sparkled in her eyes.

One day I seized my long-neglected rod and sauntered down the river. To fish? No. To muse on Mary Clancy. Clancy is not pretty, I only thought of her as Mary, or as the Colleen Rue. To me, her beauty, which heretofore I regarded as I would one of Mr. Millais's delightful creations, had now assumed more of the ripe and real. The little brown hand was a tangible commodity; her glorious red hair brushed my throbbing temples; her splendid form heaved against my breast; those luminous eyes gazed into mine—of course, I mean that all this occurred during my readings, and when we were both thoroughly wound up by our subject, forgetful of conventionality, and oblivious of restraining influences. I defy any man, of any color, any age, or any weight, to be perpetually brought into contact with a lovely woman, and to escape a rasper from the chubby archer. It will come. It must come. Talk of the measles! Why, the infection in the other case is a hundred-fold greater, and with this trifle of a difference, you may catch one—you *must* flop into the other. You get over one—you never recover from the

other. Bare your heart, my dear sir, and let me see all the old wounds that are only half healed, and ready to burst out afresh; and this one is bleeding still, although you tell me, upon your honor as a gentleman, it was given you thirty-odd years ago. I was hit—badly hit. When a man is in the heat of action, amid its frenzied excitement and glorious delirium, he is utterly unconscious of the fact of being wounded. It is only when he emerges from the conflict that the painful truth becomes apparent, and he calls for aid when the chances are that it may be too late. Thus it was with me. I went on dreaming, dreaming, and refused to awaken. I had not strength to break my rosy chaplet, to raze my aërial castle.

I placed myself in the pillory, and pelted myself with my own thoughts. I thought of her lowly condition, and that infernal King Cophetua and his beggar wench interposed. I thought of her stockingless feet, and Canova's masterpiece planted a marble set of toes right beneath my mental vision. I thought of her homely garb, and forthwith a member of the fashionable world frisks before me, in the meretricious attractions of ruches, ribbons, and silk. To any move came the cry of "Check!" Her father! What was her father to me? I wasn't going to marry *him*. My friends! I wasn't going to marry *them*. My age! Forty-five means forty, and forty is a young man still. Some charming author has written that a man only becomes dangerous to a woman at fifty. How I treasured that most truthful observation, and lugged it out at least a dozen times as I sat meditating by the saucy Corriebawn! The Colleen Rue was eighteen—the difference between eighteen and forty was twelve—no, begad, twenty-two years—say twenty. What about a twenty paltry years one way or the other! I had sown my wild-oats. I wanted no latch-key, or society, other than that of my *lares* and *penates*. Boys of thirty and thirty-five had no business to marry! These were the beings who brought contempt upon the word husband—young noodles who didn't know their own minds, and who spent their nights in clubs and dissipation! Of course, I was young enough for Mary Clancy—I mean the Colleen Rue—if anything, *too* young. I felt this all along; how absurd to have given the question one moment's anxious thought! Would she take me? Ha, ha! Would a duck swim? Had I not fascinated, bewildered her? Was I not a necessity to her existence? Had I not blotted from out her mind every trace of the despicable gauger, crushed his image from her heart, torn his picture from the frame, as dexterously as the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire had been removed from its gilded border? Was I not the first object that greeted her vision when she emerged from her coquettish apartment, and the last, as with ill-smelling rush-light, she retired to her dreams? I had but to say the word, and the Colleen Rue was mine—mine forever. Rapturous idea!—undefined, infinite, mysterious, unfathomable, and inthralling. Why not put it into execution at once? why delay the enjoyment of such unadulterated bliss, by the fraction of the fragment of a second? Why not return to the cabin—no, hang it! cottage—repair to her bower, and— What I would or would not have done, is of the unbegotten. My attention was called to the figure of a man coming along the river-side on the opposite bank. Any biped, "barrin' a bird," in this peaceful valley, was more or less an object of curiosity; but when that biped happened to be attired in a very smart, well-fitting suit of grayish tweed, surmounted by a jaunty black hat, as in the present instance, curiosity paled into wonder, and wonder fused itself into interest.

A nearer approach—for I fished down to him—showed me a tall, good-looking man, of about thirty, strongly built, with a cheery face, very sunburned, not the ruddiness at the gills of your cricketer or gentleman-farmer, but that dull, brownish yellow of the merciless tropical sun. Who was he? What the deuce brought him to this out-of-the-way place? Some tourist wandering from the beaten track, who had lost his way.

"Any sport, sir?" he asked, in a good round voice, with a touch of the Saxon in it.

"I've only just commenced to fish," was my reply.

"There's a very good hole down below that clump of trees; many a fine trout—ay, up to two pounds—have I taken out of it."

"You have fished this river, then?"

"Night, noon, and morning, sir. What flies have you up?"

"Two orange wrens, and the tail-fly, or black hackle."

"A very good cast," he observed, with the air of a connoisseur; "but I think you might try a grown fly, as there are clouds coming up."

"Thanks; I'll adopt your suggestion. Have a cigar?" I longed for a gossip with him, as, except with the author of the being of the Colleen Rue, I had held no converse with one of my own sex for weeks. What a passport is a cigar!—I mean a good one, of course. It is the calumet of peace. Jones makes Brown's acquaintance with a nod. He shakes his hand over a cigar, asks him to dinner after two, and gives him his daughter, with five thousand pounds, by the time that a box is consumed. You may smile, smirk, bow, and kotow, to Robinson; he'll not notice you. Why should he? His acquaintance is too extensive as it is; but just try him with a delicate "Exceptionale" or a languishing "Lopez," and, Lombard Street to a Chaynee orange, but he'll listen to your sawdust anecdote, or smile at your wooden joke. A pinch of snuff is no mean introduction, but it requires propping up, as the recipient is liable to walk away with a "Thank you." Let it be rappee—some of that priceless mixture with which "the first gentleman in Europe" was wont to regale his royal nostrils at those wicked little suppers at Carlton House; or Lundy Foot's "blackguard," that Dan O'Connell took while in Richmond Prison. The box, too, must have a history. Brummel's fingers or Beau Nash's waistcoat-pockets should have held it;

and the taper digits of the Lass of Richmond Hill, or of the Misses Linley, toyed with its enameled lid. As good wine needs no bush, so a good cigar fearlessly asserts itself; and the "bit o' baccy" that I tossed across the Corriebawn was fit to place beneath the hay-colored mustache of England's future king.

"That's a genuine 'Manuel Garcia,' exclaimed the stranger, as he placed the cigar under his nose, "and in prime condition. Let me return the compliment. Try these," and he flung a handful of enormous "half-hours-of-bliss" at my feet. "Please take them, sir." Seeing that I hesitated: "I've just returned from Havana, and these belong to a lot that were being specially prepared for Alfonso, and, *entre nous*, for his mother Isabella, too; they say she smokes like a medical student in the dissecting-room."

Good-fellowship having been established upon such excellent foundations as superlative tobacco and scandal against the Queen of Spain, it is scarcely necessary to say that I threw my rod aside, and that, seated opposite each other, with the streamlet between us, we talked over each soothing whiff.

"Are you a native of this country?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no! I'm English—my father and mother are Irish, though."

"You seem to know the country pretty accurately." He had named every landmark for miles around.

"Yes, I stopped here about two years ago. By-the-way," he added, "do you happen to know if a man called Peter Clancy is in the land of the living still? He used to reside about two miles from here, right under a huge granite bowlder, known as the 'Devil's Cake.'"

"He's alive and well; I lodge with him," I replied.

The stranger took three or four very rapid whiffs, coughed a little, as if clearing his throat, and then said:

"His daughter lived with him—a good-looking girl, with auburn hair. Is *she* alive, and—and well?"

"Of course she is, and the most beautiful colleen in Connemara."

"Is she single, or—"

Here the cough caught him again.

"She's not married yet," I observed, with an arch significance.

"Then she's engaged to be married?"—flinging his cigar into the river as if he were throwing an *assagai*.

"It's not likely that so charming a flower would remain ungathered, especially in Ireland, where the beauty of woman is a creed, and the men all saints in their devotion."

He said nothing. His Saxon dullness couldn't fathom my metaphor. He appeared dejected. His ignorance was sneering at him.

"When I was here"—this in a low voice, as though speaking with an effort—"a young man lodged with them of the name of—"

"Lyons," I interposed.

"You heard them speak of him?"

"A hundred times. This is a stunning weed!"

And so it was, with the fragrance of the breath of a houri, and an ash as white as a snow-flake.

"Did *she* speak of him?" he asked, eagerly, thirstily.

"Not much. He was a *nice* youth, that Lyons."

"How? Why do you say this?" he burst in.

"It appears that the fellow had some little education, which he shared with the Colleen Rue. The girl's mind was a sponge. It soaked up all that he knew. The girl's heart was a cake of honey-soap, and this fellow's impression imprinted itself upon it. But Time, sir—Time washed his hands with this cake of soap, and rubbed out the gauger's image. Not but that the poor child had a terrible tussle for it. She loved this man as a young girl loves but once, with a wild, yearning, clinging, passionate devotion. The spring-time of love is full of beauteous flowers, it is true, but give me the Indian-summer, when the fruit is on the tree, and the leaves have won the color which they will bear until they die."

"If she loved him as you say, why didn't she remain faithful to him?" said the stranger.

"Faithful to *him?* why the deuce wasn't he faithful to *her?*"

"I have reason to believe that he was."

"Then, sir, you have been misinformed; let *me* tell you that. He left without explanation, and with but one flimsy letter."

"Three letters," interrupted my companion.

"One, sir! I have it from the girl's own lips, and she is truth itself."

"She did not deign to reply even to this one."

"For the simple reason that she didn't know how to write at the time, and Lyons ought to have known that pretty well. Look at her caligraphy now," I added, taking an extract from "The Corsair," and flinging it wrapped round a small stone across to him. The stone, true to its mark, plunged against his stomach, but the paper stopped half-way, and dropped into the stream.

I have seen the harmless, necessary cat dart at a mouse, a dog go for a bone, a bull for a gayly-attired *matador;* but the spring with which the stranger plunged into the river after the floating paper surpassed for acrobatic agility any performance I had ever heretofore witnessed. He seized the paper much as the expectant heir crashes open the will, or as the master of Ravenswood the luckless document to which the trembling, terrified Lucy Ashton has just appended her quivering autograph. Up to his hips in water, he devoured every word which the Colleen Rue had written upon the dripping paper, his lips moving after the fashion of young gentlemen when endeavoring to commit to memory within a very short space of time one hundred and fifty lines of the first book of Virgil, or a similar dose of the works of that wonderful old gentleman who knew a trifle of human nature, commonly called Horace.

This eccentric conduct somewhat perplexed me. The man was perfectly sober, spoke rationally, and his tobacco went into the witness-box and swore as to his taste and judgment.

"Hallo!" I cried; "you take the water like a retriever. Don't fetch on an attack of rheumatism. There isn't a drop of brandy within two good Irish miles."

This observation recalled him to his senses. He endeavored to laugh; it wouldn't do. A grin came up, to make room for a grimace; and finally he swashed over, till he reached my outstretched hand, when I jerked him on shore.

"We had better start for Clancy's at once," said I; "a whiffler of cognac will do you no harm."

"Not there, not there!" he muttered. "And yet—"

"Why not there? They are most hospitable people."

Without word or warning, rhyme or reason, and as if following up some frozen idea, which had suddenly thawed, he asked:

"Is Mary Clancy going to be married?"

"Not immediately," I replied.

"Is she engaged to any one?"

I could not utter a falsehood to save my somewhat crane-like neck. Why should I? What mattered it to this eccentric stranger whether she was maid, wife, or widow?

"She is not exactly engaged, but a gentleman is paying her very marked attention, and—"

"What do you mean by a gentleman?" he brusquely demanded.

His tone was irritating, but his tobacco was soothing. The antidote had more go in it than the bane.

"A barrister by profession, a rising junior who has been offered the 'silk' on two occasions, but is too young to accept it; a scholar, a *littérateur*, an enthusiast, one who loses sight of the meanness of her birth in the dazzle of her beauty, and who can make amends for her absence of culture by the exuberance of his own; handsome, with winning manner and address, and of an ancient lineage. He is about to offer his hand, heart, fortune, and position, to the red-headed daughter of Peter Clancy of the Corriebawn."

"But will she accept him?"

"Will yonder river reach the sea? Will that glorious sun sink into the embraces of the west?"

"And Lyons?"

"Pshaw! Blotted out, sir, erased! A young girl's heart is like a slate, sir; a little of the damp of disappointment, and the impression disappears. If you want to retain the article, cut your name upon it. This is what we did at school."

"Do you think that if this—this Lyons were to come back, that—that the old impression, as you call it, would revive?" he asked, in a jerky, nervous way.

"Not a bit of it. You drop a stone into the water; there is a splash, a bubble, some rings, and all is calm as before. Such would be Lyons's fate if he turned up now. An exclamation of surprise, a sob, a few recriminations, and Lyons would get his ticket-of-leave. But come along; it won't do to stand dripping here discussing the improbable."

He did not move. His head was plunged upon his breast. There was unutterable sadness in his whole bearing. I was about to rally him, when he interposed:

"Before I take leave of you, sir—for I am about to retrace my steps—will you kindly bear a message from me to the Colleen Rue?"

"Why can't you give it to the girl yourself? We can walk over in less than thirty minutes."

"I'll tell you why I cannot intrude upon her—*I am Martin Lyons!*"

"Here was a revelation, indeed. My castle in Spain reeled under the shock as if it were earthquake. What fatality that, out of the millions of inhabitants of the earth, this individual should turn up! Who wanted this Rip Van Winkle after his sleep of four-and-twenty months? Not I. Not Mary. Ah! was I certain of that? Not quite. She felt a sneaking kindness for him still. The fire was not extinguished. A little wet slack had been cast upon it, which the slightest stir would set ablaze. She was my prize now; I had cut him out; and why should I haul down my colors? No; I would nail the black flag to the mast, and if needs be scuttle this fire-ship that now came cruising in my waters.

"Yes, I am Martin Lyons, and I love Mary Clancy now better than ever. I left suddenly because I received an important letter from the head of the department that required instant action. When I got to Liverpool I was intrusted, with another customs-officer, with a secret mission to Havana. I wrote to Mary three times, and in the last letter I said all I had to say. The letters might be posted on the door of the chapel of Ballynacruskeen, and any friend could have answered them for her, especially Father Falvey. I got proud then, when I found that no notice was taken of me, and I tried to forget her; but I couldn't. Do what I would, she was always before me; go where I would, the Corriebawn was ever at my feet. At length I felt such a longing to see her that I came over, and I was trembling coming up the valley like some guilty person, when I met you. I know all now—I know all now," and Martin Lyons sat down upon a stone, and buried his face in his hands.

"Mary has no fortune," he said presently, "and I would like to make her a little present. Take these"—thrusting a goodly bunch of crisp Bank-of-England notes toward me—"and tell her that they are from an old friend. Don't mention my name. Do you hesitate?"

"I am a stranger," said I, "and—"

"But you are a *gentleman*," he burst in.

Confound that word!—it leveled me. Down I went before it, hit between the eyes.

"Martin Lyons," I said, "no man shall give these notes to the Colleen Rue but yourself. Come to her, man. Every pulse of her heart is yours. You were never forgotten. Her love is as fresh and as pure as the Corriebawn."

The glare in his eyes dazzled me. The wrench he gave my hand caused every nerve to tingle.

"And this barrister?" he inquired.

"A myth, my dear sir—a bogey! He is fifty

years old;" and for the first time in my life I added to my age. This was eating humble pie with a vengeance. Why wasn't Mary culling flowers, eating honey, or "cutting bread-and-butter," anything but making pig's-puddings, as I entered the cabin, Lyons remaining outside?

"You're home early, sir," she said.

"Yes, Mary. Like Daniel, I just escaped from the *lions'* den."

She didn't see the joke.

"Would you like me to read to you, Mary?"

"Not here, sir, thank you."

"By-the-way, Mary, I had a dream last night, and whom do you think I dreamed about?"

"Whom, sir?"

"Martin Lyons."

Such a rosy red, such an ivory paleness, such a delicious tremor!

"I thought that I met him in the valley, and that he told me he was coming to clear up everything, and to ask you to be his wife."

My manner was agitated, in spite of a desperate resolve to remain as cool as a cabbage-leaf. She caught my agitation flying, and became infected.

"For Heaven's sake tell me what you mean!" she panted.

"My dream is no dream; I met him this morning. He is here."

She fell into my arms. I was not prepared for this, nor yet to find her so exceedingly heavy. My foot slipped, and I measured five feet seven and a half upon the floor ere Martin Lyons could rush to the rescue.

"Take her, for Heaven's sake!" I groaned, as her radiant lover clasped her in his manly arms.

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I attended the wedding at Ballynacruskeen Chapel as Martin Lyons's best man. I kissed the bride, as was my privilege. I proposed her health. I danced on a door, and—I am to be godfather to their little son.

FRENCH WRITERS AND ARTISTS.

II.

EMILE ZOLA AND EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

IN the modern realistic school of French writers, there are two who seem to have carried to the limits of possibility that peculiar kind of realism which consists in reconciling us to the disagreeable, not by disguising but by revealing it. These writers are Emile Zola and Edmond de Goncourt.

Their resemblance, as also their difference, in the treatment of subjects of the same general type, naturally suggests the consideration of both these writers in the same article, although anything like an exhaustive criticism of the works of either would require much more space than we can give to both.

Each produces in his own way—Zola by that perfection of art which lies in its concealment, De Goncourt by the exhibition of art in its highest form—the effect he intends to produce; the rhetorical distinction of their respective modes is easily marked, but the real secret of the word-painting in each eludes observation. We know that the things and persons they delight to portray are as much within the scope of our own observation as within theirs; but we know them in their reality as generally uninteresting, often repulsive: we recognize them in their pages as subjects of mental analysis every way worthy of our attention. The intensity of effect in each is about equal, but its quality is as different as the means employed to produce it. Zola's characters live and breathe; we believe in their actual existence, and think that he must have copied them from direct observation. Those of De Goncourt are more typical and historic; the marked disproportion between the power of the writer and the object on which its energy is expended gives to the latter something of the air of anatomical subjects: the character suffers a little, the writer gains enormously. We shall revert to this writer further on.

Zola is extremely near-sighted, and, it is said, *travaille peu sur nature*, for such is the phrase, the meaning of which is that, when he has to describe anything, he does not need to survey it like a carpenter, but culls from out the mass of his recollections of types of a like nature that which will suit his purpose. Zola does not admit this himself—perhaps from some foolish conceit founded on a common misapprehension. He who sees everything outwardly sees things; he who sees them by introspection sees their types, for he sees them in their coördination with all that the mental speculum has registered in a lifetime. Now it is with the type only that Art is concerned. It is extremely unlikely that Shakespeare, having to describe the death of Ophelia, or the stronghold of Macbeth, hunted up a willow "ascaunt" a brook, or an old ruined castle. The inequalities of the moon's surface can be accurately made out only in the reflector; a very near-sighted man peering, with the aid of spectacles, into the best-known objects in the world in order to produce better literary effects, is ridiculous in itself, and the supposed necessity of such a *travail sur nature* is a solecism in the literary art. This affectation seems to have originated with Charles Dickens. If Zola has described with amazing accuracy some things of which he learned the details from hearsay—for this is affirmed—it is quite certain that he has described nothing that he did not know *essentially* better than any one else. To inquire how he came to know, in such a peculiar way, all that he describes, and to make others know it, would be to write a

disquisition on the nature of genius itself, which would perhaps be thought to imply a claim to the possession of it.

It is to the famous "Rougon-Maquart" series—for the publications of Zola previous to this may be considered failures—that the preceding and following remarks apply. That series contains "La Fortune des Rougon," "La Curée le Ventre de Paris," "La Conquête de Plassans," "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon," "L'Assommoir."

It was the last of these works that made Zola famous; not, perhaps, because of any real superiority it possesses over those which preceded it, but because, as we may conjecture, the writer's peculiar faculty—that of forcing us into intimate relations with the disagreeable—is shown in this work at its culmination. It must be admitted, however, that the immense popularity of "L'Assommoir" is not unalloyed with disgust. A large portion of it might be entitled "The Drunkard's Progress;" curiously enough, as if to make trial of his readers' patience, he has chosen for his microscopic delineation the vice to which the average Frenchman is least addicted. But the essential truth of the narrative, the life and vigor that pervade every part of it, triumphed over all objections, and the success of the work has been immense.

It happens occasionally that a great literary success is achieved by a single effort, and it may be remarked that reputation thus acquired is mostly transient. In general, the favor of the public must be won by repeated solicitations, by reiterated efforts, of which every one contributes its quota to the final result. It is extremely probable that, if the last and luckiest of the "Rougon-Maquart" series had been published first, and under exactly the same circumstances as the first, it would have attracted no more attention than had been accorded to the stories which preceded it in the same series and prepared the way for its reception. The fond belief of so many literary aspirants that the world has nothing so much at heart as to do homage to their abilities, and that it will eagerly avail itself of the first opportunity of doing it, is the pregnant cause of that *quasi*-misanthropy which seems to be the normal mood of so many professional writers.

It would be simply injurious, both to the author and the intending reader, to give a barren outline, which is all that could be given here, of these fascinating stories. The reader's interest in these works does not depend on plot or on situation, on the intrinsic worth or even the peculiarity of the characters. The persons and the things which Zola loves to describe are such as naturally and inevitably fall under the observation of every one. But the blurred and confused outlines we retain of them, as of things not specially interesting, contrast amazingly with the photographic presentation of them in the pages of Zola. His fish-wives, his pork-butchers and their wives, his market-garden women, his tavern-politicians, every character he brings upon the scene is instinct with life, and, in every word and gesture, reminds us of some one we have actually seen, we know not when or where. He describes a market-place, and those who swelter in its filth, as if nothing else in the world were so well worth describing; but when he has done with it, he passes to other matter, and with the same apparent ease and absolute mastery exerts upon it the same power of exhaustive delineation, the same galvanic force, the same faculty of awakening a new interest, and sustaining it through fair and foul—mostly foul—to the end. He is often prolix to tediousness, but seldom or never misses his mark. If we attempt to analyze his means, to trace up to its source the energy by which such results are obtained, we are baffled by the mere negation of his style. He has none of the artifices of the practised rhetorician; he makes no preparation for great effects; he seems almost unconscious that he produces them; he concludes a story as if it were a *compte rendu* of something in which he had no particular interest, and with the air of a man who would have been willing to say twice as much, or only half as much, if more or less had been necessary. His style consists in saying, whether in few words or many, whatever it seems possible to say on the subject in hand. No writer will be found more difficult to imitate than Zola, for, in reading his books, we think neither of his style nor of him; nothing is present to the mind but that which he puts forward for our immediate contemplation, and that is never his style nor himself. He is neither tragic, nor comic, nor humoristic in such degree as would allow of his being characterized by any of these epithets. He has no intrigue, no dramatic situations, no striking episodes, no climax or necessary conclusion to his stories, but he has characters to which he compels our attention, descriptions of transcendental reality, and a series of events which, by their mere naturalness, interest us much in the same way as those of our own lives. A less romantic writer it would be difficult to find, and still more difficult, perhaps, to name one who has discovered so much romance where so little was thought to exist.

Zola's publications before the emission of the "Rougon-Maquart" series were purely tentative and experimental. Neither the public taste nor his own peculiar powers were yet well known to him. They are chiefly interesting as showing the uncertainty of literary ventures. His first work was the "Contes à Ninon," of which there is little to be said more than this, that it showed considerable promise of future success. The "Confessions de Claude," "Madeleine Ferat," and "Thérèse Raquin," soon followed. The last of these stories he subsequently produced as a play, which had no sort of success, and he then attempted for the first and last time what the French call *le grand roman d'aventure*; after this he published "Le Vœu d'une Morte," and then, in succession, that most remarkable series of stories of which we have been speaking.

That Zola failed as a dramatic writer was only to be expected. The first necessity of dramatic writing is pregnant speech. Zola's clear and limpid style is colorless. He produces his effects not by

far-reaching flashes, but by innumerable touches of consummate art—of art essentially undramatic.

It is certainly odd that every novelist in France, at some period of his career, attempts dramatic writing, as if the one mode of thought necessarily implied, not excluded, as it generally does, the other; as if to disentangle a complicated web of thoughts and passions, and to present intelligibly the subjects of them in action, did not involve mental processes in their nature wholly distinct, and very rarely within the compass of the same mind.

There is nothing of special interest in the biography of Zola thus far—he is not yet forty years of age—unless it be the eternally interesting fact that genius is generally found where it is looked for least. Every little while some writer of whom the world thought nothing, and who probably thinks very little of himself, emerges from the crowd of competitors and bears away those honors which he would, perhaps, value little but for the feverish anxiety of others to acquire them. Of all the assurances a man can possess, that of his own inherent superiority is the most fallacious. What probability was there that a petty clerk in the publishing-house of Hachette would take rank as one of the first imaginative writers of the day? Quite as much probability, of course, as that another should do so, only we do not expect it.

That Zola was early initiated into that school whose teachings are direct, that he was often made to feel "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," might be inferred from almost any page of his writings; and we know as a matter of fact that he had to contend with all the difficulties that beset a literary career undertaken without pecuniary means; for his father, the engineer of the Canal d'Ain, died bankrupt, and the gradual payment of his debts has been one of the self-imposed duties of his son.

The name of Edmond de Goncourt appears alone on the title-page of "La Fille Eliza," and there can be little doubt that the parallel passages in this work and in "Germiny," by the brothers De Goncourt, were written by the same hand.

The shifting of the literary ground from fairy-land to fact is the grand achievement of the realistic school. Whatever of pathetic or tragic can be got out of the most unlikely material may, if the author pleases, be utilized for effect; but his real miracles are to be wrought by mental analysis. The pen is not to be used as a conjuring-wand, but as a scalpel, to lay bare whatever is concealed, whether it be beautiful, whether it be hideous. Physiologists tell us that from a purely scientific point of view the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health. Chemistry teaches that the most disgusting odors are emanations as pure and from substances as pure as attar of roses; and conversely it teaches how to extract the most delicious perfumes and flavors from the most offensive substances. To the devotee of mental analysis all that is human is interesting, and worthy to be recorded. A work constructed on this principle—avowed or implied—and by a consummate master in the analytic art, could not but be a very remarkable production. But, notwithstanding the earnest deprecation of the author in his preface—a very needless affirmation of the moral purpose of the work—"La Fille Eliza" was not well received. The absence of the traditional splendor, without which Anonyma is a poor creature indeed—Anonyma without cough, hectic flush, or camellias—the presentation of the thing itself in all its natural hideousness, with all its human suffering and human sympathies, its tragic life and tragic end—this was a style too severely scientific for even Parisian taste, and a howl of virtuous indignation greeted the introduction of "La Fille Eliza" into the circles of polite literature.

In mere force of style De Goncourt greatly surpasses Zola; all his touches have a marvelous precision; each sentence is a *facette* that shows just enough for the purpose, and the next shows something else. His rigorous economy of words, his perfect adaptation of means to ends, is a study of itself. He has no dalliance with delicious phrases for their own sake, no literary trifling, no pretense of having seen what he records, yet we receive all that he tells us as the testimony of an eye-witness.

If, as I have suggested, we are sometimes as much interested in the development of his processes as in that of his subject, the first canon of art, *ars est celare artem*, seems to be violated; but, in the contemplation of the most perfect art, is there not a pleasure of a higher order than could in many cases be obtained from the subject of that art?

It is worthy of remark that "La Dame aux Camélias," by Alexandre Dumas, Jr., an essentially immoral work, and exhibiting a comparatively feeble literary power, had a prodigious run. The "Fille Eliza," an essentially moral work, and written by a master-hand, was read only to be scouted. Putting these facts together, may we not still say, with the learned Mr. Jenkinson, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The world, sir, the world is in its dotage?"

CONSOLATION.

WHEN all my life was wounded and forlorn,
It felt the sacred influence wrought by thee,
As when aërial pursuivants of morn
Fling rosy prophecies over shadowed sea!

And now, though manlier force yet droop and fail,
Though deathless memories haunt me past control,
Dear spirit of peace, thou art the nightingale
That warbles amid the darkness of my soul!

A TRAMP.

HIS STORY.

TRAMP? Yes, I'm a tramp, and one of the worst of the kind,
Thinks my lady who peers at me there through the bars of her blind,
As I lounge in the shade of the tree here, and greedily munch
The broken bread-crusts which she'd airily call my lunch.
My lunch! That sounds well to a man who for forty-eight hours
Hasn't broken his fast until now—now, while he devours
The broken bread-scraps that stick in his starving throat,
Which he cools now and then, as my lady takes pains to note,
From a rummy old flask, which she thinks she can smell
From behind her blind-bars, as the vintage of hell.
She'd never believe, though I poured it out at her feet,
That it was only a draught of the ale that Adam found sweet.
How her impulse of charity chills at this villainous sign,
While through the window below on the sideboard, carven and fine,
I can see the decanters filled with old madeira and sherry,
For respectable lips to drain, till the wits grow mellow and merry!
Well, my lady, I wonder what you would say,
If I should rise in my rags and tell you that in my day
I had toasted as fair as you in wine of the choicest and best,
And been of the rich and the gay a courted and flattered guest?
Believe me? No, you'd turn with scorn from my tale,
And send for the nearest police to lodge me in jail
For a lying vagrant and nuisance plying the trade
Of a swindler for the chance of a theft to be made.
And the police: I can see my gentleman's face
As the story is told—a tramp is a tramp all base
Through and through, a bundle of rags and of lies,
One begetting another, both stripped clean of disguise
In that sharp professional sight on the watch for a thief.
And I can hear my gentleman's voice, curt with unbelief,
As he stabs me here and there with a question or two:
Yes, a curious story, indeed, if it chance to be true!
But men so high in the world wouldn't let an old comrade dine
On beggarly crusts; they'd feast him on woodcock and wine!
Would they? Ah, my professional friend,
Your wisdom is not of this world of "the upper West End."
Of crime and of vice you've a knowledge far beyond mine,
But of the friendship that lavishes woodcock and wine
On the man who's at odds with Fortune and Fate,
A poor, shabby devil without worldly estate,
Who has once been as high as now he is low,
I think I may venture to swear that I know
All the ins and the outs—and the outs, let me say,
By a heavy majority carry the day!
But 'twas never the way of the world to look back
For the unfortunate rider who slipped in the track:
Once down, he may scramble to foot as he can;
But the chance is, once down, that a luckier man
Closes in to the line and fills up his place,
And he finds ere he knows that he's out of the race.
So I slipped from the track, and the world doubtless thinks
Lost the race like a coward who shivers and shrinks
From the brunt of the battle, sneaking out of the strife,
For the shameless, sweet sloth of the vagabond's life.
Oh, my world, so you judge from your fine, airy height
Of respectable sin the poor, luckless wight
Who has lost in the race and drifted below
Your chariot-wheels—God! what do you know
Of the straits men may come to when flung to the wall,
Out of pluck, out of pocket—in short, stripped of all
That can give a man reason or courage to face
His fellows once more in the heat of the race?
You to talk in that virtuous, copy-book way
Of the certain rewards that are sure to repay
Honest worth and endeavor; you to preach and to prate
As you sit at your ease high in church and in state
Of adversity's uses and poverty's gains!
Oh, my world, let me say, as a fool for your pains,
And a selfish old braggart, you'll rank with the best,
While I—well, I sat with you once as your guest,
And I know you, my world, for your wisdom was mine
In those days when we feasted on woodcock and wine.
But since then I have tasted a vintage that brings
A wisdom denied to courtiers and kings!
'Tis the vintage that's grown from the vine we may call
The vine of experience, and bitter as gall
It has shown me the folly of faith here below
In those fine little saws and proverbs that glow
Like a coal from the altar of heaven till the day
That we bring them to bank with their promise to pay.
There's that one about honest worth and endeavor,
With its certain rewards—well, perhaps I'm not clever
At counting rewards; perhaps I should find
My reward in my conscience, and thus go it blind.
But though I have kept this conscience as fair,
Perhaps, as my lady who peers at me there,
I am not of that sort of ethereal stuff
To sup on a conscience and find it enough.
Yet no epicure's feast do I hanker for now,
But that promise fulfilled, "By the sweat of thy brow
Shalt thou eat." A curse, yet a pledge, there it stands,
To crumble and fall at the touch of my hands,
Like the fine little proverbs I mouthed in the days
When, a fool, I fancied I knew all the ways
Of life and the world. Good God! did I know
That one day I should wander like this to and fro
Through the breadth of the land, a man without stain
Of a crime, seeking vainly that toil that shall gain
The bread and the breath of his life, his place
Once more among men, a chance to lift up his face
Unashamed to the light of the heavens, and the gaze
Of the curious world, from whose open highways
He has shrunk step by step in his terrible straits,
With the demon of Death and Despair that waits
For its prey, beckoning on and still on day by day;
While afar, in the life I had left, in the open highway
Of the world, men, my fellows, a brief space ago,
Sitting snug in high places, well fed, and aglow
With that wisdom that carries the fool's current stamp,
Set their dull wits to solve *that problem the tramp!*
Not a man like themselves, but a "creature," a "thing,"
A nuisance to legislate over, and bring
To the test of the law, by which shall abide
This "creature" and "nuisance," they calmly decide.
So you gather us up, so you measure us all,
A bundle of tares, nothing else—O Saul
Midst the prophets!—O fool deaf and blind!
While you fashion your laws for *men*, not *mankind*,
I, out of your world, ask myself if the Man—
The Man we call Christ—would have followed your plan?

COLLECTANEA.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

CELESTINA has lately set up an art-corner in our cottage-parlor, which may be regarded either as a capital joke in the way of burlesque—as every one is "high art" nowadays—or as a triumph of genius in accomplishing a marvelous stroke of taste with very humble materials. It depends altogether upon the point of view.

This simple display is set forth upon a thin, spidery table, that opens in halves, and dates back a century or so, which the enterprising young person unearthed from the garret recesses, and forthwith appropriated as a suitable basis for her operations, which she commenced by setting up one half against the wall for background, and then disposed her few effects in china on the remaining half. A very modest array, certainly; but we are in the habit of contemplating it daily with great satisfaction, and declaring that it gives "quite an air" to the whole room.

The collection comprises two India preserve-jars, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue; a three-story vase ditto, which is liberally filled with "cat-tails," that are supposed to give a decidedly Japanese flavoring; one little, fat vase, with a cover, that is neither *faïence*, nor Sèvres, nor Wedgwood, but which, probably, began life as a casket for potted meat; and one exquisite little Parian pitcher, that should always be filled with violets. Standing up against the background are several gorgeous Japanese fans, on which quaint devices fairly run riot—a rooster rampant, for instance, in a chronic blush of vivid pink that extends even to his tail-feathers, and things as upside-down generally as affairs in the Lilliput levee; so that one may heartily say, for lively, highly-colored pictures of every-day life, there is nothing more satisfactory than your Japanese fan. A broken plate with a buff-colored edge and a centre ornament of black storks on a white ground, and an India platter covered with beetles, scorpions, and other amiable insects, complete the list.

Mrs. Montgomery Stiff, who has *étagères* covered with crimson velvet for the accommodation of her choice ceramic treasures, and who always diffuses about her an odor of diamonds and greenbacks, eyes our art-corner somewhat askance—very much as she might regard our staid Tabby should she suddenly flaunt an embroidered collar of blue velvet in imitation of her beautiful, snowy Angora. But the doctor's little wife in the next cottage, who darts in and out half a dozen times a day, is quite lost in admiration of Celestina's ingenuity; and declares that the funny little museum is quite as much high art as Mrs. Stiff's elaborate collection.

She is right in one way, perhaps, for the *expression* of these finishing touches is everything, after all; and the taste that dares to be different from one's neighbors' will often bridge formidable obstacles to charming effects. A room filled with worthless baubles is never in good taste; but a suggestive hint of beauty here and there relieves a Sahara of plain furniture, and proclaims that the owners would if they could. Things with little histories, wanderers from some far land, perhaps, are particularly desirable—they make talk that is not gossip; and, in the hands of a cultured or traveled visitor, prove as effective wands as the conversational twig of Madame de Staël.

For "who can take up an ornament of old, green-crusted bronze, dug from the earth that has covered it for two thousand years, without wondering to what purpose lived and died a people so perfect in the arts, and losing one's self in the problems of creation and the economies of the universe? Who can see a broken drinking-cup of glass, whose long decay and disintegration have coated it with richer dyes than the opal's, without wondering what bearded lips of mighty heroes last it kissed? Who can see a worn and blackened ring of Egyptian gold without thinking of the romance of two lovers that it bound in its magic circle, whose very dust no longer blows about the earth? And in the more modern articles, where no such story clings, who can take up the bronze bird, poised lightly on his bending wheat-ear, or the china cup with its wreaths of blossoms, without bringing sunshine and all outdoors within the four walls of the house?"

Much money can be absorbed by these "loop-holes of the soul"—for they are just as worthy of the name as pictures—more, indeed, than goes to the purchase of necessary furniture; but all beauty is not expensive, and there are imitations of bronze and marble which, if not the rose itself, have at least been near it.

A lady lately went to a plain-looking house in a country town to inquire about board, and noticed that the parlor-lamp was of an urn-like shape, and had a shade of very prettily-cut transparencies. On the mantel were two tall vases of antique form, but the cheapest material—being nothing but earthenware painted black, and sparingly adorned with gilding; a small black stand, also slightly gilded, held a large India preserve-jar, ornamented with gorgeous butterflies and roses (nothing but scrap-book pictures), and filled, yes, actually filled, with—*dandelions!* And they were beautitul, too; and harmonized admirably with their setting.

This lady, being an appreciative person, with a dread not so much of poverty itself as of the absence of those beautiful nothings which poverty is so apt to scatter to the winds, immediately decided that she had drifted to the right haven; and her instincts did not deceive her. Dr. Blimber's young gentleman in disgrace, with his dinner of half a slice of dry bread elegantly served with heavy silver fork and damask napkin, would probably have been better off, in his own estimation, with a generous

"hunk" of the staff of life wrapped in a newspaper; but he had no æsthetic cravings to gratify, and knew nothing of hunger that could not be appeased with practical food.

VERSIFICATION.

N. I wonder how many of the American poets who learned of the *rondeau*, the *villanelle*, and the *pantoum*, for the first time in the June number of the JOURNAL, will be tempted to try these metres for themselves?

M. Not many, certainly. It takes a long while for a new rhythm to make its way into general use. Nothing is more conservative than a poet.

N. I don't know, of course, whether there is any hope for the *pantoum* or the *villanelle*, but I think the *rondeau* stands a very fair chance of general acceptance. It can hold a thought as well as a sonnet, and at the same time its treatment can be lighter and more lively.

M. It is too difficult a form to be ever popular among the poets; only two rhymes in thirteen lines is surely scant allowance.

N. Yes, but it lends itself so easily to the taking off of passing events—versified "Pencilings by the Way," as Willis might call them. At any rate, I for one could not resist the temptation to try my luck, and see if the thirteen lines might bode ill-fortune for me. Judge for yourself:

FOR BRIC-A-BRAC.

(RONDEAU.)

For *bric-à-brac*, despite your stare,
I must confess, I do not care;
I have no taste for plates with splash on,
For fabrics Indian or Circassian,
And in new-fangled fancies take no share.

A grand antique, new art's despair,
Looming athwart time's distant glare,
Has naught in common with the fashion
For *bric-à-brac*.

For platters foul, for pitchers fair,
For brazen kettles worse for wear,
For dogs with eyes that flame and flash on,
For pots and pans I have no passion—
My lack of liking I declare
For *bric-à-brac*.

M. You seem to have snatched the body—but missed the soul.

N. Possibly. Soul, in any event, is the hardest thing to get into verse, and I doubt if the difficulty of the *rondeau* makes it any harder.

M. And the more you strive with difficulty, the easier your task will be. An English poet some years ago suggested teaching every one how to make verse—

N. Heaven preserve us!

M. You fail to catch his idea; it was this: If every one were taught verse-making, we should never be in danger of taking mere verses for poetry. A mere copy of verses would be held at its true value, and no one without the divine afflatus would dare to come before the public.

N. I see one other effect it would also have: the mechanism of verse would be more studied and better appreciated than it is now.

M. Perhaps too much stress might come to be put on mere mechanism.

N. Can you put too much stress on what, after all, is an integral part of our enjoyment of poetry? Words are not the clothing of an idea, they are its incarnation; and a fine idea can hardly be too finely dressed.

M. A fine idea needs but little dressing; and a fine dress sometimes decks a doll.

N. Then let us be thankful for the dress, at least. For my part, I enjoy metre and rhythm and rhyme and alliteration, and all the ample paraphernalia of verse.

M. Then you admire Poe?

N. Well, Poe at least had a noble instrument, whatever the use he made of it. There are bits of "The Bells" I can never forget—as you shall see. Here are certain stanzas of mine in which I have sought to saturate myself, as it were, with the sensual possibilities of verse. They owe, too, something of their metrical suggestion to Mr. Swinburne; but I claim the right accorded to all who work in melody to take any air, wheresoever they may find it, which they deem fit for their variations. The subject, as you see, lends itself to infinite adornment and even extravagance:

THE TALE OF THE TERRIBLE FIRE.

I will tell you the tale of the terrible fire:
It springs from the earth—it is dreadful and dire.

In the dark
Wintry sky,
See the spark
Upward fly;
See it grow
In its frame—
See it glow
Into flame!

See it burning and blazing;
See it spring into life
With a vigor amazing—
How it longs for the strife!
Hear the noise and the rattle—
How it swells, how it grows,
Like the crash of a battle,
Like the clash of the foes!

See it rushing and rising and roaring,
See it trying to touch a tall star:
It seems in the sky to be soaring
Like a flag of fierce flame from afar.
See it turning and burning and braving—
See it streaming and gleaming and red!
Ah! the smoke in the air now is waving
Like a winding-sheet of dull lead.

Hear it laugh with wild glee at each futile endeavor
To quench or to quell its exuberant force:
It is flaming and free and fantastic forever;
It delights and exults with no pang of remorse,
With no pain, with but passion—mad passion—it quivers
With its pennon of scarlet, the bloodiest hue,
With its gleaming streams and its rearing rivers,
It dares to do all things that flame dares to do.

How it darts, how it dances and dashes,
As though it had taken for aim,
To reduce all the world into ashes
And to fling all the stars into flame!
It is glittering and glowing and glaring—
And raging it rings its own knell;
It is showing its wonderful daring—
It is turning the sky into hell!

How it lazily lingers
With its swell and its fall;
With its fiery fingers
Weirdly weaving a pall;
With its horrible hisses,
Like the wind in a storm;
With its blistering kisses,
On face and on form!

Of its flashes
Bereft,
Only ashes
Are left;
Till its cries
Tell its doom—
And it dies
In the gloom.

I have told you the tale of the terrible fire:
It has sung its last song to its luminous lyre—
It has sung its last song, it has breathed its last breath,
It has lived without life, it has died without death.

M. Next thing you will be publishing a volume of verse.

N. Perhaps. I have the preface written for it already.

M. I supposed a preface, although meant to be read first, was always written last.

N. I will explain. You see, my mind is receptive; and, like Molière, "je prends mon bien où je le trouve."

M. Hem! That is to say, you are a plagiarist?

N. Not at all. I merely keep a foundling-hospital for the homeless bantlings of genius—or, rather, to be more exact, another man's seed is sometimes wafted to me, and takes root and springs up in spite of me. For instance, these verses of mine on "Fire" have no possible similarity in subject or expression to Victor Hugo's beautiful poem, "Les Djinns," but Hugo's poem it was which suggested to me the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* effect of my verses. And, in like manner, at a book-stall—where, I forget now—I once glanced through a book of French poems—I do not even remember its name now—but the preface was a poem, and this prefatory poem suggested to me my preface, which I have thrown into a loose form of the sonnet:

PREFACE.

Reader, my friend, who, with thoughtful celerity,
Hast purchased this volume and paid the full price,
Be thou blessed with a blessing invoked on thee thrice—
On thyself and thy spouse and thy utmost posterity!
May thy children, preserved from all want or severity,
Possess every virtue, be free from all vice!
May the hour never come when thou needest to borrow!
But in case it should come mayst thou have a true friend
Who is ready his purse or his person to lend!
Through thy life may a wife share thy joy and thy sorrow!
When at last thy long life nears slowly its end,
When at last the day dawns without evening or morrow,
May they write on thy tomb this epitaph terse,
"Here lies one who paid fifty cents for my verse!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE third great Exhibition at Paris seems to establish industrial gatherings of this nature as permanent facts in modern civilization. They are, of course, simply expansions of the old-time local fairs, the development in this century of means of travel and transportation rendering it now almost as easy to bring the world together at a great show as it was a small section of country a hundred years ago. And, just as the old-time county fairs were of regular recurrence, we must now expect these world-gatherings to follow at fixed intervals. London has had two exhibitions; Paris is now dazzling the world with its third; while but one, it may be said, has been held in the United States—for the so-called World's Fair in New York, in 1853, was scarcely, according to the general estimate of the term, a true exhibit of the industry of all nations—or, at least, different countries were too inadequately represented to give that fair much title to consideration. It is time, therefore, that New York should prepare for an industrial exhibition that shall in its scale and completeness compare favorably with the Exhibitions of Paris, Vienna, London, and Philadelphia. Now, when one part of the world is visiting the great fair at Paris and the other part are wistfully reading about it; when we have abundant evidence that, frequent as have been these exhibitions, the public taste, so far from being fatigued, seems to acquire with each occasion a stronger liking for them—now, it seems to us, is the suitable moment for New York to take the initiatory movement for the next World's Fair, and by this timely action secure it for the Empire City. It always takes several years to fully prepare for an international exhibition, and we therefore venture at this not too early date to suggest the year 1881 as the time for the next one. This will be just five years after the Centennial gathering at Philadelphia—a period which, in these active times, makes great changes, introduces striking new inventions, opens new paths of industry, corrects many false theories of taste, develops art, and accumulates a vast number of new ideas that may to general advantage be brought to the world's notice. These reasons are sufficient to show that 1881 is not too soon for another World's Fair in this country, while there are some others which are entitled to consideration. There were many people who, before the Centennial Exhibition, honestly doubted the practicability of organizing a great world's fair in America—at a point so remote from the great industrial centres of the Eastern world. It took much time and earnest persuasion to get our own people fully up to the project; and it was only after long, difficult, and skillful effort that the gov-

ernments and peoples of Europe could be induced to take an active interest in the scheme. No such difficulties would attend the next event of the kind. The brilliant success of the fair at Philadelphia fairly guarantees beforehand a triumph for ours when it comes, and this assurance would bring exhibits from the Old World with great promptness, and to an extent through all the ramifications of production and manufacture that would make the European departments notably superior to those at Philadelphia in 1876. The task would be easier and the display in some particulars better, thus conferring greater advantages upon our industries. Such a World's Fair is, therefore, both practicable and desirable —desirable for New York specially, of course, but of advantage to the whole country.

Having thus ventured to name a date and suggested the city for the next World's Fair, we will go one step further and indicate the exact place where the exhibition, to our mind, could be held to peculiar advantage. This is Governor's Island in New York Harbor. This island is one of the General Government military centres, but we may assume that Congress or the Executive, wherever the power lies, would promptly surrender it for the purpose proposed. The situation is superb. It is nearly at the junction of the Hudson and East Rivers, less than a mile from the Battery, and is equidistant from Brooklyn and New York; it lies directly upon the channel which leads to the sea; is fanned by breezes from the ocean and the river; is healthful, salubrious, and every way charming. Ships from abroad could land their cargoes for the exhibition at the doors of the structures without a foot of land-carriage. Boats down the Hudson, boats from the East through the Sound, steamers from Southern ports, and lighters from the great railroad depots at Jersey City, could do the same. A ferry would have to be established to the Battery, where are the termini of the three elevated railways that reach through the city to its uppermost limits, thus giving easy and convenient access to the place from every point; while with ferry-boats in addition at points along each river, at Brooklyn and at Jersey City, the immense crowd of visitors could be gathered and dispersed with so much comfort and absence of friction as of itself to make this World's Fair memorable compared with all others. Those who recollect the fatigue and torment of getting to and from the Philadelphia Exhibition must welcome this feature of the prospect with delight; and in all of the exhibitions so far the journeyings to and fro have been fatiguing and tedious to a degree almost to overweigh the pleasure derived from the wonders on display. Governor's Island is between sixty and seventy acres in extent, and, as the area of the Philadelphia buildings was over fifty acres, the place may at first thought seem too small. This difficulty can be met by having galleries in the buildings, as was the case in the first Crystal Palace, and by erecting some of the structures on piles extending over the beach. Superb façades could be constructed at the water's edge facing the harbor and the city, and presenting a grand picture to the approaching visitors. No other place in New York would serve the purpose so well. There is, indeed, no other ground that would do at all—excepting, perhaps, the upper part of Central Park, and, although this locality will be accessible by the time suggested by means of the elevated railways, yet the transportation of goods to the place would be difficult, and the carriage for visitors would be so inadequate as to be attended with all the cost and friction that have marked the exhibitions of other cities. Preeminently Governor's Island would be a most delightful place to all visitors for such an exhibition, and its practical advantages are beyond measure.

Is not our suggestion worthy of consideration? What, now, if the President of the New York Elevated Railway and the President of the Gilbert Elevated Railway, both being men distinguished for executive talent, having great energy and resources, being public-spirited, having special reason for acting on account of the profits that would accrue to their respective roads, enjoying the confidence of the public—what if these two gentlemen should like our idea and act upon it? In such a case the success of the project would be assured from the beginning.

It is old and hackneyed counsel to advise people, of every age and condition, to avail themselves of the glory of June days to seek exercise and health as much as possible in the open air. Yet, so engrossing and attractive are the duties and pleasures that lure us in-doors, that we are apt to forget, though often admonished, what there is not only of stirring recreation, but of sanitary benefit, in out-of-door pursuits. We need the open air more than almost any other race that can be named; our climate is not the most propitious the greater part of the year; we are too busy, oftentimes, to think of the sun and water, the flowers and the pure air, even when they are at hand under the best conditions; nor have we, perhaps—especially those of us who are urban in breeding and in long-continued residence—been sufficiently trained to consider exercise as one of the chief necessities to the complete and harmonious development of our complex nature. Yet nothing is more certain than that Americans have greatly improved in this respect, and that the age everywhere is wiser than it was in the matter of physical culture. The pulpit, the stage, and fiction, have lent their influence in its favor; and "muscular Christianity," depriving public displays of physical prowess of much of their whilom brutality, has become a creed not less approved by the godly than among the votaries of pure sportsmanship.

There has been a process of "evolution" in respect to physical pastimes which adds one more morsel of evidence in aid of the theory that the world is growing better. When we think that, less than a century ago, refined and religious men like Windham and Parr were stout advocates of bull-fights, and that within this century such a scholar as Hazlitt did not disdain to use his pen in reporting, for a high-class magazine, the details of battles of the prize-ring, we can see how far we have advanced; for now bull-baiting and prize-fighting are odious to all but the very lowest and roughest strata of society. Those who, early in this century, would

have flocked eagerly to the cockpit and the prize-ring, now hie them to witness the innocent and exhilarating contests of base-ball; while those who practise the "manly art" of boxing are content with a friendly bout in private, and dwell with more complacency on the evidence of their increasing muscle than on drawing blood from the nose of an antagonist. Clergymen of repute set the example of physical culture by displaying their aquatic powers at fashionable watering-places; and grave collegians have for some years been in the habit of taking long pedestrian tours, which restore them fresh and strong to another year's laborious and sedentary curriculum. Weston and Bertha von Hillern, the base-ball "nines," and the university "elevens," nay, even the acrobats of the circuses, have a use more important than to while away an hour or two in feeding human curiosity and in providing an exciting contest. They call attention to innocent triumphs of physical exertion; they rouse a spirit of emulation; they bear witness to the beauties and advantages of physical development; and while here and there they may carry the enthusiasm of a disciple to an excess of physical training, they probably induce a far greater number to enter upon a healthy course of moderate and regular exercise. Croquet and its modified imitations have assuredly been a great blessing to American girls; for so nicely adapted is this game to at once attract the taste and benefit the body, affording as it does a pleasant means of easy and familiar association between youths and maidens, promoting a rapid acquaintance and ample scope for light and agreeable chit-chat and badinage, that our girls are thus easily lured into what is certain to make their limbs stronger and their cheeks rosier. For the stronger and more adventurous sex nothing has recently come into vogue better fitted to promote a reasonable amount of exercise than the bicycle; and this is an ample excuse for existence, even if it is found to serve no more serious purpose.

A CERTAIN quiet, retired, elderly gentleman, with large black eyes and swarthy complexion, dressed in almost youthful costume, and always decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, has of late been missed by those who used to meet him in his daily walk on the Paris boulevards. Few who thus passed him were aware that he was a prince, and that he was the last son of the "beau sabreur" of the First Empire, and the nephew of the great Napoleon himself. The Bonaparte family, in all its branches, has been remarkable for many things; in nothing more so than in the strange and often sudden vicissitudes of fortune that its scions have undergone. It would be hard to name a single child or grandchild of the Sieur Charles Bonaparte and his wife Letitia, who has led other than a troubled and uncertain career; and not the least stormy and changing was the life of Prince Lucien Murat, who died a few weeks ago at Paris. The world tossed him about from luxury to want, and from want to prosperity again; and he, like his dashing, big-hearted, vain, and valiant father, was certainly a favorite shuttlecock of Fate.

Joachim Murat's career affords material for a story-book as entertaining as that of Whittington, Lord-Mayor of London, or of Prince Caniche. When he had married Caroline Bonaparte, and gloried in the splendid historic title of "King of the Two Sicilies," and was holding an amusingly extravagant and gorgeous state at Naples, the "beau sabreur" never forgot his humble origin, and no doubt the better enjoyed his brief season of royal power, by the contrast which the memory of his hard-working boyhood provoked. In one of the royal reception-rooms, visitors were surprised to see, lying on a velvet cushion covered with a glass case, an old, worn, postilion's whip; and, when King Joachim remarked their expression of astonishment, he would toss his head merrily and exclaim, "That is what *I* came from!" From the cozy little Provençal inn where his father offered entertainment to man and beast, where he himself used to deal out the "wine of the country" and the cheap omelets, and where, a little later, he acted as a postilion to local *diligences*, to regal rank and power, was certainly a transition to be proud of and boasted of; and we may be sure that the rollicking, great-voiced Joachim never failed, when occasion offered, to point the moral of his rise. He was as vain, too, of being the husband of the lovely Caroline, Cæsar's favorite sister, as of being the occupant of a throne contended for by Spain, Austria, and France, for many a century.

But Joachim had his ups and downs, like all the brothers, brothers-in-law, sisters, and sisters-in-law of the "Corsican ogre." After Waterloo, even his brisk legs scarcely saved him from a dire fate at Naples; and his fickle subjects, after having almost worshiped him for his generosity, his free ways with everybody, his dazzling showiness, his burly good-nature, would probably have shot him at the nearest corner, had he not made haste to get out of their clutches. That was, indeed, his fate at last; for, when he returned with a band of bravos to retake Naples, he was caught and executed with short shrift. He left two healthy boys to run the gantlet of a world that delighted to make sport of all whose blood had a Bonapartist mixture. The elder, Achille, who was rather fondly spoken of by Parisians as "le Gros Achille," was as well known at all the fashionable lounging-places of the capital, a few years ago, as the padded and painted "diamond Duke" of Brunswick, or that wonderful octogenarian fop, Auber; a great, lazy, good-natured old fellow, who kept very clear of politics, and ate prodigiously, and consorted generally with everybody that liked good living, the drama, and the siren *cocotterie* of Paris. The other, Lucien, had a far rougher experience. Bandied about from place to place with his exiled mother, he seized the idea of making free America his home; and the first thing he knew, he was shipwrecked on the Spanish coast, to be there clapped into prison by the jealous Bourbon, as the son of a usurper of a Bourbon throne. As soon as he was released, he came to the United States, studied law, and put out his sign. But nobody wanted a prince for a lawyer, and he would have starved if it had not been for his energetic English wife, who opened a young ladies'

boarding-school. As soon as the Revolution of 1848 once more opened the portals of France to the exiled Bonapartes, Lucien returned, to become first a deputy, then, under his cousin, the Prince-President, an embassador. He had his share in the good things of the Second Empire, but relapsed into obscurity when the sun of the empire set again at Sedan; enjoying, however, something of ease in his later days, and finally dying, at a good old age, in his bed. Happily for him, the foes of the Napoleons were not in the least afraid of the Murats; and while other scions of the adventurous house have been refused a home on their native soil, the harmless Lucien, like the fat and jovial Achille, was able to feast on the sweetnesses of Parisian life to the end.

THOSE of our readers who have perused the article in this number of the JOURNAL on that strange, piquant, and perplexing emanation of Mr. Ruskin's eccentric imagination, *Fors Clavigera*, have, each after his thought, derived amusement or comfort from the theories therein set forth. Whether Mr. Ruskin's "St. George's Company" is likely to be practically successful, we do not now undertake to say; but of the fallacy of one of the famous critic's notions this very *Fors Clavigera* affords too complete an example for us to be willing to pass it by in silence. Mr. Ruskin catches up a cry that has been common enough in this country, and which the late Mr. Greeley was wont to repeat in terms that were amply sonorous—this is, the denunciation of what is called the middle-men, those who come between producers and consumers, and seem to get an unjustly large share of the price which every article costs the ultimate purchaser. "England," exclaims Mr. Ruskin, "spends one hundred and fifty-six million pounds per year on beer and tobacco. Of this, one hundred million pounds go to the rich middle-men, and thirty million pounds to the middling middle-men, and for every two shillings you pay you get three and one-half pence worth of beer to swallow." To many of our readers it is fairly needless to explain that, so far from middle-men making things dearer, they make them cheaper; they carry products from centres where they are in excess to places where they are in demand, and thus increase their consumption; and increase of consumption, all know, cheapens the cost of production. Mr. Ruskin is at war with middle-men, and disclaims all those methods common with producers by which their articles are made known, and rendered accessible to those who need them. He asks the very high price of tenpence for a copy of his letter-sheet, *Fors Clavigera*. Whoever wants it must send to one designated place for it, he must buy it without having seen it, and he must add to the price paid the cost of paper, envelope, and postage-stamp. The original price was sevenpence, but the smallness of the circulation growing out of its inaccessibility compelled an advance to tenpence. Now, we may well inquire what would have been the result had the ordinary channels of trade—that is, the middle-men—been employed, so that copies of the "Letter" had been for sale in every town, brought to the attention of the whole public, and made accessible to every one feeling an interest in it? It is certain that by this means the circulation would have been so increased that the price could have been reduced a third or a half. Mr. Ruskin could sell *Fors Clavigera* to middle-men for threepence, allow them to charge fivepence, with a much better financial result to himself than by adhering to a method which necessarily reduces the sales to almost nothing, and enforces a correspondingly high price. The practical facts concerning the publication and sale of *Fors Clavigera* completely refute the high-sounding denunciation which the author thereof bestows upon the men who alone could bring his utterances within reach of the general public. We may be certain of this, that whenever middle-men cease to be necessary, they will inevitably disappear by the natural operation of economic laws; consumers are too selfish, press too sharply for cheapness, are altogether too alert in their own interests, to support a class which simply enhances the cost of the articles which they consume.

THE summer fashion which sends so many of our citizens to Europe, or disperses them along the sea-shore and among the mountains and the watering-places, operates in some particulars to the serious disadvantage of all the cities. The wealth that so lavishly adorns the interiors of our great houses for winter occupancy is for the most part indifferent to those aspects and those conditions which would make them agreeable summer places. It is allowable, we presume, to indulge in a little speculation, practically useless as it may seem, as to what New York, for an instance, would now be had its wealthy citizens, like the humbler classes, been for any reason, whether by necessity or choice, accustomed to pass the summer months in town. We can readily see that this great additional force in favor of a clean, an attractive, and a healthful city, would have produced many important results. We may be sure that many more small parks and open squares would diversify the city, and, while adding beauty, would confer a more salubrious atmosphere. Wealthy citizens would not, under such conditions, be contented with narrow buildings crowded in among others; they would select large space for their domiciles, surround them with gardens, and seek to obtain within city precincts some of the conditions of rural life. The streets would be more generally adorned with trees than now, and it is likely that the roof-gardens, so much discussed a few years ago, would be in use, inasmuch as they would afford delightful places on summer evenings for enjoying cool breezes, and securing with fresh air quiet and repose. In the case we are supposing, our men of wealth would scarcely have permitted the entire length of our noble water-front to be monopolized by commerce; they would have snatched a point here and there for a park or a belvedere, so as to afford opportunity to enjoy the air of the rivers. We can imagine the delightful summer theatres that would have sprung up, and the many charming devices that would have arisen to entertain a summer-bound, pleasure-loving class. There would have been marked departures in our domestic architecture—verandas and bal-

conies would be more frequent; gay awnings would brighten every house; flowers in every window would fill the air with their odors; and our fashionable streets, instead of echoing to the occasional melancholy tread of a wistful wanderer, would be gay, bright, and beautiful. This picture is all a dream, it may be said; perhaps it is not a useless one. There are really enough people in town to bring some of these things about when they seek to do so; and were this the case some of those who grow wearied of crowded summer hotels might more frequently come back to us, to find the town more enjoyable under July and August suns than the hot sands of the sea-shore or the scorched plains of the country.

THE experiment of a ladies' club has been tried for some time, both in London and in New York, in neither place with very flourishing or brilliant results; and now certain London ladies of rank and high social position have established a club-house amid the fashionable bustle of Regent Street, on what might be called the amalgamation principle. The new club is called the "Russell," doubtless in honor of a family which, in some of its younger branches, has shown a zealous sympathy for the rights of women, and in all its branches has been notably gallant toward the gentler sex; and both ladies and gentlemen are eligible to membership. The two sexes, however, are not placed on a footing of equality in the new club. The male members are relegated to one wing of the club-house, where they are provided with every convenience for pursuing those coarser and more robust recreations and vices which are emphatically dear to the stalwart British club-man. There they have their billiard-rooms and card-rooms, their dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, and reading-rooms, quite apart from their fairer fellow-members. Then there are apartments to be used in common by members of both sexes, the gentlemen being placed, however, under certain restrictions, and having but limited privileges in the general reading, writing, music, and drawing rooms. The lady members have, besides, a private drawing-room quite to themselves, which is to be as sacred from the intrusion of men as the inner temple of the grand lama, or the mysterious palace of the mikado. This apartment is furnished and appointed in the most luxurious manner, and we cannot doubt that the rumors of its splendors will sorely tempt the curiosity of the male members. To insure the membership of men worthy to be admitted to partial association with the club-women, the fair founders have established a very august "advisory" committee, at the head of which is a bishop, and which contains at least one archdeacon, one prebendary, and one chancellor, to watch over the character and conduct of the happy accepted.

We can imagine that a club formed on this principle may have rather better success than one which, like the "Albemarle," is devoted exclusively to ladies; for there is more attraction in any institution to either sex which brings it into contact with the other. Yet we cannot help thinking that the "Russell" is very like a big boarding-school in the country, where one wing is devoted to girls and the other to boys, with a common dining-room, and a parlor to which the boys, in their best "bib and tucker," are admitted on stated occasions, under the watchful eyes of the teachers, to hold formal converse with their gentler mates. The fact is, that clubs were not invented for ladies at all; and they go quite as much out of their sphere in seeking a public lounging-place as in entering the public arena in any other capacity. Home-loving women will scarcely join the ranks of the "Russell," and the likelihood is that those who do become members will rather excel in masculine traits and tastes than in personal charms and graces, and will, therefore, not be especially attractive to the members of the other sex.

Books of the Day.

THAT the race of heroes is neither dying out nor wholly uncongenial to American soil will be admitted, we think, by all who knew the late General William Francis Bartlett, of Massachusetts, or who, in default of that privilege, may read the "Memoir"[1] of him by his friend and comrade, Francis Winthrop Palfrey. The breaking out of the war in 1861 found Bartlett a rather boyish youth of twenty, an undergraduate of Harvard College, by no means remarkable for either acquirements or industry; but a single month's volunteer garrison duty in Boston Harbor sufficed to prove that he was a born soldier and leader of men, and to transport him at a bound across the wide interval which usually separates gay youth from mature and serious manhood. Entering the army among the first who responded to President Lincoln's call, before his classmates had completed their college course he had become a war-worn veteran and attained to high office and a brilliant reputation. Senior captain of his regiment at twenty-one, he was one of the few Federal officers who came with honor out of the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff; losing a leg before Yorktown in April, 1862, he was nevertheless in the field again in November of that same year as colonel of a new regiment raised by himself; twice wounded at Port Hudson in May, 1863, he was at the front again in time to be shot in the head at the desperate battle of the Wilderness in May, 1864; brigadier-general at the age of twenty-four, he was in the lines before Petersburg in July of the same year, and captured before the end of the month at the terrible assault on "The Mine;" yet, in spite of the fatality which attended every step of his military career, the close of the war found him a brevet major-general and commander of division at the age of twenty-five!

It is not alone his army career, however, that entitles him to the appellation of hero. Daring courage and a lofty sense of duty were not so rare in either of the contending armies that these alone would suffice to lift one

[1] Memoir of William Francis Bartlett. By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. With Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 309.

who had displayed them high above his fellows. But "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and he who had been foremost in the fight while the appeal lay to the sword was among the first to sheathe that sword when its stern arbitrament had been accepted; and his was the voice that first proclaimed the glad tidings of peace and good-will between those who had confronted each other in battle. The now famous speech delivered at Cambridge on Commencement-day, 1874, was a deed not less glorious and serviceable to his country than the most brilliant he had performed in the field; and if, in spite of the sham war of words kept up by selfish politicians, an era of reciprocal good feeling between the North and South has at last come, it is largely owing to his manly assertion then and afterward that "between the *soldiers* and *people* of the two great sections of our country fraternal relations were established long ago."

There was something at once sublime and pathetic in the spectacle of the wasted and war-worn soldier, whose tongue had caught a sudden and unlooked-for eloquence in pleading for reconciliation with those whose arms had shattered the promise of his life. For not less truly can it be said of General Bartlett than of those who perished in actual battle that he was a martyr and victim of the war. He lived till 1876; but he never recovered from the effects of his wounds and imprisonment, and his closing years were a continuous struggle with disease and a declining constitution. Had he lived but a few years longer, there can be no doubt that he would have received the highest civic honors of his native State; yet, though he passed from the stage just as his life had touched its meridian, his career was singularly rounded and complete. In just half the period allotted to the life of man, he had achieved a reputation unique in the annals of his country; and when Whittier mourned his untimely end in a beautiful poem in which he pronounced him "the more than Sidney of our day," generous hearts throughout the land responded in a universal chorus of acquiescence.

If Colonel Palfrey's "Memoir" did no more than refresh the public memory of such a man, it would more than justify itself; but, altogether apart from the undying charm of its subject, it is a quite perfect piece of writing of its kind, and will take its place at once among the few really good biographies in American literature. It is a frank, unpretentious, and soldierly tribute of one soldier and friend to another; and does the best that such a work could do in convincing the reader that there was no exaggeration in the words of the eminent statesman who wrote, on hearing of General Bartlett's death, "The Massachusetts of this generation has bred no so heroic a character as that of the man whom she will bury, with sadness and with honor, in Berkshire, this week."

SURPRISE has been expressed in certain quarters that so eminent a critic as Matthew Arnold, himself one of the greatest of living authorities in literature, should have devoted an entire article to the Rev. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," warmly commending it as a *guide* to English literature, and declaring that he himself expected to reread it with profit at least once a year. The surprise is apparently produced by finding that a work so highly estimated and cordially praised is a diminutive pocket-volume, which does not profess to be anything more than a *primer;* but this only shows that the character of the series to which Mr. Brooke's little book belongs, and of which it is only an exceptionally good specimen, is not nearly so widely known as its merits deserve. The series comprises three main divisions, of which the "History Primers" are edited by Mr. J. R. Green, author of "The History of the English People;" "Literature Primers," also edited by Mr. Green; and "Science Primers," edited by Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart: but, though appearing in separate classes and under different editors, all the volumes conform to the same plan and are intended to subserve the same general purpose. This purpose is to provide compends which are not primers in the sense of being designed for children only, but as introductory or elementary works adapted to the needs of beginners in any branch of knowledge, and quite as useful to adult beginners as to youthful students, to those who would gain the knowledge by reading as to those who are acquiring it through the ordinary channels of educational training. Each volume is prepared, under editorial supervision, by a specialist eminent in the particular department which it is intended to cover; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that some of the best and most valuable of current literary work is being put into these little books, whose title and size are apt to cause them to be under-estimated, if not entirely overlooked.

The most recent issue in the series of "Literature Primers" is Professor R. C. Jebb's "Greek Literature," [1] which is scarcely inferior in merit to Mr. Brooke's work (now accepted as a sort of standard), and which is certainly by far the best popular summary of the subject that has yet been prepared. It is designed to meet the needs not only of students of Greek, but also of those who do not know Greek, and who will never read a Greek book except in a translation—is intended, in fact, to serve as a framework into which those who read any of the Greek works, whether in the original or in English, may fit what they read. Such an outline or summary will be peculiarly helpful even to those readers who may content themselves with two or three of the great masterpieces of Greek genius; for, as the author says, "the unity of Greek literature is not the unity of a library, but the unity of a living body, and in this, more perhaps than in any other literature, we shall fail really to understand any one part unless we see clearly what it has to do with the rest." The scope of the Primer is not exactly conterminous with its title, for Greek has lived on from the days before Homer into our own time, and this undying language has always had a literature; but what is known as the "Old Literature," extending from the legendary period to Justinian (529 A. D.), comprises all that is really original and distinctive in Greek literature, and it is with this period only that Professor Jebb undertakes to deal. A few brief paragraphs at the end, it is true, sketch the outlines of the mediæval and modern periods; but rather with the idea of showing that the literature did not really terminate when the decadence of the Græco-Roman period culminated in the closing of the schools of heathen philosophy by the edict of Justinian, than of giving a consecutive account of its later development. Of the Old Literature and its producers the account is in every way admirable, and we could cite no work which would serve better than Professor Jebb's as an illustration of how little the real utility and adequacy of a book depend upon the space which it occupies in the library.

Of the "Science Primers," the two latest issues are both by Professor W. Stanley Jevons, who in several departments of science and philosophy is doing some of the best critical and expository work of our time. He is Professor of Political Economy in University College,

[1] Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green, M. A. Greek Literature. By R. C. Jebb, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 166.

London, has had wide experience as a teacher of the subject in various other colleges and institutes, has written the best popular exposition of "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange" ("International Scientific Series"), and in his "Primer of Political Economy"[1] has aimed to put the truths of the science into such form that the teaching of them may be introduced into elementary schools. He thinks, with Archbishop Whately, that the rudiments of sound knowledge concerning the subjects treated of in political economy can be imparted at a very early age, and that there is no knowledge which it is more desirable to disseminate through all classes of the population. "From ignorance of these truths arise many of the worst social evils—disastrous strikes and lock-outs, opposition to improvements, improvidence, destitution, misguided charity, and discouraging failure in many well-intended measures." In the effort to teach them, however, it is evident that one condition of success is the possession of a small text-book, exactly suited to the purposes in view; and such a book Professor Jevons has succeeded, we think, in providing. Of course, in such narrow limits of space many of the data and conclusions of so intricate a science as political economy could not be satisfactorily treated; and most of these the author has wisely omitted altogether, reserving his strength for such essential subjects as Production, Division of Labor, Capital and Labor, Wages, Trades-Unions, Coöperation, Money, and Commercial Crises. These and cognate branches of the science are rendered perfectly easy of apprehension even by quite young students; yet the little treatise is not so elementary that it will not serve as an excellent stepping-stone to a knowledge of the science among general readers of maturer age who have hitherto neglected the study of political economy. A noteworthy feature of the work is the skill with which such difficult and abstruse subjects as "value" and "rent" are made clear without the use of technical language, and without even arousing the suspicion that they are difficult; and another feature, which will tend to conciliate the usual opponents of the science, is that its moral aspects are not ignored, but rather emphasized and developed.

Professor Jevons is also examiner in logic to the University of London, and he has also brought his practical experience as a teacher to bear in the preparation of his "Primer of Logic,"[2] which aims to do for the laws of right reasoning what his "Primer of Political Economy" does for the latter science. Logic, however, is inherently a more difficult science than political economy, because it deals, not with concrete facts, but with mental processes which, though not always obscure or abstruse, are exceedingly difficult to explain in ordinary untechnical language. Precise definition of terms is, of course, the first step in reasoning; yet to the untrained mind the very effort to define even the simplest idea seems to obscure and perplex it, while the language used by the logician in explaining quite elementary mental processes is apt to appear meaningless jargon. For this reason the "Primer of Logic" can be advantageously used only at a more advanced stage of educational training; yet for those who are prepared for it, it is a quite delightful exposition of the principles or elements of the science. The metaphysical refinements of the larger treatises are quietly brushed aside; and the several processes by which, in accordance with the laws of the human reason, "we get some knowledge from other knowledge"—infer the unknown from the known—are analyzed with a precision and simplicity which render the little book itself a beautiful example of lucid and convincing reasoning.

Of the "History Primers," the latest is "Geography,"[1] by George Grove, F. R. G. S., which is even briefer than most members of the series, but which, nevertheless, gives a most luminous and animated account of the several topics included in geography, in its three divisions—mathematical, physical, and political. Beginning with an explanation of what maps are, why they are wanted, and how they are made, it directs attention next to the general structure and arrangement of the earth and ocean—telling how land and water are placed on the world, and how the different countries are like and unlike each other—and then discusses in detail some particulars of the features of land and water—continents, islands, capes, mountains, volcanoes, valleys, rivers, deltas, lakes, seas, gulfs, tides, winds, currents, etc. Nothing is elaborated, and technical phraseology is entirely dispensed with; and, while the youngest student will find the Primer a useful first-book of geography, adult readers will welcome it as a convenient summary of half-forgotten knowledge, which has probably never before been presented to their minds in such simple and systematic form.

The foregoing are the latest issues of the "Primer Series," and the only ones we shall now discuss in detail, but other recent additions may be mentioned: "Old Greek Life," by J. P. Mahaffy, and "Roman Antiquities," by A. S. Wilkins, describe the public and private life, habits and customs, laws and institutions, and religious observances, of the ancient Greeks and Romans; the "Shakespeare Primer," by Professor Dowden, is an excellent introduction to the study of Shakespeare; and the "Primer of Piano-forte Playing," by Franklin Taylor, is a useful aid to those who would attain to something a little higher than what is called "drawing-room music." It should be added that whenever illustrations, charts, or diagrams, would really add to the value of the primers, they are freely introduced, and the "Primer of Geography" is quite copiously and usefully illustrated.

It is somewhat difficult to define the relation which Mr. J. R. Green's "History of the English People"[2] bears to his earlier and now famous "Short History." It is not an entirely new work written from a different, or even from the same, standpoint, for substantially the whole of the original "Short History" is inserted in the new narrative, with no more than the verbal changes and rearrangement of sentences which would naturally result from a careful and deliberate revision of the earlier text. Nor, on the other hand, is it a mere expansion or elaboration of the original narrative, for many entirely new topics are introduced, and the facts are thrown into new groups with a new classification. It was generally assumed, when the larger work was announced, that Mr. Green, having produced what was immediately accepted as the standard *popular* history of the English people, had now undertaken to prepare a work which should meet the requirements of scholars and

[1] Science Primers. Political Economy. By W. Stanley Jevons, LL. D., M. A., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 134.

[2] Science Primers. Logic. By W. Stanley Jevons, M. A. LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 128.

[1] History Primers. Geography. By George Grove, F. R. G. S. With Maps and Diagrams. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 126.

[2] History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M. A. Volume I. 449–1461. With Eight Maps. Volume II 1461–1603. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 576, 500.

historical students, and which, consequently, would be written with those constant and minute references to authorities which scholars are apt to exact, and the absence of which is apt to render them distrustful of even the most brilliant and plausible historical narrative. Such, however, is not the case. Though wider in its range of topics, and more detailed in its treatment of particular facts, the "History of the English People" is still an essentially *popular* work, aiming rather to furnish vivid, picturesque, and easily-apprehended outlines, than to give an exhaustive (and exhausting) survey of the field which it proposes to cover. In this, quite as distinctly as in his earlier work, Mr. Green claims the reader's attention for the *results* rather than the *processes* of his historical study; and, though there are ample evidences throughout of the thoroughness of this study, and more than the usual aids for those who wish to pursue particular researches, yet there is a noteworthy absence of that attention-distracting array of foot-notes and references which most other historians consider so indispensable. Some complaint, indeed, has been made about the scant assistance which Mr. Green affords to those who wish to verify his statements; but, while "chapter-and-page notes" (as Macaulay calls them) are useful to the student who wishes to find the particular authority for a particular fact, there can be no doubt that the admirable critical and descriptive accounts of the leading contemporary and modern authorities which Mr. Green prefixes to each of the main divisions of his history are infinitely more helpful to the general reading public. Perhaps one reader in a thousand will take the trouble or feel the desire to verify a long historical narrative point by point; but every intelligent reader will be glad to know something of the origin and character of those writings upon which all historians are compelled to rely; and the author is undoubtedly right, in a work designed for popular reading, to consult the needs of so vast a majority of his probable constituents, rather than of the small minority of critics and specialists.

The main difference between the old work and the new lies in the ampler volume of the latter's narrative, in its increased number of illustrative facts, in its more logical and suggestive grouping of these facts around dominant events or grave constitutional changes, and in the greater calmness, precision, and elegance, of its style. The proportion between the quantity of matter in this first volume of the enlarged history and that assigned to the same period in the earlier work shows, too, that there will be a better adjustment of parts in the attention bestowed upon the different periods. While very little fault could be found with Mr. Green's treatment of early and mediæval history, it was generally pointed out that there was a decided falling off in the quality and adequacy of those portions of his work assigned to modern history, and especially to that teeming eighteenth century upon which Mr. Lecky has lately turned such a copious and brilliant flood of light. This was unmistakably owing chiefly to the narrow limits within which the author had chosen to confine himself, and the present installment of the new work shows that he intends to use his larger canvas in strengthening the weak and filling in the vacant places of the original picture. The five hundred and seventy-six pages of this first volume contain scarcely a fifth more matter than the three hundred assigned to the same period in the shorter work, and as this constitutes only a quarter of the new, while it is more than a third of the old work, there will evidently be room for a very material expansion of the later portions of the narrative.

Among the aids to study with which the volume is provided, a high rank must be assigned to the eight admirable historical maps (against four for the same period in the earlier book); but, in other respects, the work seems to be inferior in equipment to the "Short History." We miss, for example, the marginal dates which were a very helpful feature of the original work, and which could ill be dispensed with, for Mr. Green's narrative is far from being strictly chronological. We also miss the "chronological annals" and genealogical tables which were prefixed to the earlier work, and which were extremely useful if not indispensable to the careful reader. It may possibly be the author's intention to add these to his concluding volume, but, if so, we think he has made a great mistake in removing them from their original position, for they are needed by the reader from the very beginning. In print, binding, paper, etc., the volume is extremely inviting, and this, perhaps, provides the clew to satisfactory general description of the new history: it is a revised and enlarged library edition of a work which, in its original cheap form, had already become accepted as a standard.

Since the preceding was written the second volume has appeared, but it only confirms what has already been said as to the probable course of the work. It covers the period from the Wars of the Roses to the death of Elizabeth (1461–1603), and the narrative is much more copious and detailed. This period, it will be observed, includes some of the most memorable events in history—including the Reformation, the revival of learning, the rise of modern English literature, the age of Shakespeare, the career of the great statesmen, Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, and the brilliant group that rendered Elizabeth's reign illustrious; and the volume is as interesting as a romance.

SINCE the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the roving enthusiasts of every nation have exhausted their eloquence in the vain effort to describe the beauty and the glories and the picturesque enchantments of Constantinople. Chateaubriand and Lamartine essayed the task, and Gautier devoted a book to it which may fairly claim to rank among the masterpieces of descriptive literature; but in no previous book has there been painted such a glowing picture, or rather succession of pictures, as in that of Edmondo de Amicis, which has just been translated from its seventh Italian edition.[1] In pictorial aptitude and opulent splendor of language, it is itself a genuine product of that "gorgeous East" whose capital it aims to portray; and, aside from the descriptive power displayed, it attracts and pleases the reader by a youthful fervor and freshness of feeling, by a frank surrender to the delight of the moment, by the eager and insatiable appetite which it reveals on the part of the author for the beautiful, the romantic, the picturesque. To a reserved, sedate, and self-conscious race, like our own—morbidly susceptible to ridicule, and more reluctant to reveal feeling than to be suspected of stolidity—there is a peculiar and piquant charm about the unrestrained expression of enthusiastic emotion; and it is almost a new literary sensation to view the modern Orient through the eyes of one who looks upon it, not through the disenchanting eyes of Western common-sense, but by that tender light of romance whose flame was kindled in childhood by the legendary stories of the Arabian Nights, and which never dies utterly out in the minds of any of us, though unhappily it seldom finds literary record.

It should be said, however, to avoid misapprehension, that, while this imaginative glow and warmth of feeling

[1] Constantinople. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the seventh Italian edition, by Caroline Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 326.

pervades his pages, it does not impair in any degree the keenness or the accuracy of the author's perceptions. One might search the guide-books in vain for such minuteness of descriptive detail, such copiousness of information, such penetrative power of observation, and such picturesque precision of language. Whatever he touches he makes at once fresh and real to the imagination, and he has the true artist's skill in grouping and sensitiveness to the salient and the characteristic. The brief chapter on the floating bridge might be cited in illustration of the fact that such an observer will see more in an hour than an ordinary man would in a month; that on the great bazaar as an illustration of how an utterly hackneyed topic can, by mere ingenuity of treatment, be rendered as fresh and entertaining and as full of the unexpected as a fairy-tale; and that on Santa Sofia as an example of how the history of the past and the description of the present may be so combined as to produce a picture and a story which shall dwell forever in the reader's mind. With all his care, moreover, in avoiding the usual enumeration of commonplace details, there is no subject of which the author treats about which he does not convey new information as well as suggestive ideas. The chapter on Turkish women makes one feel as if he had never read anything about them before; and there is the consciousness throughout that what is written is not the rehearsal of second-hand knowledge gleaned from books, but the result of personal observation, experience, and inquiry.

In reading the book for review there is a constant temptation to mark passages to be quoted; but whole pages of quotation would give but a faint idea of its opulence and the variety of its attractions, and to enjoy it fully it must be read as a whole. The translation is, on the whole, good, and deserved more careful proof-reading.

WHILE "Constantinople" is the work of a man of genius, and possesses a literary charm quite independent of the intrinsic interest of the subject, we have in Mr. Augustus Hare's "Walks in London"[1] an unusually good specimen of the kind of book which may be produced by painstaking industry combined with such a degree of literary skill as is involved in placing picturesque and interesting facts in their due relation to each other and linking them together in a clear and simple narrative. Mr. Hare is already favorably known as the author of "Walks in Rome," which is perhaps the most satisfactory guide to the Eternal City for those visitors who are disposed to do their sight-seeing in a leisurely and scientific manner; and the present work is prepared on precisely the same plan. Instead of the indiscriminate and confusing mass of details which bewilder the user of the ordinary guide-book, everything is simplified and systematized, so that in consulting it one learns *how* to see as well as *what* to see. In these two volumes, for example, all the leading objects of interest in London are described consecutively, as they may be visited in excursions, taking Charing Cross as a centre. With the description of existing places are interwoven history, legends, anecdotes, narratives of striking events, and reminiscences of distinguished persons; while numerous illustrations enable the eye to assist the imagination, and lists of pictures, curiosities, etc., render it unnecessary to purchase catalogues of the museums and other public and private collections to which the visitor may obtain access. As in the Roman book, much of the work of description is done by means of quotations from other writers, so that one gets in it the cream and essence of that copious literature of which London has been the theme and the inspiration. Like its predecessor, too, it is a book, not for the hasty sight-seer going "the rounds" under pressure of the almanac, but for those leisurely and systematic ramblers who prefer to exhaust the interest of one place or object before addressing themselves to the next; and for these latter it will be invaluable and indispensable.

[1] Walks in London. By Augustus J. C. Hare. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 480, 511.

IT is no longer expected that the title of a book shall describe its contents with any degree of exactness; but, even bearing this in mind, we are inclined to think that many readers who will be attracted to Mr. Hale's "What Career?"[1] in the expectation of finding practical advice regarding the choice of a pursuit in life, will feel as if they had been, in vulgar parlance, "sold." No doubt the little book contains suggestions regarding character and conduct which, if once thoroughly grasped, would be infinitely more valuable to one setting out on his career than any number of so-called *practical* hints; yet, all the same, the title of the book will hardly prepare the reader for a promiscuous collection of college addresses, anniversary sermons, and those customary homilies with which a clergyman is expected to improve the occasions that are constantly arising in the routine of his pastoral life. If the addresses and sermons had been prepared with special reference to some given topic or consecutive line of thought, there would be little ground for objection, for an author certainly has the right to choose the *form* in which he will present his lucubrations; but in "What Career?" there is no such correlation of parts, and the reader finds it difficult to rid himself of the uncomfortable thought that, with all his reiterated contempt for half-work, patchwork, or anything less than the best work of which a man is capable, Mr. Hale is not above gleaning miscellaneous scraps from his portfolio in order to make a book. Nor is this the only ground for serious objection. Some wise old philosopher has said that the true test of a man's principles is the men he admires; and when we find Mr. Hale bracketing Butler and Chamberlain together as examples of the fine outcome of culture and mental training, we are tempted to doubt whether, after all, he is exactly the man to formulate for young persons their loftiest ideal of character and conduct.

[1] What Career? Ten Papers on the Choice of a Vocation and the Use of Time. By Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 271.

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"'This is my friend,' said Brother Bethuel at last."

"*Up in the Blue Ridge.*"—*Page* 110.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

FLORA IN A GARRET.



POOR Flora works in a garret ever so many stories above the level of the street—so far above the surface of cobble-stone or Belgian pavement that the rattle of the vehicles below reaches her in a dreamy, contemplative hum. She knows nothing about Lempriere or his dictionary of mythology; her meagre education has not taught her that the Greeks worshiped a namesake of hers centuries ago, whose temple was a rose, and whose sacrament was the dew. She is a plain, feeble, unclassical maker of artificial flowers, and her wages barely suffice to hold her body together. Perhaps she is not ill-looking; but, if her age is more than sixteen or seventeen, toil and want have probably drawn lines of care across her face, and pinched the fullness of her youth.

Most likely she resembles many other work-girls of the metropolis: dresses with a desire, pathetic on account of its unfulfillment, to imitate fine ladies, and is content with all sorts of tawdry shams, taking brass for gold, galvanized iron for oxidized silver, cotton for seal-skin, and wearing everything that is

showy and inappropriate; chatters in a frivolous, mincing, and unreal way, and half-starves herself for the sake of appearing to be what she is not. Her shoes are down at the heel and out at the toes; her stockings are unmentionable, and her poor little body is all a-shiver, while her empty little head is crushed by an unnatural mass of fabricated hair.



COMBINING FLOWERS INTO SPRAYS.

Should any one ask about her occupation, she would briefly answer, "Flowers," and the ignorance or intelligence of the querist might determine what that meant. Her sister may be "in feathers," and her brother "in straw-goods;" she says as much, and it is almost invariably the case that such girls as Flora presuppose some amount of familiarity with the technicalities of their trades in all who have interest enough to inquire about them.

There is a most pathetic unreality about the poor thing and her occupation. She works in a garret, and she lodges in one. On all the snowy, foggy, rainy mornings of winter, when there is wet under foot and trouble overhead; on all the quickening mornings of autumn and spring; and on all the golden mornings of summer, when the sky and air breathe her an invitation to leave the city-streets—she trudges down from her boarding-house to the manufactory, with a little lunch-basket swinging in her hand—ah, so small a lunch!—her eyes red and sleepy—no doubt she has been reading the *Fireside Abomination* by candle-light, instead of sleeping—her heart heavy, and her dress insufficient and shabby. She has to climb flight after flight of stairs before she reaches that loft in which her daily lot is cast, and up there she finds—well, that depends on the conscience and liberality of her employer, who, if he is avaricious, lets her do her ten hours' duty in an apartment calling for the interference of the Health Board—dingy, dark, and close—or, if he has something more than the regard of a convict-labor contractor for her, provides a warm and comfortable place. There is one firm, at least, that we know of—and they are Jews—whose work-rooms have everything that could be desired in the way of light, warmth, and cleanliness, and whose overseers are just and intelligent; but, all the same, there is that sad unreality about Flora's condition, which, if her mind were not flimsy and her nature not shallow, might add to the blight of her existence. When the violets are blowing, and spring is awakening; when the summer is heavy with the maturity of blossom; and when the autumn leaves give up all the sunshine their sap has held—she is still pent in that garret with the suggestion of fresh air, fields, woods, perfumes, and gardens, around her, and the actual things very far away. The changes of season are transposed. Roses bloom in December, and the crocus in June; daisies and the juicy-looking grasses of spring rise out of the work-table by the magic of her occupation when the snow lying on the skylight bedims the room. A wonderful conservatory that work-place of hers seems to an outsider, but it is always unreal: the fragile stems that imitate Nature to perfection are made of wire and paper; the sheen of the leaf is wax, and the blush of the rose is water-color. That exquisite camellia, whose verisimilitude is such that, crushing it, one would expect to see it shed dew, falls from the hand an odorless ball of dyed cotton, a fragmentary but palpable sham. The unreality is not always disagreeable, however—as, for instance, on the wet and gloomy mornings when the girl leaves behind her the poverty of her home and the cheerlessness of the street, and finds a fairly tropical variety of flowers spread out on her table, such an opulence of beauty that, while she keeps her eyes on them, her intuitive sense of what is lovely is fully satisfied. More than this, if she is imaginative, the purpose for which the flowers are made takes her into dazzling ballrooms, where there are fountains, music, and light; softly-pulsating seas of satins and silks, with archipelagoes of men in lithe-looking dress-suits of glossy black; and possibly, in this enchanting scene, she discovers Toxteth Everleigh, the hero, and Adelia Montgolfier, the heroine, of the latest serial in the story-paper which she buys regularly, and reads eagerly, every Monday morning, while the moist scent of the printing-press is still clinging to it.

The language of mad Ophelia's flowers is not half so eloquent as these fabricated sprays of painted lawn and velvet. That wreath of orange-blossoms means the altar of Grace Church, long lines of carriages, a sonorous bishop, and the Episcopal marriage-service, for a sweet somebody; and Flora's

heart flutters at the thought. These bunches of roses and lilies, one of which is worth three times the amount of Flora's weekly wages, are destined for the bonnet of some fashionable lady with plenty of money, and Flora can see her, first at the milliner's, posing before the mirror, and listening to the adroitly-insinuated flattery of the proprietor; then in the boudoir at home, posing again, this time for the admiration of her daughters, her husband, or her maid; and, finally, *en promenade*, with a stately poise of the head. Here are simple wreaths of daisies and the most emerald of leaves, the texture of which is poor and the color cheap—these are to be worn by the humble maidens who will assemble in church next Sunday to renew the vows made for them by their godfathers and godmothers. On the table opposite there are lilacs, geraniums, pansies, apple-blossoms, sweet-peas, lilies-of-the-valley, peach-blossoms, carnations, forget-me-nots, damask-roses, tea-roses, moss-roses, jasmines, red berries, and golden-brown acorns.

Flora dreams—I suppose that even the ballet-girls who are suspended in agonizing positions during theatrical transformation scenes sometimes dream that they are really in paradise—and as dreaming is not allowed and is not consistent with the exact system of a well-ordered factory, the forewoman taps her on the shoulder: "Polly, wake up!" Polly is the real name, and we have only used Flora in a generic sense.

The forewoman is "an old flower-hand," and has worked steadily at the business for many years, with the exception of a few months, during which she went away to be married; her marriage was unfortunate, and she returned to the factory with a bad opinion of men and a better opinion of her old occupation. But the most important person about the factory is not the forewoman, although she understands all about the manipulation of color, and, what is not so easy, the government of variously-disposed work-girls.

On one of the lower floors of the building there is a small apartment, neatly furnished, wherein sits a sedate, handsomely-dressed, handsome-looking woman, who speaks with a strong French accent, and wears a towering coiffure. She is combining separate flowers into sprays, wreaths, and bunches, blending colors and shapes with an artist's taste, and revising her work from time to time as the substitution of a rose for a geranium or a daisy for an apple-blossom strikes her as an improvement. Her little work-table is loaded with flowers; the room is carpeted with Brussels, and the rest of the furniture shows that it is intended for the occupation of a superior being. That being is Mademoiselle Aurelia, the designer from Paris, whose services are esteemed much more valuable than those of any other employé, not excepting the trained and experienced forewoman. France excels in the fabrication of flowers; the costliest and the loveliest of those worn in the United States are imported from that country, where the trade amounts to over twenty-four million



COLORING AND STAMPING.

francs annually, one-half of this sum being paid for labor, and Mademoiselle Aurelia is what is called a *monteur*, or maker-up. No wonder that she wears rings on her fingers and sits at her work with an air of independence uncommon in the other employés. "However meritorious and commendable the truthful imitation of plants and flowers may be," a commissioner to one of the international exhibitions has written in his report, "this excellence is insufficient in itself to induce a large home consumption, or to create and maintain an extensive export trade. It is to the great talent of the Parisian *monteurs* in harmoniously grouping together a variety of stems, leaves, buds, and flowers, for head-wreaths, dress-trimmings, and bouquets, as much as to the makers of these several parts, that Paris owes its high reputation in this art. So much diversity as to skill exists among the various artists that it is known that the same flowers have a double value when arranged by one of them to what they would have if arranged by another."

Mademoiselle probably has a copy of these flattering words in her desk at home or treasured in her *porte-monnaie*. Hers is the land of artificial flowers, indeed, and not only of flowers, but also of artificial plants and fruits—though what use the fruits have, except to make the mouth water, we cannot understand, until, referring to a fashion-plate, we discover that the lady of society, not content with the gems yielded by the earth and the flowers of the field, actually levies on the orchard for novel additions to her extrinsic and overdone ornamentation. The party-colored foliage-plants are miraculously perfect imitations—every crease, vein, spot, tint, and filament, in the natural creation being reproduced with such minute fidelity that a magnifying-glass is needed to detect the artifice. Neither England nor America touches France in this beautiful branch of manufacture; but another laurel is added to our Centennial wreath in the fact that the Americans surpass the English, and in recent years have found few occasions to import any except the best Paris flowers. Nothing can equal the delicacy, the exquisite coloring, and the *vraisemblance* of the latter, as we have said.

Mademoiselle takes a rose from her table and hands it to us for examination before inserting it in the spray which she is putting together. All the silky softness, the dreamy color that melts through several different shades until it is warmest at the heart, the tender veins, and the slender, pale-green stem, are so faithful to Nature that we miss the perfume with surprise. We blow gently into the chalice; the leaves fall back with the tremulous resistance that a real flower would show, and recover themselves with a little shudder, as though there was life in them. Then the designer weaves it into the spray amid other flowers, and that spray becomes the pattern of dozens which are manufactured by Flora and the work-girls in the upper stories.

Let us make the round of the factory. In the topmost room the coloring and stamping are done, the artificers here being men. The floor and walls are spattered with many pigments; there is a strong chemical odor, and sheets of lawn, variously colored, are stretched on wooden frames to dry. Bunches of natural grasses imported from France, the living tint of which has been renewed or altered by dyes, are strung along the ceiling, and large pots of liquid coloring may be seen in several places about the room. Reds and purples are obtained by solutions of Brazilian wood, carmine, madder-lake, and garancine, mixed with salt of tartar, potash, alum, and various alkalies or acids, each of which produces a different tinge. The source of the rose-color is carmine, modified in shade by salts of tartar, and blues are yielded from indigo dissolved with potash and alcohol, the use of the latter spirit suggesting the intoxicating beauty which some artificial flowers possess. Saffron, gamboge, and annotto, give yellow in various shades, tending toward orange on one hand and green on the other, being produced by the addition of salt of tartar and alcohol. Violet, the tenderest of colors, is made by combinations of blue and red, such as Prussian-blue and garancine or cobalt and crimson-lake; and lilac comes from a mixture of carmine or crimson-lake with cobalt or ultramarine. The chemist, with his brilliant minerals, is next in importance to Mademoiselle Aurelia, and upon his ability and success the vivid hues of the flowers depend.

It is sometimes said that the manufacture of flowers is extremely unhealthful. We believe it to be so in a few instances, but in most cases it involves no greater injury to the operatives than the average of occupations. The principal objection to it arises from the use of arsenic in the production of the particularly bright green imparted to some leaves and grasses—the poison being mixed with cold water and starch or gum-arabic. The workman takes a quantity of this liquid in his hand and spreads it over the fabric from which the leaves are to be cut. He cannot avoid besmearing himself with some of the color, and, in that part of the process called "fluffing," which means dipping the leaf into warm wax and dusting the dry color from it, floating particles of arsenic enter the air, and are inhaled by all in the work-room. Towels or masks are occasionally worn before the mouth and nostrils, but the moist skin attracts the dust and the clothes give it lodgment. This abominable but very necessary "fluffing" process is repeated with all colors, and Flora in the room below sometimes breathes particles of the blue of violets, the yellow core of daisies, the carmine of the damask-rose, the white of the lily, the lilac of the hyacinth, or the pink of the moss-rose, as though it was intended to transform her into a gorgeous flower; but, if the inhalement of color has any perceptible effect upon her, it is to make her white cheeks whiter and to dim the sparkle of her eyes.

In the United States the two materials used in making flowers for dress and millinery uses, exclusive of the outer leaves and the stems, are lawn, which is imported from Manchester, England, and satin-cotton, which is imported from France. Other

materials are occasionally used here and frequently elsewhere, as in Brazil, whose dazzling exhibit of feather-flowers at the Philadelphia Exhibition cannot have been forgotten by our readers; and in the Bahamas shells are grouped into pleasing imitations of flowers. An ingenious Frenchman has actually utilized whalebone, cutting it into very thin strips and then bleaching, dyeing, and shaping it. Berlin wool, insect-wings, palm-leaves, straw, and *yucca*-fibres, are also fashioned into more or less exact copies of flowers in various parts of the world; but



THE FLOWER-MAKERS.

the softness and delicacy of the rose that we have been looking at can only be obtained by the lawns and satin-cotton. Velvet was much used formerly, and is still employed to some extent; crape is worked into those utterly unnatural productions known as mourning-flowers, which are the chimney-sweeps of the artificial floral world; but the best effects are obtained, as we have said, in fine, diaphanous fabrics.

The sheets that we see drying on wooden frames in the coloring-room are either lawn or satin-cotton. These have been dipped in the coloring-matter, and kneaded or beaten by hand previous to the stretching on the frame—the kneading distributing the color fairly over the entire surface; and, when they are dry, several of them are folded together and cut by steel dies into the shape of the petal required. The dies are multifarious; here are tiers and tiers of little shelves filled with them, and the botanist who could bring a specimen whose leaf could not be reproduced with all the indentations of its edges by one of these unattractive metal implements would be the discoverer of something very uncommon. Twelve or more petals of one shape are cut at a time, the fabric, folded to that many thicknesses, being laid on a tablet of lead, and the die being forced through it by a mallet in the hands of a good workman. As soon as the lead is covered with the impressions of the die, it is hammered out into smoothness again and again, no second cut over the traces of one impression being made, as that would leave a crease in the cloth.

To-day they are making rose-leaves of a charming pink color, and the petals, which resemble the delectable musk-lozenges of our boyhood, are taken from the die to some men seated at a window, by



FLORA AT THE MILLINER'S.

whom a deeper pink is applied to their centres. Small camel's-hair brushes are used for this purpose, and we wonder that women are not employed in an occupation so well adapted to them. The retouched leaves are dried, and trays covered with them in rainbow variety lie about the room, the small, varicolored disks giving one the idea of a confectionery.

The leaf is now put between a die and counter-die, issuing therefrom with a fine tracery of veins depressed or raised along its surface, and thus it reaches Flora in the work-room on the next story below. It is hollowed or curved into shape by a "gauffering-iron," strung upon the stem, and secured to the stamen, boxed, and stored for the market.

About two thousand girls and children are employed by some fifty manufacturers of flowers in New York City, and are paid from one to ten dollars a week. In the factory that we have in mind about one hundred girls are steadily employed, and, as we descended from the coloring-room, we found them seated at long tables, working silently and diligently with the masses of colored stuffs before them. Conversation is not forbidden, but it must be carried on in so low a voice to suit the forewoman, that Flora prefers to hold her tongue, although she is by nature an inveterate gossip. At one of the tables a lot of mere children are separating the compact leaves as they come from the coloring-room, and twisting green paper around the wire stems—or, as the stems are technically called, the "pips"—which are manufactured by people outside the factory, as are the outer leaves and the artificial grasses. Flora remembers the time when she worked at that table, and received a dollar a week for the simple things her childish hands could do; but that was long ago, and her wages are now seven or eight dollars. At another table some older girls are sitting and "gauffering" the leaves. A row of gas-jets are ranged along the centre of the table, by which the irons are heated; the irons themselves are smooth steel dies attached to short, wooden handles, and by them the flat disks of cloth brought from the coloring-room are hollowed and curved so as to become the chalice of the flower. The counter-die is a small bag or pillow of bran or sawdust. The gauffered leaves are slipped over the wire stems, to which they are secured by the "pip," or stamen; and so, bit by bit, with more details than we can describe, the flower is built by the nimble and industrious fingers of Flora and her companions.

At a table near the front-window the oldest and best-paid "hands" are stringing the separate flowers into wreaths and sprays, taking Mademoiselle Aurelia's models, and the effects obtained are lovely, indeed. Here are garlands of velvet geraniums and autumn leaves; others of scarlet or crimson silk roses, fully blown, moss-rose buds and foliage, and others in which are asters, violets, fuschias, geraniums, pansies, and roses, together. Here, too, are acacias, ivies, hyacinths, dahlias, azalias, cowslips, clematis, heliotropes, camellias, crocuses, berries, and clover. The most fashionable evening bonnets of the season, Mademoiselle Aurelia tells us in her broken English,

are so covered with flowers that the material of the frame is completely concealed. A piece of net stiffened with delicate wire is fitted to the head of the wearer and covered with a garland, seemingly tied at the back with a bow of satin ribbon, and secured in front by long streamers. The flowers are blush-roses, buds, and foliage, and the ribbons are sky-blue satin. Another fashionable creation—mademoiselle thus speaks of her design—is of pansies and black-satin ribbons; another of velvet geraniums and autumn leaves, tied with golden-satin ribbon; another of a bunch of variegated rose-buds set in a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley; and another of blue forget-me-nots, red berries, golden-brown acorns, green plums, and scarlet carnations. Such extrinsic ornaments as birds are added to the wreaths afterward, and the votary of fashion may bedeck herself with all the fruits of a suitable size that grow, in addition to the delicate hawthorn-blossoms and pale camellias of Flora's handiwork.

Pray do not look behind these exquisite flowers, reader; for, should you do so, what bitterness of jealousy and heart-burnings of envy would not be discovered! That ravishing wreath with the blush-roses, buds, foliage, and sky-blue ribbons, will be monstrously ugly in the eyes of Mrs. Conover when she beholds it on the head of Mrs. Spendthrift, and Mrs. Spendthrift will be shocked by the atrociously bad taste of the tender little forget-me-nots when they appear in the toilet of Mrs. Conover. Those lilies-of-the-valley and rose-buds, which make such a pretty combination that Mademoiselle Aurelia is quite enamored of her own work, are going forth into the world to break friendships; for the prophecy of our mind's eye shows us the coolness with which Miss Hackney will treat Miss Polly Crashaw when that twinkling little blonde comes out with them on her head—the second spring bonnet in May, although she cannot afford even one, and it is a mystery how she lives at all. Even the cheap wreaths of daisies and very green leaves will evoke some ill-feeling among the children as they walk up to the altar for confirmation on account of fancied differences in their quality or appearance; but Flora thinks nothing of these disagreeable things, and we are sorry for having mentioned them.

Those of our readers who are familiar with Daudet's powerful novel, "Sidonie," will remember the pathetic little decorator of birds, Désirée. There are many such characters in the artificial-flower trade of New York, who work at home with the material supplied to them by the manufacturers. They are to be found up in the garrets of tenement-houses, from the windows of which the great city spreads out, a wilderness of roofs; and in some cases an entire family—the boys, girls, mother, and baby—are employed. Again, there are women who, under contract with the manufacturing firms, hire children for a small pittance—even as little as fifty cents a week—the parents being glad to escape the care of them during the day. The productions of these little ones are not valuable, of course; they usually consist of the poorest kinds of leaves and the simplest kinds of flowers; but other outsiders are en-



FLORA ARRIVING HOME.

gaged, whose work, brought to the factory and paid for once a week, is of the best quality.

The foreman showed to us a box of water-lilies that were made by two sisters, who occupy themselves altogether with this sort of flowers. They live in Beach Street, and their industry affords them happiness. Their two apartments are prettily furnished; the tall masts of the shipping in the harbor can be seen from one of the windows, and the rattle of the heavily-laden vehicles going to and from the wharves is plainly audible. But they can only maintain themselves respectably by constant activity, and morning after morning their materials are brought out, not to be put away again until the gray approach of night.

Flora's hours in the factory are from eight o'clock A. M. to six o'clock P. M., with an intermission of thirty minutes for lunch at noon. The little wicker-baskets are then relieved of their contents, and we have an opportunity to see how unsubstantial the food is that the girl supplies herself with. Bits of pie, cake, and confectionery, scarcely ever any meat, constitute her meal, and a large pot of tea is brewed for general use—all the work-people subscribing a portion of the expense.

The finished work of the day is boxed in pretty, lavender-colored, gilt-edged boxes, the manner in which it is packed being a very important consideration. The same flowers arranged in one way will often bring a much higher price if arranged in another, the principal salesman told us, and the aim of the packers is to produce the most telling effect on the buyers when a sample is uncovered for inspection. Boxed and sold, into what holiday scenes, *fêtes*, and displays, are these beautiful things not going? Flora's imagination, fed by the gorgeous descriptions of story-paper ballrooms, can scarcely carry her so far; but at six o'clock, when the evening is darkening, she goes home to her garret.

UP IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

I.

"INSTEAD of going through the whole book, you can read this abstract, Miss Honor."

The speaker drew forth five or six sheets of paper, closely covered with fine, small handwriting. The letters were not in the least beautiful, or even straight, if you examined them closely, for they carried themselves crookedly, and never twice alike; but, owing to their extreme smallness, and the careful way in which they stood on the line, rigidly particular as to their feet, although their spines were misshapen, they looked not unlike a regiment of little humpbacked men, marching with extreme precision, and daring you to say that they were crooked. Stephen Wainwright had partly taught himself this hand, and partly it was due to temperament. He despised a clerkly script. Yet he could not wander down a page, or blur his words, any more than he could wander down a street, or blur his chance remarks; in spite of himself he always knew exactly where he was going, and what he intended to say. He was not a man who attracted attention in any way. He was small, yet not so small as to be noticed for smallness; he was what is called plain-looking, yet without that marked ugliness which, in a man, sometimes amounts to distinction. As to his dress, he was too exact for carelessness—you felt that the smallest spot on his loose flannel coat would trouble him; and yet he was entirely without that trim, fresh, spring-morning appearance which sometimes gives a small man an advantage over his larger brethren, as the great coach-dogs seem suddenly coarse and dirty when the shining little black-and-tan terrier bounds into the yard beside them. Stephen was a man born into the world with an overweight of caution and doubt. They made the top of his head so broad and square that Reverence, who likes a rounded curve, found herself displaced; she clung on desperately through his schoolboy days, but was obliged at last to let go as the youth began to try his muscles, shake off extraneous substances, and find out what he really was himself, after the long succession of tutors and masters had done with him.

The conceit of small men is proverbial, and Stephen was considered a living etching of the proverb, without color, but sharply outlined. He had a large fortune; he had a good intellect; he had no vices—sufficient reasons, the world said, why he had become, at forty, unendurably conceited. His life, the world considered, was but a succession of conquests, and the quiet manner with which he entered a drawing-room crowded with people, or stood apart and looked on, was but another indication of that vanity of his which never faltered, even in the presence of the most beautiful women or the most brilliant men. The world had no patience with him. If he had not gone out in society at all, if he had belonged to that large class of men who persistently refuse to attire themselves in dress-coats and struggle through the dance, the world would have understood it; but, on the contrary, Stephen went everywhere, looking smaller and plainer than usual in his evening-dress, asked everybody to dance, and fulfilled every social obligation with painstaking exactitude. The world had no patience with him; he was like a golden apple hanging low; but nobody could pull him off the branch.

Stephen's conversation-friend (every unmarried man, though an octogenarian, has his conversation-friend) was Adelaide Kellinger, the widow of his cousin and favorite boyhood-companion, Ralph Kellinger. Adelaide was now thirty-five years of age,

an agreeable woman, tall, slender, and exquisitely dressed—a woman who made people forget that an arm should be round, or a cheek red, when her slim amber-colored gracefulness was present with them. Adelaide's house was Stephen's one lounging-place. Here he came to hear her talk over last evening's party, and here he delivered fewer of those concise *à propos* remarks for which he was celebrated, and which had been the despair of a long series of young ladies in turn ; for, what can you do with a man who, on every occasion even the most unexpected, has calmly ready for you a neat sentence, politely delivered, like the charmingly folded small parcels which the suave dry-goods clerk hands to you across the counter? Stephen was never in a hurry to bring out these remarks of his ; on the contrary, he always left every pause unbroken for a perceptible half-moment or two, as if waiting for some one else to speak. The unwary, therefore, were often entrapped into the idea that he was slow, or unprepared ; and the unwary made a mistake, as the more observing among them soon discovered.

Adelaide Kellinger had studied her cousin for years. The result of her studies was as follows: She paid, outwardly, no especial attention to him, and she remained perfectly natural herself. This last was a difficult task. If he asked a question, she answered with the plainest truth she could imagine ; if he asked an opinion, she gave the one she would have given to her most intimate woman-friend (if she had had one) ; if she was tired, she did not conceal it ; if she was out of temper, she said disagreeable, sharp-edged things. She was, therefore, perfectly natural? On the contrary, she was extremely unnatural. A charming woman does not go around at the present day in a state of nature mentally any more than physically ; politeness has become a necessary clothing to her. Adelaide Kellinger never spoke to her cousin without a little preceding pause, during which she thought over what she was going to say ; and as Stephen was slow to speak also, their conversations were ineffective, judged from a dramatic point of view. But Adelaide judged by certain broad facts, and left drama to others. Stephen liked to be with her ; and he was a creature of habit. She intended that he should continue to like to be with her ; and she relied upon that habit.

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Afar off, counting by civilization, not by parallels of latitude, there are mountains in this country of ours, east of the Mississippi, as purple-black, wild, and pathless, some of them, as the peaks of the Western sierras. These mountains are in the middle South. A few roads climb from the plain below into their presence, and cautiously follow the small rivers that act as guides—a few roads, no more. Here and there are villages, or rather farm-centres, for the soil is fertile wherever it is cleared ; but the farms are old and stationary, they do not grow, stretch out a fence here, or a new field there : they remain as they were when the farmers' sons were armed and sent to swell George Washington's little army. To this day the farmers' wives spin and weave, and dye and fashion, with their own hands, each in her own house, the garments worn by all the family ; to this day they have seen nothing move by steam. The locomotive waits beyond the peaks ; the water-mill is the highest idea of force. Half a mile from the village of Ellerby stands one of these water-mills ; to it come farmers and farmers' boys on horseback, from miles around, with grist to be ground. And sometimes the women come, too, riding slowly on old, pacing cart-horses, their faces hidden in the tubes of deep, long sun-bonnets, their arms moving up and down, up and down, as the old horse stretches his head to his fore-feet and back with every step. When two farm-women meet at the mill-block there is much talking in the chipped-off mountain dialect ; but they sit on their horses without dismounting, strong, erect, and not uncomely, with eyes like eagles', yet often toothless in their prime, in the strange rural-American way, which makes one wonder what it was in the life of the negro slaves which gives their grandchildren now such an advantage in this over the descendants alike of the whites of Massachusetts Bay and the plantations of the Carolinas. When the farmers meet at the mill-block, they dismount and sit down in a row, not exactly on their heels, but nearly so—in reality, they sit, or squat, on their feet, nothing of them touching the ground save the soles of their heavy shoes, the two tails of their blue homespun coats being brought round and held in front. In this position they whittle and play with their whips, or eat the giant apples of the mountains. Large, iron-framed men, they talk but slowly ; they are content apparently to go without those finer comprehensions and appreciations which other men covet ; they are content to be almost as inarticulate as their horses, honest beasts, with few differences save temper and color of hide. Across the road from the mill, but within sound and sight of its wheel, is Ellerby Library. It is a small wooden building, elevated about five feet above the ground, on four corner supports, like a table standing on four legs. Daylight shines underneath ; and Northern boys, accustomed to close foundations, would be seized with temptations to run under and knock on the floor ; the mountain boys who come to the mill, however, are too well acquainted with the peculiarities of the library to find amusement in them, and besides this barefooted cavalry cherishes an awkward respect for the librarian under its homespun jacket.

This librarian is Honor Dooris, and it is to her Stephen Wainwright now presents his sheets of manuscript.

"You think I have an odd handwriting?" he said.

"Yes," answered the librarian ; "I should not think you would be proud of it."

"I am not."

"Then why not try to change it? I might lend you my old copies—those I used myself and still use. Here they are." And she took from her desk a number of small slips of paper, on which were written, in a round hand with many flourishes and deeply-shaded lines, moral sentences, such as "He that

would thrive must rise at five;" "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day;" and others of like hilarious nature.

"Thanks," said Stephen; "I will take the copies, and try—to improve."

The librarian then began to look through the abstract, and Stephen did not break the silence.

"Would it not be a good idea for me to read it aloud?" she said, after a while. "I can always remember what I have read aloud."

"As you please," replied Stephen.

So the librarian began, in a sweet voice, with a strong Southern accent, and read aloud, with frowning forehead and evidently but half-comprehension, the chemical abstract which Stephen had prepared.

"It is very hard," she said, looking up at him, with a deep furrow between her eyebrows.

"But not too hard for a person of determined mind."

The person of determined mind answered to the spur immediately, bent forward over the desk again, and went on reading. Stephen, motionless, sat with his eyes fixed on a spider's-web high up in the window. When, too deeply puzzled to go on, the girl stopped and asked a question, he answered it generally without removing his eyes from the web. When once or twice she pushed the manuscript away and leaned back in her chair, impotent and irritated, he took the sheets from her hand, explained the hard parts with clear precision, gave them back, and motioned to her to continue. She read on for half an hour. When she finished there was a flush on her cheeks, the flush of annoyance and fatigue.

"I must go now," she said, placing the manuscript in her desk, and taking down her broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, yellow as old corn, adorned with a plain band of white ribbon.

"You are not, of course, foiled by a little chemistry," said Wainwright, rising also, and looking at her without change of expression.

"Oh, no," she answered; but still she crossed the room and opened the door as if rather glad to escape, and, with a parting salutation, left him.

Wainwright sat down again. He did not watch her through the window; he took up a late volume of Herbert Spencer, opened it at the mark, and began reading with that careful dwelling upon each word which is, singularly enough, common alike to the scientific and the illiterate. The mass of middle-class readers do not notice words at all, but take only the general sense.

Honor went down the road toward Ellerby village, which was within sight around the corner, walking at first rapidly, but soon falling into the unhurrying gait of the Southern woman, so full of natural, swaying grace. At the edge of the village, she turned and took a path which led into a ravine. The path followed a brook, and began to go up-hill gradually; the ravine grew narrow and the sides high. Where the flanks met and formed the main hill-side, there was, down in the hollow, a house with a basement above-ground, with neither paint without nor within. No fences were required for Colonel Eliot's domain—the three near hill-sides were his natural walls, a ditch and plank at the entrance of the ravine his moat and drawbridge. The hill-sides had been cleared, and the high corn waved steeply all around and above him as he stood in front of his house. It went up to meet the sky, and was very good corn, indeed—what he could save of it. A large portion, however, was regularly stolen by his own farm-hands—according to the pleasant methods of Southern agriculture after the war. The colonel was glad when he could safely house one-half of it. He was a cripple, having lost a leg at Antietam. He had married a second wife, and had a house overflowing with children. He was poor as a squirrel, having a nest in these woods and the corn for nuts, and little else besides. He was as brave as a lion, courteous as an old cavalier, hot-headed when aroused, but generally easy-tempered and cheery. He went to church every Sunday, got down on his one knee and confessed his sins honestly; then he came home in the old red wagon, sat on the piazza, and watched the corn grow. Honor was his niece; she shared in his love and his poverty like his own children. Mrs. Eliot, a dimpled, soft-cheeked, faded woman, did not quite like Honor's office of librarian even if it did add two hundred dollars to their slender income—none of Honor's family, none of her family, had ever been librarians.

"But we are so poor now," said Honor.

"None the less ladies, I hope, my dear," said the elder woman, tapping her niece's shoulder with her pink-tipped, taper fingers.

Honor's hands, however, showed traces of work. She had hated to see them grow coarse, and had cried over them; and then she had gone to church, flung herself down upon her knees, offered up her vanity and her roughened palms as a sacrifice, and, coming home, had insisted upon washing out all the iron pots and saucepans, although old Chloe stood ready to do that work with tears in her eyes over her young mistress's obstinacy. It was when this zeal of Honor's was burning brightest, and her self-mortifications were at their height—which means that she was eighteen, imaginative, and shut up in a box—that an outlet was suddenly presented to her. The old library at Ellerby Mill was resuscitated, reopened, endowed with new life, new books, and a new floor, and the position of librarian offered to her.

In former days the South had a literary taste of its own unlike anything at the North. It was a careful and correct taste, founded principally upon old English authors; and it would have delighted the soul of Charles Lamb, who, being constantly told that he should be more modern, should write for posterity, gathered his unappreciated manuscripts to his breast, and declared that henceforth he would write only for antiquity. Nothing more unmodern than the old-time literary culture of the South could well be imagined; it delighted in old editions of old authors; it fondly turned their pages, and quoted their choice passages; it built little libraries here and there, like the one at Ellerby Mill,

and loaded their shelves with fine old works. In the cities it expanded into associations, and large, lofty chambers were filled to the ceiling with costly tomes, which now look so dark, and rich, and ancient, to Northern visitors, accustomed to the lightly-bound, cheap new books constantly succeeding each other on the shelves of Northern libraries. These Southern collections were not for the multitude; there was no multitude. Where plantations met, where there was a neighborhood, there grew up the little country library. No one was in a hurry; the rules were lenient; the library was but a part of the easy, luxurious way of living which belonged to the planters. The books were generally imported, an English rather than a New York imprint being preferred; and, without doubt, they selected the classics of the world. But they stopped, generally, at the end of the last century, often at a date still earlier; they forgot that there may be new classics.

The library at Ellerby Mill was built by low-country planters who came up to the mountains during the warm months, having rambling old country-houses there. They had their little summer church, St. Mark's in the Wilderness, and they looked down upon the mountain-people, who, plain folk themselves, revered the old names borne by their summer visitors, names known in their State annals since the earliest times. The mountain-people had been so long accustomed to see their judges, governors, representatives, and senators, chosen from certain families, that these offices seemed to them to belong by inheritance to those families; certainly the farmers never disputed the right. For the mountain-people were farmers, not planters; their slaves were few. They were a class by themselves, a connecting link between the North and the South. The old names, then, placed Ellerby Library where it stood full thirty years before Honor was born. They did not care for the village, but erected the small building at a point about equidistant from their country-houses, and near the mill for safety, that boys or idle slaves, drawn by the charm which any building, even an empty shed, possesses in a thinly-settled country, might not congregate there on Sundays and holidays, or camp there at night. But the library had been closed now for thirteen years; the trustees were all dead, the books mouldy, the very door-key was lost. The low-country planters no longer came up to the mountains; there were new names in the State annals, and the mountain-farmers, poorer than before, and much bewildered as to the state of the world, but unchanged in their lack of the questioning capacity, rode by, to and from the mill, and gave no thought to the little building with its barred shutters standing in the grove. What was there inside? Nothing save books, things of no practical value, and worthless. So the library stood desolate, like an unused lighthouse on the shore; and the books turned blue-green and damp at their leisure.

II.

STEPHEN WAINWRIGHT traveled, on principle. He had been, on principle, through Europe more than once, and through portions of Asia and Africa; in the intervals he made pilgrimages through his own country. He was not a languid traveler; he had no affectations; but his own marked impersonality traveled with him, and he was always the most indistinct, unremembered person on every railroad-car or steamboat. He was the man without a shadow. Of course, this was only when he chose to step out of the lime-light which his wealth threw around his every gesture. But he chose to step out of it very often, and always suffered when he did. He was forever adding up different opinions to find the same constantly-recurring sum total of "no consequence." After each experience of the kind he went back into lime-light, and played at kingship for a while. He had been doing this for twenty years.

One day he came to Ellerby on the top of the stage. Nine Methodist ministers in the inside, returning from a missionary meeting, had made the lonely road over the mountains echo with their hearty hymns; one small brother climbed out at the half-way station on the summit, and, after drinking copiously from the spring, clasped his hands behind him and admired the prospect. Wainwright looked at him, not cynically, but with his usual expressionless gaze. The little minister drank again, and walked up and down. After a few moments he drank a third time, and continued to admire the prospect. Wainwright recalled vaguely the Biblical injunction, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," when behold! the small minister drank a fourth time hastily, and then, as the driver gathered up the reins, a last and hearty fifth time, before climbing up to the top, where Wainwright sat alone.

"I am somewhat subject to vertigo," he explained, as he took his seat; "I will ride the rest of the way in the open air with your permission, sir."

Wainwright looked at him. "Perhaps he was weighting himself down with water," he thought.

The brother had, indeed, very little else to make weight with; his small body was enveloped in a long linen duster, his head was crowned with a tall hat; he might have weighed one hundred pounds. He could not brace himself when they came to rough places, because his feet did not reach the floor; but he held on manfully with both hands, and begged his companion's pardon for sliding against him so often.

"I am not greatly accustomed to the stage," he said; "I generally travel on horseback."

"Is there much zeal in your district?" said Wainwright. It was the question he always asked when he was placed next to a clergyman, varying it only by "parish," "diocese," or "circuit," according to appearances.

"Zeal," said his companion—"zeal, sir? Why, there isn't anything else!"

"I am glad to hear it," replied Wainwright.

The little minister took the remark in good faith.

"A believer?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Stephen.

"Let me shake you by the hand, brother. This is a noble country in which to believe. Among

these great and solemn peaks, who can disbelieve or who go contrary to the will of the Lord?"

Stephen made no answer, and the brother, lifting up his voice after a silence, cried again, "Who?" And, after a moment's pause, and more fervently, a second "Who?" Then a third, in a high, chanting key. It seemed as if he would go on forever.

"Well," said Stephen, "if you will have answer, I suppose I might say the moonlight-whiskey makers."

The little brother came down from the heights immediately, and glanced at his companion. "Acquainted with the country, sir?" he asked in a business-like tone.

"Not at all," said Stephen.

"Going to stay at Ellerby awhile, perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

"Reckon you will like to ride about; you will need horses. They will cheat you in the village; better apply to me. Head is my name—Bethuel Head; everybody knows me." Then he shut his eyes and began to sing a hymn of eight or ten verses, the brethren below, hearing him chanting alone on the top, joining in the refrain with hearty good-will. As soon as he had finished, he said again, in a whisper, "Better apply to me," at the same time giving his companion a touch with the elbow. Then he leaned over and began a slanting conversation with the brother who occupied the window-seat on his side; but, whenever he righted himself for a moment, he either poked Wainwright or winked at him, not lightly or jocularly, but with a certain anxious, concealed earnestness which was evidently real. "Head is my name," he whispered again; "better write it down—Bethuel Head." And when Wainwright, who generally did imperturbably whatever other people asked him to do, finding it in the end the least trouble, finally did write it down, the little man seemed relieved. "Their blood has dyed the pure mountain-streams," he whispered, solemnly, as the coach crept down a dark gorge with the tree-branches sweeping its sides; "but I shall go out, yea, I shall go out as did David against Goliath, and save one man—one!"

"Do," said Stephen. What the little brother meant, he neither knew nor cared to know; going through life without questions he had found to be the easiest way. Besides, he was very tired. He had never "rejoiced in his strength," even when he was young; he had always had just enough to carry him through, with nothing over. The seven hours on the mountain-road, which climbed straight up on one side of the Blue Ridge, and straight down on the other, now over solid rock, now deep in red clay, now plunging through a break-neck gorge, now crossing a rushing stream so often that the route seemed to be principally by water, had driven him into the dull lethargy which was the worst ailment he knew; for even his illnesses were moderate. He fell asleep mentally, and only woke at the sound of a girl's voice.

It was twilight, and the stage had stopped at Ellerby Mill; two of the ministers alighted there, to take horse and go over solitary roads homeward to small mountain-villages, one ten, one fifteen miles away. Brother Bethuel was leaning over the side, holding on to his tall hat, and talking down to a young girl who stood at the edge of the roadway on a bank of ferns.

"Masters is better, Miss Honor," he said, "or was the last time I saw him; I do not think there is any present danger."

"I am very glad," answered the girl, with earnestness; her eyes did not swerve from the little minister's face, although Wainwright was now looking down too. "If we could only have him entirely well again!"

"He will be!—he will be!" answered Brother Bethuel. "Pray for him, my sister."

"I do pray," said the girl; "daily, almost hourly." Into her dark eyes, uplifted and close to him, Wainwright could look directly, himself unnoticed as usual; and he read there that she did pray. "She believes it," he thought. He looked at her generally; she did not appear to be either extremely young, or ignorant, or commonplace, exactly. "About eighteen," he thought.

"He has asked if his father has been told," continued the minister.

"No, no; it is better he should know nothing," said the girl. "Can you take a package, Mr. Head?"

"Yes, to-morrow. I abide to-night with Brother Beetle."

"I will have it ready, then," said the girl.

The stage moved on, she waved her hand, and the minister nodded energetically in return until the road curved and he could see her no longer. His tall hat was tightly on his head all this time; politeness in the mountains is not a matter of hat. They were but half a mile from Ellerby now, and the horses began to trot for the first time in eight hours. Brother Bethuel turned himself, and met Wainwright's eyes. Now those eyes of Wainwright's were of a pale color, like the eyes of a fish; but they had at times a certain inflexibility which harassed the beholder, as, sometimes, one fish in an aquarium will drive a person into nervousness by simply remaining immovable behind his glass wall, and staring out at him stonily. Brother Bethuel, meeting Wainwright's eyes, immediately began to talk:

"A fine young lady that, Miss Honor Dooris, niece of Colonel Eliot, the low-country Eliots, you know, one of our most distinguished families. I venture to say, sir, that strike at an Eliot, yes, strike at an Eliot, and a thousand will rise to beat back the blow. It would be dangerous, sir, most dangerous, to strike at that family."

"Are they troubled by—by strikers?" asked Stephen.

"Nobody ever harms anybody in this blessedly peaceful country of ours," said the little minister in a loud, chanting voice. Then he dropped to a conversational tone again. "Miss Honor has been to the library; she is writing some 'Reflections on the Book of Job,' and is obliged of course to consult the

authorities. You noticed the old library, did you not?—that small building in the grove, opposite the mill; her father was one of the trustees. The front-steps are down, and she is obliged to climb in by a back-window—allowable, of course, to a trustee's daughter—in order to consult the authorities."

"And on Job they are such as—?"

"Well, the dictionaries, I reckon," said Brother Bethuel, after considering a moment. "She is not of my flock; the Eliots are, of course, Episcopalians," he continued with an odd sort of pride in the fact. "But I have aided her—I have aided her."

"In the matter of Masters, perhaps?"

Brother Bethuel glanced at his companion quickly in the darkening twilight. He caught him indulging in a long, tired yawn.

"I was about to say, general charity; but the matter of Masters will do," he said, carelessly. "The man is a poor fellow up in the mountains, in whom Miss Dooris is interested. He is often ill and miserable, and always very poor. She sends him aid when she can. I am to take a bundle to-morrow."

"And she prays for him," said Wainwright, beginning to descend as the stage stopped at the door of the village inn.

"She prays for all," replied Brother Bethuel, leaning over, and following him down with the words, delivered in a full undertone. Brother Bethuel had a good voice; he had preached under the open sky among the great peaks too long to have any feeble tones left.

"I do not believe anybody ever prays for me," was Wainwright's last thought before he came sharply into personal contact with the discomforts of the inn. And, as his mother died when he was born, perhaps he was right.

The next morning he wandered about and gazed at the superb sweep of the mountains. Close behind him rose the near wall of the Blue Ridge; before him stretched the line of the Alleghanies going down toward Georgia, the Iron Mountains, the Bald Mountains, and the peaks of the Great Smoky, purple and soft in the distance. A chain of giant sentinels stretched across the valley from one range to the other, and on these he could plainly see the dark color given by the heavy, unmixed growth of balsam-firs around and around up to the very top, a hue which gives the name Black Mountain to so many of these peaks.

It was Sunday, and when the three little church-bells rang, making a tinkling sound in the great valley, he walked over to the Episcopal church. He had a curiosity to see that girl's eyes again by daylight. Even there, in that small house of God where so few strangers ever came, he was hardly noticed. He took his seat on one of the benches, and looked around. Colonel Eliot was there, in a black broadcloth coat seventeen years old, but well brushed, and worn with an air of unshaken dignity. The whole congregation heard him acknowledge every Sunday that he was a miserable sinner; but they were as proud of him on his one leg with his crutch under his arm as if he had been a perfected saint, and they would have knocked down any man who had dared to take him at his Sunday word. The colonel's placid, dimpled wife was there, fanning herself with the slowly serene manner of her youth; and two benches were full of children. On the second bench was Honor, and the man of the world watched her closely in his quiet, unobserved way. This was nothing new: Wainwright spent his life in watching people. He had studied hundreds of women in the same way, and he formed his conclusions with minutest care. He judged no one by impulse or intuition, or even by liking or disliking. What persons *said* was not of the slightest importance to him in any way; he noted what they *did*. The service was in progress, and Honor was down upon her knees. He saw her confess her sins; he saw her bow her head to receive the absolution; he saw her repeat the psalms; he watched her through every word of the litany; he heard her sing; and he noted her clasped hands and strong effort of recollection throughout the recital of the commandments. Then he settled himself anew, and began to watch her through the sermon. He had seen women attentive through the service before now: they generally became neutral during the sermon. But this girl never swerved. She sat with folded arms looking at the preacher fixedly, a slight compression about the mouth showing that the attention was that of determination. The preacher was uninteresting, he was tautological; still the girl followed him. "What a narrow little round of words and phrases it is!" thought the other, listening, too, but weary. "How can she keep up with him?" And then, still watching her, he fell to noticing her dress and attitude. Poor Honor wore a gown of limp black alpaca, faithful, long-enduring servant of small-pursed respectability; on her head was a small, black bonnet which she had fashioned herself, and not very successfully. A little linen collar, a pair of old gloves, and her prayer-book, completed the appointments of her costume. Other young girls in the congregation were as poorly dressed as she, but they had a ribbon, a fan, an edge of lace, here and there, or at least a rose from the garden to brighten themselves withal; this girl alone had nothing. She was tall and well-rounded, almost majestic; but childishly young in face. Her dark hair, which grew very thickly—Wainwright could see it on the temples—seemed to have been, until recently, kept short, since the heavy braid behind made only one awkward turn at the back of the head. She had a boldly-cut profile, too marked for regular beauty, yet pleasant to the eye owing to the delicate finish of the finer curves, and the distinct arch of the lips. Her cheeks were rather thin. She had no grace; she sat stiffly on the bench, and resolutely listened to the dull discourse. "A good forehead," thought Wainwright, "and, thank Fortune! not disfigured by straggling ends of hair. 'Reflections on the Book of Job,' did he say? Poor little soul!"

At last the service was ended, the sermon of dull paraphrases over; but Wainwright did not get his look. Honor sat still in her place without turning.

He lingered awhile; but as he never did anything, on principle, that attracted attention, he went out with the last stray members of the congregation, and walked down the green lane toward the inn. He did not look back: certain rules of his he would not have altered for the Queen of Sheba (whoever she was). But Brother Bethuel, coming from the Methodist meeting-house, bore down upon him, and effected what the Queen of Sheba could not have done: himself openly watching the church-door, he took Wainwright by the arm, turned him around, and, holding him by a button-hole, stood talking to him. The red wagon of the Eliots was standing at the gate, Mrs. Eliot was on the front-seat, and all the space behind was filled in with children. Black Pompey was assisting his master into the driver's place, while Honor held the crutch. A moment afterward the wagon passed them, Pompey sitting at the end with his feet hanging down behind. Brother Bethuel received a nod from the colonel, but Madam Eliot serenely failed to see him. The low-country lady had been brought up to return the bows and salutations of all the blacks in the neighborhood, but whites below a certain line she did not see.

Evidently Honor was going to walk home. In another moment she was close to them, and Stephen was having his look. The same slight flush rose in her face when she saw Brother Bethuel which had risen there the day before; the same earnestness came into her eyes, and Stephen became haunted by the desire to have them turned upon himself. But he was not likely to have this good fortune; all her attention was concentrated upon the little minister. She said she had the package ready; it would be at the usual place. He would take it up, he replied, at sunset. She hoped the moon would not be hidden by clouds. He hoped so too; but old Marcher knew the way. She had heard that the East Branch was up. He had heard so also; but old Marcher could swim very well. All this was commonplace, yet it seemed to Wainwright that the girl appeared to derive a certain comfort from it, and to linger. There was a pause.

"This is my friend," said Brother Bethuel at last, indicating Stephen with a backward turn of his thumb; "Mr.—Mr.—"

"Wainwright," said Stephen, uncovering; then, with his straw hat in his hand, he made her a low bow, as deliberate as the salutations in a minuet, coming up slowly and looking with gravity full in her face. He had what he wanted then—a look; she had never seen such a bow before. To tell the truth, neither had Stephen; he invented it for the occasion.

"Met him on the stage," said Brother Bethuel, "and, as he is a stranger, I thought, perhaps, Miss Honor, the colonel would let him call round this afternoon; he'd take it as a favor, I know." There was a concealed determination in his voice; the girl immediately gave Stephen another look. "My uncle will be happy to see you," she said, quickly. Then they all walked on together, and Stephen noted, under his eyelashes, the mended gloves, the coarse shoe, and the rusty color of the black gown; he noted also the absolute purity of the skin over the side of the face which was next to him, over the thin cheek, the rather prominent nose, the little shell-like ear, and the rim of throat above the linen collar. This clear white went down to the edge of the arched lips, and met the red there sharply and decidedly; the two colors were not mingled at all. What was there about her that interested him? It was the strong reality of her religious belief. In the character-studies with which he amused his life he recognized any real feeling, no matter what, as a rarity, a treasure-trove. Once he had spent six weeks in studying a woman who slowly and carefully planned and executed a revenge. He had studied what is called religion enormously, considering it one of the great spiritual influences of the world; he had found it, in his individual cases so far, mixed. Should he study this new specimen? He had not decided, when they came to the porch of the inn. There was no hurry about deciding, and this was his place to stop; he never went out of his way. But Honor paused too, and, looking at him, said, with a mixture of earnestness and timidity: "You will come and see uncle, I hope, Mr. Wainwright. Come this afternoon." She even offered her hand, and offered it awkwardly. As Wainwright's well-fitting, well-buttoned glove touched for an instant the poor, cheap imitation, wrinkled and flabby, which covered her hand, he devoutly hoped she would not see the contrast as he saw it. She did not; a Dooris was a Dooris, and the varieties of kid-skin and rat-skin could not alter that.

Brother Bethuel went on with Honor, but in the afternoon he came back to the inn to pilot Stephen to the Eliot ravine. Stephen was reading a letter from Adelaide Kellinger—a charming letter, full of society events and amusing little comments, which were not rendered unintelligible either by the lack of commas, semicolons, and quotation-marks, and the substitution of the never-failing dash, dear to the feminine pen. The sheets, exhaling the faintest reminiscence of sandal-wood, were covered with clear handwriting, which went straight from page to page in the natural way, without crossing or doubling or turning back. There was a date at the top; the weather was mentioned; the exact time of arrival of Stephen's last letter told. It can be seen from this that Adelaide was no ordinary correspondent.

Stephen, amused and back in New York, did not care much about the Eliot visit; but Brother Bethuel cared, and so, with his usual philosophy, Stephen went. They talked of the mountains, of the mountain-people, of the villagers; then Brother Bethuel took up the subject of the Eliot family, and declaimed their praises all the rest of the way. They were extremely influential, they were excessively hot-tempered; the State was in a peculiar condition at present, but the Eliots held still the old wires, and it would be extremely dangerous to attack the family in any way. Stephen walked along, and let the little man chant on. He had heard, in this same manner,

pages and volumes of talk from the persons who insist upon telling you all about people in whom you have not the remotest interest, even reading you their letters and branching off farther and farther, until you come to regard those first mentioned as quite near friends when the talker comes back to them (if he ever does), being so much nearer than the outside circles into which he has tried to convey you. Stephen never interrupted these talkers; so he was a favorite prey of theirs. Only gradually did it dawn upon them that his stillness was not exactly that of attention. The only interest he showed now was when the minister got down to what he called the present circumstances of the family. It seemed that they were very poor; Brother Bethuel appeared determined that the stranger should know precisely how poor. He brought forward the pathetic view.

"They have nothing to eat sometimes but cornmeal and potatoes," he said. This made no impression.

"The brook rises now and then, and they live in a roaring flood; all the small articles have more than once been washed away."

"Any of the children?" inquired Wainwright.

"Once, when the horses were lame, I saw Honor go to the mill herself with the meal-sack."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and carry it home again. And I have seen her scrubbing out the kettles."

Wainwright gave an inward shudder. "Has she any education at all?" he asked, with a feeling like giving her money, and getting away as fast as possible; money, because he had for twenty-four hours made her in a certain way a subject of study, and felt as if he owed her something, especially if he went disappointed.

"Sir, she has a finished education," responded the little minister, with dignity; "she can play delightfully upon David's instrument, the harp."

At this moment they came to the plank and the ditch.

"I will go no farther," said Brother Bethuel, "and—and you need not mention to the colonel, if you please, that I accompanied you hither." Then he stood on tiptoe, and whispered mysteriously into Stephen's ear: "As to horses, remember to apply to me—Brother Head, Bethuel Head. A note dropped into the post-office will reach me, a man on horseback bringing the mail up our way twice each week. Bethuel Head—do not forget." He struck himself on the breast once or twice as if to emphasize the name, gave Stephen a wink, which masqueraded as knowing but was more like entreaty, and, turning away, walked back toward the village.

"An extraordinary little man," thought the other, crossing the plank, and following the path up the ravine by the side of the brook.

The colonel sat on his high, unrailed piazza, with the red wagon and a dilapidated buggy drawn up comfortably underneath; Honor was with him. He rose to greet his visitor, and almost immediately asked if he was related to Bishop Wainwright. When Stephen replied that he was not, the old gentleman sat down, and leaned his crutch against the wall, with a good deal of disappointment; being a devoted churchman, he had hoped for a long ecclesiastical chat. But, after a moment, he took up with good grace the secondary subject of the mountains, and talked very well about them. With the exception of the relationship to the bishop, he, with the courtesy of the South, did not ask his guest a single question; Stephen could have been a peddler, a tenor-singer, a carpet-bag politician, or a fugitive from justice, with perfect safety, as far as questions were concerned.

Honor said nothing. It was refreshing to be with a girl who did not want to go anywhere or do anything. She had really asked him to come, then, merely to please the old colonel. A girl of gold. But, alas! the girl of gold proved herself to be of the usual metal, after all; for, when half an hour had passed, she deliberately proposed to her uncle that she should take their visitor up the hill to see the view. Now, Stephen had been taken, numerous times in his life, to see views; the trouble was that he always looked directly at the real landscape, whatever it was, and found a great deal to say about it, to the neglect of the view nearer his side. He did not think it necessary now to play his usual part of responsive politeness to this little country girl's open manœuvre; he could go if she insisted upon it, he supposed. So he sat looking down at the brim of his hat; but noted, also, that even the colonel seemed surprised. Honor, however, had risen, and was putting on her ugly little bonnet; she looked quietly determined. Stephen rose also, and took leave formally; he would go homeward from the hill. They started, he by this time weary of the whole State, and fast inclining toward departure early the next morning.

He did not say much to her, or look at her; but, in truth, the path through the corn was too steep and narrow for conversation—they were obliged to walk in single file. When they had reached the summit, and Stephen was gathering together his adjectives for his usual view-remarks, he turned toward his companion, and was surprised to see how embarrassed she appeared; he began to feel interested in her again—interested in her timid, dark eyes, and the possibilities in their depths. She was evidently frightened.

"If," she began once, twice—then faltered and stopped.

"Well?" said Stephen, encouragingly; after all, she was very young.

"If you intend to stay in Ellerby any length of time—do you?"

"I really have not decided," said Stephen, relapsing into coolness.

"I was only going to say that if you *do* stay, we, that is I—we, I mean—shall be happy to see you here often."

"Thanks."

"The view is considered fine," faltered the girl, pulling off her gloves in desperate embarrassment, and putting them deep down in her pocket.

Stephen began his view-remarks.

"But what I was going to say," she continued, breaking in at the first pause, "was, that if you should stay, and need—need *horses*, or a—guide, I wish you would apply to Mr. Head."

"They are in a conspiracy against me with their horses," thought Stephen. Then he threw a hot shot! "Yes; Mr. Head asked me the same thing. He also asked me not to mention that he brought me here."

"No; pray do not," said Honor, quickly.

He turned and looked at her; she began to blush—pink, crimson, pink; then white, and a very dead white, too.

"You think it strange?" she faltered.

"Not at all. Do not be disturbed, Miss Dooris; I never think anything."

"Mr. Head is poor, and—and tries to make a little money now and then with his horses," she stammered.

"So I—judged."

"And I—try to help him."

"Very natural, I am sure."

He was beginning to feel sorry for the child, and her poor little efforts to gain a few shillings; he had decided that the colonel's old horses were the wagon-team of this partnership, and "Marcher" the saddle-horse.

"I shall certainly need horses," he said, aloud.

"And you will apply to Mr. Head?"

She was so eager that he forgot himself, and smiled.

"Miss Dooris," he said, bowing, "I will apply to Mr. Head, and only to him; I give you my word."

She brightened at once.

The golden shafts of the setting sun shone full in her face—her dark eyes did not mind them; she did not put up her hand to shield herself, but stood and looked directly into the glittering, brilliant western sky. He put his quizzical expression back out of sight, and began to talk to her. She answered him frankly. He tested her a little; he was an old hand at it. Of coquetry she gave back not a sign. Gradually the conviction came to him that she had not asked him up there for personal reasons at all. It was, then, the horses.

When he had decided this, he sat down on a stump, and went on talking to her with renewed interest. After a while she laughed, and there came into her face that peculiar brilliancy which the conjunction of dark eyes and the gleam of white, even teeth can give to a thin-cheeked brunette. Then he remembered to look at her hands, and was relieved to find them, although a little roughened by toil, charmingly shaped and finely aristocratic, fit portion of the tall, well-rounded figure, which only needed self-consciousness to be that of a young Diana. The girl seemed so happy and radiant, so impersonal in the marked attention she gave to him, which was not unlike the attention she might have given to her grandfather, that Wainwright recognized it at last as only another case of his being of no consequence, and smiled to himself over it. Evidently, if he wanted notice, he must, as it were, mount the horses. He had had no especial intention of making excursions among the mountains; but that was, apparently, the fixed idea of these horse-owners. They were, for some reason, pleased to be mysterious; he would be mysterious also.

"I hope Mr. Head's horses are good ones?" he said, confidentially; "I shall need *very* good horses."

All her color gone instantly, and the old cloud of anxiety on her face again.

"Yes, they are good horses," she answered; and then her eyes rested upon him, and he read trouble, fear, and dislike, succeeding each other openly in their dark depths.

"Is it because I am a Northerner, Miss Dooris?" he said, quietly. He had made up his mind, rather unfairly, to break down the fence between them by a close question, which so young a girl would not know how to parry.

She started, and the color rushed up all over her face again.

"Of course, it is all right," she answered, hurriedly, in a low voice; "I know that the laws must be maintained, and that some persons must do the work that you do. People cannot always choose their occupations, I suppose, and no doubt they—no doubt you—I mean, that it cannot be helped."

"May I ask what you take me for?" said Wainwright, watching her.

"We saw it at once; Mr. Head saw it, and afterward I did, also. But we are experienced; others may not discover you so soon. Mr. Head is anxious to pilot you through the mountains to save you from danger."

"He is very kind; disinterested, too."

"No," said Honor, flushing again; "I assure you he makes money by it, also."

"But you have not told me what it is you take me for, Miss Dooris?"

"It is not necessary, is it?" replied Honor, in a whisper. "You are one of the new revenue detectives, sent up here to search out the stills."

"An informer—after the moonlight-whiskey makers, you mean?"

"Yes."

Wainwright threw back his head and laughed out loud, as he had not laughed for years.

"I am not sure but that it is a compliment," he said, at last; "no one has ever taken me for anything particular before in all my life." Then, when he was sober, "Miss Dooris," he said, "I am a man of leisure, residing in New York, and I am sorry to say that I am an idle vagabond, with no occupation even so useful as that of a revenue detective."

In spite of himself, however, a touch of contempt filtered into his voice. Then it came to him how the club-men would enjoy the story, and again he laughed uproariously. When he came to himself Honor was crying.

III.

YES, Honor was crying. The dire mistake, the contempt, and, worse than all, the laughter, had

struck the proud little Southern girl to the heart.

"My dear child," said Wainwright, all the gentleman in him aroused at once, "why should you care for so small and natural a mistake? It is all clear to me now. I gave no account of myself coming over on the stage; I remember, too, that I spoke of the moonlight-whiskey makers myself, and that I made no effort to find out what Mr. Head was alluding to when he talked on in his mysterious way. It is my usual unpardonable laziness which has brought you to this error. Pray forgive it."

Honor cried on, unable to stop, but his voice and words had soothed her; he stood beside her, hat in hand, and, after a few moments, she summoned self-control enough to dry her eyes, and put down her handkerchief. But her eyelashes were still wet, her breath came tremulously, and there was a crimson spot on each cheek. She looked, at that moment, not more than fifteen years old, and Wainwright sat down, this time nearer to her, determined to make her feel easier. He banished the subject of her mistake at once, and began talking to her about herself. He asked many questions, and she answered them humbly, as a Lenten penitent might answer a father confessor. She seemed to feel as though she owed him everything he chose to take. She let him enter and walk through her life and mind, through all her hopes and plans; one or two closed doors he noted, but did not try to open, neither did he let her see that he had discovered them. He learned how poor they were; he learned her love for her uncle, her Switzer's attachment to the mountain-peaks about her; he learned what her daily life was, and he came near enough to her religious faith, that faith which had first attracted him, to see how clear and deep it was, like a still pool in a shaded glen. It was years since Stephen Wainwright had been so close to a young girl's soul, and, to do him justice, he felt that he was on holy ground.

When at last he left her, he had made up his mind that he would try an experiment. He would help this child out of the quagmire of poverty, and give her, in a small way, a chance. The question was, how to do it. He remained at Ellerby; made acquaintances; and asked questions. He pretended this, and pretended that. Finally, after some consideration, he woke up the old library association, reopened the building, and put in Honor as librarian, at a salary of two hundred dollars a year. To account for this, he was obliged, of course, to be much interested in Ellerby; his talk was that the place must eventually become a summer resort, and that money could be very well invested there. He, therefore, invested it. Discovering, among other things, pink marble on wild land belonging to the colonel, he bought a whole hill-side, and promptly paid for it. To balance this, he also bought half a mile of sulphur springs on the other side of the valley (the land comically cheap), and spoke of erecting an hotel there. The whole of Ellerby awoke, talked, and rejoiced; no one dreamed that the dark eyes of one young girl had effected it all.

Honor herself remained entirely unconscious. She was so openly happy over the library that Wainwright felt himself already repaid. "It might stand against some of my omissions," he said to himself.

One thing detained him where he was; then another. He could not buy property without paying some attention to it, and he did not choose to send for his man of business. He staid on, therefore, all summer. And he sent books to the library now and then during the winter that followed, packages which the librarian, of course, was obliged to acknowledge, answering at the same time the questions of the letters which accompanied them. Stephen's letters were always formal; they might have been nailed up on the walls of the library for all comers to read. He amused himself, however, not a little over the carefully-written, painstaking answers, in which the librarian remained "with great respect" his "obliged servant, Honor Dooris."

The second summer began, and he was again among the mountains; but he should leave at the end of the month, he said. In the mean time it had come about that he was teaching the librarian. She needed instruction, certainly; and the steps that led up to it had been so gradual that it seemed natural enough now. But no one knew the hundred little things which had been done to make it seem so.

What was he trying to do?

His cousin, Adelaide Kellinger, determined to find out that point, was already domiciled with her maid at the inn. There had been no concealment about Honor; Wainwright had told Adelaide the whole story. He also showed to her the librarian's little letters whenever they came, and she commented upon them naturally, and asked many questions. "Do you know I feel really interested in the child myself?" she said to him, one day. And it was entirely true.

When he told her that he was going to the mountains again, she asked if he would not take her with him. "It will be a change from the usual summer places; and, besides, I find I am lonely if long away from you," she said, frankly. She always put it upon that ground. She had learned that nothing makes a man pur more satisfactorily than the hearing that the woman in whose society he finds himself particularly comfortable has an especial liking for, and dependence upon, himself; immediately he makes it all a favor and kindness to *her*, and is happy. So Adelaide came with Stephen; and did make him more comfortable. His barren room bloomed with fifty things which came out of her trunks and her ingenuity; she coaxed and bribed the cook; she won the landlady to a later breakfast. She arranged a little parlor and was always there when he came home, ready to talk to him a little, but not too much, ready to divine his mood and make the whole atmosphere accord with it at once. They had been there three weeks, and of course Adelaide had met the librarian.

For those three weeks she remained neutral, and studied the ground; then she began to act. She sent

for John Royce. And she threw continuous rose-light around Honor.

After the final tableau of a spectacle-play, a second view is sometimes given with the nymphs and fairies all made doubly beautiful by rose-light. Mrs. Kellinger now gave this glow. She praised Honor's beauty.

Stephen had not observed it. How could he be so blind? Why, the girl had fathomless eyes, exquisite coloring, the form of a Greek statue, and the loveliest mouth! Then she branched off.

"What a beautiful thing it would be to see such a girl as that fall in love!—a girl so impulsive, so ignorant of the world. That is exactly the kind of girl that really could die of a broken heart."

"Could she?" said Stephen.

"Now, Stephen, you know as well as I do what Honor Dooris is," said Adelaide, warmly. "She is not awakened yet, her prince has not made himself known to her; but, when he does awaken her, she will take him up to the seventh heaven."

"That is—if she loves him."

"She has seen so few persons. It would not be a difficult matter," said Adelaide.

A few days later, when she told him that she was thinking of sending for John Royce, he made no comment, although she looked at him with undisguised wistfulness, a lingering gaze that seemed to entreat his questions. But he would not question, and, obedient as always to his will, she remained silent.

John Royce came. He was another cousin, but a young one, twenty-five years old, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. He kept his yellow hair ruthlessly short, however, and he frowned more or less over his blue eyes, owing to much yachting and squinting ahead across the glaring water to gain an inch's length on the next boat. He was brown and big, with a rolling gait; the edge of a boat tilted at one hair's-breadth from going over entirely, was his idea of a charming seat; under a tree before a camp-fire, with something more than a suspicion of savage animals near, his notion of a delightful bed. He did not have much money of his own, he was going to do something for himself by-and-by; but Cousin Adelaide had always petted him, and he had no objection to a hunt among those Southern mountains. So he came.

He had met Honor almost immediately; Mrs. Kellinger was a welcome visitor at the Eliot home, she seemed to make the whole ravine more graceful. The colonel's wife and all the children clustered around her with delight every time she came, and the old colonel himself renewed his youth in her presence. She brought John to call upon them at once, and she took him to the library also; she made Honor come and dine with them at the inn. She arranged a series of excursions in a great mountain-wagon shaped like a boat, and tilted high up behind, with a canvas cover over a framework, like a Shaker bonnet, and drawn by six slow-walking horses. The wagoner being a postilion, they had the wagon to themselves; they filled the interstices with Eliot children and baskets, and explored the wilder roads, going on foot up the steep banks above, drinking from the ice-cold spring, looking out for rattlesnakes, plucking the superb rhododendrons and the flowers of the calico-bush, and every now and then catching a new glimpse of the unparalleled crowd of peaks over toward the Tennessee line. Stephen went everywhere patiently; Honor went delightedly; John Royce went carelessly; Mrs. Kellinger went as the velvet string which held them all together. She was so smooth that they slid easily.

But, in the intervals, Wainwright still taught his librarian.

Mrs. Eliot had become Adelaide's warm friend. The sweet-voiced Southern wife, with her brood of children, and her calm, contented pride, confided to the Northern stranger the one grief of her life, namely, that she was the colonel's second wife, and that he had dearly loved the first; anxiety as to the uncertain future of her children weighed far less upon her mind than this. The old-time South preserved the romance of conjugal love even to silver hairs; there may have been no more real love than at the North, but there was more of the manner of it. The second month came to its end; it was now August. Mrs. Kellinger had sent many persons to the library, she had roused up a general interest in it; villagers now went there regularly for books, paying a small subscription-fee, which was added to Honor's salary. Honor thanked her for this in a rather awkward way; Mrs. Eliot, who was present, did not consider the matter of consequence enough for thanks. She had never even spoken to Wainwright of Honor's office of librarian, or the salary which came out of his pocket. Money-matters were nothing; between friends they were less than nothing. Stephen had two hours alone with his librarian every morning, when there was no excursion; Mrs. Kellinger had arranged that, by inventing a rule and telling it to everybody in a decided tone: no one was expected at the library before eleven o'clock.

"Did you do this?" said Stephen, when he discovered it.

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you would like it," replied Adelaide. He looked at her questioningly; she answered immediately to the look. "You are interested in a new study of character, Stephen; you are really doing the child a world of good, too; although, as usual, I confess that my interest in the matter is confined principally to your own entertainment." She spoke good-humoredly, and almost immediately afterward left him to himself.

His mind ran back over a long series of little arrangements made for his pleasure on all sorts of occasions. "She is the best-hearted woman in the world," he thought. And then he took his note-book and went over to the library.

Their lessons would have amused a looker-on; but there was no looker-on. Honor was interested or absent-minded, irritable or deeply respectful, hum-

ble or proud, by turns; she regarded him as her benefactor, and she really wished to learn; but she was young, and impulsive, and—a girl. There was little conversation save upon the lessons; with the exception of one subject. The man of the world had begun his study of this girl's deep religious faith. "If you can give it to me also, or a portion of it," he had said, "you will be conferring a priceless gift upon me, Miss Honor."

Then Honor would throw down her books, clasp her hands, and, with glowing cheeks, talk to him on sacred subjects. Many a time the tears would spring to her eyes with her own earnestness, many a time she lost herself entirely while pleading with her whole soul. He listened to her, thanked her, and went away. Only once did he show any emotion—it was when she told him that she prayed for him.

"Do you really pray for me?" he said, in a low tone; then he put his hand over his eyes, and sat silent.

Honor, a little frightened, drew back. It seemed to her a very simple act, praying for any one—she had prayed for people all her life.

One Sunday afternoon Mrs. Eliot and Honor were sitting in Adelaide's parlor at the inn, whither she had brought them on their way home from service. Royce and Stephen had been discovered, upon their entrance, in two chairs at the windows, the former surrounded by a waste of newspapers, magazines, and novels, thrown down on the floor, a general expression of heat and weariness on his face. His companion was reading a small, compact volume in his usual neat way. Big Royce was sprawled over three chairs; Stephen did not fill one. Big Royce was drumming on the window-sill; Stephen was motionless. Yet Royce, springing up and smiling, his blue eyes gleaming, and frank gladness on his face, was a picture that women remember; while Stephen, rising without change of expression, was a silent contradiction to their small power, which is never agreeable. They all sat talking for an hour—Mrs. Eliot and Mrs. Kellinger contributing most of the sentences. Royce was in gay spirits; Honor rather silent. Suddenly there came a sharp, cracking sound; they all ran to the window. Through the main street of the village a man was running, followed by another, who, three times in their sight and hearing, fired at the one in advance. One, two, three times they saw and heard him fire, and the sickening feeling of seeing a man murdered in plain sight came over them. Royce rushed down to the street. The victim had fallen; the other man was himself staggering, and in the hands of a crowd which had gathered in an instant. After a short delay the two men were borne away, one to his home, one to the jail. Royce returned hot and breathless.

"Oh, how is the poor man who was shot?" exclaimed Mrs. Eliot.

"Poor man, indeed! The other one is the man to be pitied," said Royce, angrily. "He is a revenue detective, and was knocked down from behind with a club by this fellow, who is a liquor-seller here in the village. The blow was on the skull, and a murderous one. Half blinded and maddened, he staggered to his feet, drew his revolver, and fired for his life."

Honor had grown white as ivory. She shook in every limb, her lips trembled, and her chin had dropped a little. Wainwright watched her.

"But what does it all mean?" asked Adelaide.

"Moonlight-whiskey, of course. The detective has been hunting for the stills, and these outlaws will kill the man as they have killed half a dozen before him."

"What an outrage! Are there no laws?"

"Dead letters."

"Or officers to execute them?"

"Dead men."

Royce was excited and aroused. He was young, and had convictions. The laws should not be overridden and men murdered in broad daylight by these scoundrels while he was on the scene. He took charge of the detective, who, with his bruised head, was put in jail, while the liquor-seller was allowed to have his illness out in his own house, one of the balls only having taken effect, and that in a safe place in the shoulder. Royce, all on fire for the side of justice, wrote and telegraphed for troops, using the detective's signature; he went himself fifteen miles on horseback to send the dispatch. There were troops at the State capital; they had been up to the mountains before on the same business; they were, indeed, quite accustomed to going up; but they accomplished nothing. The outlaws kept themselves carefully hidden in their wild retreats, and the village looked on as innocently as a Quaker settlement. A detective was fair game: two of them had been shot in the neighborhood within the previous year, and left bleeding in the road. Would they never learn, then, to keep out of the mountains?

"But is it not an extraordinary state of things that a village so large as Ellerby should be so apathetic?" asked Adelaide.

"The villagers can do little—once off the road, and you are in a trackless wilderness," said Stephen. "Custom makes law in these regions: moonlight-whiskey has always been made, and the mountaineers think they have a right to make it. They look upon the revenue-men as spies."

"Yes; and they are government officials and Northerners, too," added Royce, hotly—"mind that!"

He had taken the matter in hand vigorously. He wrote and sent off a dozen letters per day. The department at Washington had its attention decisively called to this district and the outlawry rampant there. It was used to it.

In a week the troops came—part of a company of infantry and a young lieutenant, a tall stripling fresh from West Point. His name was Allison; he lisped and wore kid-gloves; he was as dainty as a girl, and almost as slender. To see the short, red-faced, burly detective, with his bandaged head and stubbed fingers; Royce, with his eagle eyes and impatient glance; and this delicate-handed, pink-cheeked boy, conferring together, was like a scene

from a play. The detective, slow and cautious, studied the maps; Royce, in a hot hurry about everything, paced up and down; Allison examined his almond-shaped nails and hummed a tune. The detective had his suspicions concerning Eagle Knob: the troops could take the river-road, turn off at Butter Glen, and climb the mountain at that point. In the mean while all was kept quiet, it was given out that the men were to search South Gap, on the other side of the valley.

On the very night appointed for the start, an old lady, who had three granddaughters from the low-country spending the summer with her, opened her house, lit up her candles, and gave a ball, with the village fiddlers for musicians and her old black cook's plum-cake for refreshments. Royce was to accompany the troops; Adelaide had not been able to prevent it. She went to Stephen in distress, and then Stephen proposed to Royce to send half a dozen stout villagers in his place—he, Stephen, paying all expenses.

"There are some things, Wainwright, that even your money cannot do," replied Royce.

"Very well," said Stephen.

Royce now announced that they must all go to the ball to divert suspicion; Allison too. But Allison had no invitation. Royce went to Mrs. Eliot, and begged her influence; Mrs. Eliot sent Honor to the old lady, and the invitation came.

"If he could avoid wearing his uniform—" suggested Mrs. Eliot to Adelaide, a little nervously.

"But he has nothing else with him, I fear," answered Adelaide.

It turned out, however, that the lieutenant had a full evening-suit in his valise, with white tie and white gloves also. Royce surveyed these habiliments and their owner with wonder. He himself, coming from New York, with all the baggage he wanted, had only a black coat. His costume must be necessarily of the composite order; but the composite order was well known at Ellerby.

Allison was the belle of the ball. He danced charmingly, and murmured the most delightful things to all his partners in rapid succession. He was the only man in full evening-dress present, and the pink flush on his cheeks, and his tall, slender figure swaying around in the waltz, were long remembered in Ellerby. Honor was there in a white muslin which had been several times washed and repaired; there was no flow to her drapery, and she looked awkward. She was pale and silent. Mrs. Kellinger, clothed to the chin and wrists, with no pronounced color about her, was the one noticeable woman present. Royce did not dance. He found the rooms hot and the people tiresome; he was in a fever to be off. Stephen sat on the piazza, and looked in through the window. At one o'clock it was over; Allison had danced every dance. He went back to the inn with his pockets stuffed with gloves, withered rose-buds, knots of ribbon, and even, it was whispered, a lock of golden hair. The next hour, in the deep darkness, the troops started.

At five minutes before eleven the next morning, Stephen was bringing his algebra-lesson to a close, when a distant clatter in the gorge was heard, a tramping sound; men were running out of the mill opposite and gazing curiously up the road. Honor was at the window in a flash, Stephen beside her. The troops were returning. They had laid hands upon a mountain-wagon and marched upon each side of it like a guard of honor. Royce sat in the wagon, his face hidden in his hands.

"Where is Mr. Allison?" said Honor, and her voice was but a whisper. She stood back of the curtain, trembling violently.

Royce did not look up as the procession passed the library; without a word Wainwright and Honor went out, locked the door behind them, and followed the wagon toward the village. Everybody did the same; the houses were emptied of their dwellers. The whole village came together to see the body of the boy-officer lifted out and carried into the inn. Allison was dead.

The buttons on his uniform gleamed as they bore him in, and his white hands hung lifelessly down. He had fought like a tiger, they said, and had led his men on with the most intrepid, daring courage to the very last. It seemed that they had fallen into an ambuscade, and had accomplished nothing; singularly enough, the young lieutenant was the only one killed; Royce was sure that he had seen one of the outlaws deliberately single him out and fire—a dark, haggard-looking fellow.

Stephen took Honor up to Adelaide's parlor; Adelaide was there wringing her hands. She had fastened the boy's collar for him at two o'clock the night before, when he had rather absurdly pretended that he could not make it stay buttoned; and she had tapped him on the cheek reprovingly for his sentimental looks. "This ball has spoiled you, foolish boy," she had said; "march off into the mountains and get rid of this nonsense." Ah, well, he was well rid of it now!

Honor stood as if transfixed, listening. Presently the door opened, and Royce came in. "Let me get somewhere where I am not ashamed to cry," he said, and, sinking down, he laid his head upon his arms on the table and cried like a child. Honor went out of the room hastily; she hardly noticed that Stephen was with her. When she reached the ravine she, too, sank down on the grass, out of sight of the house, and sobbed as though her heart would break. Stephen looked at her irresolutely, then moved away some paces, and, sitting down on a stump, waited. Honor had danced with Allison; could it be—but no; it was only the sudden horror of the thing.

Allison was buried in the little village churchyard; the whole country-side came to the funeral. The old Episcopal rector read the burial-service, and his voice shook a little as the young head was laid low in the deep grave. Brother Bethuel had come down from the mountains on Marcher, and had asked permission to lead the singing; he stood by the grave, and, with uncovered head and uplifted eyes, sang with marvelous sweetness and power an old Methodist hymn, in which all the throng soon joined. The young

girls who had danced at the ball sobbed aloud; Honor alone stood tearless. But she had brought her choicest roses to lay over the dead boy's feet, where no one could see them, and she had stooped and kissed his icy forehead in the darkened room before he was carried out; Stephen saw her do it. After the funeral, Brother Bethuel and Honor went away together; Stephen returned to the inn. Adelaide had taken upon herself the task of answering the letters; Allison had no father or mother, but his other relatives and friends were writing. Royce, his one young burst of grief over, went about sternly, his whole soul set on revenge. New troops came; an officer of the United States army had been killed and the department was aroused at last. There were several officers at Ellerby now, older men than Allison and more experienced; a new expedition was to be sent into the mountains to rout these banditti and make an end of them. Royce was going as guide; he knew where the former attack had been made, and he knew, also, the detective's reasons for suspecting Eagle Knob, the detective himself being now out of the field, owing to brain-fever; the United States authorities had ordered him out of jail, and he was at the inn, having his fever comfortably on the ground-floor. Honor was with Adelaide almost constantly now; the elder woman, who always received her caressingly, seemed puzzled by the girl's peculiar manner. She said little, but sat and listened to every word, turning her dark eyes slowly from one speaker to the next. Royce came and went, brought in his maps, talked, and every now and then made the vases on the table ring as he brought down his strong hand with an emphasis of defiance.

"I cannot study," Honor had said to Stephen when he made some allusion to their morning hours. She said it simply, without excuse or disguise; he did not ask her again.

The expedition was to start on Monday night. The whole village, in the mean time, had been carefully intrusted with the secret that it was to go on Tuesday. But on Sunday evening Honor discovered that before midnight the hounds were to be let slip; the very soldiers themselves did not know it. How did the girl learn it, then? She divined it from some indefinable signs in Royce. Even Adelaide did not suspect it; and Stephen saw only the girl's own restlessness. She slipped away like a ghost—so like one that Stephen himself did not see her go. He followed her, however, almost immediately; it was too late for her to go through the village alone. He was some distance behind her; to his surprise, she did not go homeward, but walked rapidly down toward the river-road. There was fickle moonlight now and then; he dropped still farther behind and followed her, full of conjecture, which was not so much curiosity as pain. It was still early in the evening, yet too late for her to be out there on the river-road alone. This innocent young girl—this child—where, where, was she going? He let her walk on for a mile, and then he made up his mind that he must stop her. They were far beyond the houses now, and the road was lonely and wild; the roar of the river over its broad, rock-dotted, uneven bed, hid the sound of his footsteps as he climbed up the steep bank, ran forward, and came down into the road in advance of her.

"Where are you going, Miss Honor?" he said, showing himself, and speaking quietly.

She started back, and gasped out his name.

"Yes, it is I," he answered, "Stephen Wainwright. I am alone; you need not be frightened."

She came close up to him and took his hand.

"Do not stop me," she said, entreatingly. "I am on an errand of life and death!"

"I will go in your place, Honor."

"You cannot."

"Yes, I can. But *you* shall not."

"Will you betray me, then?" she said, in an agonized tone.

"No; but you will tell me what it is, and I will go for you."

"I tell you, you cannot go."

"Why?"

"You do not know; and, besides—you would not."

"I will do anything you ask me to do," said Stephen.

"Anything?"

"Anything."

She hesitated, looking at him.

"Do you give me your word?"

"I do."

"But—but it is an enormous thing you are doing for me."

"I know it is."

"Oh, let me go—let me go myself!" she cried, suddenly, with a half-sob; "it is so much better."

"I will never let you go," said Stephen. His voice was inflexible. She surveyed him tremulously, hopelessly; then sank down upon her knees, praying, but not to him. Stephen took off his hat, and waited, bareheaded. It was but a moment; then she rose. "My cousin, Richard Eliot, my uncle's eldest son, has been with these men, at one of their hiding-places, for some months; my uncle knows nothing of it; but Brother Bethuel is in the secret, and keeps watch of him."

"Your cousin is Masters, then?"

"He is. Ask no more questions, but hasten on; take the first broad trail which leaves the road on the right, follow it until you come to Brother Bethuel's house; you cannot miss it; it is the only one. He will guide you to the place where Richard is, and you must warn him that the troops are coming."

"Only one question, Honor. Come out into the moonlight; give me both your hands. Do you love this man?"

He looked at her fixedly; she gave a quick, strong start, as though she must break away from him at all hazards, and turned darkly red, the deep, almost painful, blush of the brunette. Her hands shook in his grasp, tears of shame rose in her eyes; it was as though some one had struck her in the face.

"Do you love this Eliot?" repeated Stephen, compelling her still to meet his eyes.

She drew in her breath suddenly, and answered, with a rush of quick words: "No, no, no! Not in the way you mean. But he is my cousin. Go!"

He went. Nearly two miles farther down the road the trail turned off; it climbed directly up a glen by the side of a brook which ran downward to the river in a series of little waterfalls. It was wide enough for a horse, and showed the track of Marcher's hoofs. It came out on a flank of the mountain and turned westward, then northward, then straight up again through the thick woods to a house whose light shone down like a beacon, and guided him.

Wainwright knocked; Brother Bethuel opened, started slightly, then recovered himself, and welcomed his guest effusively.

"Is there any one in the house besides ourselves?" said Stephen, ignorant as to whether there was, or was not, a Mrs. Head. There was; but she had gone, with her five offspring, to visit her mother in Tennessee.

"Then," said Stephen, "take me immediately to Richard Eliot."

The little minister stared innocently at his guest.

"Take you where?" he repeated, with surprised face.

"Come," said Stephen, "you need not conceal. Miss Dooris herself sent me. I am to warn this Eliot that the troops are on the way; have probably already left Ellerby."

The little man, convinced, sprang for his lantern, lighted it, and hurried out, followed by Wainwright. He ran more than he walked; he climbed over the rocks; he galloped down the gullies and up the other side; he said not a word, but hurried, closely followed by Stephen, who was beginning to feel spent, until he reached the foot of a wall of rock, the highest ledge of Eagle Knob. Here he stood still and whistled; Stephen sat down, and tried to recover his breath. After a moment or two a whistle answered from above, and the missionary imitated the cry of a night-bird, one, two, three times. He then sat down beside Wainwright, and wiped his forehead. "He will be here in a moment," he said. In a short time, coming up as if from the bowels of the mountain, a figure stood beside them. Brother Bethuel had closed the slide of his lantern, and Wainwright could not see the face. "Miss Dooris sent me," he began. "I am to warn you that the troops are on their way hither to-night, and that they have a clew to your hiding-place."

"Who are you?" said the man.

"I am Miss Dooris's messenger; that is enough."

The man muttered an oath.

Brother Bethuel lifted up his hands with a deprecating gesture.

"You do not mean it, Richard; you know you do not.—Lord, forgive him!" he murmured.

"Well, what am I to do?" said the man. "Did she send any word?"

"Only that you must escape."

"Escape! Easy enough to say. But where am I to go? Did she send any money?"

"She will," said Stephen, improvising.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"How much?"

"Quite a sum; as much as you need."

"Is she so flush, then?"

"She is, as you say—flush," replied Stephen.

Brother Bethuel had listened breathlessly to this conversation, and when Eliot said, fretfully, "But where am I to go now—to-night?" he answered: "Home with me, Dick. I can conceal you for one night; nobody suspects me. The Lord will forgive; it is an Eliot."

"Wait until I warn the fellows, then," said the man, disappearing suddenly in the same way he had appeared. Then Stephen, who had not risen from his seat, felt a pair of arms thrown around his neck; the little brother was embracing him fervently.

"God bless you! God bless you!" he whispered. "We will get him safely out of the country this time, with your aid, Mr. Wainwright. An Eliot, mind you; a real Eliot, poor fellow!"

But the real Eliot had returned, and Brother Bethuel led the way down the mountain. They walked in single file, and Stephen saw that the man in front of him was tall and powerful. They reached the house, and the minister took the fugitive down into his cellar, supplying him with food, but no light.

"Make no sound," he said. "Even if the house is full of soldiers, you are safe. No one suspects me." He closed the horizontal door, and then turned to Wainwright. "What are you going to do?" he asked, his small face wrinkled with anxiety.

"I am going back to Ellerby."

"And when will you return with the money?"

"Some time to-morrow."

"I will go with you as far as the road," said Brother Bethuel; "I want to see if the troops are near."

"Who is this Eliot?" asked Stephen, as they went down the glen.

"The colonel's eldest son, the only child by the first wife; his father has heard nothing of him for several years; it is the grief of the old man's life."

"What is he doing here?"

"Well, he is a wild boy, always was," said Brother Bethuel, reluctantly. "Lately he has been living with a gang of these whiskey-men."

"And Miss Dooris knows it?"

"Yes. He was always fond of Honor when she was a child, and latterly he has—has fallen into a way of depending upon her."

"Why does he not come out of the woods, go to work, and behave like a civilized man?" said Wainwright, in a tone of disgust. "I have no patience with such fellows."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Brother Bethuel, earnestly. "You are going to help him, you know."

"Well, we will send him far enough away this

time—to Australia, if he will go," said Stephen. "The country will be well rid of him."

"You do not, perhaps, understand exactly," said Brother Bethuel, timidly, after a moment's silence. "Eliot fought all through the war—fought bravely, nobly. But, when peace came, there seemed to be no place for him. He was not adapted to—to commerce; he felt it a degradation. Hence his present position. But he did not choose it voluntarily; he—he drifted into it."

"Yes, as you say, drifted," said Stephen, dryly. "Will the other men get away in time?"

"Oh, yes; they are already gone. There is a cave, and a passage upward through clefts in the rocks to the glen where their still is; it is a natural hiding-place. But they will not even stay there; they will go to another of their haunts."

"Where?"

"Thank the Lord, I do not know! Really and truly I do not know," ejaculated the little minister, fervently. "My only interest in them, the only charge upon my conscience, has been Eliot himself. You do not understand, and I may not be able to explain it to you, Mr. Wainwright, but—I love the Eliots! I have loved them all my life. I was born upon their land, I revered them in childhood, I honored them in youth, I love them in age. They bear one of our great State names; they have been our rulers and our leaders for generations. I love them, every one." Wainwright made no answer; the little man went on: "This son has been a sad, wild boy always—has nearly broken his father's heart. But he is an Eliot still; the little I can do for him I will do gladly until I die."

"Or until he does," suggested Stephen. "One of this gang shot Allison; was this Eliot of yours the marksman?"

Brother Bethuel was silent. Stephen turned and saw by the lantern's gleam the trouble and agitation on his face.

"He did it, I see," said Stephen, "and you know he did it. It was murder."

"No, no—war," said the missionary, with dry lips. They had reached the road and looked down it; the moonlight was unclouded now. They could see nothing, but they thought they heard sounds. Brother Bethuel went back up the glen, and Wainwright, turning into the woods, made his way along in the deep shadows above the road. He met the soldiers after a while, marching sturdily, and remained motionless behind a tree-trunk until they had passed; then, descending into the track, he walked rapidly back to the village. But, with all his haste and all his skill, he did not reach his room unobserved; Adelaide saw him enter, and noted the hour.

The troops came back at noon the next day, not having discovered the foe. Honor was with Adelaide, pretending to sew, but her mind was astray; Adelaide watched her closely. Stephen was present, quiet and taciturn as usual. He had succeeded in conveying to the girl, unobserved, a slip of paper, on which was written, "Eliot is hidden in the cellar of Head's house—I am going out there this afternoon, and you may feel assured that, in a day or two more, he will be out of the mountains, and in permanent safety;" but he had not been able to exchange any words with her.

Royce came in, foiled, tired, and out of temper.

"If it had not been for the little minister, we should have had nothing at all for our pains," he said, when, the first annoyed heat over, he, having been left in the mean while unvexed by questions owing to Adelaide's tact, began to feel himself like telling the story. "He heard us down in the road, came to meet us, and advised us what to do. It seems that he too has had his suspicions about Eagle Knob, and he took his lantern and guided us up there. We hunted about and found one of their hiding-places, showing traces, too, of recent occupation; but we could not find the men or the still. The troops will take rations, however, next time, and make a regular campaign of it; we shall unearth the scoundrels yet."

"But *you* will not think it necessary to go again, John?" said Adelaide.

"Not necessary, but agreeable, Cousin Adelaide. I will not leave these mountains until the murderer of Allison is caught—I was going to say shot, but hanging is better," said Royce.

Honor gazed at him with helpless, fascinated eyes; Mrs. Kellinger noted the expression. There was evidently another secret; she had already divined one.

Soon afterward Honor went home, and Stephen did not accompany her; Adelaide noted that. She noted also that he sat longer than usual in her parlor after the early dinner, smoking cigarettes and becoming gradually more and more drowsy, until at last, newspaper in hand, he sauntered off to his own room, as if for a *siesta*. It was too well acted. She said to herself, with conviction, "He is going out!" A woman can deceive admirably in little things, a man cannot. He can keep the secret of an assassination, but not of a clam-supper. The very cat discovers it. Adelaide went to her room, put on her trim little walking-boots and English round hat, and, slipping quietly out of the house, walked down the road to a wooded knoll she remembered, a little elevation that commanded the valley and the village; here, under a tree, she sat waiting. She had a volume of Landor; it was one of Wainwright's ways to like Landor. After half an hour had passed she heard, as she had expected to hear, footsteps; she looked up. Wainwright was passing. "Why—is it you?" she called out. "I thought you would sleep for two hours at least. Sit down here awhile and breathe this delicious air with me."

Wainwright, outwardly undisturbed, left the road, came up the knoll and sat down by her side. Being in the shade he took off his hat and threw himself back on the grass. But that did not make him look any larger. Only a broad-shouldered, big fellow can amount to anything when lying down in the open air: he must crush with his careless length a good wide space of grass and daisies, or he will inevitably be overcome by the preponderant weight of Nature, the fathomless sky above, the stretch of earth on each

side. Wainwright took up the volume, which Adelaide did not conceal; that he had found her reading his favorite author secretly was another of the little facts with which she gemmed his life. "What do you discover to like?" he asked.

"'His bugles on the Pyrenees dissolved the trance of Europe.' And, 'When the war is over, let us sail among the islands of the Ægean and be as young as ever.' And, 'We are poor indeed when we have no half-wishes left us,'" said Adelaide, musically quoting. "Then there is the 'Artemidora.'"

"You noticed that?"

"Yes."

Meanwhile, the man was thinking, "How can I get away unsuspected?" And the woman, "How can I make him tell me?"

They talked some time longer, then Adelaide made up her mind to go into action.

Adelaide (quietly). "There is a change in you, Stephen. I want you to tell me the cause."

Stephen. "We all change as time moves on."

Adelaide. "But this is something different. I have noticed—"

Stephen. "What?"

Adelaide. "No one observes you so closely as I do, Stephen; my life is bound up in yours, your interests are mine. Anything that is for your happiness engrosses me; anything that threatens it disturbs me. Let us speak plainly, then: you are interested in Honor Dooris."

Stephen. "I am."

Adelaide. "More than that—you love her."

Stephen. "What is love, Adelaide?"

Adelaide (with emotion). "It was Ralph's feeling for me, Stephen. He is gone, but I have the warm memory in my heart. Somebody loved me once, and with all his soul." (Leaning forward with tears in her eyes:) "Take this young girl, Stephen; yes, take her. She will give you what you have never had in your life, poor fellow!—real happiness."

Wainwright was silent.

Adelaide. "Ah! I have known it a long time. You spent the whole of last summer here; what did that mean? You wrote to her at intervals all through the winter. You are here again. You love to study her girlish heart, to open the doors of her mind." (Rapidly:) "And have I not helped you? I have, I have. Was I not the quiet listener to all those first guarded descriptions of yours? Did I not comment upon each and every word of those careful little letters of hers, and follow every possibility of their meaning out to its fullest extent? All this to please *you*. But, when I came here and saw the child with my own eyes, did I not at once range myself really upon your side? Have I not had her here? Did I not form a close acquaintance with her family? Did I not give you those morning hours with her at the library? And am I not here also to answer for her, to describe her to your friends, to uphold your choice, to bring out and develop her striking beauty?"

Stephen. "But she is not beautiful."

Adelaide. "She is. Let me dress her once or twice, and New York shall rave over her. I have had your interests all the time at heart, Stephen. Was it not I who sent for John Royce? And did you not see why I sent for him? It was to try her. I have given her every chance to see him, to be with him, to admire him. He is near her own age, and he is a handsome fellow, full of life and spirit. But you see as well as I do that she has come out unscathed. Take her, then, Stephen; you can do it safely, young as she is, for the man she first loves she will love always."

As she spoke, an almost imperceptible tremor showed itself around the mouth of the small, plain, young-old man who was lying on the grass beside her; he seemed to be conscious of it himself, and covered his mouth with his hand.

Adelaide. "But there is something which you must tell *me* now, Stephen. *You* cannot be in league with these outlaws; is it Honor, then? You had better tell. Her uncle and aunt evidently know nothing of it, and the child should have a woman-friend by her side. You know I would cut myself up into small pieces for you, Stephen; let me be your ally in this, too. Is it not best for Honor that I should know everything? Shall I not be her true friend when she is your wife—your sweet young wife, Stephen, in that old house of yours which we will fit up for her together, and where you will let me come and see you, will you not, your faithful, loving cousin?" Her voice broke; she turned her head away. Her emotion was real. The man by her side, urged at last out of his gray reticence by his own deep longing, which welled up irresistibly to meet her sympathy, turned over on his arm and told her all—in a few words as regarded himself, with careful explanation as regarded Honor.

"I have the money with me now," he said, "and Head, who was so anxious to guide me, the supposed detective, *away* from Eliot, now guides me to him, relies upon me to save him."

"And Honor knows—knows, too, that he shot Allison," said Adelaide, musingly. "That was the reason why she was so pale, and why she brought all her roses, and kissed the poor boy's forehead."

"She does not *know*, but fears."

"Ah! we must help the child, Stephen; the burden of this is too heavy for such young shoulders. Go; I will not keep you a moment longer, I will go back to Honor. But, first—God bless you! Do not put yourself into any danger, for *my* sake. I have loved you long, and years hence, when we are old, I shall love you just the same."

They were both standing now; she came close to him, and laid her head upon his shoulder for an instant, tears shining on her cheeks. He put one arm around her, touched by her affection; she raised her eyes and let him look deep into them for one short moment. "He shall see the truth this once," she thought; "though nothing to him now, it will come back to him."

Adelaide Kellinger did that time a bold thing: she let Wainwright see that she loved him, relying upon the certainty that he would not think she knew

he saw it, much less that she intended him to see it. She had the balance of reality on her side, too, because she really did love him—in her way.

In another moment he had left her, and was walking rapidly down the river-road. Adelaide went back to the village.

Her first step was to find out whether Honor was at home; she was not. At the library, then? Not there. "Already gone to Brother Bethuel's," she thought. She next woke up Royce, laughed at his ill-nature, flattered him a little, coaxed him into good temper, and finally told him plainly that she would not stand his bearishness any longer; that he must go and dress himself anew, brush his hair, and come back and be agreeable.

"You will turn into a mountain-outlaw yourself, if I do not see to you," she said.

"Oh, let me off for to-day," said Royce, lazily.

"This moment!"

She had her way: Royce took himself off, followed by the injunction to come back looking like an Apollo. Now, to make one's self look like an Apollo is an occupation which no young man is in his heart above, and when incited thereto by an expressed belief from feminine lips that he has only to try, he generally—tries. Not long afterward Royce returned to the parlor, looking his best, threw himself into a chair, and took up a book carelessly; he knew Adelaide would comment. She did. She called him "a good boy," touched the crisp, curling ends of his yellow hair, and asked why he kept them so short; stroked his forehead, and said that, on the whole, he looked quite well. Her heart was beating rapidly as she chatted with him; she listened intently; everything depended upon a chance. Ten minutes before she had executed a daringly bold action, one of those things which a woman can do once in her life with perfect impunity, because no one suspects that she can. If she will do it alone, and only once, there is scarcely any deed she may not accomplish safely. A few more moments passed, Adelaide still listening; then came a shuffling step through the passage, a knock at the door, and, without waiting for reply, the burly figure of the revenue-detective appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, with head still bandaged, and eyes half closed, but mind sufficiently clear to state his errand.

"Beg pardon," he said; "is Royce here? I can't see very well.—Is that you, Royce? Look at this."

He held out a crumpled piece of paper.

"Seems to be something, but I can't quite make it out," he said.

Royce took it, glanced over it, cried, "By Jove!" and was out of the room in a second. The detective went stumbling along after him; he had to feel his way, being half blinded by his swollen eyelids.

"Take your pistols!" he called out, keeping his hand on the wall all the way down the passage.

Royce had dropped the paper; Adelaide had instantly destroyed it; and then she followed the detective.

"What was it?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only a line or two, ma'am—from somebody in the town here, I suppose—saying that one of them distillers, the one, too, that shot Allison, was hidden in the house of that rascally, deceiving little minister, up toward Eagle Knob. They're all in league with each other, ministers or no ministers."

"Who wrote it? How do you know it is true?"

"I dun know who wrote it, and I dun know as it's true. The paper was throwed into my room, through the winder, when there didn't happen to be anybody around. It was somebody as had a grudge against this man in particular, I suppose; 'twas scrawly writing, and no spelling to speak of. I brought it to Royce myself, because I wouldn't trust any one to carry it to him, black or white, confound 'em all!"

The detective had now reached the end of the passage and his endurance; his hand was covered with whitewash where he had drawn it along the wall, his head was aching furiously, and his slippers were coming off. "You had just better go back," he said, not menacingly, but with a dull desperation, as he sat down on the first step of the stairway which led down to his room, and held his forehead and the base of his brain together; they seemed to him two lobes as large as bushel-baskets, and just ready to split apart.

"I will send some one to you," said Adelaide, departing. She went to her room, darkened it, and took a long, quiet *siesta*.

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Royce dropped his information, *en route*, at the little camp in the grove, where the trim companies of United States infantry led their regular orderly life, to the slow wonder of the passing mountaineers. Who would not be a soldier and have such mathematically square pieces of bread, such well-boiled meat on a tin plate, such an exactly-measured mug of clear coffee? Who would not wear the light-blue trousers with their sharp fold of newness making a straight line to the very boot? Who would not have such well-parted, shining hair? So thought the mountain-boys, and rode homeward pondering.

The officers in command, on principle disgusted for several seasons with still-hunting, which they deemed police-duty, were now ready to catch at any straw to avenge the death of Allison. The mountaineers and the detectives might fire at each other as long as they enjoyed the pastime; but let them not dare to aim at an army-officer—let them not dare! They were astir at once, and called to Royce to wait for them; but he was already gone.

Stephen had a start of not quite forty minutes; but, unconscious of pursuit, he walked slowly, not caring to return before nightfall. His natural gait was slow; his narrow chest did not take in breath widely, as some chests do, and, slight as his figure was, he labored if hurried. His step was short and rather careful, his ankles and feet being delicate and small. There was no produced development of muscle on him anywhere; he had always known

that he could not afford anything of that kind, and had let himself alone. As he now walked on, he dreamed; Adelaide's words rang in his ear, he could not forget them. "A woman reads a woman," he said to himself. "Adelaide thinks that I can win her." Then he let his thoughts go: "At last my life will have an object; this sweet young girl will love me, and love me for myself alone; she is incapable of any other feeling." He was very human, after all; he longed so to be loved! His wealth and his insignificance had been two millstones around his neck all his life; he had believed nobody. Under every feeling that had ever come to him lurked always, deepest of all, suspicion. Now, late in life, in this far-off wilderness, he had found some one in whom he believed.

He pleased himself with the thought of the jewels he would give her; he journeyed with her in fancy through the whole of the Old World. The moisture came to his eyes as he imagined how she would pray morning and night just the same, and that he would be there to see her; he said to himself that he would never laugh at her, but would bring his unbelieving heart and lay it in her hand; if she could mould it, well and good, she might; he would be glad. So he walked on, down the river-road, his long-repressed, stifled hope and love out of bonds at last.

A sound fell on his dulled ear, and brought him back to reality; it was a footstep. "I had better not be seen," he thought, and, climbing up the bank, he kept on through the thick hill-side forest. After a moment or two, around the curve came John Royce, walking as if for a wager; two pistols gleamed in the belt he had hastily buckled around his waist, and the wrinkle between his eyes had deepened into a frown.

"It cannot be possible!" thought Wainwright. But rapid reflection convinced him that, impossible as it seemed, it might be true, and that, in any case, he had not a moment to lose. He was above Royce, he was nearer the trail to Brother Bethuel's, and, what was more, he was familiar with all its turnings. "Not to be able to save Eliot!" he thought, as he hurried forward over the slippery, brown pine-needles. And then it came to him how much he had relied upon that to hold Honor, and he was ashamed. But almost immediately after rose to the surface, for the first time in his life, too, the blunt give-and-take feeling of the man as a man, the thought—"You are doing all this for her; she *ought* to repay you." He hardly knew himself; he was like Bothwell, then, and other burly fellows in history; and he was rather pleased to find himself so. He hastened across a plateau where the footing was better; he had turned farther up the mountain-side, so that Royce could not by any possibility hear him as he brushed hastily through the undergrowth, or stepped on crackling twigs or a rolling stone. The plateau soon ended, and the slanting hill-side slanted still more steeply. He pushed on, keeping his breath as well as he was able, running wherever he could, climbing over rocks and fallen trees; he was so far above the road now that he could not see Royce at all, but he kept his efforts up to the task by imagining that the young man was abreast of him below—which was true. He began to pant a little. The sleeve of his flannel coat had been held and torn by a branch; he had tripped on a round stone, and grazed his knee. He was very tired; he began to lope as the Indians do, making the swing of the joints tell; but he was not long enough to gain any advantage from that gait. At last he met the trail, and turned up the mountain; the ascent seemed steeper now that he was out of breath. His throat was dry; surely, he had time to drink from the brook. He knelt down, but before he could get a drop he heard a sound below, and hurried on. Alarmed, he sprang forward like a hare; he climbed like a cat, he drew himself up by his hands; he had but one thought—to reach the house in time. His coat was torn now in more places than one; a sharp edge of rock had cut his ankle so that his stocking was spotted with red above the low walking-shoe. The determination to save Eliot drove him on like a whip of flame; he did not know how much Royce knew, but feared everything. His face had a singular appearance; it was deeply flushed, the teeth were set, the wrinkles more visible than ever, and yet there was a look of the boy in the eyes which had not been there for years. He was in a burning heat, and breathed with a regular, panting sound; he could hear the circulation of his own blood, and began to see everything crimson. The trail now turned straight up the mountain, and he went at it fiercely; he was conscious of his condition, and knew that he might fall in a fit at the house-door; never mind, if he could only get there! His eyes were glassy now, his lips dry. He reached the house, opened the door, and fell into a chair. Brother Bethuel, in alarm, sprang up and brought him a dipper full of water as quickly as hand could fill the tin. Brother Bethuel believed in water, and this time Wainwright agreed with him; he swallowed every drop.

"Where is he?" he said then, already on his feet again, though staggering a little. Brother Bethuel pointed downward, and Wainwright, with a signal toward the glen, as if of near danger, disappeared. The cellar was dimly lighted by two little windows a foot square, and the man who entered made out two figures—one was Eliot, the other Honor.

"You!" said Wainwright.

"Did you not know that I would come?" said the girl.

He had not known it, or thought of it. He turned his eyes toward the other figure; everything still looked red. He held out a pocket-book.

"Go!" he said; "Royce is on your track!"

He spoke in a whisper; his voice had left him as he gained breath. Eliot, a dark-skinned, handsome, but cutthroat-looking fellow, seized the money and sprang toward the door. But Honor sprang, too, and held him back; she had heard something. The next moment they all heard something—Royce coming in above.

When the youth entered, Brother Bethuel was

quietly reading his Bible ; the table on which it lay was across the cellar-door.

"Welcome," said the little missionary, rising. "I am happy to see you, Mr. Royce."

The place looked so peaceful with the Bible, the ticking clock, and the cat, that Royce began to think it must be all a mistake. He sat down for a moment to rest, irresolute, and not quite knowing what to say next. The three, close under the thin flooring down below, did not stir, hardly breathed. Stephen was thinking that, if Royce could know the truth, he too would let Eliot go. But there was not much time for thought.

Brother Bethuel brought out some apples, and began to converse easily with his visitor; after a while he said, deprecatingly:

"Will you not remove your pistols to the window-seat behind you, Mr. Royce? From my youth, I could never abide the proximity of fire-arms of any kind. They distress me."

Royce good-naturedly took them out of his belt, and placed them behind him ; but within easy reach. The missionary was on the opposite side of the room.

Not a sound below ; Wainwright was breathing with his mouth wide open, so as not to pant. He was still much spent.

But it could not last long ; Royce felt that he must search the house, even at the risk of offending the little missionary.

"Mr. Head," he said, awkwardly enough, "I am very sorry, but—but a communication has been received stating that one of the outlaws, and the one, too, who shot poor Allison, is concealed here, in this house. I am very sorry, but—but I must search every part of it immediately."

Brother Bethuel had risen ; his countenance expressed sorrow and surprise.

"Young man," he said, "search where and as you please ; but spare me your suspicions."

There was a dignity in his bearing which Royce had not seen before ; he felt hot and ashamed.

"Indeed, Mr. Head, I regret all this," he said ; "and, of course, it is but a matter of form. Still, for my own satisfaction, and yours, too, now I must go through the house."

He rose and moved a step forward. Quick as lightning the little missionary had sprung behind him, and pushed the pistols over the sill, through the open window, down forty feet on the rocks below.

"Traitor!" cried Royce, grappling him.

But it was too late ; the pistols were gone. Brother Bethuel glowed openly with triumph ; he made no more resistance in Royce's strong arms than a rag. The young man soon dropped him, and, hearing a sound below, ran to the cellar-door.

"He has no pistols!" screamed Bethuel down the stair after him ; "you can manage him ; he is alone."

Then, setting all the doors wide open so that escape would be easy, he ran out to saddle Marcher.

Down below in the cellar, Stephen had caught hold of Royce's arm. Royce, full in the narrow entrance-way, stood glaring at Eliot, and minding Stephen's hold no more than the foot of a fly. The light from the horizontal door above streamed in and showed Eliot's dark face and Honor's dilated eyes. The girl stood near her cousin, but slightly behind him as though she feared his gaze.

"You are the man I want," said Royce ; "I recognize you!" His strong voice came in among their previous whispers and bated breath, as his face came in among their three faces—Honor's ivory-pallid cheeks, the outlaw's strained attention, and Stephen's gray fatigue, more and more visible now as he gained breath and sight. "Yield yourself up. We are two to your one."

"We are two to *your* one," answered Eliot ; "that man beside you is for me."

Royce looked down with surprise upon his cousin, who still held his arm.

"No mistaken lenity now, Stephen," he said, curtly, shaking his arm free. "I must have this man ; he shot Allison."

"How are you going to do it?" said Eliot, jeeringly, putting his hands deep down in his pockets and squaring his shoulders. "Even Honor here is a match for two Yankees."

"Miss Dooris, I will let *you* pass," said Royce, impatiently. "Go up-stairs. This is no place for a girl like you."

"Say lady!" cried Eliot. "She is a Southern lady, sir!"

"Bah!" said Royce, "you are a fine person to talk of ladies.—*Are* you going, Miss Dooris?"

Great tears stood in Honor's eyes ; she did not stir.

"She will not go, John," said Wainwright, "because that man is her cousin—he is an Eliot."

"He is a murderer!" said Royce, filling up the doorway again, and measuring with his eye the breadth of his opponent's shoulders and muscle. "Now, then, are you with me or against me, Stephen? If against me, by Heaven! I will fight you both."

"You do not understand, John. It is Honor's cousin—that is why *I* am anxious to save him."

"And what is her cousin or anybody's cousin to me?" cried Royce, angrily. "I tell you that man shot Allison, and he shall swing for it."

He sprang forward as if to close with Eliot, then sprang back again. He remembered that it was more important that he should guard the door—there was no other way of escape. If Stephen, pursuing the extraordinary course he had taken in this matter, should side with Eliot, Brother Bethuel being a traitor too up-stairs, he might not be able to overcome the outlaw in an attack. He set his teeth, therefore, and stood still. His hat was off, the sunset light touched his forehead and yellow hair ; the image of strength and young manhood, he confronted them in his elegant attire—confronted the outlaw in his rough, unclean garments ; Honor in her old, black gown ; and Stephen in his torn clothes, his tired face looking yellow and withered as the face of an old baboon. He considered whether he could

keep the door until the troops came; they would not be long behind him. But, if he only had his pistols!

His eye glanced toward Stephen; but Stephen never carried arms. Eliot, probably, had only a knife; if he had had a pistol he would have shown it before now. All this in the flash of a second.

Brother Bethuel could be heard bringing Marcher around the house. Stephen made one more effort. In a few, concise words he explained who Eliot was, and his own great wish to aid him in escaping. With his hand on Royce's arm, he called his attention, by a gesture, to Honor.

"Let the man go for my sake and—hers," he said, in a low voice, looking up at his young cousin with his small, pale-colored eyes.

Honor clasped her hands and made a step forward; she did not speak, but implored with an entreating gaze. Royce threw his head back impatiently. All this was nothing to him. He would have his man, or die for it; they all saw that.

Then Eliot, who had watched to see the result of this pleading, made up his mind.

"Stand back from the door, or I fire!" he cried, drawing out his hand, and taking aim at Royce.

He had a pistol, then!

"I give you thirty seconds!"

But Honor, with a wild scream, ran forward, threw herself against Royce's breast, covering it with her shoulders and head, and raising her arms and hands to shield his face. He did not hold her or put his arm around her; but she clung to him with her whole length, as a wet ribbon clings to a stone.

"Leave him, Honor!" cried Eliot, in a fury—"leave him, or I'll shoot you both!"

"Shoot, then!" said Honor, looking up into Royce's face, and frantically trying to cover every inch of it with her shielding hands.

Stephen ran and caught Eliot's arm; Royce, half blinded, tried to push the girl away; then the sound of the pistol filled the room. Royce swayed and fell over heavily, carrying Honor with him as he went down; a ball had entered his lung under the girl's arm, in the little space left open by the inward curve of her waist. Eliot ran by the two, up the stair, and out of the house; but, as he passed Honor, he took the time to strike her across the cheek, and curse her. At the door he found Marcher, sprang into the saddle, and rode away.

Brother Bethuel, with white face, hurried down and stanched the blood; he had no small knowledge of surgery and the healing craft, and he commanded Royce not to utter a syllable. Honor held the young man's head in her lap, and every now and then softly took up his fallen hand. Wainwright drew away, and watched her with the deepest pain of his life gnawing at his heart. He saw her stroke Royce's hair fondly, as if she could not help it, and saw her begin to sob over his closing eyes and the deepening violet shadows under them, and then stop herself lest she should disturb him. Brother Bethuel was listening to the breathing with bent head, to find out if there was any chance for life. The house was as still as a tomb; a bee came in, and hummed above their heads.

"He *has* a chance," said the missionary, at last, fervently, raising his head. "Do not let him stir." He ran up-stairs for restoratives, and Wainwright sat down on a stool which had been Eliot's seat during his imprisonment, and covered his eyes with his hand. It seemed to him that he had sat there a long time, and that Honor must be noticing him now. He glanced up; she was gazing down at the still face on her lap. He stirred; she motioned impatiently for silence with her hand, but did not raise her eyes. He sat looking at her miserably, and growing old, older with every moment. His lips quivered once as he silently gave up forever his dream of hope and love. He passed his hand over his dry eyes, and sat still. By the time he was needed he was able to help Brother Bethuel in making Royce as comfortable as possible on the cellar-floor; they dared not move him.

The troops arrived in time to hear all about it—they then went back again.

Wainwright returned to Ellerby that evening. The army-surgeon and a nurse had been sent out immediately to the mountain-cottage, and Colonel Eliot, distressed and agitated, had accompanied them. Wainwright went to his room, attired himself anew, and sought Adelaide's parlor. Adelaide received him quietly; she said nothing, but came around behind him and kissed his forehead. He looked up at her dumbly. Her eyes filled with tears. In her strange, double, woman's way she felt sorry for his sorrow. She was conscious of no guilt; she had only precipitated matters. Honor would never have loved him, and it was better he should know it. In truth, she had saved him.

And Honor? Oh, she had the usual torments of young love! She was no goddess to Royce, only a girl like any other. He was touched by her impulsive act, and during his long illness he began to think more and more about her. It all ended well—that is, he married her after a while, took her away to the North, and was, on the whole, a good husband. But, from first to last, he ruled her, and she never became quite the beauty that Mrs. Kellinger intended her to be, because she was too devoted to him, too absorbed in him, too dependent upon his fancies, to collect that repose and security of heart which are necessary to complete the beauty of even the most beautiful woman.

Ellerby village sank back into quietude. Still the moonlight-whiskey is made up in the mountains, and still the revenue-detectives are shot. The United States troops go up every summer, and—come back again! The wild, beautiful region is not yet conquered.

Wainwright reëntered society; society received him with gladness. A fresh supply of mothers smiled upon him, a fresh supply of daughters filed past him. He made his little compact remarks as before, and appeared unaltered; but he let the lime-light play about him rather more continuously now, and took

fewer journeys. He will never swerve from Adelaide again. As they grow older the chances are that some day he will say to her, "Why should we not be married, Adelaide?"

And she will answer, "Why not, indeed?"

This woman loved him; the other would never have given him more than gratitude. What would you have?

A LEGEND OF PHRYGIA.

ZEUS, greatest of immortals
Who on Olympos sit, their ivory brows
With ichor sprinkled, beings who carouse
In halls whose rainbow portals
Are closed to those of mortal birth—
Zeus, tired of incense that had failed to please,
Weary of prayers of men, and bended knees,
With Hermes for attendant, came to earth.

The Thunderer doffed his glory,
His port majestic laid aside, his crown
Changed for a cap, and dropping noiseless down
To Phrygia—so the story—
Put on a beggar's seeming then;
White-haired, and blind, and suffering much,
And led by Hermes, who assumed a crutch,
The blind and lame asked charity from men.

Where shepherds' flocks attended,
Or in the vales, or on the grassy sides
Of hills that gently rose where swiftly glides
The Sangaris silvery splendid—
Not of the boors, but of each lord
Who, in the palaces that lofty rose
On tree-decked knolls, took comfort and repose—
Coin, food, or shelter, humbly they implored.

Through fertile valleys wending
Their tedious journey, at each palace-gate
Their suit presenting to the rich and great,
In abject manner bending,
But still repulsed with gibe and scorn,
Nor food nor shelter finding on their road,
And not an obolus on them bestowed,
The nightfall found them hungered and forlorn.

At length of travel weary,
They came to where a shepherd poor and old,
Having penned his fleecy charge within the fold,
Sought, with a spirit cheery,
His hut, low-walled, low-roofed, low-doored—
Philemon named; he pitied much the twain
Who seemed to drag their way with grief and pain,
And sought relief which he could ill afford.

Yet, with a welcome glowing,
He bade them enter, made his Baukis stir,
And food prepare for them, and him, and her,
Such as he had bestowing;
Then when the frugal meal was o'er,
Talked cheerfully before the crackling fire,
And when for rest his guests expressed desire,
Gave them the only bed, and sought the floor.

That night a tempest raging
Shook the mean hut until it trembled to
Its poor foundation; fiercer yet it blew,
As though the winds were waging
A battle over hill and plain;
Flashes of lightning there continuous blazed,
And peal on peal of thunder men amazed,
While poured in one unceasing flood the rain.

Philemon, restless pacing
The earthen floor, but gently lest he'd rouse
His wearied guests who slept with placid brows
Whereon there showed no tracing
Of aught save still and dreamless sleep,
Said there to Baukis, "These good men must be
Who slumber so profound and dreamlessly,
When all the winds this hurly-burly keep."

Next morn the sun rose blazing,
And with the sun both hosts and guests arose,
And these prepared the morning meal for those,
When lo! a sight amazing!
Where hills and valleys stood before
A stretch of water spread in wide expanse—
A grass-framed lake of silver met the glance,
Meadow, and vale, and forest, there no more.

The wrath of Zeus swift falling
Had overwhelmed the heartless in a night;
The shepherd pair stood trembling at the sight
Mysterious, appalling;
When lo! in air the roof uprose,
The mean room widened to a spacious hall,
To lofty height aspired the cottage-wall,
And ice-like fretwork on the ceiling froze.

The wide hall brightening,
Celestial glory on the place was shed:
Zeus stood revealed; around his sovereign head
Tresses of waving lightning;
And then the god, with look benign,
Spake, as with reverent awe they bent the knee—
"This one time hut my temple hence shall be,
And ye remain the guardians of the shrine.

"If otherwise your needing,
A life of quiet ease and riches great,
Or doubtful honors of a high estate,
Or length of years exceeding,
Freely demand it now of me."
Answered Philemon, "Toil, not ease, is best,
But grant we pass together to our rest."
Zeus, vanishing, replied, "So let it be!"

Long years the couple tended
The temple grand, and kept the fire alight
Upon the inner altar, till one night
Their labor was suspended.
They disappeared, and ne'er were traced;
But at the temple-door there sudden grew
Two gnarly, mossy, gray-barked trees of yew,
With boughs and branches closely interlaced.

OUT OF LONDON.

(*Continued.*)

XIII.

AT the eastern end of Byemoor the main street branches off in two directions; and in the centre of the little square or place thus formed stands a somewhat elaborate sign-post, which gives the traveler his choice of roads to London. The old shops and houses group themselves round about, looking quietly on to see which he will take. A few loafers, who are generally standing about the doors of their favorite pubs, look on too, though not always so quietly. Pedestrians pass to and fro along the sidewalks; a dog trots by, smelling, with a business-like air, at each post and corner; a bareheaded tradesman appears for a few moments on his threshold, rubs his hands, strokes his chin, and retires again inward; a butcher's cart rattles past, driven by a reckless-looking young man in a blue blouse, and drawn by a small, short-stepping pony; and this is about the sum of the commercial roar and bustle of metropolitan Byemoor.

Following Hedgley's guidance, I turned off to the right, and for some distance we pursued a road, the only noticeable features of which were the high wall on one side of it, and the narrow footpath on the other. Any one would have supposed that the road had a strong aversion to being walked upon, and resorted to any expedient that might discourage the practice. However, after a while, it broadened somewhat, and became otherwise more genial, and in the course of a mile or so betrayed an intention of crossing the river by way of a rather picturesque stone bridge. To have traversed this bridge would have been to pass the boundaries of Byemoor, and, since we were under an engagement to keep strictly to our own parish during this particular ramble, we went no farther than the keystone, and there paused.

The view up and down the river was here very agreeable. The extreme breadth of the stream did not seem to exceed a hundred and fifty yards, and was perhaps a good deal less than that. One or two small islands appeared in the centre of the current to the northward, just sufficient in area for the support of a tree or so each. Quarter of a mile beyond them was the railway-bridge, a more modern and graceful structure than that on which we stood. Several pleasure-boats, more or less awkwardly oared along by unskilled labor with its coat off, and graced by feminine attractions in the stern, were moving in devious courses to and fro; while between them, straight and swift as spindles through a loom, shot at intervals the keen, slender speed of racing-skiffs; the rower, in his white jersey, pulling a long, accurate stroke on his sliding thwart, and occasionally glancing heedfully over his shoulder, to avoid collisions.

"You were a rowing-man in your college-days," I said to Hedgley; "how do you think we compare with the English in that respect?"

"The English are heavier and coarser animals than we," he answered; "and stupider, too. I never see such fine physical organization here as at home. I have seen better oarsmen in America than any in England. Nevertheless, we have no class corresponding with the regular English watermen, as they call themselves; men with whom rowing is an inheritance and a second nature, and whose whole life and intelligence is concentrated upon the single problem of achieving a stroke which shall apply the maximum of force at the most effective point and moment. And I don't see why we ever should have such a class. If we thought it worth our while, no doubt we could evolve a man, or a crew, that would beat anything in England. We are as superior to them, potentially, in oarsmanship as we have proved ourselves to be actually in pedestrianism, and boxing, and riding, and sailing, and war. But apparently we haven't thought it worth while, hitherto, to show them the way on the water. And I see no reason why we shouldn't allow them their prestige there, since they set such store by it. We can certainly afford to do so!"

I was rather surprised to hear Hedgley adopt this tone on the subject. Although the letter of his speech was supercilious and condescending, I fancied I could detect in its spirit something not altogether removed from discontent and envy. Could it be that he was not quite so indifferent to the renown of English oarsmanship as he pretended? and was his assumption of serene tolerance really a matter of sour grapes? The fact of his own early distinction in the American rowing world seemed rather to authorize this suspicion. For aught I knew, he himself might have been a candidate for or a promoter of some one of those crews which, having come hither to try conclusions with their English cousins, decided, shortly after leaving the starting-post, that it would be considerate and graceful on their part not to win, and who acted on that decision. The question was, however, too delicate a one to be rashly broached; and, as I desired nothing better than to think as Hedgley had spoken, I safely held my peace.

The embankment on the farther margin of the stream was lively and vocal with the letters of boats—the cabbies of the river. Their boats lay drawn up in shoals all along the bank; farther back were the boat-houses, and boats set out on the stocks in all stages of building. Back of these again were terraced gardens, walled in with stone, and overlooked by houses which were the vanguard of the considerable town which lay beyond. All this on the left of the bridge. On the right the bank mounts somewhat abruptly, until it attains quite a

mountainous altitude, to which Hedgley and I have given the name of Thomson's Hill, though I believe it bears another title in the guide-book. Call it what you will, it is a famous landmark, and overlooks an amazing stretch of country—which, however, is no great feat in a region so religiously flat as this. From its rise at the bridge, it trends slightly backward from the river-brink, thus leaving space for a pretty bit of road and a few charming villas, which it protects from the northerly and easterly winds. The first of these villas is intrenched behind an elaborate garden, rendered verdant all the year round by being planted entirely with evergreens. The terraces are cloaked in thick blankets of creeping ivy; laurel, holly, and firs, group themselves roundabout. This is well for those who are so infatuated with greenery as to find life intolerable without a daily supply of it; but I think such people are to be pitied. Evergreens have their drawbacks. Though beautiful forever, they are never so beautiful as if they were satisfied to forego their finery six months in the year. In winter they look unnatural—their expression is, arboreally speaking, gross and sensual; they are too coarse-minded to appreciate the charm of that more delicate and ethereal beauty, both of form and hue, which is to be found in bare brown limbs and the delicate filigree-work of purple twigs. In summer, on the other hand, they suffer by contrast with the ineffable freshness and purity of the new-born leaves. Trees, as well as men, cheapen themselves by keeping always at concert-pitch. The variations of day and night, heat and cold, mountains and valleys, joy and sorrow, ought to teach them better.

XIV.

We walked back to the Byemoor end of the bridge, and descending a steep flight of stone steps, and passing through an iron swing-gate, we gained the footpath which skirts our own side of the river. The land here is low and level, so much so that it is generally overflowed by the spring tides, much to the discomfort of the else fortunate persons who live in the pretty houses withdrawn yonder behind the shrubbery of their broad lawns. But in June everything is at its best. It seems impossible that anything should be prettier, or more prettily situated, than those pretty houses. From the outer footpath we catch distant—yet not too distant—glimpses of ladies in bright summer dresses strolling about the sun-flooded grass-plots, with parasols, and picturesque hats, and languid, luxurious steps; or, if there be men available, we hear the laughter and shouting (discreetly toned down, of course, to the level of refined life) of Badminton or croquet. In England, the presence of the sterner sex seems generally to stimulate ladies to physical activity, instead of soothing them, as with us, to the outwardly serene joys of slow-paced confidential saunters, or leanings over gates, or fond settlements upon secluded benches. No doubt the daughters of Albion are the more prudent in their generation.

Well, on sauntered Hedgley and his companion, with this civilized rusticity on their right hand, and the river, still animated with boats and boaters, on the left, and beyond the river more pretty houses and lawns and more civilized rusticity. By-and-by, we came to an iron bench, thoughtfully placed right opposite one of the most charming of the latter residences—a very ideal of rural beauty, softened and enriched by time and summer. And moored midway in the stream was a broad-bottomed punt, with two patient and futile anglers seated in it, and between them the professional assistant, who baits his patrons' hooks, and would remove the fish from the same, would any vouchsafe to attach themselves thereto. How fond people are of fishing!—so fond that even such a phantom and parody of it as this can absorb the whole attention of many stout-bodied and hard-headed Britons for hours and hours at a stretch.

More sauntering along our river-path. Now passes us a hasty steam-launch, all engine and pavilion, and lazy insolence of well-dressed, supercilious England, reclining beneath the latter, and smiling humorously at the topsy-turvy plight of hapless row-boats floundering in the surges raised by the boiling screw. This high-handed outrage has, however, been interdicted of late; the indignant immersed wrote scathing complaints to the *Times*, and the conservancy, after due pressure put upon it, deducted some ten miles an hour from the lawful rate of speed of these headlong little flibbertigibbets. But there are other craft upon the waters. Rob-Roy canoes are frequently observable—cedar-decked cockle-shells, with high-backed easy-chairs amidships, in which lolls an *insouciant* gentleman, with a pipe in his mouth and a double-ended paddle lying across his knees, which paddle he ever and anon digs into the water, with effect seemingly quite out of proportion to the force exerted; for these small vessels are as volatile as water-beetles. And now clear the way! for down comes a racing eight, with simultaneous lunge of arms and measured sweep of rustling oars, and eight-stone cockswain bowing in the stern, an anxious tiller-rope grasped in each hand. This is the Byemoor Club crew, who are to compete in the regatta next week over a two-mile course. They have the current with them, and they are not long in getting by. Hedgley watches with kindling yet critical eye. No man who has once done that sort of thing can ever after quite maintain the sober jog-trot of his pulses when he sees it done again by others. And it is remarkable that a well-trained crew, well together, is far more inspiring even to the uninitiated beholder than a crew badly assorted and ill-drilled. You may know nothing about rowing, but you miss that thrilling unanimity of movement that flatters the eye and stirs the blood, and makes young men brace their muscles and breathe deep, and causes old men to sigh for the days of their youth. Ah! there is nothing like it. And yet Hedgley, when the eight had vanished round the bend of the river-bank, turned, with his hands thrust in his pockets, and said, disparagingly, "The crew I stroked in '63 could have given those fellows three miles in four, and pulled round them!"

Besides this, there were the sailing-boats. It seems rather absurd to go sailing on a river less than a hundred yards across; but necessity makes its own logic. Man's desires are not controlled by his circumstances, and he cultivates the *pis aller*. The boats are very crank, as all river sailing-boats, for some unexplained reason, are; perhaps because the risk of an upset makes the amusement seem more real, and introduces an element of excitement and uncertainty which were else lacking. No doubt one can get drowned in this unassuming little stream if one goes the right way to work. It may require thought and judgment; but certain facilities are provided, and practice and persistence will do the rest. Quite a number of young gentlemen have reduced themselves to corpses during the few years of my river-experience here, and in most of the cases the inquest-evidence showed that they had accomplished the feat by a well-conceived combination of ingenuity and imbecility. I should be sorry to speak flippantly upon what is, perhaps, a serious subject; but it does seem as if these persons took the same pride in getting themselves drowned in their pet river, that a German student does in procuring himself a slit nose. Sympathy or commiseration would, of course, under such circumstances, be resented; and I shall only remark that the Germans seem to me, upon the whole, the more reasonable of the two.

Half a mile or so from the bridge the villas on the farther bank die away altogether, and even on our side recede so far as to become practically of no account. Broad, uncultivated meadows take the place of the trim lawns and gardens. Several fine trees, and many trees not so fine, stand in the midst of these meadows or line their boundaries. Trees in England never have a spontaneous look as they have with us—that is, they all seem to be numbered, and you are under the impression that it would create a "felt loss" (to use one of the vilest of modern phrases) to cut one of them down. Of course, such a notion, as soon as it has taken possession of you, seriously impairs your pleasure in the tree. No tree can be thoroughly enjoyed a moment after it becomes evident that anybody would be the poorer if it ceased to exist. I, at least, can find no happiness in the contemplation of rarities in Nature. Nature is bound by her contract with man to be bounteous and inexhaustible; where she shows signs of parsimony, I would prefer she should retire altogether. Man, staggering beneath his curse of individuality, cannot be expected to be inexhaustible; but he makes amends by being unfathomable. The upshot of all which is, as Hedgley observed, that the English ought to plant more trees, and then offer rewards for their wanton destruction.

XV.

THE curve of the bank was not long in bringing us round again to the purlieus of Byemoor town. Our path here leaves the river-margin, and, after crooking its elbow, resumes its former direction some distance farther inland. A high wall imprisons us on both sides; and at one point a light wooden bridge springs from wall to wall across our route, showing that the two lane-divided domains are an organic whole. As we passed beneath this airy structure, two beings in shining raiment leaned upon its railing, with costly cigars lightly poised between their gloved fingers, and gazed down upon us with the incurious wonder of superior creations.

"What are those?" I inquired of Hedgley, in hushed tones, after we were out of ear-shot, "and what do they there?"

"They are swells, nobs, aristocrats, and members of the Chambord Club, and they do what you have seen," replied Hedgley.

"What," demanded I, "is the Chambord Club?"

"It," Hedgley answered, "is an arrangement whereby persons of high birth and both sexes can meet without previous introduction at a country-house; where they can eat, sleep, and wander about the grounds singly, in pairs, or in groups, either unmixed male, unmixed female, or male and female mixed."

"Is," I further inquired, "Mrs. Grundy a member of this club?"

"She," rejoined my friend, with a smile of pity at my verdancy, "does not move in circles of this altitude."

"How long," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "has this club been in existence?"

"One year," replied Hedgley; "but it may last forever."

"Do you think," I whispered, confidentially, "I might become a member?"

"No," was the ambiguous answer, "doubt, if you wait another year, and the club does last till then, and you still should think it worth while to join. But you know how it is—clubs are not like the vase of roses that the poet sang:

> 'You may call it "The Chambord" as long as you will,
> But that won't prevent it from going down-hill.'"

A few rods more brought us to a side-path leading through the churchyard, and so into the main street of the town once more. But our ramble was not yet at an end. The three principal lions of Byemoor were, according to Hedgley, still to be seen.

"There is Gingerbread Palace," said he, "or, as it is sometimes called, Raspberry Hall; and the Vatican; and the Haunted House."

"What is Gingerbread Palace?" I asked.

"It was built by a famous wit, dilettante, and man of the world, the brother of a not less famous prime-minister in the time of the first Georges," was the reply. "If there be anything in your favorite theory that a man's character may be evolved from his voluntary environment, you will know this gentleman's name as soon as you set eyes on the palace—assuming, of course, that you are familiar with English eighteenth-century history."

"And the Vatican? Is there a pope in Byemoor?"

"There was one, but he died some time since. He was the only English pope on record, but, to make up for it, he attained his rank at a much earlier age than any other wearer of the tiara."

"Well; and what of the Haunted House?"

"It's just a haunted house, neither more nor less; but one of the best specimens of its kind that I ever saw."

We took the lower road, which, for a change, was fortified on either hand by a high brick wall, so that we seemed to be walking in a colossal trough. Once in a while, however, one edge of the trough would relent for a moment or two, and allow us to peep through iron railings at delightful pleasaunces on the other side. A little farther, and the wall on the left was transfigured into a series of contiguous house-fronts, neatly stuccoed and painted, flush with the sidewalk, and with porticoes in some instances overarching the latter. I have said "house-fronts," but, in point of fact, they were house-backs, the true fronts giving on the river, which here sweeps round close to the road again. They are solidly-built, comfortable-looking edifices, of a somewhat elderly fashion of architecture, which the modern renovations but partially disguise.

In front of one of the sprucest of these veterans Hedgley suddenly came to a full stop, and pointed to certain words cut into the stone door-frame.

"What! can this be the Vatican?" I exclaimed. "For all that I can see, it might be an every-day, fashionable villa."

"It is what its first owner would have been, had he lived till now—modified into conformity with the age," said Hedgley. "This, at any rate, is the site of the old building, and doubtless some of the original bricks and beams may be imbedded in these walls. If you wish to become sentimental and enthusiastic, you have as good warrant to do so, rationally speaking, as if the hand of change and improvement had never been laid upon it. For my own part, however, I applaud the alterations, for I never was able to see the good of that particular kind of raptures and rhapsodies."

This view of the matter naturally made me shy of giving vent to the warm rush of my feelings, as otherwise I should unquestionably have done. I gazed at the Gothic doorway, and at the door, with its varnished panels and spotless stone steps, and at the fair, smooth walls inlaid with variegated bricks; and struggled, with creditable success, to control my emotions. The shade of a window on the ground-floor happened to be raised, and I made bold to peep in. There was a dim impression of a hall or passage-way, handsomely furnished, with pictures on the walls, and some beautiful bits of blue and green china on a cabinet.

"Who lives here now?" I inquired.

"A very clever fellow, though not exactly a pope," Hedgley answered; "and yet the old pope, had he lived nowadays, might very well have taken up the present incumbent's profession. He is a fashionable journalist—a club gossip and satirist, and *censor morum*; and, being thoroughly imbued with the essential tolerance of this age, he is not averse from occasionally acting as his own awful example. His great aim at present is to circulate and popularize truth as widely as possible; and surely no pope of the best days could employ himself more worthily."

"Is the interior of the temple on exhibition?"

"Yes—by card from the house-agent, for it is on sale. But we shall not have time to explore it to-day, and after all you would see little here which you might not study with equal profit in my house or your own. There is, indeed, a grotto connected with the place; but, history apart, it does not differ widely from a modern cellar, and would be worth visiting only under the auspices of a friendly butler."

Under these circumstances we moved on, and soon came to a fork in the road, where walls of any kind ceased to impede our view. On the left, between low meadows, gleamed the river; on the right, the land ascended gently, and, partly visible through the clustering trees which crowned the eminence, rose the gray bastions of what I at once recognized as Gingerbread Palace. It is a structure of ample dimensions, its height appearing small in comparison with the large superficial area which it covers. The many-angled walls are machicolated at the top, and fairly bristle with small towers, turrets, pinnacles, and gables. It may claim kindred, on one account or another, with every school of architecture known to man, but Gothic is perhaps the prevailing order. The windows, certainly, are for the most part in that category; they are arched, and mullioned, and glazed with diamond-shaped panes. There is nothing grand in the effect of the building upon the beholder, nor imposing—save in the sense of imposition. It looks like a great, overgrown toy, begun in whim and finished in irony, and never meant in earnest. That later Horace, who is responsible for its erection, must have been a humorist of a type widely differing from the old Quintus Flaccus who taught us boys to detest Persian apparatus. Even the material of which it is built is a mockery and an insincerity: at first sight you mistake it for rough-hewed stone, but nearer inspection shows it to be gray plaster laid upon brick. The towers, pinnacles, and battlements, are all fraudulent; they make believe with the most preposterous effrontery. In a word, Gingerbread Palace, externally considered, is the *beau idéal* and consummation of architectural humbug and charlatanism. Nevertheless, as with all thorough-going things, there is something enjoyable about it, and in regarding it one cannot repress a grin of good-natured contempt.

We were admitted to the grounds, and strolled up and down a rectangular system of walks, bordered with shrubbery of various sorts, and overshadowed by trees. The place was not well kept: evidently the present owner is not an enthusiast in gardening. Indeed, she spends but a month or two of each year here, and then devotes herself to social rather than to rural pursuits. With the interior of Gingerbread Palace there is no fault to be found, so far as condition goes. The rooms are gorgeously decorated and splendidly furnished. It is to be hoped that it contains some apartments less splendid and more comfortable than those we saw. Only

brocaded waistcoats, silk stockings, and powdered wigs, would be in keeping with such grandeur.

"Let us investigate the Haunted House," I said, at length, to Hedgley. "The company of a ghost would be more congenial than the polished emptiness of these gilded saloons. We can take our ease there, and perhaps smoke a pipe."

"Come on, then," returned my companion; "it is barely two hundred yards from here."

We left the grounds, crossed an adjoining meadow, crawled through a hole in a dilapidated fence, and found ourselves in the midst of a tangled growth of shrubbery.

XVI.

THE London road lies within a stone's-throw of the Haunted House; yet, often as I had passed along it, with my eyes open, as I had supposed, the house had always happened to escape my notice. And frequently since then, when I have walked in that direction with the intention of taking another look at the ghostly edifice, my attention has been strangely distracted at the minute of passing, so that only when it lay some distance behind me did I realize my omission. Clearly there is something singular about this. Is the house always where it seems to be? or is it itself a ghost, present to human ken only by fits and starts? I have consulted Hedgley about it: he said that the same anomaly has occurred in his own experience, and is beyond his comprehension. I am happy to say that he, like myself, is a thorough believer in ghosts, and we often make each other quite nervous and fanciful on the subject.

Well, we poked our way through the vines, brambles, and bushes, that bar the first approach to the Haunted House. Overhead, the warm June sunshine could scarcely force its way through the inwoven branches of the gloomy trees. The rank and disorderly luxuriance of the vegetation seemed designed to hide from human eyes some unholy and blasted thing. We approached the house from the back, crossing on our way what had been a garden, but which now appeared the wildest and most unkempt part of all. During our windings in and out, I had confused my points of the compass, and was peering anxiously in quite another direction, when I felt my arm touched, and a voice in my ear whispered:

"Look!"

I turned, and there it stood before me. The plastered walls were tinged with dull-green mould, and discolored with streaks and patches of mildew. The windows on the ground-floor were destitute of glass and were boarded up from within. The boards had become rotten, and in several places had been broken through by some inquisitive visitor like ourselves; but the light thus admitted had no effect upon the damp, silent darkness of the interior. The back-door was hanging partly off its hinges; a couple of boards had been nailed crosswise athwart the opening, but the grim obscurity that waited beyond the threshold seemed a more effective barrier against intrusion. The upper windows had not been barricaded, and most of the glass remained in them; but the panes were like dead eyes, overgrown with cobwebs and dim with dust, and all devoid of speculation.

We resolved to work our way round the outside of the house before entering it, in order to get an approximate idea of its plan and size. But this was not an easy matter. Our progress was continually interrupted by sprawling jungles of underbrush, which impinged close upon the walls, and in one case entirely filled the portico of one of the doors. We noticed, however, that no ivy or vines of any kind grew upon the house: it seemed as if they shrank from contact with its unhallowed masonry. The ground, too, was uneven and treacherous, so that we were obliged to give as much heed to our footing as to the contours of the haunted edifice. Altogether, therefore, the impression that we obtained of its shape and dimensions was very ambiguous and unsatisfactory. But some of the more salient features remained in my memory. On the front of the house was a large bay-window in three divisions, and outside of this, on the second floor, a balcony had been built. The balcony was of wood, and so lightly constructed that it could never have had much sustaining power; but now, weakened by the decay of many years, it had become so frail that it might have tottered beneath the weight of a ghost. Standing beneath it, we had glimpses through twisting boughs of the neighboring road, and even of one or two villas building there. The voices of the workmen were audible. But though thus actually within our reach, this outer world seemed not so much far away in a physical sense as remote in kind and degree: we could fancy that, having entered ghostland, we had ourselves become ghosts, and that, though we might revisit familiar spots, these could no longer have relation with us. We might hear the voices of yonder workmen; but our utmost outcry and signal would fail to reach their ears or attract their mortal eyes.

Along the front of the house ran a level strip of ground, about twelve feet in uniform width, and bounded on one side by a deep ditch, choked up with stunted trees and brambles, and on the other by the terrace on which the house was built. Following this with the eye, it was seen to take a bend toward the road, and disappeared amid the underbrush in that direction. It was all the remaining trace of what had once been a drive, which, beginning from a gate at the farther extremity of the grounds, curved upward toward the house, and paused in front of the principal entrance at the southwestern end of the building. The door here is gained by a short flight of steps. I mention these particulars because they have to do with the story presently to be related.

Having by this time completed the circuit of the house, we effected a burglarious entry by way of the back-door already mentioned. Hedgley produced from his pocket a candle-end which he had brought with an eye to this occasion, and we set about an exploration of the premises.

Darkness, darkness, sluggish, heavy, and impenetrable! The flicker of the candle served only to

show where it lay, piled up in corners or lurking behind doorways, or revealed through gaping holes in the worm-eaten floors. The rooms appeared to have been wainscoted three or four feet high; but the wall-paper above had mostly fallen off, or hung downward in unsightly strips. The floors were littered with dust and rubbish; everything in the shape of furniture seemed to have been removed. A yawning cavern of blackness, opening downward, apprised us of the existence of a cellar, but the perilous condition of the cellar-stairs—or, rather, the entire absence of the greater part of them—forbade our pushing our investigations thither. On the other hand, we welcomed the appearance of a staircase that must once have been handsome, and was still serviceable as affording a means of reaching the comparative brightness of the upper floors.

But, whether owing to the supernatural distractions of the place, or the material eccentricity of the old builder's mind—however it be, I can give no intelligible idea of the arrangement of the rooms. They communicated on no principle now recognized in house-building. They were nearly all on different levels, for one thing, as if they had grown up at different rates, or had begun growing at different times, without reference to one another. They were of irregular shapes, too—disdainful of right angles, and seldom satisfied with only four walls; yet not afraid of appearing, on occasion, with no more than three. The walls themselves were not less curious than the rooms. They were quite above the commonplace simplicity of modern walls, which, if they be not solid, are otherwise from no covert design, but owing to a perfectly accountable absence of honesty on the contracting mason's part. These walls were startling with sliding panels, and mysterious with concealed passages. Hedgley and I alarmed one another nearly to the verge of idiocy by making sudden apparitions of ourselves in the midst of rooms which we had not entered by the doors. We were never able to determine whether we had visited all the rooms; sometimes we inclined to the belief that there were several which had escaped our notice; again, we more than suspected that what we took for fresh discoveries were in reality nothing more than old acquaintances approached through new entrances. We were continually tumbling up and down artful steps placed in situations that no well-conducted steps would consent to occupy. We climbed up further flights of stairs, getting more and more remote from probability and precedent as we ascended; at last we squeezed ourselves earnestly through a hole in the roof, and came at close grips with a rickety belfry, in which was hanging a rusty bell. I had the audacity to sound a peal on it; but the resulting clatter was so appalling that we hastily let ourselves down through the hole again, and retraced our way to the lower regions by way of the staircase.

The only movable articles that we found to lay our hands on were a collection of dusty old papers huddled into a corner of one of the upper rooms. They mostly consisted of lithographed charts of Egyptian or Indian temples and monuments. A few of these we appropriated, and I pocketed likewise the torn cover of a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* bearing date about eighty years back. With these treasures we finally returned to the basement.

"It seems a pity to go without having seen the proprietor—I mean the—"

Hedgley responded by a significant nod. We were in the dark once more, only relieved by the feeble glimmer of the candle-end; and we did not care to speak some words that we should have thought little of at home.

"At all events," my friend said, at length, "I should be doing less than my duty if I omitted to give you some account of the events which led to the—the—"

I nodded significantly.

We went into one of the southern rooms, seated ourselves upon a pile of broken beams in the middle of the floor, and then Hedgley, holding the candle between his fingers, told me the following tale. His words, as he uttered them, were swallowed up in the surrounding darkness. There was a large hole in the floor directly in front of us, and upon this, as the tale proceeded, my eyes gradually concentrated their gaze in a fixed and fascinated stare.

"About the end of the last century," began Hedgley, "this house was owned by an officer of the English army, who had lived for the better part of his life in India, and had gained there a reputation for valor and ability, and—if report were to be trusted—a large balance at his banker's. He came home a mature man, and, after only a few months' courtship, married a lady much younger than himself, and a great heiress.

"The honeymoon was spent in the house itself. It had scarcely come to an end when the lady's mother, her only surviving parent, was announced to be dangerously ill. Her husband, the Indian colonel, accompanied his wife to London, and left her at her mother's house, himself returning here alone. It was said, however—or, rather, mysteriously hinted—that he was not entirely alone. Glimpses of a feminine figure had been caught at evening on the balcony, or passing before the open windows—for it was June, and the weather was warm. Report spoke of her as being of dusky complexion and slender figure, with black hair floating on her shoulders, and a marvelous yet sinister fascination of face. And it was remembered afterward that stories not altogether to the credit of the colonel's moral discrimination had been in circulation at the time of his return, and had in some quarters drawn forth adverse criticisms on the occasion of his marriage.

"In about a week the wife sent word that, her mother having recovered, she was now ready to return home. The night following the receipt of this intelligence the sound of voices raised in dispute are said to have been heard within this house, followed by a woman's passionate weeping; and at one time a female figure was seen by a distant passer-by apparently struggling with a man on the balcony—

though, whether he were trying to throw her over, or to prevent her from leaping down herself, the observer could not tell. In the end, they both retired inward, and soon after the lights were put out, and all was still.

"The next day the colonel took his carriage and pair, and drove into London; and toward midnight was heard the sound of his wheels rattling up the road. As he entered the drive leading up to the house the bell in the cupola rang out a sudden and irregular peal. It ceased as the carriage drew up before the door. A boy, who had been stealing cherries in the neighboring plantation, was crouching behind a clump of bushes close by, and saw what followed. The colonel handed his wife out of the carriage, led her up the steps to the door, rang the bell, and then returned to the horses, apparently with the intention of leading them to the stable. Just then the door was flung open, and a woman appeared at the threshold. There was a flash and a report, and the colonel's wife staggered and fell down the steps, shot to death. The horses wheeled and fled down the drive, dragging the overthrown carriage after them. The colonel seems to have stooped over the body, and, after examining it, lifted it in his arms, and carried it up the steps into the house, and the door closed after him and his ghastly burden.

"The next day the house was, upon information laid by the boy, visited by the authorities, and found to be empty; but some weeks later a body, supposed to be that of the colonel's wife, was discovered in a hastily-made grave in the cellar. Neither the colonel nor the mysterious dark-haired woman was ever seen again; they were believed to have sailed for India in a vessel which started about this time, and which foundered in the English Channel on her way out. But ever since, on the twenty-first of each recurring June, the old bell is heard to ring in the cupola, and the wheels of an unseen carriage rattle up the avenue, and—"

It had just crossed my mind that *this was the twenty-first of June*, when an awful jingling and clatter, and the fall of a heavy body above-stairs, caused us both to gaze at one another with pale faces, and rise to our feet. The bell had fallen from the belfry, and was coming down-stairs! We were sitting directly in front of the door through which the murder had been committed; below us was the cellar in which the body had been buried! At this moment the hot grease from the candle fell on Hedgley's fingers; he dropped it, and, to our horror, it fell through the hole in the floor, and out of our reach forever. We were alone in the darkness. Hush! is that a sound of wheels coming up the drive outside?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLEGORIES.

I.—CROWNS.

IT chanced that in the dubious dusk of sleep
I seemed to attain that realm where mortals throw
All gross mortality earthward ere they go
Forth as frail spirits amid death's hollow deep.
All folly and sin were here that mortals reap,
All desperate fear and hope, all joy or woe,
And here all precious crowns the exalted know
Lay gathered in superb tumultuous heap!

Stooping toward these, I marked, in silent awe,
Their ponderous gold, or gems that beamed like day,
Or lovelier laurel that grand brows had worn;
But hid below the beauty of each I saw
Perpetually, in grim recurrent way,
The bitterness of one small red-rusted thorn!

II.—SILENCE.

All search of yours but ineffectual seems,
To attain some reach of refuge year by year;
Since far in loneliest woods, in wastes austere,
Winds call, beasts wander, or yet the vulture screams.
With hated sounds of living all Nature teems,
And even among sleep's dusky depths you hear
The wild aërial voices, vaguely clear,
That float from shadowy throngs of roaming dreams!

But weary in spirit, and affrighted, too,
At last you hurry away, with footsteps fleet,
To find, in dolorous realms of dread eclipse,
Death, your one lover, inalienably true,
Encircled amid whose ghastly arms you meet
The awful, icy passion of his pale lips!

III.—SUICIDE.

Invisible as the wind along the sky,
She ever wanders about the earth immense,
A lonely spirit of strange malevolence,
With noiseless feet and vigilant furtive eye.
She loathes and shuns each halcyon haunt where lie
Love, peace, and all sweet happiness born from thence,
Yet greedily seeks for woes and discontents,
For agony's hottest tear, its deepest sigh!

But when some dreary sufferer darkly fails
To find in life's chill heaven one starry trace,
One vital hope no ruinous harm assails,
Toward him she steals with sure triumphant pace,
And slowly to his desperate look unveils
The maddening splendors of her lurid face!

IV.—ANGER.

On each man living has Nature's will conferred
A genie, lofty of stature, huge of limb,
Who ever awaits, in unknown regions dim,
The utterance of our one releasing word.
Perchance for months, even years, he has not stirred
From out the bondage of his quietude grim,
Until at length, to freedom summoning him,
The sharp imperious call is clearly heard!

Then forth he springs, unfettered, evilly brave,
Or yet, being spurred by ruder madness, prone
To attest his might in some fierce way and fleet.
And there have been wild hours when this dread slave,
While hurrying back to his dark lair, has thrown
Murder's red infamy at his master's feet!

A BIT OF NATURE.

A STORY IN TWENTY-THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

STRIKING OIL.

A FEW days after Richard's rescue Daisy was seated at table in the large room of the house, busy with books and papers. Hannah interrupted her with—

"That boy has come for his milk."

"Just you give it to him, Hannah."

In a few minutes Hannah returned to say that the boy's father wanted some ointment for his rheumatism. Daisy arose, went to her room, gave it to her, then returned to her books. Five minutes later Hannah went back to her to say that her father could not find his axe, and he wanted to know if she knew where it was. Daisy went out to search for the axe, and, having at length found it, returned again to the table. When the student was fairly at work, Hannah again went to her to say that Jerk had treed a coon close by. Didn't she want to shoot it?

"I don't want to shoot the coon," answered she, with some asperity. "Please leave me alone, Hannah. My schoolmaster will be here presently, and I shall not be ready for him."

Daisy went on diligently with her books for half an hour, when Hannah, looking out of the doorway, observed:

"Your schoolmaster is coming. I see him at the top of the path."

Then Daisy somewhat flurriedly ran her eyes over the pages of one of the volumes, and, while she was so occupied, Walters made his appearance at the doorway.

"Ah, we are drinking at the Pierian spring!" said he, cheerily. "How are we getting on?"

"I have not been getting on as well as I would like. I have been bothered with other things."

"Well, let us see," said he, taking a seat at the table. "Suppose we skirmish about in a general way. Shall we begin with geography?"

"As you like."

"Where is Constantinople?" asked he, brusquely.

"In Turkey," answered she, with a smile.

"Where is Cairo?"

"In Illinois."

"Not that one; the other one."

"In Palestine."

At this there was mock severity in the face of the teacher.

"What was I thinking of! I should say Egypt."

"What is the greatest country in the world?"

"The United States," said she, proudly.

"That speaks well for your patriotism. Now for a word on man. Who was the first man?"

"That's an easy one. Why, Adam, of course."

"Answer correct—although I doubt if Mr. Darwin would agree with you. Who are the best and most enlightened people in the world?"

"The Americans," answered she, triumphantly.

"With modifications," observed he. "Still, patriotism is a virtue, and you had better let it stand. What are the English noted for?"

"Commerce, manufactures, and liberal ideas."

"You might add, roast-beef, aversion to the letter H, and heavy shoes. What are the Dutch noted for?"

"Dikes, commerce, and the manufacture of gin."

"You might append—at least in the opinion of some Knickerbockers—for the honor of being the founders of the distinguished families of the American metropolis."

This suggestion was clearly an unknown language to the pupil.

"What do you say of the French?"

"The politest people in the world."

"That error has been running long enough, and I assume the responsibility of correcting it. The politeness of the French is unquestioned, but it is excelled by that of the Orientals."

"Also, they eat frogs; they are frivolous and wicked—do not observe the Sabbath as a day devoted to spiritual duties."

"Is that in your book?"

"It is; I could not give it out of my head."

"I must make a slight correction in the matter of frogs. More frogs are eaten in a day in your own beloved country than in a month in France. When it comes to wickedness, I fancy they are no worse than we are. Our wickedness is only of another kind."

In this way he went on for half an hour, and, when she missed the right answer, as she occasionally did, he knit his brows in a frown, but she saw the smile behind this make-believe, and was amused.

"Now, Daisy Potter," said he, with his schoolmaster's air, "let me see your handwriting."

She produced her copy-book with its "Evil communications corrupt good manners," "Labor overcomes all things," and divers other texts.

"The tail of that capital T," said he, pointing to it, "indicates an effort toward display, which is not at all like you, Daisy. Flourishes are an abomination. Try and write a free, legible hand, and nothing else."

"Oh, I made that T to please father."

"Being as it was the paternal wish, we shall overlook the ornate T this time."

Having finished her examination, Daisy put her books tidily by in their place, and went into the open air with the amateur teacher; and here the lessons were continued in a more pleasant form in the names of plants and trees, and their properties.

Walters made the same progress in the friend-

ship of the father as he did in that of the daughter. Potter confided to him his hopes of fortune in New York, explained the case to him at length, and asked his advice. Walters counseled him to write to a capable attorney, whose address he gave him.

Daisy appeared to avoid any further explanation with Richard after the memorable evening when he opened his heart to her. Yet she treated him in the same friendly way as before, and he attributed her disinclination to reopen the subject to indecision or rejection of his suit. He accepted the status which she tacitly seemed to desire, and held his peace. Indeed, he was just as well pleased that it was so, for he was of a wavering character; and, on reflection, he saw grave consequences rising before him were she to have taken him at his word. He was determined now, at any rate, to regulate and fully understand his position at home before taking any further steps in this direction. From this it is reasonable to infer that there was a suspicion of insincerity in the tender glances which he continued to bestow on her.

The time for the departure came, and Richard and Walters made their adieux to the inhabitants of the Hollow. Walters gave his New York address to them, and hoped that they would see each other before long. There was a cordial shake of the hand from him to father and daughter, and a more reserved one from Richard.

"I shall write to the Pearl of the Hollow," sang out Walters, from under the white-oaks, as he disappeared with his companion.

A sense of loneliness came over father and daughter, and even Jerk, after the two men left them.

"What company that John Walters is!" observed the father. "I shall miss him very much."

Daisy said nothing, but it was plain from the sadness of her face that he could not miss him more than she.

In a fortnight after the departure Daisy received a letter from Walters. It was the first letter she had ever received in her life. It announced the arrival, at the nearest town to the Hollow, of a gun, sent by express. The next day the gun was sent for, and on a silver plate in the stock was engraved, "John Walters to Daisy Potter. A friendship souvenir."

The next day, as she was handling the gun and thinking of the giver, she observed her father running from the direction of the boring toward the house. As soon as he reached the spot where Daisy stood he clasped her in his arms, kissed her, and cried out, hysterically, "Ha, ha! I've struck!" and cut several capers, which Daisy thought were unseemly at his age. Then suddenly stopping, and striking his forehead as if he had forgotten something, he shouted, "Tubs—buckets—anything with a bottom!" and incontinently seized on buckets and pans, with a clatter, and rushed out of the house, closely pursued by Daisy and Jerk.

The neighbors, soon getting wind of Potter's strike, came and stood around the well, gazing on the spouting oil as the Jews of old might have stood and looked on the raising of Lazarus.

Wonderful was the advent of oil. Oil overturned the established order of the household. Oil in the tubs—in buckets—in pans; oil on the table and the floor; oil dripping from Potter as if soused in the greasy fluid; oil touched the roses and glories with his greasy wand and blasted their beauty; threw his smeared mantle over the household and left it in gloom. "Might and majesty are mine," said Oil to the Moses who had struck the oleaginous rock; "bow to my imperial will!"

And Potter bent in submission before his sovereign, saying:

"O Oil! behold thy slave!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARRIVAL IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE second important event in the Hollow after the first—the striking of oil—was the receipt of a letter from the lawyer in New York who had been recommended by Walters. It informed Potter that he would probably get a portion, if not all, of the property left by his deceased kinsman; that there would, doubtless, be the delays usual in the march of the law, but there would be no doubt as to the way it would end.

This was cause for elation in the father, but the daughter did not see how the acquisition of more money could add to their happiness, and the news did not produce the same effect on her.

The lawyer, Isaac Barker, in his communication, urged Potter to give up his residence in Pennsylvania, come on immediately, enter suit, and devote his time to acquiring the fortune which was within his reach. Mr. Barker cordially invited him to come at once with his daughter to his house, as soon as they arrived in the city, until they could look about to make more permanent arrangements.

Mr. Barker was a man who understood the importance of the occasion, and was determined to submit to some inconvenience and annoyance even, in order to secure such a client as Potter promised to be. Yet the invitation to the Potters had not been allowed to depart without opposition in the Barker household. Mrs. Barker thought that the presence of two rough people as sojourners in her house might imperil her position in the society in which she moved. It is hardly necessary to say that the social side of the question assumed a greater importance in the mind of Mrs. Barker than it did in that of her husband. Mr. Barker made reply that they were living fully up to their income, and it was necessary to add to it; that by treating Potter as a friend he was more secure of him as a client.

It was impossible to furnish a better argument, according to Mrs. Barker, and she gave a reluctant assent, being at length brought to look at the project as a stroke of business.

They sent the invitation and waited for their guests, Mrs. Barker with painful apprehension.

"What do you think they look like, husband?" asked she.

"As country people usually look, I suppose. The father was a peddler until within the last year or two."

"How disagreeable!"

"But you can mitigate the world's opinion of Mr. Potter, by saying that he is likely to become rich," said he, with a smile which had a touch of malice.

"That *is* something like an extenuation," remarked she, returning her husband's smile.

The receipt of a letter was an unusual occurrence at the Hollow. It was not opened in feverish haste. Potter began by wiping his silver-rimmed spectacles, and adjusting them in the exact place on the bridge of his nose. Then he turned the letter over in his hand, read the post-mark, and said:

"I reckon it's from Barker."

He slowly opened, slowly read, and handed it to Daisy. She thought it was very "neighborly." It was kind, too, in Mrs. Barker to send in advance a welcome word in her husband's letter.

Potter hastened to dispose of the Hollow, on as advantageous terms as he could at short notice, and made his preparations to start on the journey eastward with his daughter and the dog.

Adieu to the roses and glories; to the humble log-house; to the horse which had drawn them thousands of miles; to the cow which gave such famous milk. Adieu to the lofty white-oaks, and their moss-covered roots, where she had so often sat to watch the chirruping squirrels leaping from branch to branch; to the variegated acorns, and "Johnny-jump-ups." Adieu to the days of her unrestrained youth—the happiest of her life.

In back-country simplicity, the Potters, with the stump-tailed dog at their heels, arrived in the great city, and sat about searching for the abode of the Barkers. As the *naïve* pair walked hand-in-hand up Broadway, once or twice, people turned to look and smile. In happy unconsciousness of the impression they produced, they continued up the great thoroughfare, now and then lingering a moment before the well-garnished windows, and as they passed here and there through groups of coming and going people, Daisy clasped more tightly the hard hand of the oil-striker. They felt alone in this ebb and flow of life as if they stood in the centre of an almost uninhabited island. The great artery of the metropolis was palpitating with vitality. The blended sound of tramping feet and rolling wheels appeared to the girl like the wind rushing through the mighty white-oaks around the Hollow.

They were directed to a fine-looking house in Twenty-third Street, in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue. Here lived the Barkers. The two pedestrians halted a moment or two in admiration before the building. A young Barker happened to be on the stoop of the house. She was a roguish miss of eight or nine. She cried out pertly to the head of the halting group looking at the house:

"Does it suit you, sir? If you want to buy, I'll sell it to you at a bargain."

"I reckon I'll step in and look at it, little gurl," answered Potter, with a smile. And to the surprise of the impish Barker, he walked up the steps of the stoop, leading Daisy, and followed by the dog. "I s'pose you're one of the young Barkers?" continued he.

"You s'pose right."

"You are an uncommon spry little gurl."

"Thank you for your good opinion," said she, with a courtesy.

As her eye caught Jerk on one of the lower steps, she cried out:

"What a funny dog! What have you done with his tail?"

"It was cut off for seed," gravely responded Potter. "This is a valuable critter, and we don't want to lose the breed, so we planted his tail for another crop."

It was plain the young Barker had doubts about this statement, but she did not utter them.

"What's your name?" asked Potter, putting his hand on the little girl's head.

"Dolly." Then she added, pointing to the animal, "What's his?"

When informed, she asked, as she cautiously approached the animal:

"Does Jerk bite?"

"Only varmints and evil-doers. He would as soon think of bitin' his tail as of even lookin' cross at a nice little thing in petticoats like you. Pat him, if you want to."

The animal, with docile dignity, suffered the juvenile hand to smooth his canine brow.

It was toward the close of day that they arrived at Barker's door. Preparations were being made for an entertainment that evening. The white crash was down on the drawing-room floors for dancing, and the walls and windows were decorated with flowers and plants. As Mr. Barker and his wife sat in the library, deliberating over the forthcoming ball, Dolly ran in to them to announce the arrival.

"What a pity they did not come after it was all over!" said Mrs. Barker to her husband.

"Well," said he, "there is no help for it. Tell them to come in here, Dolly, or rather I shall go to the door to meet them. Recollect, every politeness must be shown to these people."

The guests from Pennsylvania were ushered into the library. Potter took his seat on a softly-cushioned chair, to which he was invited, as did also Daisy. The dog put himself on his haunches, and looked at the magnificent Barkers with unabashed, judicial dignity.

Mrs. Barker immediately inquired of Daisy, with some solicitude, if she was fatigued from her journey, if she liked traveling, and other questions of like nature, which the young woman answered with that strict regard to truth which characterized her. While Mrs. Barker was making these remarks, she was wondering how long her guests were going to stay, and to what extent their appearance in her house would affect her social status.

The Pennsylvanians were conducted up-stairs, and placed in adjoining rooms, of a magnificence to which their humble eyes were unaccustomed. The first words the two spoke, when alone, were of the kindness of their hosts. They were yet unused to the deceptive varnish of civilization.

Potter asked his host if John Walters was to be present at the entertainment he was giving. He was informed that he had been invited, but as usual he had declined to come. Walters did not like fashionable amusements. and he rarely went to one. Potter expressing a particular desire to see him, Mr. Barker said that he would send to let him know that he and his daughter had arrived, and perhaps that would induce him to come for a little while; he knew that Walters looked forward with unusual interest to meeting them. A note to this effect was dispatched to Walters at once.

As soon as Barker found himself alone with his wife, he told her that their two guests must be invited to participate in the entertainment, otherwise they might feel offended. This was cause of anxiety to Mrs. Barker. She asked how she *could* present them to her friends. He, however, insisted, and she was obliged to obey, for Barker was a man who was master of his house.

As the time approached for the festivities to begin, Mrs. Barker sent her maid to Daisy, to assist her in making some sort of a toilet.

"Mees Pottaire," said that person, fresh from the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens, "I come to make you some toilet."

The serious eyes of Daisy looked curiously at this smart, sweet-spoken young person.

"I make you the hair. I put there some flowaire. I make you more beautiful as you are now, which is to say much."

And she raised her hand in the sprightly way of her race, ready to begin; but Daisy, at length getting a clearer idea of the object of her visit, told her she would not require her services.

"Ah, what pity! You not let me make your toilet?—you make him yourself? Well, you change your mind, you ring for me. I call myself Mathilde—always ready to oblige you. Good-evening, Mees Pottaire."

Saying which Mathilde retired, leaving an agreeable impression, not unmingled with amazement, at the accent and sprightly gesture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTRY PEOPLE IN A NEW SPHERE.

DAISY was still sitting in her room when Mrs. Barker entered, asking her if she would soon be ready to go down to the drawing-room, whence they could already hear the tuning of the musical instruments. Daisy said she would rather not. Mrs. Barker, in accordance with her instructions, pressed her to do so, adding that Mr. Potter expected it of her.

"My ways and your ways are not the same, and I think I would be troublesome," said Daisy.

Naturally, Mrs. Barker, trained in another school, assured her, on the contrary, that her presence below would be a pleasure to herself and husband.

"You are kind," said Daisy. "Whenever you wish, I will go down with father."

After the hour when Daisy was accustomed to go to bed, Mrs. Barker came for her and her father. The hostess had waited until the festivities were well under way, in order that the entry of her *bizarre* guests might attract less attention. Their appearance was much the same as when they entered the house. The waist of Daisy was guiltless of the corset. A dark, easy-fitting robe, short of skirt, which adjusted itself with facility to every movement of the body, was what she wore. The plenteous tresses were as much her own as the serious blue eyes, guileless almost to *naïveté*. Her gloveless hands were browned by exposure, but shapely. There was no dawdling diminutiveness in them, nor artful finger movements in tress-arranging and fan-handling. There were neither rings in her ears nor on her fingers. No chain hung around her neck, with pendent locket. Her feet rested in calf-skin shoes. The back of her father had never known any other garment than the sack-coat, and in that he appeared at Mrs. Barker's party.

The appearance of the two furnished an illustration of relative conditions. A swan on the water is a graceful, beautiful bird, but on land an awkward creature. Each particular subject must have its appropriate background to be seen to advantage. The right time is another name for seizing an opportunity when the surrounding circumstances are propitious. Thus Daisy was neither in the time nor the place to be seen to advantage, according to the standard of the sphere in which she stood.

Society is more cruel collectively than individually. The polite world throughout all climates is seldom kind and compassionate. Persiflage is its leading characteristic, whether it be French, German, English, or American. There were probably a dozen people in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Barker who felt a desire to go forward and relieve the two newcomers from their embarrassment by a kind word or two, but they hesitated because the polite world had its eye on them. Thus, those who looked at the father and daughter with kind impulses became, on reflection, cowards like the rest.

The contrast between Daisy and those around her was indeed striking, and she must herself have realized it to some extent; but this only came afterward. As soon as she entered into the rooms devoted to the pleasures of the night, her eyes were taken up with their splendor—the flood of white light from wax-candle and gas-jet, the profusion of flowers, the nude white arms and bosoms sparkling with precious stones, the couples whirling around in cadenced movement. Delicious and penetrating perfumes exhaled around her, while her ears drank the wondrous strains of a new music. She was so lost in contemplation of this scene that she forgot about

herself. But by-and-by she became conscious that she was the centre of observation. For a few minutes after Mrs. Barker had escorted the father and daughter to this scene she had remained with them until relieved by her husband. But they both had other duties to perform on such a night, and they were obliged to abandon the two new-comers to their own resources the greater part of the time. Barker had induced two of his male friends to allow themselves to be presented to Daisy ; they were elderly men, who talked a language she hardly understood. The taciturnity of modesty and simplicity rested on her lips. She found it difficult to answer the queries put by these well-meaning but platitudinous old beaux. Their talk was of the opera, the theatre, the Park, and fashionable entertainments. Had they been Aryans speaking their native tongue, they could hardly have been less intelligible to this young listener. Her eyes told them she took but little interest in their words, her face did not smile at their humor ; as we know, her expression was the reflection of her heart. The second of the talkers, probably finding her an unappreciative listener—as well as a somewhat compromising companion in Fashion's eyes—presently left her with her father standing in one corner of the back drawing-room. Soon after Potter wandered into the dining-room in search of something to assuage his thirst, and she stood alone, while the people around looked at her as spectators view a curiosity of Nature. Her ear caught words of jest concerning herself, and the mirth which they provoked. Daisy felt sad, and she thought of seeking her father and retiring from the place where her appearance seemed to be so incongruous with that of others. As she entertained this idea she turned her head to look for her father, and, in doing so, her eyes encountered something which changed the sad expression to one of radiance.

It was Richard, and Richard as she had never seen him before. To her eyes he had always been comely, but now he was glorified in an evening costume, and her admiration leaped from her eyes. He came sweeping down the room in a waltz with a handsome girl, who was as graceful as a dancing faun. As he turned in the maze his eyes crossed hers, but he did not stop, and her persistent regard continued to follow him around the room. Two or three times he passed her in the whirl, and there was no recognition in his look. She did not make allowance for that indistinct, blurred aspect which objects present to a man who is rushing round in circles. Could she be mistaken? She looked more intently than before. There was no mistake. There could be but one Richard, and it was he. Presently his partner asked him to halt, she stopping near Daisy and in view of her. She looked at Daisy, made a remark that was evidently in reference to her appearance, and then laughed behind her fan. This attracted the attention of Richard in the direction of the young Pennsylvanian—he turning his head to look. As he caught sight of her, he made a step forward, probably with the intention of going to her, but some one passed between her and him at that moment, and she did not see the movement. As he was making the step, his partner caught his arm, and carried him away in an opposite direction, and there was no time for recognition. Daisy saw him turning away from her. It was clear he denied her as unequivocally as Peter denied his Master at the crowing of the cock. The reason of such denial, if it had been asked of the mundane mind which filled Mrs. Barker's drawing-rooms, would doubtless soon have been found, but to Daisy it remained a mystery.

Her violet eyes bore a reproach mingled with sadness ; she felt as strange in the midst of these people as if she had come from the moon. What had she done to offend her friend? Her mind traveled from one thing to another in search of a possible cause, and she could discover none. She was grieved, and her grief was reflected in her face. She still stood alone in the corner of the drawing-room, and felt that her isolation was greater than before.

Walters had noted this scene from the hall, concealed behind a group of loungers. He had noted in her face the changes of expression—the radiance of discovery, the hunger to be recognized, and the sequent sadness. At this juncture, he stepped forward, took her warmly by the hand and greeted her in hearty tones. He put her arm confidingly in his, and led her through the crowd into the dining-room. He saw no one but her. He plied her with questions about the Hollow, and gave her words of cheer. There was gladness in his face and his heart. His warm nature expanded and surrounded her with a genial atmosphere. She felt as if there was an invisible but powerful arm which was held out for her protection against ridicule and sneer. Her heart became lighter in his presence, and she gave way to the spontaneous words of relieved nature. They talked about her father, Jerk, the shooting about the Hollow, and the handsome gun which he had sent her, and they became so absorbed in this pleasant tattle that they neither heard nor saw what was going on about them.

The face of Richard was turned toward them remorseful, like that of Peter after the denial, but they did not see it. The handsome waltz-partner was still with him. They were pledging themselves with glasses of champagne—she, in the interregnum, eating the wing of a partridge. She was a beautiful woman, with brown eyes and a skin of pure marble. A supple robe covered her lithe body as if it was a part of the epidermis. There was a graceful, serpent movement of the arm when she moved it. Her coiffure was a masterpiece of art. Edith Purdy was the name of this siren. Richard looked at her after looking at Daisy, and it was easy to see in whose favor the mental comparison was made. He was probably astonished at his lack of judgment in thinking, when he was in the Hollow, that Daisy was a handsome girl. If ever she had been to him an idol, it seemed as if the idol was broken by the iconoclastic goddess who stood before him with a glass of champagne in her hand.

"There is that extraordinary young woman

again," said the siren, as she caught sight of Daisy talking to Walters. "She ought to be put in a cage as a curiosity. Pray get some one to ask her who made that impossible frock—and get the pattern to put in the museum."

"Oh, hang it! let her alone, Edith."

"Hath she found a defender in the knightly Richard?" asked she, mock-heroically.

"I don't know as it makes much difference to me one way or the other, but you have been quizzing that poor girl for the last hour. She hasn't harmed you in any way."

"Yes, she has. She is an offense to taste, and consequently to the sight. We must put up the barriers somewhere, and not let society be turned into a menagerie. Why, I see it is that good-for-nothing scamp John Walters who is talking with her as if there was not another woman in the world. What has induced this unfindable man to put in an appearance here? The befrocked nondescript can hardly be the magnet. His ways, like those of Providence, are inscrutable. I wonder what the wretch is doing nowadays; I haven't seen him for an age. Has he gone into numismatics, evolution, or what?"

"The fact is, I have been going out a good deal of late, as you know," answered he, "and I have seen little of him."

While this chaff was going on between Richard and the siren, Daisy was telling Walters of Richard's unaccountable manner toward her during the evening. When she told him of this, his gentle eyes caressed her as she talked, and, when her confiding face sought an answer, he gave one which partially restored her serenity of mind. According to him, Edith Purdy was an intimate friend of Richard.

"But what difference would that make?" asked this wondering child of Nature.

"You do not understand the selfishness of passion, Daisy. It is possible, and even probable, that to see Richard treat another woman with interest and kindness would give Miss Purdy pain. It is probably the fear of this which has deterred Richard from approaching you. Jealousy is the ugly side of love, Daisy."

There was a dilation of the nostril in the face of his listener.

"And does she love him that way?" asked she.

"I suppose she does, Daisy."

"And he—does he love her?" asked she, as her eyes fell.

Walters scrutinized the face before him a moment, and then said:

"Perhaps he does not now. Two years ago he was certainly attached to her, but time often works great changes. How he feels toward her now is difficult to say. There is no change in his manner with her, and he still appears to be her preferred suitor."

The violins were still at work as Daisy ascended to her room, where Mathilde was waiting to render her any assistance she might require before retiring for the night. The sprightly maid was informed, as before, that her help would not be required, but the refusal was couched in kind speech.

"What pity! You are not let me dress you! I could make you more beautiful as all the ladies in the house."

Daisy smiled.

"It is the truth that I tell you, Mees Pottaire. You—you are a diamond in the rough; I polish you, and you become a stone of the first wattaire."

This speech was not without amusement to Mademoiselle Mathilde's listener.

"Come, Mees Pottaire, do me the pleasure to put yourself one little moment in this chair before the glass, and let me work on your head."

Daisy humored this zealous artist, and seated herself before a mirror. She took out the comb, did the enthusiastic maid, and let fall the gossamer hair which was like a sheaf of gathered sunbeams.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed she, as she held a tress of it admiringly before her. "Now I make you a Greek," said the worker in heads, and her clever fingers arranged the shining tresses with the bands across the front, and Daisy's head looked like what might have been one of the imperfect dreams of Phidias. Daisy's interest, however, in the Greek creation was in the interest which Mathilde took therein; and the latter, with the observant tact which belongs to her race, seeing "Mees Pottaire" was tiring of the hair-manipulation, retired, saying:

"You recollect, I am to you, whenever you will, with much pleasure, Mees Pottaire."

At last she was alone. The noisy violins had stopped. She wanted air, and she threw open a window, and looked out on the chimneys and spires which cut sharply into the sky. As she stood at the window looking out on the night, she probably thought of Richard's relations to the beautiful Miss Purdy. Then she thought of him as he was in the Hollow; of the walks and talks they had together; of his narrow escape from drowning; of his gratitude; of the beautiful songs he sang to her on the water; of the impassioned words he had spoken to her on the shore; and she felt the blood mounting to her face as they came back to her mind. And how remarkable, after all that, to stand within a few yards of him without a single sign of kindness—without even a token of recognition! *Was* it Edith Purdy who was the cause of this? These were thoughts which followed her into the land of dreams when she sank to sleep that night.

After Daisy went up-stairs Walters sought her father, who was looking at what was going on before him as Aladdin must have done on the magnificent tableaux revealed to him through the lantern. Potter took Walters's hand with a rural grip, and told him he had been afraid he was not coming. And Walters, with his gentle blue eyes fixed on the speaker, listened to the somewhat long story of the breaking up at the Hollow, and of the determination to stay in the city or its neighborhood to defend the newly-found rights. As the two thus stood, Edith Purdy,

between two waltzes, lounging on the arm of Richard, observed them.

"There is philosopher Walters again, with a new curiosity in hand," said she. "What a nose for the eccentric! Where in the world did he pick up that specimen? I am vexed at the man Walters. He ignores the rules of society. He does not appreciate intercourse with a distinguished 'set;' he has no palate for the social feast of life that has been spread before him. To him the spirit of the *élite* is not sympathetic. To be *baroque*, I suppose, is one of the privileges of genius; nevertheless, I think he ought to be brought under discipline. Pray who *is* that crude semblance of a man he is talking with, Richard?"

"That is the father of the young person whom you criticised so sharply a little while ago."

"Like father, like daughter. He ought to have a cage, too. In a traveling-show the father would be equal to the calf with six legs or the woman of five hundred pounds."

"Do, please, let them alone, Edith."

"Another defense. I suspect you know these people?"

"I do. It is Mr. Potter and his daughter Daisy, who extended some hospitality to me while I was in Western Pennsylvania."

"When a man in your station of life accepts a favor from people in theirs, he simply pays them for it, and the thing is ended. We can't make friends of cabmen and carmen because they treat us with some civility. If we did, there would be no such thing as society. But come, we will not let such creatures take up our valuable time; the music has begun with a waltz from that dear Strauss, for whom a statue ought to be straightway erected in Central Park. Ra-ta-ta, ra-ta-ta! Now, Richard, for a good one!"

And Richard, nothing loath, swept away to the music of that dear Strauss who deserved a statue in the Park.

CHAPTER X.

MEETING OF THE OIL-STRIKER WITH A MAN OF THE TOWN.

WALTERS was a man who had eradicated some of his prejudices and enlarged his mental vision by two or three years of foreign travel. He had seen and noted much; had lived in London, Paris, and Rome, and gone the usual round; had climbed the Grand Pyramid, and ascended the Nile to the Second Cataract, ridden donkeys in Cairo and camels in Palestine, swam in the Jordan and bathed in the Dead Sea, smoked nargilehs with Turks and made *keff* with Bedouins, visited the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca, lounged through Stamboul and glided in gondola through the quiet waters of Venice, wandered through the excavations of Herculaneum and mounted the cindered sides of Vesuvius, listened to the singers of the San Carlo and sailed in the blue bay in front of it, plucked the huge oranges in the gardens of Jaffa and eaten figs under the fig-trees of Smyrna, dwelt in the convents of Greek and Latin monks and the tents of caravans, seen the Kirmes of Holland and the Ramadan in the country of Mohammed, and many other things which he described in his letters to the journal with which he was connected; for these sights and experiences were utilized, and made to pay his traveling-expenses.

John Walters lived by the sweat of his brow, in Spartan simplicity, in an apartment of three rooms, and was waited on by an old woman whose age and ugliness placed her beyond suspicion in a bachelor's lodgings. She was clean, as everything else was in the place. Indeed, cleanliness was the most rigorous law which he imposed on himself, and the bath-tub was in much and regular requisition. According to the elderly woman—Mrs. Sarah Jane Thompson, who exercised over him a mild tyranny—he was much given to "sloshing." It is true, he was fond of the tub, but he resembled Diogenes in more respects than in this, as the reader must have gathered from what he knows of him.

There was no carpet in these lodgings, but the floors were brightly waxed after the Continental fashion, the waxing being one of the chief duties of Mrs. Thompson. One of the rooms was a kitchen in which the breakfast of the lodger was prepared, the second was his bedroom, the third was where he lived and worked. His bedstead was as simple as that of the pope, being of iron, and the mattress, probably, was harder than that of his holiness. One side of his work-room was filled with books, in perfect order; most of them were tools. This was the work-side. Another was the play-side, where his gun, fishing-tackle, and what not, were slung, but in the same order which prevailed in the disposition of the books. His table was one of the large kind, covered with green cloth, which are often seen in the offices of companies and corporations.

His rule was to remain in-doors until toward the middle of the day, when he walked down to the lower part of the town and back, this much exercise, at least, being necessary to his well-being.

One of his theories was that men were made miserable from artificial wants to which they became slaves; and that, when these could be no longer gratified, those who once possessed them sank into the negative, impassive, unlucky, sottish people who form such a large class of the world's population. Walters had reduced life to such a system that he could not be well wrecked, though everything he possessed—which was not much—should be destroyed. That is, as long as he had his health, and of this he appreciated the importance; hence the care with which he surrounded his material life. In a word, he was confident he would always be able to find the bread for his stomach if that important organ would only continue to receive it, and perform its functions.

The next morning after the Barkers' entertainment, as he sat in his room, Mrs. Thompson came in

to know if she should show in Mr. Richard Herbert. At this name a shadow passed over the face of Walters, and he paused a few moments before giving an answer.

"Well, let him come in," said he, as if he would rather have him stay out. Then he took a pipe from his pipe-rack, filled it with Lone Jack, and was reflectively smoking when Richard entered.

"I have something to say to you," said he, before Richard had time to utter anything. "Take a seat there," added he, pointing to one.

"When you were made," began Walters, "they put some deuced poor stuff in you. I shall have to give up trying to make a man of you. There is no stamina in you—nothing to build on—no more backbone than there is in an oyster. I did think at one time that you might come out of the chrysalis of society-snobbery into the winged state of philosophy and common-sense. But I see there is little ground for such a hope."

At this moment Mrs. Thompson came to ask some question about the household, when the face of Walters was modified into placidity and gentleness, as he gave her the necessary order. This change of countenance furnished an illustration of the uniform mode of Walters's treatment of people in humble life. As soon as she retired his face assumed its former sternness.

"I saw what was passing in your conventional mind, last night," resumed he. "You were afraid of compromising yourself in the eyes of the swells of 'our set,' by talking to honest, simple folk. And when I think of what a treasure that girl is, it makes your offense ten times worse. She is the possessor of more good qualities than can be found in a house full of the fashionable, artificial women with whom you pass your life."

Richard received these words with a contrite air.

"John Walters," said he, "I acknowledge that I have behaved in a way unworthy of a man who claims to be your friend."

"Bad as your offense was, I am ashamed to say, I did not turn my back on you, but endeavored to palliate your conduct and save the young woman from a new grief and a poorer opinion of humanity, by finding an excuse for you in the jealousy of your companion, Edith Purdy."

"And if there was truth in it?" asked Richard.

"Is there *any* truth in it?"

"There is. I confess that I was influenced by the ridicule with which she contrived to envelop Mr. Potter and his daughter, and by the same sentiment generally exhibited by those present; but I was also deterred by a kind of allegiance which I owe to her. You are doubtless aware that Edith Purdy has some claims on me?"

"This is a flimsy extenuation of your conduct."

"Are you going to withdraw your friendship from me, John Walters?"

"I shall give you another trial—put you on probation. I have one word to say: try and be a man. Now leave me, as I have other matters to attend to."

Saying this, he took up a pen, and Richard retired without further speech. Walters had not been long occupied in writing before Mrs. Thompson announced another visitor—a man with a dog, and Mr. Potter and Jerk were soon ushered into the room.

Walters put the oil-striker in a capacious chair, and asked him, pointing to the pipe-rack:

"Meerschaum, brier-wood, or clay?"

"Clay, if you please. I've always smoked that kind."

Potter had come to say something, but he began with a few words on extraneous subjects—a habit to which the rural mind is much given. As he drew the Lone Jack into the bowl of his pipe from the palm of the left hand with the forefinger of the right, with that familiar movement common to the practised pipe-smoker, he uttered those preliminary words which he deemed polite and necessary before the introduction of the main subject; then he said:

"You know I told you why I was here, in New York?"

Walters nodded his head in assent.

"Well, Barker wants me to begin suit at once ag'in' Thomas Herbert, who is in possession of the legacy. And here is where Barker and I can't agree: I want to go first to Herbert, as between man and man, and make him a bid to share and share alike, without gettin' into the law. Now, puttin' myself in his place, if Potter came to me, I should say: 'There is a great deal of money in this thing; there is enough for two—let us divide.' That is the point."

"You may put yourself in his place, Mr. Potter, but he can hardly put himself in yours. Hence, I fear that your proposition would be declined."

"Well, I can at least try it. I tell you, John Walters, I would sooner take the half than the whole of it, for I would rather not turn this rich man into a poor one. You don't see any harm in my trying it?"

"There is good in it as far as you are concerned, Mr. Potter."

"Mr. Barker tells me you are a lawyer," said Potter.

"I have read some law, but I am not much of a lawyer, for I never practised."

"This case has taken right hold of me. I want a friend to advise me about it—a lawyer like Barker is not enough; he can only look at it as a lawyer, and I want to see the human side of it as well as the law side. John Walters, will you be that friend?"

"I will," said that person, without hem or haw. Then followed the grip of friendship. It was no maiden's clasp. Jerk recognized that the host had secured a firmer hold in his master's affection, by softening his usually stern expression to one of kindliness as he looked at the new friend.

This was what Potter had to say, and, having said it, he departed in quest of the residence of Thomas Herbert. He did not have far to go, as Herbert lived on Madison Square, in a house which was part of the legacy in question. Potter sat down in front

of it on one of the benches in the square, to collect his thoughts and take a view of the dwelling, the dog sitting on his haunches alongside.

In his neighborhood gayly-dressed children were jumping the rope and following the hoop. Nurses in neat white caps were propelling babies in hand-carriages, or sitting on the benches in loquacious gossip. In striking contrast to the luxuriously-habited children was the reddish-brown costume of an occasional tramp lounging on one of the seats in isolation.

Potter, having satisfied his curiosity in looking at the exterior of Herbert's house, crossed the street, followed by the dog, and rang the bell. A cleanly-shaved man, *en frac* and white cravat, came to the door, and Potter asked if Mr. Thomas Herbert were in.

"If you give me your name, I will see," answered he.

"Potter—Daniel Potter."

He went in to find an answer, leaving Potter at the door. It occurred to the visitor, as he stood on the stoop, that the man might have asked him in. In a few moments the suave and well-clad person returned, and said to Potter, politely:

"He is not in, sir."

"When will he be in?"

"Impossible to tell, sir?"

"I think I had better wait for him," said Potter, expecting to be asked to step in and sit down.

"You had better call again, sir," saying which the servant gently shut the door in his face.

This treatment ruffled Potter. He recrossed the street and took a seat again on a bench in front of the house. In fifteen minutes he saw a man of fifty, of fine exterior, issue from the house and drive off in a *coupé*. As he was driven off, Potter asked a policeman standing by who it was, when, to the surprise of the Pennsylvanian, he answered:

"Mr. Thomas Herbert."

At this communication, grim resolution came to the face of Potter, and he determined to wait. This he did for over an hour, then the *coupé* returned, and its occupant entered the house.

Potter went over again and rang. When the man came to the door, Potter said:

"I'll not ask if he is in, because I know he is. Go again and say that I have a few words to say to him that must be said without any further waitin'."

"Your name, if you please?" said the imperturbably polite attendant of the door.

Potter repeated it in an unusually loud voice. The man returned and ushered him into a library, the dog at his heels.

"You are Thomas Herbert?" asked Potter, as soon as he entered, of the man he had seen outside; and he nodded affirmatively. "Over an hour ago, when I asked for you at the door, I was told that you was out when you was in. In my part of the country we call that lying."

"Will you state what your business is with me?" said Mr. Herbert, waving his hand.

"I will, and that deuced quick!"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Potter—I believe your name is Potter?"

"It is; and you ought to know something about it, for it's the name that's brought you bread and meat!"

"To the point, if you please, Mr. Potter."

"The point is this: I wrote you two letters about the fortune which you bagged, and you never answered them."

"I have received numerous letters on the same subject from persons who claim a share of the fortune to which you refer," said Mr. Herbert, with a calm that was in contrast with the aggressive manner of Potter, "so I adopted the rule of answering none—otherwise, my time would have been taken up with a contentious and fruitless correspondence."

"Well, sir," resumed Potter, "I am the first-cousin of the man who left the fortune, and Mrs. Herbert, your wife, is no more than that."

"Mr. Potter, at the death of the man to whom you refer the estate was administered and settled up according to due process of law. There has been nothing irregular," said he, rising to bring the interview to an end; "and I must ask you to excuse me if I leave you. Should you desire any further explanation, I refer you to my attorney."

"Then you refuse to share?" asked Potter.

"Any one of the persons who have written me letters might ask the same thing."

"I've nothing to do with them—I'm talking about myself. Do you refuse to share?"

"I do," said Mr. Herbert, firmly but politely.

"Come, now," continued Potter, "I'll agree to let you off easy, if you show an accommodatin' turn."

"I must decline to entertain such an idea, Mr. Potter."

"This is your last word?"

"It is."

"Then what I have to say is this: that, if ever I get a grip of you, I'll throw you hard—there'll be no let up!" and, as Potter said this, he brought his hand down on the table with a heavy thump. Then he put on his hat with an emphatic gesture, and strode out of the house, followed by the dog, who looked as stern as his master.

Mrs. Herbert entered the library, when her husband said to her:

"Well, Mary, our apprehensions were not groundless. The man Potter has turned up with his dog. He has just left me."

"What did he say?"

"He modestly asked to share our fortune."

"What presumption!"

"I think, however, I have thrown enough cold water on his demand to cause him to relinquish further hope."

"How annoying these people are!" observed Mrs. Herbert. "It's a wonder," continued she, "that he did not bring his daughter with him—the Pearl of Potter's Hollow, that Richard harped on after his visit to Pennsylvania. With the tailless dog, the family picture would have been complete."

"It was singular, the interest that Richard took in those people! He showed it at times, notwithstanding his assumed indifference. Do you think it possible, wife, for him to have a tenderness for the girl whose exploits he gave us such a flaming account of?"

"No," answered she. "Richard has too much regard for himself, and understands too well what is due to his position, to forget himself to that point. It was the oddity of a new scene with eccentric characters. Besides, his engagement with Edith Purdy would have prevented him from ever thinking of such a thing. What comparison can there be between a civilized girl like Edith and that creature, who, according to Richard's own account, was nearly as wild as the animals in the woods? None, of course."

"You are in all probability right, my dear. Edith is a charming girl, and we know her and her mother so well, that it hardly seems like going out of the family."

CHAPTER XI.

A WALK IN CENTRAL PARK, AND A DEPARTURE.

POTTER, immediately after his visit to Mr. Herbert, sought Barker, and instructed him to open fire on the enemy as quickly as the forms of law would permit. Barker told him he was aware that his visit to Madison Square would prove fruitless, but added that it had done no harm. Mr. Potter expressed himself in severe and emphatic terms concerning Mr. Herbert. He would bring down his cursed pride; he would humble him to the dust! He would teach him the cost of treating honest folk like him, Potter, as if they were animals! The corner-stones of lawsuits are generally laid in anger, and this one was no exception to the rule. The dogs of law, until then held in leash by Barker, were let loose to prey, if possible, upon the possessions of Thomas Herbert.

Mr. Potter labored under the excitement usually attending the commencement of a suit. The impish Barker toyed long with his rude forefinger before she induced him to recognize her presence; and Jerk's head laid long on his knee unpatted. Mr. Potter was generating too much steam, and the second day he opened the safety-valve by taking a long and brisk walk in Central Park and back. There is no relief for an anxious mind like bodily fatigue, as Mr. Potter found. Daisy went with him, and when she entered the great, green breathing-place of the metropolis, she felt as one in her natural element. They entered the Seventh Avenue gate and went northward. Daisy's march was not the mincing one of some of the young women who descend from their equipages in the Park to take a little exercise. It was an honest heel-and-toe, elastic walk, she swinging her hands with that movement which appears to be considered man's prerogative, but which is as natural to the woman as it is to him. The complement of the Potters, the dog, was naturally with them.

They struck out across the main road to the long, tree-lined avenue, whose beginning is ornamented with statuary, around which they lingered. For the time Mr. Potter unhinged his mind from Potter *versus* Herbert to apply it to the fine arts. As father, he was the presumed instructor of Daisy. The connoisseur from Potter's Hollow pointed out the salient features of each subject as Daisy listened, for, as we know, one of her talents was to be a good listener.

While they were engaged in this contemplation of art in bronze and marble, a handsome young cavalier came cantering up the road which skirts this point. At the noise of the clattering hoofs, Daisy turned her head, but immediately turned it back again in the direction of the figure in bronze, at which they were looking. The cavalier rode straight toward them, leaped to the ground, called a lad who was not far off, handed him the reins, and came forward, with an outstretched hand, to Potter. The new-comer, Richard, was greeted by Potter in his usual hearty way, for he knew nothing of the incidents of Mrs. Barker's ball. Then Richard turned toward Daisy, and held out his hand to her in an imploring manner. She looked in his earnest face; it was the face she had known in the Hollow; if there was any resistance in her heart it died before the supplicating expression before her, and she gave her hand. It was plain this was a penitential lover. He asked if he might walk with them. Potter said, with his usual heartiness, that they would be glad to have him.

The three proceeded down the long avenue which terminates with the heavy buttress-work overlooking the lake, whose general tone was relieved here and there by a gayly-trimmed boat or a swan. They descended the mighty stairway, skirted the lake on the left, stopping occasionally to admire the pictures of Nature as made by the hands of man, crossed the little arched bridge, went through the woods to the Belvedere, where they mounted the tower, and looked out on the wide expanse of scene which unrolled itself before them from the height on which they stood.

The contemplation of the horizon from a lofty height has an ennobling effect on the mind—at least for the time being. He who is puffed up with a sense of self-importance realizes, in the mental comparison which follows the survey of a wide sweep of earth, what a puny mortal he is. Better thoughts flow into the mind, and sympathies widen.

Daisy had been more taciturn than usual, but by degrees she occasionally spoke a simple, sincere word in her characteristic way. Richard strove to show his affection for her by word and act. He would probably have liked to give her his hand in getting up the steep steps, or over the rugged stones, but he was conscious of the folly of such a course with a young woman trained in the school that Daisy had been, and he refrained. He had already had proofs of her strength and power of endurance, and he was constrained to recognize that the most feminine feature of Daisy was her heart.

He was struck anew with the qualities of her nature as evinced in her replies—simplicity, common-sense, justice, and a certain dignity which always enveloped her in whatever she said. The vacillating and impressionable young man was taken possession of by the same passionate admiration which he had known in the Hollow, and his vivacity of spirit rose to the old level.

They went back to the point where his horse was held, and as they did so Richard appeared to have rehabilitated himself in the estimation of Daisy. As they came near the border of the great wood, an open carriage drove by, in which were Edith Purdy and her mother. Daisy was the first to see Edith, who was sitting in an indifferent, indolent attitude, characteristic of her. Their eyes met. Then Richard perceived her, and raised his hat, to which she responded with her usual graceful nod and smile. As soon as Daisy recognized Edith she turned her eyes on Richard as he made his salutation, and, if he winced inwardly, no sign of it appeared in his face, although he was doubtless conscious that Edith was then making one of her incisive speeches concerning his humble-looking companions.

At length Richard took leave of them, mounted his horse, and rode away, Daisy looking after him in a vague, musing way.

"He handles a horse pretty well," observed Potter, "but can't do it like my Daisy."

"I am only a rough rider, father. Richard does it in a more comely way."

"He has the nice little touches of the riding-master, but I doubt if he has a firm seat. He could never ride that horse as you rode Dobbin when you went for the doctor for me. There were people on the road told me you went up-hill and down-dale as if the beast had wings. What a day it was! I saw you through the window comin' back, the beast as wet as wet could be, and blowin' hard enough to be heard all over the house, and you as collected as if you had been takin' just a mornin' ride, although you was pale, and your lips were pinched together. Then you didn't forget the brute, but took care of him like an old groom. Ah, my heart, what a day it was! You came out of that as true as steel—as you always do. There ain't any more like you, Daisy. The pattern's been lost, and there won't be any more. As John Walters says, you would be Joan of Arc if the time was ripe for another one—and he knows, for he knows everything."

"Father," said she, with a gentle badinage, "if you go on that way you will make an angel out of me."

"If the rest of them up there are as good as you, I'll be satisfied."

Here the face of the daughter became grave as she changed the subject. Then the lawsuit came uppermost in the mind of Potter, and he thought he would like to speak to Mr. Barker about some point of the law, and the two turned their steps toward the city.

Daisy had not been many days in the house before Mrs. Barker discovered that she was not the kind of person she had taken her to be. Her curiosity had been awakened, and she found herself studying the character of the girl with unusual interest.

Mrs. Barker gave a dinner to a dozen friends and acquaintances, and she said to Daisy she hoped that she would make one of them.

"I would rather not, Mrs. Barker," said she; "please excuse me."

And Mrs. Barker excused her—divining the motive which kept her from accepting. While the dinner took place, Daisy remained in her room, where she sat listening to some of the prattle of the vivacious maid.

"This is a pay-off dinner, Mees Pottaire."

"What is a pay-off dinner, Mathilde?"

"This dinner is given for the dinners that Mr. and Mrs. Barker are eaten in other houses. It is not a sympathetic dinner, you see. They who eat to-day are not Mrs. Barker's best friends—the Browns, Purdys, and others."

"Mrs. Purdy and her daughter are among the company?" observed Daisy.

"Yes, Mees Pottaire, she and her proud Edith are there."

"She is a beautiful woman, Mathilde."

"Not half so beautiful as you, if you were dress, Mees Pottaire."

Daisy raised her finger, saying:

"How often have I told you not to do that? You are bad."

"I can't help it."

"Besides," continued Daisy, in the missionary spirit, "you tell fibs. You told me one this morning about something."

"Did I?" said she, lightly, with a smile.

"You don't seem to see how bad it is, Mathilde. When Mrs. Barker was suffering from illness two or three days ago, and was looking badly, you told her you never saw her look so well."

"Like that, I give her courage; she feel good; she get well; you see?"

Daisy shook her head.

"Well, I will try to say the truth for you, Mees Daisee; you let me call you Mees Daisee?"

"Certainly, if it pleases you."

"And you must call me right. Thus: Mateeld. You see?"

"Very well. I thank you for the true pronunciation. It is a pleasant name."

"It is better than Anastasie, Olympe, and the like. My countrymen make wit about them, much. In my country, you know, the ridicule kills everything. I would prefer death to Euphrasie, for with that name life would be turned into a long joke."

Through the advice of Mrs. Barker, additions had been made to the toilet of Daisy. When Mrs. Barker discussed the subject with her, Daisy said that whatever changes were made should be of a plain character.

"I am a simple country-girl, and it would be unpleasant to me to be dressed in finery."

When the dressmaker prepared her new gar-

ments there was one feature against which she held firm. It was the corset. She would not consent to imprison her free, lithe body in this conventional contrivance.

"Daisy is right," said Mrs. Barker; "it would be like putting a corset on the Venus of Milo."

Her ears remained unmutilated by holes pierced for ornament. She continued to walk in a serviceable shoe free of a Louis XIV. heel. No hair but her own golden tresses adorned her head.

"That girl is a little odd," said Mrs. Barker to her husband, "but she has good sense."

Mathilde was at length allowed to dress that silken, warm-tinted hair, which she held and stroked in her hands with the same pleasure that the actress Rachel is said to have plunged her hands into a vase full of precious stones. She held it, as an artist, before the eyes of Daisy, and commented on its beauty. The owner of it would only remark:

"It's one of your bad habits to be always saying sweet things, Mathilde."

Then would that person reply, almost indignantly:

"It is the truth that I say."

The absence of coquetry was a puzzle to the maid from over the sea, where the sex of her race is given over to it. Indeed, according to the opinion of Mathilde and her compatriots, the woman without coquetry was incomplete. There was not even a suspicion of it in Daisy, and for this Mathilde told her she was like an egg without salt.

"But it will come when you shall be in love, Mees Daisee."

Whereat a slight blush passed over the face of the subject of the remark.

"It must come," added she, "for the coquetry and the love are twin sisters."

"You seem to know a good deal about it, Mathilde."

"I believe you, Mees Daisee. I have love four, five, six times, and each time more than the other—and the last love is always the best."

"I thought people only loved once who love truly?"

"Moonshine—permit me to say it, Mees Daisee—moonshine!"

"For a person who has loved so much, you are in very good health, Mathilde."

"What will you? I have suffaired—I have want to die—and in a few weeks it all go off," said the maid, with a passionate sincerity that brought a smile to the face of Daisy.

One day Mrs. Barker had some private conversation with Mr. Potter in reference to Daisy. She told him that he was so absorbed in his suit that his daughter was somewhat neglected, and she recognized that it could not well be otherwise. She thought that Daisy was of that age when she would most easily learn, and that she ought to be cultured. No more time should be lost. She would learn quickly, for her mind was intelligent and receptive. Besides, Mr. Potter's circumstances would probably be bettered at the termination of his suit, and Daisy should be prepared for the change. In any event, whether poor or rich, culture was desirable. Now, Mrs. Barker had a sister living in England, in Berkshire, the wife of a clergyman, who would be glad to receive her, and have her instructed in everything that was necessary. Would not Mr. Potter do well to send her over there for a year? The change of scene and the new life would also, doubtless, be attended with happy results. The rectory where her sister lived was in one of the healthiest and finest parts of the country. In doing this Mr. Potter would relieve his mind of further charge, and give it wholly over to the business which brought him to the city.

"I see—I see, Mrs. Barker. What you say is right. The only thing that makes it troublesome is that she's used to me, and I'm used to her, and I don't know how we'd get along without seein' each other. We've always been together, you know—alone together almost since she was born. I held her on my lap with one hand and drove with the other when she was a baby, and as she got bigger I put the reins into her hands. After her mother died I never took close to any one. In my married days I had a partner who *did* me, and since I've contented myself with that girl. She was partner enough for me. She never could sell the goods as well as me, for her nature ain't hard enough; but she was a thinker, and could see further ahead than me. But all that is neither here nor there to you, Mrs. Barker; but the point I've been tryin' to make is that I don't see how we can live apart for even a few months, or a few weeks—even for a few days."

Saying which Mr. Potter blew his nose sonorously.

"But it would be so much to her benefit," continued she.

"True, Mrs. Barker, true. Let's ask Daisy herself what she thinks about it."

Daisy was called, and the project was explained to her, Mrs. Barker dwelling more than before on the advantages to both father and daughter. Daisy listened attentively until their hostess was through, when the father asked:

"Well, pet, what would you like to do, accept the kind offer of Mrs. Barker, or not?"

"I will do whatever you wish, father."

"That is puttin' the whole responsibility on my shoulders."

"You only know, father, how closely we have lived together; and you, only, know how lonesome I would feel away from you."

Mr. Potter blew his nose as sonorously as before, and then said:

"Let's ask John Walters. He knows everything, does John Walters."

The council was enlarged to hear the opinion of the person named.

"What does Miss Daisy say?" asked Walters, fixing his gray eyes tenderly on her.

"She wants me to say for her, and I want you to say for me," spoke up Potter.

"I hope you will not attach undue importance to

my poor opinion, Mr. Potter, but, such as it is, you are welcome to it. I think the project is a good one."

"You see," said Potter, "John Walters knew the right thing to do on sight. And bein', as it is, the right thing, let's carry it out at once."

On the Saturday following this consultation, Daisy was placed under the matronly care of one of Mrs. Barker's friends, who was going to Europe, Mrs. Barker, Potter, Walters, and the dog, going aboard to see her off. As Walters stood talking with her on the deck, he began to realize how much the withdrawal of this young life from his own affected him. The separation between father and daughter was the greatest trial of their lives.

CHAPTER XII.

A TENDER INTERVIEW IN A CONSERVATORY.

LITIGATION dragged its slow length along, while Potter balanced between hope and fear, although he generally inclined to the side of the former. He and the stump-tailed dog became familiar objects about the courts of law. His energy was untiring, and he was constantly stimulating Barker to his best.

"What will you do if you win the suit?" asked Walters of him, one day.

"I shall live like the man who has the property now—not that I care about that sort of thing, but for the sake of Daisy. She shall do whatever she wants, and she can't go wrong. You know what a level head she has."

"Suppose you are unsuccessful?" said Walters.

"That I don't know. But as long as I and Daisy have our health, I reckon we can get along and be happy together. Now, there's peddlin'—there's nothin' so agreeable as that, although strikin' ile is more profitable. But that roamin' round in a wagon through the country and the villages, dickerin' with the farmers, and their wives and daughters—you understand?"

"I see. It's poetry in its way."

"Well, that's open to us, if this turns out badly."

"In the event of failing in what you have undertaken here," said Walters, "I think, in your place, I would not entertain the idea of returning to the road, for I believe your daughter has begun to have other ideas of life, and I know that you would like to consult her tastes."

"Of course—of course."

"Bear in mind that, if you do fail, you can rely on me to assist you, and that I shall consider it a privilege to be allowed to do so."

"John Walters, I knew you was a true man from the time I got acquainted with you in the Hollow. You are made for a family-man. Why ain't you at the head of a wife and children? You are just the pattern of a man to make things smooth for them—to make the wife happy and contented."

"It appears not," said Walters, with a cloud on his brow, "for you see me standing alone to-day."

"With your disposition, I'm sure you would make any woman happy."

"*You* have found the right road, but it would be difficult for you to trace it out for me," said Walters.

From which Potter gathered that there was a sorrow in the man before him of which he was ignorant, and he took the clay pipe—which had become his—from the pipe-rack, and primed it with Lone Jack, as he changed the subject.

As time went on, it did not seem probable that Walters would ever be called on to extend a helping hand to Potter, for the prospects of the latter grew brighter as the suit progressed. This was possibly matter of regret to Walters, for he felt, in a vague way, that the acquisition of wealth would remove the Potters farther away from him, and possibly raise up barriers between them, and for a brief moment he caught himself almost wishing that the suit would not be won, but this quickly gave way to the sentiment of disinterested friendship.

The probabilities of Mr. Herbert being on the losing side began to be whispered about in the circle in which his family moved, and that a rough man, in the lower walks of life, followed by a stump-tailed dog, was likely to be the winner. About the time these whispers were assuming consistency, Edith Purdy and her mother went to dinner to the house of the Herberts, together with a few other guests, among the rest one Will Randon, a young man of assured fortune, and a leader of Germans.

Mrs. Purdy and her daughter had been talking of this young man on their way to the house.

"Well, Edith," said the mother, "what do you think of him?"

"A good deal of a gosling, mother."

"But," added Mrs. Purdy, "he is rich; and you know, in our present circumstances, you cannot marry any but a man of means. Not that I refer particularly to Mr. Randon—I speak in a general way; for, happily, Mr. Randon is not the only rich man in the city."

"Are we getting so very poor, mother?"

"Something will have to be done within the next twelve months to extricate ourselves from difficulties. Think of the mortification to which you would be subjected after the pleasant life you have led among the best people, in being reduced to a meagre one!"

"The thought is unbearable," said the daughter. "I will do *anything* to avoid that."

"We have talked of the likelihood of Mr. Herbert losing his fortune, which would throw Richard on his own resources—which are nothing, as you know; neither in money nor professional ability," pursued the mother. "It is not necessary for me to dwell on the gloomy prospects of the Herbert family; you know what they are as well as I do."

Here the carriage stopped, and they entered the house with *insouciant* faces, which they put on like masks. The inmates of the house were also in their

masks, and nothing appeared to be further from their minds than such a contingency as loss of fortune. Five of the people who sat around the table were under impending disaster, and they wore the same contented air as the three remaining guests—whose history does not come within the scope of this one, but which, if known, would possibly have revealed skeletons of another kind.

The wit of society's table is hardly of the finest quality, the Sheridan being something sporadic. Mrs. Herbert presumed Mr. Randon had found plenty of amusement during the season. He had had a good deal of occupation which he could hardly call amusement.

"You see," observed Richard, "Will started out as an amateur leader of Germans, but before long he became professional."

Chorus. "He! he!"

"No entertainment is complete without him," pursued Richard.

"Indispensable as Lubin's extracts," observed Edith.

Chorus. "He! he! Ha! ha!"

"And very gallant," from Mrs. Purdy.

"Especially destructive to the rose-buds," from Richard.

"That is, when you give me a chance," said the young man in question, with a drawl imported from Piccadilly.

"And you pretend to say that you don't enjoy leading Germans?" asked Edith.

"That's what I pretend, Miss Purdy. It was all very well in the beginning, but it's got to that point that they won't go ahead without me, and the demand has become so great as to turn my play into work. It's Randon here and Randon there all the time."

"Well," said Edith, looking at him with her most charming expression, "I must confess I have never seen your equal, Mr. Randon, and it does really contribute much to the pleasure of the dancers when you lead."

Mrs. Purdy listened with approval to this remark to the callow Randon.

"Will you do me the honor to open the next with me?" asked he.

"With pleasure."

"I must put it down." On which he produced a memorandum-book from his pocket, asking the convives to excuse him for a moment, saying:

"Really, I have so many engagements, it's a necessity."

"Don't mention it!" was the chorus.

"I am going to introduce two new figures in my next—tandem-team and *tête-de-bœuf*," said he, mysteriously.

"How nice of you!" said Edith.

"I expect a prodigious success."

"And I am sure you will not be disappointed," remarked the siren.

The conversational ball was tossed back and forth on other subjects, all taking a part therein. Mrs. Purdy was well satisfied with the part which her daughter played, and which had an object that possibly became visible to another than mother and daughter.

After dinner Edith wandered off on the arm of Randon into the conservatory, to talk to him about the language of flowers—which is generally another name for the language of love when the subject is introduced between a young man and a young woman. Another young gentleman—one of society's zeros, and who may be properly designated by the character 0—was about following the couple into the conservatory, when Mrs. Purdy intercepted his movement in that direction by asking him if he would not be good enough to get her fan which she had forgotten in the dining-room. 0 instantly hastened to seek the complement of the woman, brought and handed it to the owner with a "most happy."

0 again turned his toes in the direction of the conservatory, and his steps were again arrested by her asking him what he thought of a certain picture hanging on an opposite wall.

The face of 0 said, "Noblesse oblige," as he turned toward the canvas, and here Mrs. Purdy secured him beyond peradventure by introducing her arm into his.

Presently Mrs. Herbert came from the front drawing-room on her way to the conservatory, when Mrs. Purdy stopped her to ask, with much solicitude, about their pastor's granular pharyngitis—otherwise known as the parson's sore-throat—still holding to the arm of 0. This opened the sluice-gates to church-talk, and it flowed without abatement for half an hour, the 0 being saturated therewith until he was as limp as a rag.

Richard had observed the tender withdrawal into the glass-covered house, and the length of time that was passed therein. His mother had made the same observation.

At the expiration of the half-hour which had been devoted by the trio to the discussion of the sacerdotal sore-throat and kindred themes, Mr. Randon reappeared with Edith. The expression of admiration which had settled in his eyes *à fleur-de-tête* did not appear to be an evanescent one to come and go like a summer cloud, but to remain and abide with him as a new illuminator of his soul.

One can fancy what must have taken place in the house of glass, clad in vines and plants and sweet-smelling flowers. Then, too, it was at that post-prandial hour when the young masculine heart becomes gallant and the mind has glimpses of chivalric horizons—an hour like the season of spring in the birth of love.

In the short but dynamic dallying among the flowers, Mr. Randon probably had new visions of life, rose-tinted. He had drunk of a new elixir, and he was henceforth to be given over to a new intoxication—that is, to judge from his appearance when he issued from the bower under glass. She who bore in her the destructive quality that had brought about such speedy effects appeared as a sauntering miss who had been innocently admiring plants and flowers.

0 saw the flush of triumph on the face of Randon as he issued from the bower of Venus, and he felt his heart throb with a desire to emulate the leader of Germans. Every man has his ideal: Randon was his. He had beheld his advent as a star in the social firmament, and watched his brilliant course in pedal pancratics. He had time and again seen him direct the mazy throng, as Thomas directs the members of his great band. To arrive at that dizzy height on which Randon stood was the dream of his life. In consequence, he was a pale reflection. Common bonds of sympathy held them together. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the chief was of a condescending kindness to the subaltern.

"You have been at it again, Randon," said the 0, faithful in his imitation of the Piccadilly drawl, as they stood together in one corner.

This was naturally a reference to the private interview with Edith.

"A fellah must do something to pass the time, you know."

"How many have you put *hor doo combah* this season?"

"I've never taken the trouble to count them, Zero. But I assure you," added he, in a deprecatory way, "that people exaggerate the number—they do, I assure you."

"A charming woman, Miss Purdy," observed the 0.

"Yes; got *espree* and all that sort of thing—clevah, you know."

"And beauty," added the 0.

"Very fair, as you see."

"Have you *outamay* the tender subject?"

"Yes; we are at the first act."

"How many acts are there going to be?"

"Three, I fancy, before the *dénoûment*."

"Five you think too many?"

"Yes; it gets tedious, you know."

"Is it going to be serious this time?"

"*Qui sait?*"

"Bold thing with an engaged girl."

Randon moved his shoulders, as much as to say that it was of a piece with his whole life.

"And you have 'a foeman worthy of your steel' as a competitor," pursued the 0.

"Poor Richard!" said the conqueror, in a tone of commiseration.

Mrs. Purdy and Edith were alone together for a few minutes, when they removed their masks. The daughter had a languid air. The mother took her hand and pressed it: she knew of the sacrifice she was making for both.

"It is wearisome, mother."

"I know it, my child."

"But I shall go through with it."

"I have no advice to give in this matter. You know what is best to be done, Edith."

"I have never done anything so distasteful in my life."

A sympathy, marked with anguish, shone in the face of the mother.

"Then, I suppose I must prepare myself for the reproaches of Richard," continued Edith—"I suppose I shall be denounced by him as cruel, heartless, and all that sort of thing; be railed at for breaking my engagement, and be held up as a mercenary and flirting woman. I dread the interview between him and me, which, however, must come sooner or later. And what a contrast there is between these two men! Richard is the Hyperion to the other's Satyr. Think of the words of gall which he will speak to me when he comes to know!"

"Do not alarm yourself about the future, my child. Let each incident and day take care of themselves," said the mother, soothingly.

At this, Mrs. Herbert came toward them, when they resumed their masks, and expressed a desire to know the name of the bonnet-maker whom their hostess employed.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

It was the last ball of the season which took place in the house where Randon was to introduce two new figures in the German. Brillat-Savarin thought it was more meritorious to invent a new dish than to discover a planet, and in the mind of Randon to produce a new figure was doubtless of equal importance. The physiognomy of the entertainment wore the usual aspect. During the first part of the evening there was not that *élan* in the dancing which characterizes the after-part. Young men and women sat together on stairways and in dark corners. They were on a voyage in the country of the Tender. Here and there a miss preferred to listen to the drawl of a 0 to keeping an engagement for a quadrille.

Mr. Randon was indifferent to the first part of the *fête*, and a portion of the time lounged about in a tender way with Edith, who looked happy, and told him from time to time how nice he was. While thus engaged, Richard observed them as he had done the evening when Edith disappeared with his rival in the conservatory, and as Edith caught his look she was seized with apprehension. Was the explosion at hand? Would he demand an explanation? What would he think of her? These were questions with which she tormented her mind as the observer with the "regard fatal" followed her with his eyes.

For the time being he did not approach her, and the leader of Germans exulted in his victory. When he released her, the 0 came to him.

"Are you not afraid of having trouble with him?" asked the 0, designating Richard.

"Afraid?" repeated Randon, stroking his mustache. "It's not one of my habits to be afraid."

"Depend on it, he will not let you win without a struggle."

"I'll stand by my lady's colors," said the salta-

tory leader, heroically. "He knows where to find me. If necessary, I shall give him my address."

The coolness of the saltant chief, in a moment of peril like this, elicited further marks of admiration from the friend before him.

"It is this very rivalry which gives zest to my suit," observed Randon. "There is no merit in capturing a wall-flower. Where is the good of winning a girl that nobody wants?"

In the course of the evening, the time arrived when Randon became a central figure. The chairs were placed two by two, and tied with handkerchiefs, to show preëmption. Then the young women took their seats with the young men of their choice, amid a general flutter of expectation. The chief of the *gambade* took his position at one end of the room, clapped his hands, the music struck up, and he started around with her of his choice—Edith.

Richard stood in the fringe of spectators which usually hangs around the outskirts of a pedal entertainment. Several times Edith's eyes encountered his as she whirled around in the arms of Randon.

The new figures were produced with the *éclat* which the leader had anticipated, and the merriment increased to its full diapason. Then there was an intermission for supper, during which Randon sat in close proximity to Edith, whispering tender speeches in her ear. She saw Richard looking at her while this wooing was going on; and in her imagination she already saw him overwhelming her with reproaches.

After supper the dancers returned to their seats in the drawing-rooms, to resume the German, and in the confusion Richard approached Edith, and asked if he could have a few minutes' conversation with her.

"I am engaged for the rest of the German," answered she, hardly daring to look at him.

"Perhaps you might plead a headache, or something else in the nature of a plausible excuse," said he, with courtesy.

She probably said to herself that it was necessary to go through this trial, and the sooner it was over the better, for she said:

"I shall try."

"If you succeed," added he, "please meet me in the library in ten minutes. I have just passed through it, and found no one there. We shall probably be alone."

"Very well," said she, her heart filled with forebodings.

In ten minutes she furtively entered the library. Richard, with his usual grace of manner, asked her to be seated.

"Now," thought she, "the storm is coming." Then she looked up at him, and, to her surprise, found no cloud on his brow. On the contrary, his features wore an agreeable expression.

"Edith," began he, in his most persuasive tone, "I perceive that you are a woman of sense. With your practical mind you have recognized the situation. You accommodated yourself to events when you found you were unable to control them, and in this you have exhibited a philosophical spirit worthy of admiration. I am aware that you are not in prosperous circumstances, and that it would be folly for you to marry a man who will, perhaps, in a few months, be without fortune."

She scanned his face narrowly, to see if this was satire, and saw that its expression was serious—even earnest.

"Our idyl has been a rosy one," continued he, "but it is now drawing to a close. Let us regard it as a pleasant dream, that in the future we may look back upon unmixed with animosity."

This was a turn of events for which she was unprepared, and she remained silent in the pause that followed.

"We have got to the end of the volume," continued he; "let us close it, and lay it by; and let us replace our tender attachment with an enduring friendship."

"Then you give me up without reluctance?" said she, not altogether able to hide her astonishment.

"Do not say that, Edith. It seems to me that you have had abundant proof of my attachment. In releasing each other from our engagement, we are simply bowing before the will of Destiny, since we may not shape it according to our wishes."

"You are perhaps right," said she, having recovered herself. Then, after a pause almost painful in its duration, she said, falteringly, "Henceforth we are to regard ourselves as freed from our pledges to each other?"

"As you say, Edith. We shall still be friends?" asked he.

"Yes, friends," answered she.

But in saying this she did not tell the truth, for the woman does not forgive the man who willingly gives her up. There was bitterness in her heart, and the lilting music which came in from the dancing-rooms sounded like a mocking accompaniment to the interview through which she had just passed.

With a woman's quick intuition, she said to herself, "He loves some one else."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DURER'S GRASSES.

ALBRECHT of Nürnberg leaves the city's gate,
Beset by dreams of Melancholy's face,
Whose sad eyes say: "The toil of mankind's race
Is valueless; I only brood and wait
For better things, if such there be." But late
He, near a pool, sees grasses' slender grace,
And dandelion-heads that interlace
Themselves with wayside weeds. The master straight
Notes well their place, and next day goes again
To copy them with charcoal and with pen,
Till Nature's poorest growth of greater worth
Seems unto him than all the works of men
Around his mournful queen, if with them dearth
Must be of all the gladsomeness on earth.

VOICES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.

IN the days of the years of its pilgrimage among men, Westminster Abbey is very nearly abreast with the antediluvian patriarchs. How little of a stranger it is and how long a sojourner may be suggested by this somewhat odd association! For the Abbey is not a ruin, with only a departed life to give it interest, but a living human fact, drawing deep into its historic lungs the vital breath of this generation, and bearing as distinct a relation to the present world as—well, as Dean Stanley himself. More so, indeed, for, like one of those old patriarchs, with his long train of nearly a thousand years, it carries within it a vivid memory of all that prodigious tract of time. Whatever mystical significance may be hidden in the record of those long lifetimes, which so strangely approached and so nearly grasped a round one thousand years, certain it is that such a period represents the highest cycle which we can practically comprehend: for, when we double or treble this number, we get into the shadowy portion of the world's biography. And, therefore, the association is not so odd after all, and may be made rather impressive—especially if it serves to impart a kind of human personality to the old Abbey—when we say that in one hundred and two years it will have accomplished the lifetime of Adam; that in one hundred and forty-one years it will have reached the age of Methuselah; and that, if we project it thirty-one years beyond that *ultima Thule* of things human, it will have achieved one of the grand climacterics of the globe.

There are two reasons why it has attained this age and is at the present time more alive than it ever was. One is, that it has drawn into its veins all the historic life of England since Edward the Confessor; it has even taken into itself the individual lives of the nation's representative men by incorporating their very remains with its own substance. The other reason is, that when it began to exhibit this extraordinary vitality, and to survive into these later days, an interest grew around it which determined to assist Nature in prolonging its life—very much as old Parr, who now sleeps in its bosom, became an object of royal and national solicitude to keep alive, as soon as he had fairly distanced five generations and nearly ten sovereigns, by marching from the reign of Edward IV. into that of Charles I.

The first sight of the mute and venerable pile, with this gigantic weight of time, almost gives us a sensation akin to that of coming upon a Quinbus Flestrin recumbent among men, or upon an Adam or Methuselah actually living in the present hour—

> "A million wrinkles carve its skin,
> A thousand winters snowed upon its breast!"

And it is not, therefore, altogether fanciful to feel that here is a consciousness, if it were awakened, which would throb with the human heart-beat of thirty generations; that here is a memory, if it would speak, that could lift the veil of time halfway back to the Christian era. And this is a consciousness which is ready to awake, and a memory that is ready to speak; but the man is not to be found every day who has the ear to hear and the mind to understand.

No one can hold profound communion with Westminster Abbey unless he be, in a certain interior sense, as large as the Abbey himself—that is, unless he is familiar with English history during the whole period that it has existed. To such a one the ancient structure is most articulate and most impressive; for, in whatever direction his studies have taken him on English ground, there he has found the Abbey: in the affairs of the state; in the annals and mutations of the Church; in the careers of kings and queens; in the wars waged on land and sea; in the fields of literature, science, philosophy, art; in the lives of nobles, statesmen, ecclesiastics, divines, writers, thinkers, discoverers—sooner or later every one of these diverse interests, every one of these distinguished reputations, has converged upon or mingled with Westminster Abbey. It has loomed up in all quarters as a conspicuous object; and, therefore, if he be one who has lived all his life "over the hills and far away," and some day in London finds it palpably before him, no one can feel the thrill of its silent voice as he can, no one hear like him, behind that stony front, that human heart-beat so full of pathetic meaning.

But such visitors as this are very rare, and you and I, reader, who come in the tourist throng, can only seek to separate ourselves a little, and take whatever impression may be our personal due.

Let us linger outside a moment or two, and begin our retrospect there. Come this way and stand not far from "the Great Hall of William Rufus;" it will be a good point from which to view, in historic perspective, "the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation." It is the best possible point, for this was the ground upon which Edward the Confessor stationed himself when he projected the edifice, and afterward superintended its erection. During all those fifteen years and subsequently, here is where he lived. The yonder rising Abbey of Westminster became the occasion of the Palace of Westminster on this spot, the seat of British sovereignty ever since.

How it all comes back to us as we look down to that period between 1050 and 1065, and see the white-haired, white-bearded Saxon king, with religion and superstition flitting by turns over his pink-hued face, lifting his pale, slender fingers in saintly enthusiasm toward the rising Norman pile—planted on the ruins of the ancient Saxon chapel in the thorn-jungle of this island of the Thames—which, in its great solid walls and fine sculptures and stained windows—all to the glory of St. Peter—should rival

the abbeys of the Continent, and be the astonishment, for its size and grandeur, of the simple people over whom he had come to reign!

But there is not a vestige of that building in sight from where we are standing. Perhaps, if you were within, you might find a low-browed arch here and there, or a column, or a fragment of a foundation-wall—as you will find the graves of Sebert, the Confessor, and Queen Matilda; as you will find the records of kings' coronations, bishops' consecrations, councils of the Church, and councils of the state—wherewith to restore its ghostly outline. It stood one hundred and eighty years, and then Henry III. pulled it down and commenced the present one. This time the Abbey was not destined to be wholly built during a single reign, but was to be the growth of centuries before it was finished. It is not finished even to-day.

Let us watch it as it slowly rose through those ages, when

"Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung;"

or, if we prefer Stanley's images, when it developed like a gnarled and rugged oak, or extended like a coral island. Royal fingers touch it all along. As we shall find a great swath of dead kings and queens within, so we must note the epochs of its growth as the Regal Abbey it was intended to be, under the shadow of royal names. Henry left only the Apse, the Choir, the Transepts, the first arch of the Nave, and the octagonal Chapter-house, which is out of sight from this point—as it were, on the left shoulder of the cross. In the contemplation of the full design so abruptly broken off, it was but the torso of an abbey then. A whole century passes, and Edward III. begins to reign. Then the Cloisters are to be seen creeping, in the course of twenty years, around the quadrangle under the left arm of the cross; the Nave also begins to unfold further its great proportions toward the west, and shortly the Abbot's House with the Jerusalem Chamber is reared on the cloister-side. Richard II. comes now on the scene, and the north end of the Transept, in full view from here, takes such a magnificent look that it is called the "Beautiful Gate" and "Solomon's Porch." Thirty years after, Henry V. is on the throne, and the Nave rises complete, but the western towers are carried no higher than the roof. Another century passes, and finds Henry VII. king, and then that gorgeous, glorious excrescence, the Chapel which is called by his name, arose to deform this eastern end. For two hundred and thirty years more thus stood the Abbey, through twelve reigns, through two revolutions, alternately abused and neglected, and looking, without its towers, like a half-wrecked and dismasted vessel, till in the reign of George II. Sir Christopher Wren produced those semi-Gothic, semi-Grecian western towers to serve as a counterpoise to the florid chapel of Henry at the other end.

It is time, now, that we went in by the usual entrance at the North Transept. Let me first prepare your mind, or you may have your dream badly broken, and may emerge again, like most people, with a very confused impression. You must expect to find the grand interior partitioned off, in all its vital parts, by gates and iron railings. You must expect to fall into the hands of a verger who will take you about, in the midst of a gaping group of visitors, just in the contrary direction from where your own sweet will would wend you; and, as he goes from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel, he will stir all your historical reminiscences into such a porridge, mingling therewith also the tune of his doleful voice, that thenceforth the Abbey will be nothing to you, nor will there be anything left of you to the Abbey. In order, therefore, to pass these barriers, and to avoid these vergers, we will resolve ourselves into pure spirit.

But another trouble awaits you, with a forewarning of which I will preserve your general illusion whole. You are about to enter a Mausoleum, as well as an Abbey. That you know. But bear in mind that, as these sacred walls are the ancient covers of England's family Bible, so these monuments you are going to see are the inserted leaves of the family register, containing, with slight allusion to the births and marriages, the *deaths* of the chief members of the family. Be not astonished at the diverse and extraordinary style in which the entries have been made. Remember that if the Abbey itself, a deliberately-reared structure in the course of ages, could not escape certain eccentricities of form, you cannot expect the funereal instinct of man—which is always partially crazy—if let loose for a period of five or six hundred years, as it has been here, to have a sepulchral result other than one of stupendous confusion.

Doubtless you will be thinking how much better you could have arranged it if only you had been abbot and dean since the beginning. But consider that Death, whose business it is to pull down and disarrange everything, could hardly be expected to introduce order and beauty into his own department. Besides, you will find a great deal that is purely attributable to human nature itself in these spontaneous outbreaks, through many generations, of man's surprise at his own mortality. You will sometimes be inclined even to smile amid all this dark-dripping, melancholy scene—for death, like life, has its grotesque side—perhaps the vergers are appointed to make the fact unquestionable—and yet, despite all this, if you have now the true historic spirit, enter to behold under this ideal canopy of the Church of God the spectacle of an immortality on earth, which even the Gravè itself conspires with man to snatch from Death.

Westminster Abbey, like all ecclesiastical structures of this character, has a certain double sentiment, pervading and controlling its arrangements, which it is necessary for you to understand and appreciate if it is to become architecturally intelligible and beautiful to you. You must, in the first place, be guided as much by the magnetic needle as if you were on board a ship. The Church does not, like the planet, point to the polar star, but it points to

something nearer—the rising sun. The binnacle-light in its compass is called "orientation." Westminster Abbey is built east and west, north and south. Its altar stands in the east. It has, therefore, received the ascending sun for eight hundred years upon what the world would call its "rear," and beheld the descending sun from what would be called its "front"—a brave and speaking attitude of faith—with the light of its origin pouring into it from behind, rearing itself ever forward, buttressed at the prow by massive towers, as if to breast the difficulty of its appointed work before the going down of the sun. Such was its early symbolic form, until, in the thirteenth century, a wide-spread enthusiasm for the worship of the Virgin brought about in this, as in all churches of that period, a prolongation of the eastern end into a "Lady Chapel," which addition remained until it was superseded in the sixteenth century by the chapel built by Henry VII. in his enthusiasm for himself.

There is still another point of sentiment. The Abbey is cruciform. In its early days, if you had looked down upon it from the sky, and shut out from view the monastic buildings which nestled under its left side, it would have looked like a Roman cross. In the mystical conception which this suggests, the Saviour's body lies in the Nave, his feet at the western door, his right arm in the North Transept, his left arm in the South Transept, his head in the recess of the Sacrarium, or chancel, pillowed on the altar of sacrifice. If at that time the Abbey had been lifted upon the end of its Nave, and swung up as in the manner of an ancient crucifixion, a towering cross, four hundred and twenty-three feet high, would have spread out its limbs to the world in the gaze of the setting sun.

Two such associations as these ought to make the building consecrate itself, and yet, from the instant we enter, there is such a throng of other suggestions upon the eye, that the first impression is almost forgotten. But, putting them aside, let us take a rapid glance at the interior. We have come in by the North Transept. As it is the transverse beam which makes a cross, so you are now on the way to the focal point, where the character of the whole will burst upon you. Pause here at the intersection, and face the west. You are in the Choir, the heart of the Abbey. All this dark, oaken fabric which now bounds you in, so heavily moulded, and so richly carved, is a movable structure, built under the central tower for the convenience of worship. If it were not that you could see the volume of space beyond it, the arches of the Nave leaping from pier to pier out of sight, the high vaulted spaces of the aisles on either side, and behind you, over the marble screen of the altar, the gloomy recesses of Edward's Chapel yawning wide, you might fancy yourself in a spacious and well-appointed parish church. And now, whether you will or not, the ecclesiastical impression ends. Your eye turns to the right, and you see the white animated effigies of marble in the North Transept, which made it seem so alive when you entered. They stand over the graves of the statesmen. You turn and look into the South Transept, where the poets and men of letters sleep, and its sombre shadows, with the aged tablets on its farther walls, and its dark, hearse-like furniture of shrines, hint to you of the retreating light of suns that have forever set.

We will now leave the Choir, and go round into the space which makes the head of the cross, dimly visible beyond the chancel-screen. At first sight we are inclined to see something appropriate and beautiful in the "nimbus" of chapels, dedicated to various saints, which encircles it. But the memory of the saints, we find, by no means composes the stony radiation. Their chapels only form the scalloped outer edge of the great, overlapping disk which celebrates the memory of Edward the Confessor. Almost the entire recess is taken up with the Chapel which goes by his name. In the midst of this—under the arrangements of the new Abbey, and under the ideas of the thirteenth century—the Sacrarium, with its altar, has hardly where to lay its head. The encroachment of "the divinity which doth hedge a king" upon the glory of such a symbolic precinct as the head of the cross, is a curious vestige of the ancient feeling. The structure was to be a "Regal Abbey," as well as a Christian church, and when the canonized Confessor's bones were laid in the centre, under a splendid shrine, it became a signal for all those royal interments which have since given to the place the name of "the Chapel of the Kings." Long after, when this signal was taken as an example by Henry VII., and the "cumulus" of his chapel was superimposed, when his magnificent shrine was erected in its midst, and his successors were in their turn laid around him, then the look of a royal Valhalla was made the foremost aspect of Westminster Abbey.

And yet, all the while, another occupation was taking place, and another assignment fast growing, which was destined to supersede all this, and reverse it entirely. The time was approaching when it should become the common mausoleum of famous men. The sepulture of the kings at first spread like a nucleus into those radiations of kings: the courtiers and nobles, ecclesiastics and soldiers, who crowded into the chapels of the saints, and finally encroached upon the royal soil itself. Then, under noble patronage, the lone Chaucer lay in the South Transept for many years; and, after that, the overflow set in which inundated the Choir, the Transepts, the Nave, as well as the Cloisters. Hence the dreary mass of tombs which cram the chapels; hence the multitude of monuments which encumber the pavement, and buttress the walls on every side. It is impossible, therefore, even with all the appliances of divine worship round about, and the religious canopy of the roof, to resist the feeling that you are, first of all, in a Temple of Fame, consecrated to hero-worship also. The figure of the cross for the moment gives way to that of an eagle just spreading its wings for flight.

There are more than fifty personages of royal blood lying in the *Adytum* of this temple, thirty of whom were kings and queens, and seventeen of

these were regnant sovereigns. That fact tells the story of the British past. But no late occupant of the throne has sought sepulture here, and now the graves are opened and the shrines are raised only for those whom by wide acclaim the people recognize as having been, invisibly, the anointed of God. In this see the British present. Those dead monarchs only serve now to revive the epochs of English history, except in those instances where their personal greatness gives them another claim to be remembered. The Conqueror's blood was strong, and it produced not a few great statesmen and great soldiers, as well as most sovereign characters. When one thinks of Edward I., of Edward III., of Elizabeth, of Henry V., of William of Orange, what a splendid and heroic group is here! And yet, as we make the further circuit of the two Chapels of the Kings, which of the others could we dismiss? Henry III., Richard II., Henry VII., Mary I., Mary Queen of Scots, James I., Charles II., Anne, George II.—the thought of each of them revives a memorable age, and, in dismissing them, we would seem to be casting whole sections of history out of the Abbey. If it were not that the British sovereign, now, has so little opportunity to develop a conspicuous personal greatness, and if it were not that the destinies of the nation were committed to an actual sovereignty whose uncrowned heads are sure to be laid, or at least commemorated, here, we could almost regret that the reigning family has ceased to leave its relics in these vaults. But, on the other hand, the Abbey's regal privilege remains—a right made inalienable by the custom of ages; the stream of the coronations will continue to pass through it; every monarch will be seated in that "Chair of Destiny," which was consecrated to that use by Edward I., before the Confessor's shrine, six centuries ago; and thus the royal links in the historic chain will continue as much its own as heretofore.

II.

We, on this side of the water, would care very little for Westminster Abbey if this were all that there was of it. But when we forget the kings, and remember who else have been laid away between its foundations, then the mausoleum becomes American as well as English: then the cords of our interest are as tense as the same red blood can make them. Even after we have separated it from its entwinement with the English Church and State, its all-essential attraction remains. It is the cemetery of the far-famed dead, and every year it is becoming more and more the Valhalla of England's greatest men.

Full surely graveyards are common enough in this mortal world, and we can read or think Gray's "Elegy" in every one; but such a throng as this lies in no other mould—no other ground has such a sacred interpenetration with the material substance of most memorable men. All that they were in the flesh; all that men saw of them with their eyes; all of them that men have ever touched with their hands—lies here, incorporated with this very earth. The flames they lit burn above them, fed by the very air we breathe; and the lamps are in our hands in which they poured the rich oil of their genius; but here, within these urns of a national enshrinement, has been gathered the residuum of that which in such splendor or such beauty consumed itself away.

When, also, you connect the *past*—even antiquity—with such a consciousness of a near physical presence; when you feel that the chosen men of centuries ago are actually contemporaneous with yourself in the body; and then, reciprocally, you go back to them in soul, drawn by a thousand mystic threads into their very hearts, so that you live their inner life, and vividly restore them as they outwardly were and appeared in their own generation—then you have an experience such as no other place on earth can give you.

It must be owing to some dim perception of this on the part of almost every one, or to some occult human instinct working outside of our ordinary perceptions, that the Abbey atmosphere seems to have such a strange quality when we come into it from the outer air. Burke alluded to it when he wrote: "I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I could not describe; the very silence seemed sacred." If *he* could not describe it, no other can. The feeling seizes one upon the instant of entering—that is, if the subtile susceptibility in you has not become indurated by too great familiarity with the place. The present seems left behind almost as palpably as when you enter a partially-illuminated cavern where one hue prevails, and leave the many-colored world of the sun behind. There is the same sense of abrupt transition into an opposite realm, and you feel as if you were threading no longer the living but the dead area of time, and were moving about where extinct centuries are still conscious, where exhaled breaths are still breathing, where dead men are only sleeping, and departed lifetimes are still present. You even fancy that you almost *hear* something. Your ears, like sea-shells, are filled with the noiseless, unheard murmur of a sentient movement somewhere, so great and so far off that it can never really reach the physical sense of hearing, and yet can create a vibration in some aspen sensibility of the inner nature.

While, in one mood of sentiment, the mind is thus ready to receive a pathetic, even a sublime impression from this near presence of the historic dead, yet, in another mood, there is a revolt of the heart from an arrangement which would appear to be so conventional. We are offended that death should be obliged to partake of the artificial allotment of life. If there is any time when such ought to end, surely it is when the world is done with, and the soul has gone back, as it were, into the bosom of pure Nature again. Why should a poet, of all men, in whom we recognize the deepest communion with the spirit of the universe, whose claim upon our love for him has been founded upon his ability to take wings and fly away into realms more ethereal than this—why should he be coffined in lead, and laid away in a narrow cell under this pavement, with, perhaps, a ponderous mass of carved masonry piled upon his breast? Why was he not laid in the green earth with the sapphire sky, the golden sun, the silver

moon, and the diamond stars, for his fretted vault? We cannot moralize over his grave here as we could there. Here, under all this gloomy umbrage of stone, we have the contradiction of time, but there the very air, and light, and space, the flowers, the everlasting hills, dissipate the sombre fact of death in their loud proclamation of life. Here we find him in a dormitory crowded with other great reputations, and the attention cannot concentrate upon him, to remember him alone, as it could there, if we found him sleeping, like Wordsworth at Grasmere, or like Gray at Stoke-Pogis, in the very region of his thoughts and his dreams. And what we could say of the poet we could say of genius in any manifestation that we know. Let it sleep alone. Let us find it by itself; let us, for the moment, shut out all the world even in remembering the world's debt to it. And yet the sure reflection comes that, whatever such sentiment may move us to feel at first, there is a sterner fact in Nature which makes such a mausoleum as this the only amber-like inclosure in which a great reputation may hope to be preserved in a world where the brightness of the greatest life fades surely out with the recession of its epoch and the departure of the circumstances in which it shone. We recur to the touching, melancholy record of the famous poet who searched amid tangled weeds in a country graveyard for Churchill's forgotten grave:

> "And is this all? I thought—and do we rip
> The veil of Immortality? and crave
> I know not what of honor and of light
> Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
> So soon and so successless?"

Then we say, it is well that man has found a way to resist the merciless determination of time in death, as well as in life. There is great work done in every age which expires with its own limitation; there are deeds done which only live now in the records of their day; there was as vast an expenditure of power in every one of these past generations as in this, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, as the divine Spirit was abroad, and the necessity of the era required: and shall the heroes depart when they die, or shall a grateful nation bring the spiced winding-sheet of embalmment to them when they fall, and offer them an Egyptian immortality in its midst, enniche them in walls wrought out of the material of its own history, and destined to endure even when itself has passed away? A burial here preserves the name, and points to an epoch; an epitaph here revives the voice of a man's contemporaries; and then, when the records of his age are read, his living form returns brightly and familiarly to the eye among the scenes that knew him, and the people who loved or praised him.

A nation which would store up its own history and treasure its glory must thus garner its great dead. And the man who has spent his life in giving joy or doing service to his age, perhaps in the privacy of his heart repressing the ambition for immediate reward in the noble hope of posthumous appreciation, should feel that here shall be his undying hold upon the eyesight as well as the memory of the times to come.

And, following out further this reflection, we are more than reconciled to the appropriation of a religious edifice to such a purpose. Without dwelling upon the obvious suggestion that this is the symbol of the Church of God claiming the dead to whom a Divine commission has been so especially given—a consideration sufficiently sublime in itself—the Abbey is herself, in the endeavor to produce the spirit of worship and to express the structure of the church, an outburst from the heart of Nature. All the types and forms of natural beauty reappear in her. She is only Nature crystallized into a conventional form by passing through the necessity of the human situation; Nature, therefore, in a further demonstration of its power to feel; its spirit curdled into the awe of the human spirit at the thought of addressing God! All the massiveness of the mountain-rock is here, all the rugged grandeur of the overhanging cliff in these lofty walls and vaulted arches. We can see the trunks of gigantic trees in these mighty piers, the flowers and fruits in the delicate sculptures of these spandrels in the wall-arcades, the colors of the earth and sky in these storied windows. These gray stones were hewed from primeval quarries, these dark rafters from Saxon oaks, and the gloom as of a Druid forest broods upon these ancient sepulchres. These Gothic lines in their upward flight, and these crossing branches above our head, tell us that Nature is itself a Church, even as it is a Tomb. And, therefore, when its great dead are laid in the deep bosom of this aged Abbey, with their bodies kept from melting into the common earth, and their souls from dissolving into the wide waste of time, and the holy thought of God is wrought through church and mausoleum together, oh! what is the Abbey, then, but a frozen requiem, with a nation's prayer ever in its dumb music ascending:

> "Requiem æternam dona iis, Domine!"

III.

My remaining reminiscences of Westminster Abbey, both as regards its special features of interest and its further development of a typical character, revive in a very curious way around certain individuals, all of whom were actually part of my personal experience.

The one spot of all others to which the visitor is drawn and first inquires his way is "Poets' Corner," a designation which has now extended over the whole South Transept. The glamour of poetry and romance fills the whole recess, like a cloud of incense. You recall, as you enter it, the famous men who have wandered about on this pavement, as well as those who lie so still beneath it; and you remember that some of those who have thus mused here, and have become renowned for the record they have left of it, have themselves gone down to join in the mysterious companionship of death, the very subjects of their meditations.

But its great interest, its great significance, when we take into contemplation the historic evolution of Westminster Abbey, centres in one grave—the pioneer grave of English literature, even as its occu-

pant opened the era of that literature. Four hundred and seventy-eight years ago Chaucer was laid under the stones of this Transept, and here slept for two hundred years save one, before Spenser was laid by his side. Such was the long extension and tardy widening of that angle which now sweeps so broadly through our midst. Such was the slow increase of the sentiment which was destined to give that office and function to the Abbey, now universally recognized as its foremost privilege and peculiar distinction. Watch now the interments as they come. First Chaucer, in 1400; then Spenser, in 1599; then Beaumont, in 1616; then Drayton, in 1631; then Ben Jonson, in 1637; then Cowley, in 1667; then Davenant, in 1668; then Dryden, in 1700—the sun of a new epoch exactly three hundred years after Chaucer—then St. Evremond, in 1703; then Rowe, in 1718. Now opens the age of Addison—and we can fancy him, with "Sir Roger de Coverley," standing, perhaps, where his statue now is—but he himself lies far away in the vault of Montague, in the Chapel of Henry VII. Congreve, also, lies far down the Nave in another vault of a "noble patron." But now Prior is brought into the Transept, then Gay, then Garrick, then Johnson, then Macpherson, then Sheridan, then Campbell and Cary, and finally the giant Macaulay. I have not mentioned yet the scholars, antiquarians, divines, and others, whose eminence in their day brought them the like distinguished honor.

In this small space all these graves are gathered, and the walls are crowded besides with the tablets or busts and, here and there, the elaborate monuments of those who sleep elsewhere, but whose fame is claimed by the Abbey. Each of them opens one of those "invisible cloisters," as Dean Stanley calls them, which unite the Abbey with its "chapels of ease" in other cemeteries. The name of Milton takes you to St. Giles's, Cripplegate; of Samuel Butler, to Covent Garden churchyard; of Gray, to Stoke-Pogis; of Goldsmith, to Temple Church; of Southey, to Keswick; of Thomson, to Richmond; of Thackeray, to Kensal Green; above all, of Shakespeare, to Stratford-on-Avon.

No one can enter for the first time into such a precinct without emotion, and, as I well know, he can come many times with a keener sensibility gathering in his heart, as the first vague sentiment floats away. Viewing its interments as a rolling tide of historic meaning sweeping noiselessly in, and sure to swell higher and higher, destined, in its overflow, to fill and to encompass the Abbey with the renown of world-wide reputations till it shall stand up like a rock in an ocean of human greatness, you feel as a prophet might have felt five hundred years ago, who foresaw the triumph of human intelligence in the opening of this royal soil for Chaucer's grave. Such is the import of Poets' Corner.

After an interval of seven years, I made a new pilgrimage to the spot. The usual crowd was moving about in the recess, but at its very front I saw a group of people gathered around a large slab which had been recently let into the aged pavement. On it lay a bunch of fresh flowers; beneath it lay the last fragrant offering of literary fame which the nation had made to the genius of the place. There was something in the look of the gravestone, in its ample size and severe simplicity, with its honored place among the foremost, while in the midst of this sanctuary, with the reverent group standing about it as if hesitating to tread upon it, which brought up the remembrance of another that makes part of the pavement in the chancel front of the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

I had forgotten for the moment that *he* was here. My last recollection of him was when he was full of life, his deep-gray eyes brilliant with joy in the fruition of a fame, and in the enthusiasm of a popular delight, such as this age had never given to another. And now all was still, the excitement that had centred in his person had passed away, and here he lay at my feet! For the moment the shock of the sudden consciousness arrested my steps, and I gave to him alone all the feeling that I had in my heart for the place in which I had found him.

I had now a key which unlocked more of the sentiment that was shut down under this floor. Among these historic reputations which had been gathering upon this spot for nearly five centuries, here was a new one—one of this hour; and, like them, it had already parted from the present generation; gone into the past with them; gone "out with the tide" of the great, receding era: the terrible retreat which sweeps back from such a grave; to be surrounded more and more with that strange cloud which hangs upon the names recorded on these walls and graven on this pavement.

That active brain was stilled, that industrious hand had forever ceased. All that the world had of him now was the work that he had done. Even the eager devotion of his friends to do him some distinguished honor had been arrested by his parting word, and, like that of Shakespeare, it will forever prevent more than this that is before me. "I conjure my friends," he said, "on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever." He rested his fame with his countrymen, he said, in his published works. He was literally obeyed; his friends did nothing. They only gave him six feet of English ground; but his monument had been waiting for him eight hundred years. The busy multitude as it hurried along outside saw the plain hearse and its three carriages winding slowly by that early morning, and never gave a thought to him. He was so recently and suddenly dead that people had not yet expected his burial. "Joe" swept the mud from the crossing as the hearse passed over it, and "moved on;" "Little Nell" threaded her modest way through yonder crooked streets—neither of them dreaming that the still heart of their best friend was so near. "Sam Weller," so alert and so keen, saw the funeral pass without a word. "Mr. Micawber" wandered along looking for "something to turn up;" and close beside him his old friend, that "distinguished author,

David Copperfield," was going to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

Only a grave, only a gravestone, only a name:

"CHARLES DICKENS,

"*Born Feb.* 7, 1812. *Died June* 9, 1870."

And yet that grave was in the soil of Chaucer and Spenser, Dryden and Johnson, Garrick and Sheridan; in the soil of kings as of "the king of wits." But no "patron" had put him here. He came here. The poor "blacking" apprentice-boy, with head and heart and hands alike begrimed, who had stooped to brush the mire from the feet of the humble and the lowly in the every-day walks of common life, had given them such a "shine" as made them worthy, the world thought, to walk henceforth and forever among kings and nobles. Such was the man. He had inspired the English people with a new heart. He had awakened sympathies and feelings, charitable ideas and impulses, before unknown to the multitude. Abuses were remedied that seemed ingrained with the social structure, and a new humanity was released far and near. Not a blot defiled the pure spirit of his works—in all he wrote, while seeking to give pleasure, he sought also to do good. This is why he was the centre of so much enthusiasm. This it was that gave such power to his writings. This it was that caught him to the bosom of Westminster Abbey.

But not until he lay there was the secret revealed which had given him this affinity alike to his resting-place and to mankind. With all that philanthropy underlying his life, so sustained to the final hour as manifestly to involve a conscious principle of action, he would not declare it in his lifetime. He erred in judgment when he withheld it. Perhaps, and very likely, he was not aware of how much it influenced him. But he left it to his grave to utter the name of Him who himself best uttered the truth he taught by what he did:

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here and there."

As I looked back through the recess of Time, I saw St. Evremond honored here, who died renouncing the Christian religion; and Congreve, whose licentious writings had defiled his age; and then, later down and nearer, I saw a change: the hearse of Byron, turned by public reprobation from the Abbey-door; and now, in this that was before me, I received the full swing of the pendulum of progress from Chaucer, as it had gathered a divine momentum in every generation: first, genius; next, character as well as genius; *now*, Christian principle as well as character. First, beauty; next, power; *now*, the power of doing good. I could see that pendulum swinging far out of the Transept into the future, rising there on the arc of its noble tendency—out of the Abbey that used to be, into the Abbey that is about to be.

IV.

On a certain Sunday afternoon I was in the Abbey at a service which was unusually thronged on account of the announcement that a distinguished clergyman was expected to preach. The multitude not only filled the Choir, but deluged the Transepts. By the kindness of a verger—for they are sometimes discriminating—I was given one of the high and conspicuous seats underneath the oaken canopy which runs round the Choir. On such occasions everything is promiscuous in the Abbey. You are seated wherever you can be put, without regard to that distinction of sacredness or propriety of place which we on this side of the water are so careful to observe. You might possibly get among the choir-boys under great pressure, but the practical objection to this, if you do not sing, might preserve you from the embarrassment until the last moment. You are more than likely to find yourself sandwiched, despite your layman's dress, between two surpliced clergymen, or startled by the offer of a seat within the chancel-rails. There is always some one who is surprised into the honor of sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Dean himself.

As it happened, on this occasion, a Canon was on the left of me, and something suggestive of a cannon on the right of me, a military figure of a stern aspect, with an Iron-Duke nose, loaded to the muzzle with English reserve. It was a good half-hour before service-time, and I sat watching the gathering of the crowd, alert, as all strangers in a strange land are, to whatever was novel or peculiar to me. The pew in front of me, and on the step below, remained vacant for a while, when suddenly its expected occupants appeared—two elderly ladies, very plainly attired, who sidled quietly in, and a short, red-haired gentleman, with a broad, rather worn face, held back at an angle of twenty degrees from the usual human perpendicular, and with such an astounding air of self-importance in its quick movement from side to side, that he at once attracted my attention. Surely, I have seen this gentleman before. Yes, and I remember where. "Is not that the Duke of Argyll?" I whispered to the cannon on the right of me. But the grim muzzle remained pointed to the groined roof, solemnly awaiting the proper time for the "responses." The canon on the left of me, however, considerately answered, "Yes." And now I had a great gun in front of me.

The sight of him awoke one of my choicest reminiscences of seven years before, when, through the kindness of some unknown friend, whom I had picked up in the Parliament House, I had the gallery of the House of Lords all to myself during the part of one evening, and an usher sent up from below to point out and name the most distinguished in the coroneted assembly. The coronets were *hats*, of the prevailing style, and we all know with what a chimney-tile effect they surmount the brow. Here they well answered the patrician purpose of concealing any

facial indications of a capacity to warm up to anything. When, however, the debate set in, and "one fire burned out another's burning," and the fumes of speech were fairly started, each peer as he rose to speak removed his flue! This was done, apparently, to lessen the draught when the mouth was open, but it allowed some smoke as well as fire to gather round the question.

The whole spectacle of that peerless room is before me. At the opposite end the vacant golden Throne, symbol of a sovereignty that never dies, and is always present; in the middle of the floor, in front of it, the scarlet Wool-sack, and the uncomfortable-looking figure of the Lord Chancellor seated upon it—with his useless hands beside him, his horse-hair wig falling like a whole sheep-skin over his ears—in a waiting attitude, and with a wool-gathering aspect, for this symbol offered him no back to lean against, nor arms to rest upon. A perfect arrangement so far. A throne behind so exhaustively symbolic that it needed no occupant, and a seated personage before, so absolutely real that the sack he occupied was sufficiently so. Perhaps he was there, also, as a silent warning to the debaters "to return to their *moutons*." In front of him again there was a scarlet-covered table, the original of that mythical "table" on which motions are "laid." On either side of this middle series were graded seats in scarlet leather, filled with the hatted peers.

Just as I am entering, the Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," is speaking on his side of the table. Earl Russell sits on the front bench opposite, with his hat jammed down over his eyebrows, shadowing his short, withered old face, but not hiding the gleam of his gray eyes, nor his look of intense attention. One head only among those seated on the benches is uncovered, and the owner of it is holding it high close beside Lord John.

Perhaps it was the apparent scorn of the custom; perhaps it was the exposed scorn on the brow; perhaps it was the flame of the red hair in the midst of all that black array of hats; perhaps because of its affinity in color with the prevailing royal hue—whatever it was—the head of the Duke of Argyll became the focal point of the spectacle to me. To be serious, it was more than this that so attracted my gaze to him. The haughty look and the air of self-consequence did not sit ill on a face of marked intellectual ability, full of lines which indicated, besides, not a little force and earnestness of character. This bearing, which has been so often noticed in him, was not a sign of weakness, but rather of the simplicity of a nature which was always open, frank, and direct, outspoken on all occasions, and not disposed to hide any manifestation of the fiery spirit which was ready to flash up inside of the transparency. To me it was an enjoyable face because so readable, and therefore paradoxically so amiable.

The title "Duke of Argyll" has a romantic and gallant touch about it. MacCallum More has a right pleasant smack of "claymore." "The Campbells are coming!" has rung in the Highlands for many a generation back, and now Windsor Castle is likely to see as well as to hear a youthful inrush of the clan. The red head of two Argylls fell from the block long ago, and the greatest of the house, soldier and statesman in one, who had so much to do in bringing about the union of Scotland and England, in the last century, lies in his private vault among the Abbey kings, and his monument rears itself magnificently in Poets' Corner—

> "Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field."

But the present duke has his own personal recommendation besides—a nobly achieved and deserved reputation. He is a statesman on the "Liberal" side, an orator, a philosophic thinker, an author, a scholar, and at one time was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. When I passed out into the corridor, I noticed, in one of the historic frescoes which fill its great panels, the dark figure of a man stretched prone upon a pallet, in a prison-cell, with a cloak drawn over him. From under the Scotch bonnet flowed a single lock of red hair. It was "The Last Sleep of Argyll"—commemorating a noted incident before the heroic earl's execution. As I stopped to look at it, my mind went back to the living duke whom I had just left listening to the debate. There is an electric spark in the hereditary principle of the British system. I felt it leap as I touched, in the gleam of that lock of red hair, the historic correspondence between the ancestor and the descendant. Perhaps the tingle in my imagination was the more distinct because of the manifest descent, in this instance, of brain as well as of blood.

The American has learned to look first for personal, intrinsic worth, but he is still English enough to appreciate the grand decoration of hereditary rank when it is superadded to this. Indeed, the character appears all the finer for the surprise of such a setting. It *is* the finer because human nature, as a general thing, is weak enough to yield to the temptation of negligence and indifference when one is so fully appointed to take the world easily. The general respect for the present Duke of Argyll has been founded on the noble combination which he exhibits, of a man who has done his work like a commoner while feeling his consequence as a peer. He is, first of all, a *man*, and uses his position as a pedestal of duty, not as the total presentment of his manhood. But this obligation is felt by all the better class of British nobles. He is the more conspicuous as an instance of it only because unusually well equipped with the mental and moral qualities which bring honor and fame to any one.

The reader will now understand the interest with which I looked when I had this historic gentleman casting his haughty glances round within a yard of me. It will also be obvious why I now bear him in mind among my associations with the Abbey. If the dead Dickens had his relation to the men of letters interred here, and to literature as connected with it, the living Argyll, whom I had seen in his foremost place at the Council of State, and whom I knew to be engaged in so many other practical interests

and activities of the time, awoke in me a vivid consciousness of the Abbey's relation to the State, to that secular twin of the Church, in all British development, whose powerful impingement it had experienced from the beginning. It is outside my present purpose to speak further of that here, but you will see how suggestive he was then, and how available he is now in the way of reminiscence. Opposite to me, and full in his own sight, was the dead Parliament of Great Britain—mute, debateless, awaiting the last great adjournment. The statesmen lie in the North Transept. The statues, with which many of them have been honored, could be seen in the attitudes of the forum, over the heads of the intervening congregation. Thirty-five years after John Campbell, the "great Duke of Argyll," had been laid in his vault in the Royal Chapel, William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, was laid in the North Transept. Above his grave stands his effigy, "with eagle eye and outstretched arm," its character suggested by the animated figure of "Eloquence" on Roubiliac's monument to Argyll in the South Transept. Near him sleep Pitt and Fox, Mansfield and Follett, Grattan, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, Canning, and Palmerston. "In no other country do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space."

But the association did not end here. On my left, just outside the entrance into the Nave, between two monuments on either side of the door, correspondent in style and magnificence—one the cenotaph of the Earl of Stanhope, the other over the grave of Sir Isaac Newton—I could take, in mental perspective, the distinguished dead in science and philosophy, as I could invention and practical science between the commemorated Watt and the buried Stephenson, architecture between Taylor and Barry, chemistry and medicine between Davy and Hunter, music over the graves of Purcell and Händel, and the heroes of war on land and sea round the tombs of General Monk and Admiral Blake.

Certainly the pennon of Argyll is a brilliant gonfalon to-day, for, between himself with his many-sided culture and his gallant ancestors in the field, whom could I have come upon to signal better the whole crest and blazonry of the Abbey's glory?

But an incident occurred which took my thoughts off in another direction. Something was the matter with the duke. The Abbey air is chill: a man is on the brink of the grave there in more ways than one. The Abbey is a leveler; and it was evidently going to prove the duke human as well as noble, by drawing him into that undignified preliminary pirouette in the dance of death—a sneeze! The unmistakable symptoms succeeded each other in rapid succession, which showed that something had come "betwixt the wind and his nobility." The perfidious Albion air, in making a rush through the nasal passages of this Highland keep, had fallen upon the unguarded pituitary sensibilities within, a quick ingulfment had followed the irritating assault, and now came the question, to be decided without an instant's delay: Should the assailant be thrown violently out with the usual yell, or should it be agonizingly suffocated within? The Abbey roof is resonant, the Highland lungs are powerful, and the duke has never hesitated to raise his voice on occasion, but, "Hoo-rash-ho-o-o!" doubly, perhaps trebly repeated, in the temple of silence! in the hush before service, in the face of this multitude—by the Duke of Argyll! Never! The pibroch *now?* here? It must not be! O Scotland! remember past years; take not this invasion in dudgeon!

"I pray you, contain yourself, your grace! Edward, 'the Hammer of the Scots,' is yonder. *Pactum serva.* Hold hard, my noble duke! If once you yield, your gracious jaws will close with a snap, and your loyal head will threaten to fly off. Think of your unlucky ancestors before it is too late. *Noblesse oblige.* The vulgar will laugh, the gentle will stare, and all will be startled. Be more than mortal, and forbear."

A handkerchief, handled with consummate self-command, covered the ducal countenance a moment, as if most innocently and otherwise employed, the mysterious cartilage was pressed, a slight and noiseless convulsion followed, and the agony was over. The "Lord of the Isles" was himself again. A heathery purple, lingering upon the pale brow, was all that remained of the crisis. The public never suspected it. It was lost like a motion. It was squelched like a question from the "opposition." It has been kept, until now, like a secret of state.

I wish that this had happened to some other duke, for any one of the peerage would have done as well—a great deal better—for the suggestive use I made of him. Dismiss from your mind all of the Duke of Argyll but the duke, and then I shall feel less hesitation in recording it.

There was a time—happily, a time gone by—when the Abbey would have "taken snuff" in a different way, if a noble sneezed. Many a carved and gilded snuff-box (yclept a sepulchre) is to be found in its grand corners, which shows its ancient, aromatic taste and habit when the high and mighty of the land had sneezed their last, and made a noise and big funereal sensation in doing it. Then it was that their fragrant dust became the glory and joy of the monks. This fact of history cannot be ignored when the relics of such an occupation of these premises stand so thick. But why should it be ignored when it reveals by contrast the development of the present? There was a day when kings, courtiers, and nobles, who had scoffed at everything divine and holy in their lifetime, who had made these arches ring with the tumult of their pageants, and used this sacred place in a spirit of purest secularity, without a dream of rebuke, who, when the fires of their passions had flickered out at last, claimed its "privilege of sanctuary" for their bodies, and filled it with the rubbish of their bones. On this, its secular side, the Abbey turns out to have been like the world. Its highest honors were for the high-born. The freedom of its soil was open to the giddy, the gay, the vicious, if only the blood was purple and the hand golden. Burial in this consecrated ground was once the birthright of a certain class. The act

of discrimination that would exclude did not begin among them, but was exercised only when any below that class sought sepulture here.

That epoch has long passed; another has come, and another still is yet to come. Even now, so strong is the association of personal merit with "burial in Westminster Abbey," that when the gilded coffin of a noble is lowered into his ancestral vault, the questions are felt, if not asked, "Who is this? What has he done? What precious remains are these that they are to melt into this rich loam of honor and fame?" Genius now prevails where rank once prevailed. Such an advance as this is a bright prediction of a period when a higher standard still will erect itself in the popular heart—a standard not only of character, for that has in a measure come; not only of religion in its usual sense, for that already exists; but of that which is allied to the Abbey in a far profounder way, as she is essentially and prophetically allied to an order of Christianity hardly yet discerned or dreamed. The day is to dawn when the secular will give way entirely to the religious, in this grander conception of religion; when the experience of the Abbey will be that the world has at last discovered the principle on which she was founded and for which she was reared; and when she will have discovered it more thoroughly and largely herself. The day will dawn when, behind statesmanship, as behind literature, a deeper humanity will be required; when behind science and philosophy a diviner motive will be looked for; when behind every practical agent of civilization a beneficent purpose will gather. As Chaucer rang in the poets, as Chatham rang in the statesmen, so Newton will have successors to come as yet only known to the stars, and Wilberforce a generation of philanthropists in the state and among the people only foreseen by the Founder of Christianity. To give *them* a place and to do them honor, will be the office and future of Westminster Abbey; still to be, as she has always been, the reflection of the time in which she lives, the gauge of the age which is rolling by her.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES.

MUST an actress be beautiful? Should she be beautiful?

Well, all other things being equal, perhaps she should be.

That rainbow-tinted thing which we call the drama includes beauty. No man in his senses would paint Rosalind or Viola otherwise than as beautiful.

And yet many a great actress has succeeded without the fatal gift. Charlotte Cushman was eminently plain. She referred to it in touching terms in her honorable old age as having been her shield, her armor, her castle of defense, from the temptations, the flatteries, the ruin, which so often beset and follow the beautiful. She needed no such armor: hers was a great soul, born to work, to climb, to resist. No primrose path would have satisfied her; but she was glad, when she was old, that she had not been beautiful.

Was she glad of it *when she was young?* Would not every woman be Helen of Troy if she could? Is any woman satisfied with plainness? And yet it is the plain women who have the fortunate lives, who are loved on to the end, who sit at the head of the board! It is, alas! too often the beautiful who are unfortunate. But if we have begun with a hint at one successful actress who was plain—and we might swell the list indefinitely—how many have left the record of their loveliness on the pages of histrionic history! There was Mrs. Betterton, the first regular actress of the English stage, a pretty, gentle, light-haired creature, the reminiscences of whose acting Lady Macbeth perhaps inspired Mrs. Siddons's famous critique of that heroine, that she should be small, gentle, fair—a contrast in person to her monstrous crime, a great, wicked soul in a delicate body.

It is a strange circumstance that Shakespeare, who drew Perdita and Rosalind, never saw a woman on the stage. Even after the Restoration, boys played women's parts; and Kynaston, a famous, beautiful youth, was carried around by the gay ladies of Charles's court in his female dress in their carriages—a precious fact for the Puritans, of which they made much. They spoke with scorn of "those actresses who had to be shaved before they acted."

Mrs. Betterton played five-and-forty years—not beautiful all the time, one must imagine. Cibber speaks of her with great respect and praise. She had the honor to teach Queen Anne the part of Lemandra, in "Mithridates," which she acted in King Charles's time. One is glad to hear that the queen gave her a pension in her old age.

"The sweet-featured Mrs. Boutelle" was a popular actress from 1663 to 1696. She was particularly admired in Aspasia, in "The Maid's Tragedy." She was the original Statica in "The Rival Queens, or Alexandra." Her beauty made her so unpopular in the greenroom that her rival actress, Mrs. Barry, far more clever, but not so beautiful, tried to stab her; but the dagger was fortunately a blunt one, and Mrs. Boutelle's corset was a corselet.

Mrs. Barry was not deficient in attractions. She had the good (or evil) fortune to win the favor of the infamous Lord Rochester when her professional fame was at its height. Dryden praises her nobly, and Colley Cibber supplements his good opinion.

But a contemporary says of her: "With all her enchantment, this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she

strove to draw the other way, and at times composing her face as if to have her picture drawn. She was middle-sized, had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferent plump. She filled the stage with a variety of action, yet she could not sing nor dance—no, not even in a country-dance."

What a capital pen-and-ink picture that is! We see Mrs. Barry as she lived, even to her being "*indifferent plump*."

Poor woman! she had a death more tragic than any she had portrayed. She died of hydrophobia, from the bite of a favorite lapdog.

Then came Anne Bracegirdle, whose very name is a suggestion of beauty and grace. She was the London toast for twenty years. It was the fashion to have a *tendre* for Mrs. Bracegirdle, and she, too, was the heroine of a real tragedy. The infamous Lord Mohun tried to carry her off at night, and in so doing killed her friend and fellow-actor Mountford, a quiet man, who was going home to his own wife and children after his work—one of the many miserable anecdotes which bring before us the violence and brutality of that period of English history, the middle of the last century, of which Thackeray has left so strong a picture.

But now we come to one of the most beautiful women who ever trod the English stage—Anne Oldfield. She was "tallish in stature, beautiful in action and aspect, and she always looked like one of those principal figures in the finest paintings that first seize and longest delight the eye of the spectator. Even indifferent prints of her give us a conception of those large, speaking eyes, which she half shut with so much archness in comedy, and of the graceful features and spirited mien that could put life in tragedy, even into Thomson's 'Sophonisba.'"

Thanks, Colley Cibber, for that picture! Anne Oldfield stands before us in all her comic grace, her remarkable beauty, her spring-tide loveliness.

Pope attacked her dead and alive—he hated her because she was the friend of Colley Cibber, who had ridiculed him. Pope was a poor creature, always fighting with women; yet he could write "The Rape of the Lock." There is a print of Mrs. Oldfield (probably by Bartolozzi) in red sepia, which is exquisite. It represents her as a nymph carrying an antique vase. She has vine-leaves in her sweet, curling, luxuriant hair. It is the very apotheosis of Anglo-Saxon loveliness; it is so pretty one would fain catch that flying scarf, and kiss the very hem of her garments—yes, it is even romantically beautiful!

She had feeling and intellect, too. She played until she died, tortured by a cruel disease. Poor thing! The tears of suffering washed the rouge from her cheek often and often. She had that virtue so common to her profession, a heart open as day to melting charity. To the poet Savage, the most unfortunate creature who ever lived, she gave an annuity of fifty pounds a year, that he might pursue his studies and his poetry undisturbed. After her death, the whole British public was canvassed for a like sum, but in vain.

Anna Maria Graham, afterward Mrs. Yates, was famous for statuesque and dignified beauty, somewhat monotonous, but very Greek. She was, of course, a superb Medea, and William Godwin remembered, after sixty years, seeing her play with Garrick as Violante in the "Wonder." He describes her gradual condescension, her tardy but brilliant smile, as she finally yields to her lover's attempts to soothe her, as "something lovely and irresistible."

Peg Woffington's beauty has seized so forcibly a belated admirer, Charles Reade, that we can add little to his vigorous description. Like the hero of Théophile Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy," who went back ten centuries to love a poor Egyptian girl, whose coffee-colored cerements he kept in a sarcophagus, Reade seems to be in love with poor Peg, who passed away long before he was born.

But after these beautiful women there came upon the stage a beauty greater than any of them. Sarah Siddons was incomparable. Her first painter told her that she was like an antique sculpture of Ariadne. She was taken by surprise, and began to say: "Yes! it is very like—" but stopped herself and said, "It is very beautiful." They spoke of her "gorgeous affliction." Even weeping did not touch that perfect nose with its unbecoming rouge. She could writhe, frown, fume, weep, die, and still be beautiful. She could command her eye to take on the sad, vacant oblivion which has carried consternation to our hearts. She could send them into the next world with all their terrible introspection painted on the iris. And then in Desdemona her "beauty sweetened tragedy." But she was handsome every day. In the National Academy she is charmingly beautiful in a modern way—in a Gainsborough bust—dressed in striped silk, with a little muff in her hand. Lady Dudley had the dress copied by Worth—it is almost exactly the gown of to-day.

It would be pleasant, were it not so old a story, to tell again that record of blameless life, abounding genius, common-sense, piety, simplicity, and prudence, which accompanied this beautiful actress, but it is too well known to us all.

She was not arch; she could not play Rosalind. Humor was left out. Those delicious women—I use the word advisedly — those delicious women around whose loveliness plays the sheet-lightning of wit, playfulness, archness, mischief, or, to use the prettier French word, *espièglerie*—these were left out of her *répertoire*.

But if *she* could not play Rosalind, Mrs. Jordan could! Yes! so that Rosalind herself would have approved; so that Shakespeare himself would have gone behind the scenes to kiss her! So said her admirers.

Mrs. Jordan was a famous, laughing beauty; her laugh, indeed, rings in the corridors still—it is embalmed in a thousand memoirs. She had the misfortune to become the unacknowledged wife of a royal duke; and, in a union of twenty years, to show all the royal virtues, while her titled spouse showed all the plebeian meannesses, allowing her to pay his

debts—a pitiable story. This lovely and romping Mrs. Jordan, who could laugh so well, had much occasion to weep, poor thing; the grandeur of her *liaison* brought her little happiness, dignity, or honor.

When the light of a great genius shines through a beautiful woman, it is like that which falls through a richly-stained window; it glows with a thousand bright tints which even the author did not foresee. To have witnessed Mrs. Siddons's Portia might again have called back William Shakespeare to the theatre! Godwin praises in it "her demure and queen-like smile!" A charming expression.

By-the-way, what a precious word "demure" is! It is one of the few words which are pictures. Washington Irving is very fond of it. In his "Tales of the Alhambra," every one will remember his account of the "demure" damsel who fed the doves.

By the use of it, Godwin puts before us that delightful woman, Portia, keeping her wit for her own delectation. When her smile *did* come, it was an individual and a flattering compliment.

Now to cross the Channel—now to see that "reign of women and courtiers!"

While Louis XV. was enacting the farce of royalty, who played for him the real business of the piece; who was that theatrical queen, who had all the courtiers, all the diamonds, all the fame, "all of the court, except a tedious king?"

Whom do we find, almost the contemporary of Bracegirdle, but Mademoiselle *Clairon*—Claire Hippolyte Leyris de la Tude, born at Condé, in Hainault, and making her *début* at the Comédie Française, or, as she called it, "her entrance into the universe?"

She played first in "Les Folies Amoureuses," a significant title. She played *that* all her life. She was a beautiful, majestic, haughty, grand creature on the stage. Some one called her "Melpomene carved by Phidias." Off the stage, she was Venus Anadyomene—both beautiful and pretty. Garrick came to Paris on purpose to see her play in "Cinna." Once, at Lille, she "played for the good pleasure of the King of England," established at Ghent during the war in Flanders. She conquered her dear friends, the enemy. A noble commander of the British army, having ten thousand men under his command, offered her marriage. She should become one of the most splendid ladies of the county of Gloucester. She refused him with scorn. "I am not my own mistress," said the stage beauty. "I belong to my profession, my country! I am quite willing to be loved in a palace, but I *must* be loved on the stage!"

Poor grasshopper! did she remember this when she was darning her gowns in her old age, forgotten, poor, and miserable?

It was she who repeated the fable—

> "La cigale ayant chanté
> Tout l'été"—

and declared that the grasshopper was right. It would have killed her to have given up the triumphs of the theatre—a pleasure, a conquest, and a *fête*, every evening—for the gloomy respectability, the formal grandeur of that castle in Gloucestershire! And no wonder! She appeared once as Venus in the opera of "Hesione." Although a poor musician, her beauty carried her triumphantly through. People had the sense to applaud beauty. "After," as she says, "paying a visit to the Opéra," she was engaged at the Comédie Française to play the highest tragic parts, on condition that she would play and sing in the after-pieces! The public went prepared to hiss her tragedy—they remained to weep over the greatest of Phædras. "How grand she is! how beautiful she is!" resounded all through the house. Clairon was a true artist; she adored genius, and understood it. She hired Racine's house, that the walls might shed down their inspiration upon her, and there she lived many years. Among her admirers she numbered Marmontel, Voltaire, Diderot, and every great name in France. She was insolent, as became her rank. "Who is Madame de Pompadour?" said she. "She owes her royalty to chance! I owe mine to my genius!" A proud, peremptory, imperial speech. She was perfectly at her ease in the best society, to which she was freely admitted.

A Russian princess asked her what she most wished.

"My portrait, painted by Vanloo," said she. The genius, the beauty, and the artist, spoke then.

Louis XV. came to see this portrait.

"You are happy," said he, to the artist, "in having such a face to paint; let me order the frame. Moreover, I wish the portrait engraved."

The frame cost five thousand livres, the engraving ten thousand. This was fame.

But this blazing comet was about to descend. She quarreled with a journalist named Fréron. She refused to play at the order of that king—*King Pit*, the many-headed king, whom no actor is great enough to offend. They cried out, as she remained obdurate, and they grew exasperated, "Clairon to the Hospital!"

She converted, temporarily, her disgrace into a triumph. The king, and the gentlemen of the chamber, entreated her to return. A splendid array of carriages blocked the way to her door. But the true daughter of her art said:

"It is not the king who can call me back to a theatre where he does not himself go. It is the public. I await the order of the public."

She was right. Her sovereign was the Pit. She delayed, and delays are dangerous. Two other queens arose who gained the favor of this capricious monarch. They were Dubois and Rancourt. Mademoiselle Clairon declared that she was ill. She must go and see her physician. She needed medical treatment. She suffered.

"Yes," said a discarded lover, "she is going to see Voltaire, the physician of diseased reputations."

She died hard, the poor, deluded grasshopper! After leaving the stage she studied natural history with Buffon. She gathered herbs, she supped in good company, she lived in splendor, she was still a beauty. She sold her pictures, her diamonds, her

herbarium, and thought of retiring to a convent, that last infirmity of discontent. She was going to sell her portrait by Vanloo; she was offered a thousand louis for it; but, with a touch of the old magnificence, she did not sell it, she gave it away, and to a man who never looked at it.

Then followed a strange episode. She took up, at the court of the Margrave of Anspach-Baireuth, the *rôle* of Pompadour in that of Louis XV. She was actually minister to this small sovereign. For seventeen years she ruled this miniature kingdom, but what were her amusements? To look at the journals of Paris, poor thing! and to see if Mademoiselle Clairon were remembered, and to find, alas! that she was never mentioned.

She gave up the margrave, or he gave up her, after seventeen years, and she returned to Paris, as she says in her memoirs, to seek a king. "It was 1793—there was no longer any king. Crushed and dying, I sought a convent—there was no longer any God! I had left money securely invested in Paris in good mortgages—there was no longer money or mortgages."

She fell into profound and desolate misery, but was spirited in adversity. One friend, an old lover, came to see her. She would not see him. "The memory of me is better than myself," said the clever woman.

"Actresses who die pious approach the shore with their backs toward it," said a wicked French wit. Mademoiselle Clairon preferred to die a philosopher, saying that she dared not offer to God a heart which had been profaned by every human and wicked passion. It was a pagan reason; she did not know that God would forgive everything to the penitent and humbled heart. But there was a sort of wild honor in the thought of disdaining to offer to the Deity anything but the best, which has its meritorious side; we cannot but admire scruples.

Mademoiselle de Camargo was another of these brilliant beauties. She appeared at the Opéra in Paris on the 5th of May, 1726, as a dancer. She was so much the rage that all the fashions took their name from her—"hair *à la* Camargo," "dresses *à la* Camargo," "sleeves *à la* Camargo." Her face was transcendentally beautiful. One may see it to-day in the Louvre, painted by Lancret, a dark, brilliant Spanish complexion, and eyes of superb size and lustre. She retired at forty; and, forgetting all her thousand loves, cherished the memory of one man—that of Monsieur de Marteille, who had eloped with her when she was seventeen. He left her to go to the wars, and never returned.

Had he returned, would she have loved him so long? Probably not.

It was at length announced that Mademoiselle de Camargo was dead, and that she died a good Catholic.

"Is it possible?" said a daily paper; "we supposed that she had been dead twenty years." When she retired, and ceased to amuse the public, for them she died. Mademoiselle Guimard was another superb beauty, who danced at the Opéra in those days. She was a prodigal, but in the cause of charity. During the winter of 1768, a very cold winter, she took a large sum of money in her pocket, and, without counting it, she set out alone for the garrets. In all that she visited she left bread and the means of keeping warm. She built a palace and a church. She is said to have ruined a hundred marquises and one farmer of the revenue; but, like Robin Hood, she took from the rich to give to the poor.

Let us hope that charity in her case covered a multitude of sins.

For her suppers, the most wonderful in Paris, she was destined to be immortalized in all the memoirs. She gave three a week—one to the great lords of the court, another to poets, artists, and *savants*, the third to her fellow actors and actresses. Philosophers, wits, people of talent, and great noble names of France, all crowded around her. The elegance of her taste, her unparalleled luxury, have passed into a proverb.

Then came the crash.

"I only want four hundred thousand livres to appease a few of my creditors," said she.

It came and went. Again she only wanted one hundred thousand livres. They drove up in a carriage. The Prince de Soubise was her very humble slave. He gave her the right of chase for herself and her friends in the king's hunting-grounds. She had herself painted as "Diana the Huntress," and nobody smiled. Truly an instance of French politeness. In the midst of this dissolute career this extraordinary queen, whose retinue was the laughing troupe of human follies, found time for one sincere passion. She fell in love with a poor officer of fortune, who played comic parts at her theatre. He was a handsome and romantic-looking person, with a noble and spirited head. Poor fellow! her love was his ruin; for one of her noble adorers, finding that she loved him, killed the comic actor. She wept for him passionately, and rewarded the noble murderer with her frowns and displeasure. "It was not *you* that I loved," said she, "it was he; you had neither his voice, his eyes, nor his smile." And all this to a prince!

The year 1780 found Mademoiselle Guimard forgotten by the public who had worshiped her—she who had once so ruled the hour; she who had presided at the toilet of a queen—for Marie Antoinette had just then raised the intoxicating cup to her lip, in whose dregs lay a scaffold. Guimard's beauty, Guimard's dresses, Guimard's smile, won the queen. When she came to the palace she became president of the toilet councils. The Princess de Chimay, the Countess de Ossun, and the Marchioness de la Roche-Aymon, held the pin-cushion, while the dancer dressed the queen. It was she who placed those roses on her bodice, which became her youthful bloom more than the court diamonds. She forgotten! That Guimard who had had Fragonard for her painter in ordinary! We can see now, in an old palace, those doors which he covered with his freshest colors, his most graceful designs. Everywhere Terpsichore dances to fascinating music over flowers. The birds carol for her;

they make her orchestra; and the stars and sunbeams quarrel as to which shall be foot-lights: and Terpsichore was Guimard!

Fragonard had the folly to fall in love with her, and to attempt to paint her smile—he, the moth, fluttered too near the candle. He was dismissed before the smile was finished. She looked about for some delicate and coquettish pencil, and summoned Greuze; but Greuze was in love with somebody else, and would not come. She chose a pupil of Boucher, who finished the smile.

Fragonard wandered into the garden when the house was empty, and thence into the painting-room. There was the beloved portrait, the painter's palette and brushes near it. The dancer and her artist had gone out driving. Fragonard took the brushes, effaced the smile, and painted the wrath of Medusa over that beaming face.

He had scarcely time to make his escape before he heard the sound of carriages. Guimard had returned with the Marquis de Bièvres, Sophie Arnould, and a troop of friends.

"What is this?" said she, in dismay. "I left it smiling—it was like Terpsichore, it was like a goddess; and now—"

"It is like the original!" said Sophie Arnould.

Yes, she lived to be forgotten, and married in her old age a humble professor of dancing. Let us hope that Heaven, remembering her many charities to the poor (for a kind heart beat in that faulty bosom), gave her some hours of sincere happiness on earth, and forgave her her sins when she died.

It is impossible to turn over the old memoirs, from which I have stolen these stray fragments, without meeting often the name of Sophie Arnould, the famous wit, beauty, and great singer. She had a unique reputation, a unique fortune. Madame de Pompadour brought her out. She was fortunate in her teachers, for the great Mademoiselle Fel taught her singing, and Mademoiselle Clairon gave her lessons in acting.

One of her biographers says of her: "Never did a nightingale shake out of her throat so many pearls, never did its song of spring-tide penetrate the grove with more freshness—it was the dew of the morning which glistens in the sun's rays!"

She had a religious mother, who tried to make her sing requiems. The Princess of Modena heard her at this stage of her development, and said to her, "My beauty, you sing like an angel, but you have more genius than an angel!"

It was an unfortunate remark, and opened for Sophie the doors of the opera-house. The mother made a feeble resistance; but the king told her she owed that voice to France.

"I was bound to go to his Satanic majesty," she said, later—"he never foregoes his rights.

The king commanded that she be conducted to the Opéra. So many tried to gain admittance that Fréron said, "I wonder whether people will give themselves so much trouble to enter paradise?"

She was a great wit, this Sophie Arnould. She made the best epigrams of the Revolution; yet, in the midst of her most brilliant conquests, she was seized with an *ennui*. She went to the country; she kept cows and sheep; she made butter and cheese; she tried, as every uneasy heart has done before and since, to see if Nature has hidden contentment amid her herbs, under her green peas, amid her red clover.

She became a penitent, and joined the order of the Franciscans. She was mobbed by the *sans-culottes* of Luzarches, who supposed her to be a nun, and only saved herself by showing them a bust of herself as Iphigenia draped with a scarf, which they took for a bust of Marat. "She is a good citizen-woman!" said these critics, as they retired. She lost everything—grew hungry, cold, penniless. At length she became so wretched that her hair-dresser lodged her in his garret, and shared his crust with her.

But to her afterward came a piece of good fortune. Fouché had been one of her admirers. To him she went in disguise, with pretended secrets of state to reveal. He recognized her, sympathized with her, and gave her a pension of twenty-four hundred livres. On this she lived and said clever things. Beaumarchais was one of her adorers.

It would be impossible to translate her wit. Who can translate French wit? It was quick, gay, free, original, sharp—what they call the "wit after the wine."

Mademoiselle Guimard wrote her a letter full of feminine malice.

"You have committed the seven capital sins seven times a day," said Guimard.

"Indeed!" said Sophie. "Then I double you."

It was she who said:

"When women meddle with genius the kingdom is in danger."

An old man, who had lost his memory somewhat, said to her:

"The saddest of all things is to forget."

"I don't know that," said Sophie. "I think I am most grieved when I remember."

Something in her wit touches the heart: it makes one wish that she had been a better woman, instead of a queen of pandemonium. But in her unholy court she shone with a splendid brilliancy. She was compared to Sappho. The poets of those days praised her fluency, her grace of style. The philosophers and Academicians met at her suppers. She was accused of stealing her wit from them, but they were proud to acknowledge that their wit came from her.

She was true to her art, and sang at the Opéra, always well. Garrick says of her that she was the only opera-singer who pleased his eyes and moved his heart.

After all her changes from grave to gay, from lively to severe, she had still an income of thirty thousand francs a year, and might have lived on without having to appeal to her hair-dresser; but a most respectable lawyer cheated her out of this, and she became terribly poor. She was witty still.

"My only connection with respectability has been unfortunate," said she. "I will go to my hair-dresser

in the Rue de Petit-Lion—with him I can talk of better times."

We have seen that Fouché came to her rescue, and made her later years comfortable. But one grim sentinel waited for her, who would hear of no reprieve.

When Death approached, and she confessed to the *curé* of St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois, as she was about to die, she uttered her last *mot*.

"My poor woman," said he, "how unhappy you have been! what misery you have passed through!"

"Ah," said she, shedding a few natural tears, "those were good times, those times when I was so miserable!"

It is pleasant, after these rather blurred pictures, to recross the Channel, and to catch a glimpse of the familiar and lovely picture of Miss O'Neill.

It was my good fortune when in England to hear some anecdotes of this well-known woman from an old Irish nobleman who admired her all her life—some, perhaps, which may not be known to everybody. He spoke of her beauty, and said that her great black eyes were tender and melting; her complexion, bearing the bloom of her native land, preserved its freshness to a late day; her beautiful, plaintive mouth expressed sadness, which all men desired to chase away. Her figure was so graceful and elegant that it became any costume, and her hand (not infrequently an Irish beauty) was slender, long, delicate, and perfectly shaped, as white as a lily without and as red as a rose within.

After a brief and unexampled career of dramatic popularity, this beautiful creature married Mr. Becher (afterward Sir Thomas Becher), and took her place in the British aristocracy, where she was always admired and respected.

She had earned twelve thousand pounds by her industry: she gave it all to her needy relatives. The breath of slander never visited her fair cheek; she escaped the contamination which almost unavoidably accompanies the publicity of the life of a beautiful actress. She showed, as many another woman has done, that goodness, purity, and virtue, can stand the glare of the foot-lights, and that the well-known virtues of most beautiful actresses which are so often bright, nay, splendid—instances of noble self-devotion, undaunted perseverance, a high sense of duty to their relatives, a charity which shames that of the prosperous daughters of guarded homes—may be supplemented by that last and crowning virtue: an indifference to admiration, and a strength to resist the voice of flattery.

One of Lady Becher's repartees was much admired by her particular friend, the witty Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. She very much praised an impromptu of his, which he wrote at the request of a certain nobleman, who had incorporated into a chimney-piece two marble pheasants from the hand of Chantrey. The sculptor shot them first and carved them afterward. On being asked for an appropriate legend for these birds, the clever bishop gave this impromptu:

> "Life and Death in mystic lot
> Gave you to the feathered band:
> Death, from thine unerring shot;
> Life, from thine immortal hand!"

While praising these lines to him, he turned to her and said:

"Why, dear Lady Becher, does your late profession succeed better than mine? You could always draw a crowd; we often drive them away. We both try to move men and women: and you succeed!"

"Ah! my dear lord bishop," said she, "we appeal to the feelings first and then to the morals. We take our birds alive; do not you accept the marble birds first, and then strive to reanimate them—to give them back 'the wild freshness of morning?' We appeal to the feelings, and the moral follows!"

A YEAR AGO.

We trod the clover-blossoms under foot
Beneath the hawthorn's scented summer snow,
We breathed the spicy air of balmy June
A year ago.

We stood, hand-clasped, beneath the orchid-boughs,
While twilight silvered the soft, whisp'ring wave;
We watched the falling stars of summer nights
A year ago.

We saw the winter sunrise flush the skies
And brighten all the crystal fairy-land;
We saw the crimson sunset stain the snow
A year ago.

We saw the stars in winter splendor burn,
While a pale crescent trembled in the west;
And all the northern heavens were shot with fire
A year ago.

I walk the sodden autumn ways alone,
While yellowing leaves fall sadly. Are they those
Which robed with rose and gold the waving woods
A year ago?

I stand alone beneath the leaden skies,
Beside the sullen waves. Did their blue depths
And shining ripples give back mirth for mirth
A year ago?

Is Nature changed? or is the change in me?
Or is all change summed in that word "alone?"
Or that dead past whose requiem is the moan,
A year ago?

A year ago *we* faced the coming years
Together—hoping—loving. *I* remain,
Remembering love that ended, hope that died,
A year ago!

OTSEGO LEAVES.

II.

THE BIRD MEDIÆVAL.

HERE and there, in looking over old records or family legends of colonial years, the mediæval period of American story, we gather glimpses of bird-life, somewhat dim and indistinct, perhaps, yet sufficiently clear to have a degree of interest. We seem to hear the far-away flapping of wings, the echo of song; we have a vision, as it were, of the winged creatures flitting to and fro about the homes of the early colonists.

The Dutch were a race not unkindly in household life. Most of the country-homes of the Dutch colonists, whether your manor-house of some importance or the rude farmhouse of the yeoman, were peopled with merry black faces in-doors, while without, porch, garden, and yard, were favorite gathering-places for birds of many feathers. The negroes were great allies of the birds. Many were the ingenious devices of their own contrivance for enticing the little creatures to build about the dwelling which was their own home as well as that of their masters.

One pleasant afternoon in the later days of April, of a year far away, the huge doors of a large barn, not far from the bank of the Upper Hudson, stood open to their greatest width. It was a barn of which we have the actual measurement, more than a hundred feet long and sixty feet in breadth, the great doors being in the gable-end toward the river. An odd medley of sounds came through those great doors: voices old and young were chattering in broad negro Dutch—a gibberish somewhat harsh in itself, and yet softened by an unctuous slipping over of consonants, and spoken by voices untrained, but naturally musical. This was a holiday evening. It was Paas-week—Easter-tide. Paas was a grand holiday with the Dutch negroes. There had been a feast in the great barn at the Flats earlier in the day, and now the last of the rustic wreaths and rude benches were being carried away, and things set to rights again. Two negro matrons, of ample size, somewhat past middle age, were there directing matters, their heads covered with the bright kerchiefs in which the race delight, their broad figures and round faces now wearing an aspect of no little authority. Dianamat and Mariamat were, indeed, the queens of the kitchen, and that in good, patriarchal right, for, with one exception, they were mothers and grandmothers of the negro flock which made up the household, the solitary exception being an old, white-headed negro, "Uncle Cobus," formerly the factotum, now an abdicated dignitary. The sable dames were dowagers of no little importance. They knew the world. Had they not seen savage life in Africa in their early girlhood? And who, pray, should know so well the fashions of high burgher life in the great city of "Allbonny?"—a city, mind you, boasting two streets of some length, a fort, a Dutch and an English church, a wharf, and a fleet of a dozen sloops making weekly voyages to New York. Had they not cooked grand wedding-feasts and caudle-feasts, and, though last not least, funeral-feasts, in one of the stateliest homes in that renowned city for nearly half a century? These two great personages were allies, and yet rivals—a state of things by no means peculiar to a Dutch kitchen. They were close allies, with what they considered a Holy Alliance, where the interest or dignity of master or mistress was concerned. They were scolding rivals where the individual interest or dignity of child, grandchild, great-grandbaby, or favorite cow, or pet pig, was even remotely aimed at. On this particular afternoon, however, there was holiday harmony, *entente cordiale*, between these dusky dignitaries. The clearing of the barn, the picking up of any stray wooden platter, or horn spoon, or gourd dipper, this was the common aim of both; their stalwart sons, meanwhile, were carrying away rude benches and tables on their backs, and a troop of rollicking children were at wild and noisy gambols among the faded wreaths and blossoms. The vast, shadowy hay-loft above was nearly empty at that season, and the wealth of grain—wheat, rye, oats—which had filled the enormous chests below, had dwindled away under the demand for winter food and fodder. Now and then a hen would come out of the hay above and cackle over a newly-laid egg, or a cock perched on a bare pole gave a ringing brow of defiance to the fowls below, turkeys, ducks, and other poultry, who were picking up stray grains of oat, and wheat, and maize, or crumbs from the feast. There was a long row of stalls on each side of the broad barn-floor, telling of rich herds; in winter those stalls were filled with cows, oxen, and horses, their heads all turned toward the great thrashing-floor, but they were now mostly empty. Several cows, with young calves, were standing, or lying, in the stalls on either side; a couple of oxen were lazily chewing the cud of holiday idleness; and a lame horse was soberly taking his supper, apparently indifferent to the negro urchin perched on his back.

Wolf, when a half-grown colt, had once been attacked in a forest-pasture by a couple of wolves: one he kicked in the head and stunned; the other pursued him in hot chase through several fields into the very barn-yard, where the creature was killed with pitchforks. From that day the colt, a fine animal, bore the name of his enemy, and became, a year or two later, a favorite saddle-horse of the colonel. He was also often used for the carriage of madam. Now, Wolf was a very proud creature. He scorned the plough and the cart. Though docile as a saddle-horse, and taking pleasure apparently in being driven in his mistress's service, he became very unmanageable if he was brought out for work on the farm. He was

very observant, and he was cunning, too. Whenever he saw Wout, or Tyte, or Brom, drawing the cart or plough into the foreground, and discovered that he was expected to do his share of work, he forthwith took to his heels, and generally succeeded in making his escape for the day. There was a large, half wild island in the river, directly opposite the mansion-house, and this became a favorite refuge of Wolf in summer-time; whenever he shrewdly suspected that he would be needed in ploughing or harvesting, he would leap over the gates, rush into the river, and swim across to the island. There he had everything his own way—literally in clover the live-long day. If he saw a boat coming after him, he would wait saucily until it neared the shore, and then, kicking up his heels in defiance, he would dash into the thicket, and lead his followers such a chase that they were glad to give up the pursuit and return defeated to the barn-yard. Toward sunset cunning Wolf would take a reconnaissance of the state of things on the opposite bank: when he saw that the field-work, and horses of more humble spirit, with the carts he hated, were moving homeward, he would very coolly swim across the river again and walk into the barn-yard, with a very hypocritical air, asking mutely for his share of oats. He had recently been slightly lamed, and remained in the stall this pleasant spring evening, receiving no little attention meanwhile from old and young. He was a sort of hero with the negroes, but, then, every four-footed animal on the farm was the pet of some one of the black people. Every creature had his especial friend and champion, and wonderful were the stories they told of their favorites.

Now, with the animals, and the rollicking children, and the bustling women, and the cackling poultry, the great barn was full of rustic life and stir. And, good reader, amid all this movement, above all, mingling with all, were the birds. Swallows were there by the half-hundred, whirling, rising, falling, with the wonderful flight natural to them, free and full of power, easy, graceful, noiseless. While seemingly at idle play, weaving airy dances, the pretty creatures were, in fact, busily at work building their odd, uncouth nests of mud, so rude in aspect, so cunningly fashioned. To look at one of those mud-nests, who could believe that it was to become the cradle of a creature so purely aërial as the swallow? Seventy of those brown nests, many old, others new, and still unfinished, might have been counted clinging to the vast, sloping roof, or clustering on the beams. In and out through the great doors, in and out through smaller openings, high over the roof without, low over the broad river beyond, in shadow and sunshine, now grazing the heads of the noisy negroes, now gliding over the quiet cattle in the stalls, now whirling among the doves and martins, which also haunted that vast, hospitable barn-roof, were the sprite-like swallow-people. Yes, the great barn was full of merry, cheery life, in which the negroes, old and young, filled the largest space, no doubt, but in which the birds far outnumbered them.

There was one quiet corner, however. Yonder on the floor sat a white-headed old negro, intent, apparently, on some small task of his own. What this quiet task was we shall see presently: it concerned the birds. Uncle Cobus, now an old man, was one of the dignitaries of the Flats. In his youth he had been a sort of genius, a clever Jack-of-all-trades, making canoes and paddles and nets; mending wheels and yokes; managing the fishing; working the cider-mill; breaking wild horses, and shoeing the tame ones; raising tobacco; raising flax and hemp, and moreover spinning both. But now Uncle Cobus was old; he pottered about the garden and poultry-yard in summer-time, and in winter sat in the warm kitchen, spinning, or cobbling old shoes for the household.

Presently, while Cobus was still at his task, those dignified personages, the heads of the family, colonel and madam, appeared at the barn-door—a tall and very stately couple they were, the gentleman elderly, erect, and slender, the lady middle-aged, tall, and stout. The colonel wore a sort of imitation of the costume in favor ten years earlier among men of his class in England—an imitation marked in many of its details by touches not only provincial but somewhat rustic. Madam was clad in garments chiefly of the finest homespun material, though the mantua of black silk had come from beyond the sea a dozen years earlier. On her head was a green-silk calash. There was little, indeed, of fashion about the cutting and trimming, but the dress was worn with a simple, womanly ease and dignity, which many a bedizened, overloaded fine lady of the present day might have envied. Two pretty little girls, near relatives and adopted children, accompanied the lady and gentleman, prattling together in Dutch. Their clothing was precisely like that of the negro children in the barn—homespun in fabric, but finer in quality and neater in condition. To modern eyes they would have looked like two little old women, full of fun and play. Each wore, with an air of mischief, a large, battered man's hat.

The colonel and madam had come to see Wolf, and they had also come to see a hawk of unusual size killed a day or two earlier. Wolf was visited, caressed, and fed with maple-sugar, by the little girls. The cows, calves, and oxen, all received their share of kindly attention. And then came the turn of the hawk.

"What have you done with your hawk, Wout?" asked the colonel—in Dutch, of course—speaking to the stout negro in Wolf's stall.

"Nailed him up on the door of the poultry-house," was Wout's reply. Would master like to see him?—the biggest hawk that had been killed on the farm for ten years; the same old rascal who had carried off so many chickens and ducklings and turkey-poults—they knew him by his bigness. He was so cunning and so swift of wing that, until now, he had escaped unhurt, though shot at twenty times.

Wout, you see, was not a little proud of his feat as a marksman.

Yes, the colonel and madam wished to see this

famous hawk; and they moved toward the poultry-yard at their usual leisurely, dignified pace—a large following of chattering negroes of all sizes at their heels. That yard, in the rear of the kitchen, was oddly peopled. The various pets of the negroes were living there in rude cages—two or three squirrels, a musk-rat, a tame beaver, and, what was considered its chief ornament, a young bear's cub, daintily fed on honey and fruits whenever those could be obtained. These pets from the wilderness were all very important members of the household, a great delight to their different owners. There were a number of birds, in cages also, housed in winter, but now hanging out in the spring sunshine; all were native birds—crow, robin, a couple of yellow-birds, bluebird, and red-winged blackbird. And yonder, on the farther side of the yard, nailed to the door of the poultry-yard, with outstretched wings, was the hawk. It was, indeed, a large bird, about four feet in breadth from one wing-tip to the other, and some twenty-two inches in length. This same white-breasted hawk had carried off a hen from the poultry-yard a month earlier—a hen whose young chicks had to be brought up under the wing of Dianamat instead of the maternal feathers.

It was still what might be called early spring in that region in the first days of April. The return of the birds of passage was always closely watched by the negroes, after the long, silent winter, and that interest was still at its height. Many black hands had been busy of late preparing accommodations for the winged people. The sheds and the rear of the kitchen were well garnished with a quaint array of old hats, these being considered as especially tempting lodgings for the birds. In a trice, madam's little *protégées* were bareheaded, and the two old battered, mouse-nibbled, moth-eaten hats they had discovered in the garret were nailed up by Wout for the service of some wren or bluebird. Besides a dozen of these old hats, there were one or two cracked gourds, or squash-shells, and several rudely-built bird-houses doing duty in the same way. And in the centre of the yard was a large pollard-tree, whose limbs had been cut off at midsummer years before when full of sap, every decayed branch leaving in time a hole in the trunk, of which the birds soon took possession. The little creatures, indeed, might have considered themselves as lords of the manor—they built their nests wherever they fancied, on bush or shrub, low in the grass, high in the tallest tree, under the eaves, on the window-sills, in the garret, in the chimneys, in the barns and sheds, in the old hats, in the pollard-tree. They seemed to know that they were at home at the Flats, where every one made them welcome.

The chattering negroes had much to say about the little bird-families already in possession of tree or hat, while many more were expected. The previous summer the garden had been honored by the presence of a mocking-bird and his mate, who built in a pear-tree. This was a rare event. Seldom had those noble songsters been heard at the Flats, though not uncommon at that date near New York. And one of the stories old Cobus was fond of telling at the chimney-corner related to the visit of a flock of lovely green paroquets, which had amazed the Dutch farmers and their negroes, some years earlier, by visiting the banks of the Mohawk. They were beautiful green birds, smaller but handsomer, according to Uncle Cobus, than the solitary parrot in "Allbonny," which was a sort of family connection, belonging to a niece of madam.

But where was old Cobus all this time, and what was he about? We shall see if we follow the troop of holiday people as they return again to the great barn, headed by the colonel and madam. There, on the floor, sat the old man. Do not think harshly of him, I beg, when I tell you that Uncle Cobus sat in the midst of a row of—skulls! Let us hasten to observe that they were not human skulls; they were the skeleton heads of horses, cows, and oxen, once inhabitants of the Great Barn. The old negro had been busy putting what he considered finishing touches to these skulls, cleansing them within, scraping them without, until each had assumed an appropriate aspect of ghastly whiteness. The colonel and madam looked down upon these strange objects complacent and indulgent. They were evidently well accustomed to similar sights. Pointing with his cane to one of the skulls, the colonel asked if that was not the head of Blackbird, a famous ox. Yes; he had guessed aright—so said Uncle Cobus. Dianamat and Mariamat then came forward, and, each holding up the skull of a favorite cow, began fondling them tenderly with those fat, black hands of theirs, singing the praises of Bonnyclabber and White Clover—where should they see the like of those cows?—so many quarts at a milking, such cream, such butter, such cheese! This horse's head had belonged to the mate of Wolf, killed the previous year by an accident; that was a colt from which much had been expected. Not a skull on the floor but the negroes knew to which of their fellow-workers on the farm it had belonged. The old man had now finished his task. Rising to his feet, he took up the head of the famous ox, while the women and children, Wout and Tyte, seized upon others, and each, as it were, hugging a skull in his arms, all moved toward the barn-door in a sort of informal procession, the colonel and madam bringing up the rear. This somewhat striking, not to say imposing, procession took up its march through the barn-yard, then through orchard, garden, and meadow, until it reached the boundary of the grounds in that direction. Beyond, on the bank of the river, ran the highway, the great northern route from Albany, aiming, somewhat blindly, at Canada, but, in fact, going little beyond a very rude settlement, some twenty miles distant, called Saratoga. The highway and river-bank were shaded in summer by elms and sycamores, magnificent in growth, luxuriant in foliage, and festooned with grape-vines and creepers; below ran the great river, full to the brim with half the melted snows of the Adirondack valleys. The whitewashed fence, bounding the farm toward the highway, was the goal of the sable procession. This

fence from its public position was supposed to need especial attention ; every spring it was carefully whitewashed by Uncle Cobus, and, this annual whitewashing being now over, it was about to receive other improvements. The nature of the proposed ornamentation might be gathered from that already bestowed upon it. Every post supporting this fence was crowned with a skull ! Every dead animal belonging to the farm whose skull was sufficiently large for the purpose was honored with a post. And they were many. The herds were large, and the fence of some length : if the number of skeleton heads was not sufficiently great at any time, others were begged or borrowed from the adjoining farms of the colonel's brothers, Pedrom and Jeremias. Very proud were Uncle Cobus, and Tyte, and Wout, and Dianamat, and Mariamat, of this savage array. Did it not show how many cows had grazed in their meadows ; how many stately horses master had owned ? All skulls which had been in any way injured during the past winter, by accident or by the wear and tear of storm and time, were now removed, and others put in their places. Many were the tender associations connected with these remains of the four-footed friends and comrades of the negroes. Even the children knew the names of many of these skeletons by heart ; as for Mariamat and Dianamat, they occasionally visited this fence solely for the purpose of reviving mournful recollections of deceased queens of the herd. One skull was especially honored ; it was that of Annetje, named after Queen Anne of blessed memory, having been imported from England in her reign.

Each skull was carefully and firmly placed on the post, with the jaws downward. There was a purpose in this. It was for the benefit of the birds that this was done. There was, indeed, a double motive in this array of white skeleton heads ; they were intended quite as much for bird-homes as for the adornment of the fence. In most of the skulls already in position there were nests of the previous year's building. And in those Uncle Cobus and Wout were now placing on the posts there would ere long be merry wrens or shy bluebirds flitting in and out through the sockets of the skeleton eyes. They had a fancy for building in the crania of these skulls, a fancy the negroes had observed and encouraged. The little creatures seemed to feel themselves very much at home in those grim dwellings. They would fly in and out, utterly careless of observation. From prowling cat or curious child they were, indeed, perfectly safe. And woe betide the negro urchin who should try bird-nesting among that ghastly row of skeleton heads, the pride of the Flats !

MY MISS LAURA.

"YOU are not in my world, Renie ; you can't understand these things at all, dear."

Though these words were proud, and the lips that uttered them held haughty curves, yet the voice was very tender, for I think Miss De Neale was rather fond of the little girl who hemmed her handkerchiefs, mended her laces, dressed her hair, and read to her every night in a voice that she was kind enough to say was low and musical.

I had been an inmate of Miss Laura De Neale's home now nearly five years. Words cannot tell how I loved her, how I worshiped her beauty, what delight it was to obey her slightest wish. I could never forget the one great service she had rendered me.

Over four years previous to the time of which I am writing I had been one of the miserable, half-starved *attachés* of a small circus-troupe, then performing in a country-town where Miss De Neale was visiting with some friends, who were, in their way, the grandees of the social world.

I was then twelve years old. My mother, a celebrated rope-dancer of that day, had been dead only a week, and I had stolen to an out-of-the-way place to grieve for her.

The proprietor of the circus, a harsh man, was unkind to my mother during her last sickness, and I hated him for it. Once when he found her prostrate and shivering with an ague-fit, he spoke such words that, if my strength had been equal to my rage, I am sure I should have strangled him.

"You are down on the bills : the people expect you ; I have made excuses enough for you already." Adding, with a brutal oath, "Why don't you die, and be done with it ?"

Poor, poor mamma ! the red flew to her white cheeks. She was very pretty, even without the rouge and the powder. I never saw such eyes as hers—there was a charm in them independent of their color and depth. Although our way of living was so rude and wild, her manner and conversation were very different from those of the people by whom we were surrounded. Sometimes she would talk bitterly of her lot, of the pleasant home she had left ; and I gathered from a few phrases she dropped now and then that she had made a clandestine alliance in her early youth, and that my father had broken her heart.

So, when the manager said to her, with that cold gleam in his stony eyes, "Why don't you die, and be done with it ?" she gave him a look that will haunt me to my dying day. He may have forgotten it, but I think some time God will make him remember it.

That night mamma got up just before the time for going on, dressed herself in her playing-clothes of gauze, thickly spangled, and rouged her cheeks, breathing all the time so heavily, moving with such an air of desperate determination in everything she did, that it was like suffering terrible pain to witness it. I begged and prayed, crying like a baby, that she would not go on, for I had a strange impression at my heart that she was killing herself.

But she did go. Never had she looked so beautiful. Her eyes, bright and unnaturally large, and a singularly triumphant smile, made her face one blaze.

I watched her at the entrance. Sometimes it made my pulses beat with a sort of rapture to see how the people applauded, even while I hated them for it: for how could they help knowing how dangerous it was? Sometimes I felt a miserable tightening at the throat when I recalled all she had gone through in this company. Should I ever be able to carry her away to some lonely, often-imagined retreat, where I might live and work for her, and she should never do such toilsome work for herself or for me?

"O mother, come down! come down!" I kept praying in my heart.

And she did come down.

I alone saw the sudden change—the tottering gait. I alone of all that great crowd knew that the wonderful balance failed her at last, that the steady brain had gone wrong—I had watched her so often!

My breath left me. I gave one shriek as I saw her fall—coming from that dizzy height like some fair, broken flower, all in a whirl of light.

I heard the cries; saw men, women, and children spring to their feet with faces of horror; and then I lost all power to feel.

"Why don't you die, and be done with it?" sounded in my ears as I recovered my senses. They had carried me into one of the smaller tents. Several of the performers in their glittering dresses stood round me; one, the clown, in his harlequin robes of red and white, bent over her. They had laid her down upon some carriage-mats. I threw myself upon her dead bosom, and the stoutest there shed tears at my passionate outcries.

The days passed on. It was while lying in the dark shadow of a grove which formed the background for our tents, that Miss De Neale found me sobbing my very life out.

"Poor little one!" she said, and her soft voice stole into my tortured heart like music.

When I told her who I was, a shudder seized her frame.

"And still you must play before the people who witnessed that terrible scene?" she said, pityingly.

"I should have to play if I were dying," was my answer, "as my poor mother did."

Miss De Neale's sympathies were roused. Learning that I hated the business in which I had seen so much suffering, she used her influence, and finally procured my release, offering me a home with her, which I gladly accepted, for it was a pleasure to look forward to serving her.

I had been there a year when the Rev. Mr. Walderon, the rector of St. Paul's, became a frequent visitor, and at last Miss Laura's accepted lover. He was not handsome, but yet a man of splendid presence; and, because of his love for my mistress, and of his commanding figure and noble bearing, I came to look up to him with reverence, almost with worship. In the grand chancel of St. Paul's, radiant with its ceiling of blue and gold, its magnificently painted window, its soft, dreamy light, he stood in his white robes transfigured, in my partial sight, to the likeness of a shining angel.

Perhaps Miss Laura felt as I did. She was naturally pale; but on Sundays, and at sight of him, I have seen a faint, bright color flit over cheek and brow that made her seem almost ethereally lovely.

I had been there nearly four years, and knew all Miss De Neale's ways, her little fancies and foibles, her tastes and inclinations, and during this time my education had not been neglected. I could make myself useful to her in many ways.

The rector came to the house three or four times a week, sometimes to dinner. When this happened I had my leisure, which I employed in knitting tidies of some fanciful pattern, keeping the work a secret, for I was ambitious to add my mite to the wedding-gifts.

One evening I was sitting in her room, a lovely, pink-tinted, fire-lighted boudoir, idly thinking, for I had put my work away, expecting her presence soon. I had never been happier or more comfortable. The soft lights, the luxurious arm-chair, the conviction that my services were not to be dispensed with, when Miss De Neale should leave this for a home of her own, made me thoroughly and selfishly at ease.

A knock at the door startled me, and in walked Miss Knox, her grim face and scarlet ribbons giving me, as they always did, a vague feeling of disquiet.

Miss Knox was the housekeeper, for Mrs. De Neale had for years been an invalid. Strong-minded, capable, and seldom erring in judgment, it was she who really ran the establishment. I had always been a little afraid of her, though she professed to like me; and to-night the small, bright eyes, thin, hooked nose, and lips scarcely discernible, impressed me more unpleasantly than usual.

"Mrs. De Neale sent me for 'Keats's Life;' Miss Laura said it was on her shelf," she said, standing, as was her wont, leaning a little to one side, and looking from object to object with a swift, keen observation.

I found the volume.

"Mr. Philip Lansing has come home," she said, as she filliped the leaves of the book between thumb and finger.

"Do you mean Miss Laura's cousin? Yes—she told me," I made reply.

"Did you happen to know that he was an old lover?"

"I only knew that he had been traveling abroad several years—that is all," I made reply.

"Oh, yes; there was a great time about it; she was only sixteen. He wanted her to run off, but she wouldn't. I reckon the most of the love was on his side. He is heir, you know, to millions, and bound body and soul to his uncle. That was the trouble; Miss Laura was not rich enough to please the old man, and, having a spirit of her own, she wouldn't marry him. I believe they parted with a mutual agreement of some kind. I wonder if the love has held out on his part?"

"I hope not," I said, thinking of Mr. Walderon.

"So do I. I don't want him to be coming between them two. But very handsome men are so vain and selfish! I like Mr. Walderon. His folks was French Huguenots, so was mine—and perhaps that's the reason."

"He never would be so unprincipled," I said, indignantly.

"One can't tell; he certainly is one out of a thousand for beauty—and that, in my opinion," she added, dryly, "is all the merit he has got."

I felt a sudden antipathy to this beauty-man, and a loyal, loving impulse toward the rector of St. Paul's, albeit he was by no means handsome. I remember forming a picture in my mind, as Miss Knox stood there, of my mistress and that good man seated together in the parlor below, and an evil, beautiful face thrusting itself between them.

Miss Knox left me to brood over this piece of intelligence, and it made me very uneasy. Whenever Miss Knox had favored me before with confidential *tête-à-tête*, they always had made me uneasy. She was seldom the bearer of pleasant news.

The weeks passed on. I began to notice a change in Miss Laura. She had not been wont to sit brooding over her thoughts, but she did now. I noticed that her cousin often called in the early morning, and that she spent much time with him; that, when he had gone, she was pale, preoccupied—in fact, entirely unlike herself. I also saw that she went oftener to her money-desk, and that something weighed upon her spirits; that now and then she went out in a sort of disguise: but I dared not even conjecture, though my mind was full of terrible misgivings.

One night I sat up waiting for her till the clock struck eleven. I knew the rector had gone some time before, and was wondering what had become of Miss Laura, when the door flew open and she came in.

Her face was startlingly pale, and her eyes, unnaturally large, seemed to scintillate with quick, fiery flashes. For a moment I was frightened, but at sight of me her countenance changed. She nodded and smiled in her own pretty fashion; then, going straight to the mirror, she suddenly gloomed again, and began, in an absorbed way, to pull the pins out of her hair.

I saw that her movements were not natural, that her cheeks burned now, and her fingers trembled.

"Won't you let me do that for you, Miss Laura?" I asked.

"Not now—I'm in a hurry; my hair is so heavy! it hurts me—my head has ached all the evening. You may do it up for the night—there! now, my dressing-gown, child—the easy-chair—that is comfortable. I don't often keep you up so late, Renie. How cold your hands are!"

It was not that my hands were cold—it was that her head was hot, it throbbed heavily at the temples, and it almost seemed as if the thick, warm masses of golden brown palpitated as they fell over my arm in rich, unrestrained luxuriance.

In my own mind, I connected her evident unhappiness with her cousin, Philip Lansing. Had he been troubling her with new professions of love, or had some promise passed between them on the fulfillment of which he insisted, and by which she felt bound in honor? More dreadful than all, was Mr. Walderon unhappy on his account?

At length the long coil was combed and carefully fastened just above the nape of the shapely neck.

"That will do," she said, almost impatiently, for I lingered. "I can get along by myself now."

As I turned to leave her, I noticed that her handkerchief and *vinaigrette* had fallen at her side. I picked them up, and as I gave them to her I distinctly saw two large tears roll down her pale cheeks; and at that sight, so unusual, I could have cried myself.

"Put them on the table," she said, steadying her voice with difficulty. "I don't want them."

"Maybe you would like me to read you to sleep?" I responded, unwilling to leave her in that mood.

"No, thanks; I've had reading enough for one night. Oh, dear! I wonder if there is in the world a love that will trust—

> 'Though waves divide us,
> And false friends chide us!'

What a silly song that is, by-the-way!" she added, with a weak laugh, sinking back in the great chair.

I heard one quick, passionate sob, but her face was hidden from me, for she had thrown both arms over her head, and the drapery concealed her features.

"I feel so sorry for you!" I said, daring her displeasure; "can't I help you?" Then it was she answered:

"You are not in my world, Renie; you can't understand these things at all, dear."

I left her reluctantly, feeling that trouble had come—trouble between my beautiful mistress and the rector of St. Paul's. Was it on account of her handsome cousin? Vainly I tried to sleep. The ghastly fancy that she was sobbing on the other side of the wall haunted me. What if she still loved Philip Lansing? The grave, proud face of Mr. Walderon seemed to lighten in its disdain as I caught myself acting the part of Miss Laura in an imaginary dramatic episode, he learning the fact that the woman he loved had been wooed, almost won, and thrown aside, and that still her heart throbbed at sight of her old lover.

Then I fancied myself the rector, and took back my troth with lordly mien, and a crushed, all but dying spirit. At last, worn out with the vehemence of my personations, I fell asleep.

On awaking, the following morning, I found the sun shining broadly in my room. Miss Laura was an early riser, and must have rung for me. Hastily dressing, I hurried to her room. She was up, sitting in the great arm-chair listlessly, like one dreaming with open eyes.

"Did you ring for me?" I asked.

"I? Yes, I believe I did," she replied, with a start. "Dress me as quickly as you can," she added, with forced quiet. "I will have my breakfast

brought up-stairs. You can make some excuse to Miss Knox—say I am not well, and I really am not. I don't care at all about breakfast, but, as I am going out, I suppose I had better eat something."

I dressed her, and had a tray with coffee and toast sent up. When she had finished, she summoned me again.

"Renie, go put on your plainest wraps," she said, "and a thick veil, and wait for me in the library. I want you to go out with me this morning."

Wondering at her manner, so quiet and self-contained, so almost humble, more than at the message, I arrayed myself in a water-proof cloak, and drew a thick veil closely over my hat, and waited for her as she had directed. She came in presently, habited almost like a nun. I could see how white her face was under the muffler she had drawn across it.

Placing in my care a parcel and a small basket, she led the way, leaving word with a servant that she might not be back to luncheon.

That her errand, whatever it was, was a secret one, I knew by her manner, for she was nervous, and evidently suffering from some inward agitation. For several squares we walked along silently, and, on turning the corner of an obscure street, she was joined by a gentleman whose face I did not see at first, but whose firm, elegant figure was unfamiliar to me.

I heard Miss Laura say, in answer to some low-voiced remark:

"I can trust her—there's no risk, Philip."

So this was the handsome cousin! Oppressed with almost overpowering anxiety, I fell back a step or two, and followed slowly and unwillingly. Why had she met this man in so secret a manner? Where was she going, and on what errand? Something was wrong, else why did he pull his hat so low over his brows, and glance about now and then so suspiciously?

On and on they went together, talking but little, and in low tones, till they had reached the lower plane, locally and morally, of the city.

The house before which we stopped at last was somewhat different from its surroundings. It was flanked on one side by a grim, deserted-looking warehouse; on the other by an old Dutch church, whose few leaning, moss-covered headstones, in the small graveyard in front, seemed sinking with age into the yielding turf. The house was grim and faded, the paint dingy, and the front-door full of seams and cracks; but it had the redeeming quality of seclusion, for it sat far back from the street, overlooking a narrow garden-plat. One window over the hall-door was draped with a scant lace curtain, and a pot of geraniums bloomed underneath on the sill.

The young man, with a few eager, whispered words to Miss Laura, unlocked the door with a key which he took from his pocket, and we entered a long, cheerless hall, and from there the dreary parlor, in which there was no vestige of furniture save two wooden chairs.

"Sit down, Renie," said Miss Laura, face and manner preoccupied; "I will take the things, and you will wait for me here; I sha'n't be gone long."

My heart sank as she disappeared, leaving me alone with my thoughts. Already I had heard the tread of a man's foot up-stairs, and soon, in addition, the closing of the door above, and a lighter footstep. Never had I so keenly experienced the dread of utter desolation as now while I sat in that deserted room. Doubtless children had played in it, and light hearts sung, for it had evidently been a cheerful home once, as the defaced ornamentation and faded frescoing gave evidence of former beauty. But now the plastering was broken, the walls were black with cobwebs, and the windows quite crusted with dirt. It was evident that the place had been long unoccupied.

From the dim panes I could catch a glimpse of the crumbling tombstones at my left, and now and then a passer-by enlivened the solitude. I was thankful when a tawny cat, with red, blinking eyes, took her station on the withered mound in the centre of the little yard.

Back and forth I moved in my restlessness, still hearing the tread of steps overhead, and now and then the moving of a chair. All this time, while conjecture ran wild in my teeming brain, I seemed to see the face of the rector of St. Paul's. Very grave, very sorrowful it was, and I felt conscious of a keen pain in the contemplation of his grief.

I had seated myself, when a step on the stairs and the opening of the door caused me to spring up in terror. Philip Lansing stood on the threshold, hat in hand, and his face absolutely lighted up the room. It was, as I had heard, radiantly beautiful, with haunting dark eyes, all the more fascinating that their expression at that moment was intensely sad.

"Come, Renie," said a voice outside.

I met Miss Laura in the hall. I thought she had been crying. She handed me a basket, that seemed heavier than the one I had brought.

"Renie, this is my cousin, Mr. Philip Lansing," she said. "He has lately returned from abroad—and this, Philip, is the little *protégée* I told you about."

Mr. Philip condescended to touch his hat, and we went outside into the little yard. The tawny cat blinked at us, rose slowly, and walked away at her leisure.

Mr. Philip accompanied us to the corner, and there stopped.

"Had I not better get you a carriage?" he asked.

"No, indeed, Philip. I had much rather walk," she answered. "Come up soon—mamma likes to see you," she added, with, I thought, only an assumption of ease.

"Yes," and he stepped closer to her, "I'll be there in a day or two; but be sure that Miss Knox"—and here his voice fell, until, at the last, I heard the words, "I know *you* will not fail me," eagerly spoken.

"No, indeed, I will not, Philip; everything I can do shall be done," was the reply.

We walked home rapidly, and in silence. Miss Laura seemed plunged in deep and painful thought. It was past lunch-time when we arrived, but a plate of cake, and a goblet of milk, stood ready for Miss Laura on the table in her room. She noticed it when she took off her veil; her cheeks reddened, and a little frown made itself apparent between her brows.

"How very thoughtful of Miss Knox!" she said, in a suppressed tone; "it isn't often she thinks of my comfort in that way. When I want luncheon I will send for it. I wish she were less officious. Renie, you will oblige me if you will eat my luncheon for me. My head aches, and I'm going to lie down."

I drank the milk, but was not hungry, and took the tray back to the kitchen. I fancied that even the under-servants looked at me suspiciously, and hurried back to my room.

It was quite late when Miss Laura rose—almost dinner-time, in fact. I dressed her hair, and was just putting on the finishing touches when she spoke abruptly:

"Don't you think my cousin fine-looking?"

"He is handsome, Miss Laura," I said. "The handsomest man I ever saw."

"That's the general verdict," she replied.

"But," I added, eagerly, "I don't like his face; there are beautiful faces, I suppose, one can't like. Now, Mr. Walderon—"

"You surely don't call him handsome?" she said, with a soft laugh, that I did not quite like; then, in an undertone: "Handsome is that handsome does. Well, poor fellow! poor Philip!" she added, with a sigh that I could not help resenting, and fell into a fit of musing. Just before the bell rang for dinner, a servant came in with a note and a great armful of water-lilies. How lovely they were! Their fragrance filled the room.

In an instant Miss Laura's eyes were sparkling. She tore open the note with eager fingers, read it once, twice—smiled, then came a burst like sunshine over her face.

"Oh, the sweet, sweet things!" she cried, in an ecstasy. "I am so fond of them! Poor Philip! poor—" Her voice sank to a murmur. How could I think otherwise than that note and flowers came from her handsome cousin, as she placed the lilies in a basin of water, where, with their lustrous leaves, and long, coiling stems, they formed a beautiful picture?

Philip came after dinner on the following day. A bright, well-dressed, elegant, and jubilant young gentleman—the change was great from Philip in a slouched hat to Philip in all the glory of a fashionable suit. His ease of manner, grace, beauty of form, and merry laugh, made him almost irresistible. I sat in the little alcove leading from the general sitting-room, busy with some old lace I had been mending for Miss Laura, and I could see them both by inclining my head a little. They were a glorious pair, but it seemed to me that Philip had no right there—he was taking Mr. Walderon's place, and a sudden jealousy sprang up in my heart, which changed almost to terror, when the door opened, and the rector of St. Paul's stood on the threshold.

That same light that had come into her face when she received the lilies, flashed over it again, for in the interim I caught one glance of her as she rose to meet Mr. Walderon. I fancied there was, also, a timid, beseeching look in her soft eyes as she came forward, with outstretched hand, to meet him, but the rector advanced slowly, and greeted Philip, to whom he was presented, courteously but coldly, while Miss Laura divided her attentions between the two, and Philip addressed her with more than cousinly freedom.

As for myself, I tried to think of manifold excuses for my mistress. I would not allow that the sweet girl at whose shrine I worshiped was a coquette; and still—at least so it seemed to me, who sat there under protest—her manner grew colder and yet more distant toward the rector. He seemed to notice the gradual alteration, for an hour had scarcely elapsed before he took his leave.

"So that is Mr. Walderon, the famous rector of old St. Paul's?" I heard Philip say, when he had gone.

"Yes; how do you like him?" Miss Laura asked, with something like eagerness.

"He looks like a Puritan of the Puritans," was the laughing reply. "Is he always so statuesque?"

"By no means," she said.

"He must at least look imposing in his draperies," Philip resumed, after a brief silence. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

The speech seemed to sting her, for she replied, in an altered voice:

"That's what I thought yesterday."

"Oh, come now, Laura," he said, "don't be hard on me. If you could have seen Celeste in her tropical home, in her fleecy white muslins, her cheeks tinted with the rich glow of health, you'd alter your opinion. She is not looking at all like herself; in fact, this base climate is killing her. Besides, her face depends upon expression for its beauty. Such horrible chills would make the best complexion sallow."

I was all ears. Celeste? who was Celeste? Should I listen unwittingly to some secret? Was I forgotten in my corner? Had I better go? I felt reluctant to face them, having heard so much.

"Oh, I didn't mean to depreciate her, Philip—"

"Only to punish me for *not* appreciating your rector—was that it?" interrupted Philip, with a laugh. "But what does a man want of beauty?" and I could see his conscious face, and read the vanity even in his voice.

"Surely—but Celeste is pretty, of course, and I hope she will be well soon, poor little homesick stranger! I'm going to send her some lilies that somebody sent me yesterday—part of them, I mean—she came from a land of lilies. Just where did you find her, Philip?"

"On the island of Barbadoes, in one of the coziest nests you can imagine. Poor child! I don't doubt she longs for her native wilds—the orange-

trees, the shadeful bamboos, and her hammock. I was a barbarian to covet her."

"I must see her often," said Laura. "I will go as often as I can."

"Thank you; you are so kind and thoughtful. I knew you would like the poor little wife. Sometimes I reproach myself sadly for bringing her here, but what could I do—starve? And we came pretty near it."

"O Philip!" said Miss Laura, with a shuddering voice, "so poor as that?"

I held my breath. Philip was married, then. It was *his wife* Miss Laura had been to see that morning. No need to fear for the rector's happiness now—my suspense and suspicion had been both foolish and groundless.

"Poor, indeed!" he repeated, almost savagely. "Do you know if it had not been for that fifty dollars you sent me, she would have suffered for the necessaries of life? And when I went to my uncle, and told him I had lost my money coming over, and almost my life, he made me an allowance of ten dollars a week. What would he say if he knew I had married a woman not worth one penny?"

"Hush!" said Miss Laura, abruptly, "walls have ears;" and then I knew that she had totally forgotten my presence, and I could have sunk into the floor. I gathered myself closer to the wall, and sat there, sick and trembling.

"It would be total ruin to me if he knew of it," he said, lowering his voice a little, "but I am sure, dear cousin, that you will never, by look or word, to your dearest friend whisper the intelligence. I would have kept it a secret, even from you—indeed, I would, but that I feared the poor little creature would die if she did not see some friend. But to live in this way, with a sword hanging over one's neck, is very terrible. Above all, don't whisper it to the priest," he whispered; "I'm afraid of him," and I fancied he drew nearer her.

"You need not be; he is the soul of honor," and there was a slight shade of contempt in her voice.

"But you have promised," he said, eagerly.

"And I know how to keep my word," she answered, proudly.

After that he was very gay, but I think his manner jarred upon her mood. She proposed that he should go up-stairs and see her mother, who had asked for him, and together they left the room. It did not take long for me to gain my own room, where I sat down to revolve things in my mind, coolly and dispassionately.

Mr. Walderon had sent her the lilies, and the accompanying note—of that I did not doubt. There had probably been some misunderstanding the evening before, and the gift was a peace-offering. The lovers' quarrel, if it had taken so serious a complexion, had been caused in some way by this handsome cousin, who had burdened Miss Laura with his secret. The rector had evidently learned of her former attachment to Philip, and perhaps, being but mortal, was jealous. His brief visit in the afternoon had confirmed me in the opinion, as he generally staid to tea.

"Now, Philip should certainly keep away," said Reason and Common-sense. "His place is beside his poor young wife, especially if she is sick; and Miss Laura ought to tell him so."

But Philip chose to come, often—at all hours. Philip chose to attend St. Paul's, and show his beautiful Greek profile in Miss Laura's own pew, and I fancied that Mr. Walderon grew uneasy, for certainly Laura's cousin did not act like a Benedict. I am sorry that he gave me occasion to suspect, sometimes, that he was quite mean enough to pique the rector by his lover-like ways toward his cousin.

One evening I came down the wide staircase on an errand for Miss Knox. Only the moonlight shone in the hall. Miss Laura stood by the door of entrance, her back toward me, and the words she said came distinctly to my ear.

"If you cannot trust me, if you cannot take my simple word, Mr. Walderon, there can be no more between us. If you cannot trust me wholly—" and there her voice broke. A low murmur came in response, and he was gone.

I was back in Miss Laura's room some time before she came up. Oh, how pale she was, and her eyes wore such a strained, hard look!

"Renie," she said, "are you here?"

"Why, Miss Laura, don't you see me?" I asked, frightened at her pallor, and the way she moved her hands.

"No; my head is giddy; it is all dark; it is—all over. Where are you?"

I caught and led her to the chair, but, as I put her down, she fainted quite away. That was the commencement of a serious illness. For nearly five weeks I sat beside her, listening to her wild, delirious talk, and there I learned how devotedly she had loved the rector of St. Paul's, and that some of the meddling people of his congregation had told him of her clandestine meetings with her cousin. This, with other information of a like nature, and the foolish freedom of her cousin himself, had led to a total disruption. In her grief and anger at his want of confidence in her, she had forbidden him the house.

Night and day I did not leave her bedside, till, quite through accident, I learned that Mr. Walderon had been sick also, and was on the eve of a journey to England.

"He looks dreadfully; you'd hardly know him for the same man," said my informant; and I knew by her manner that the blame was all laid at Miss Laura's door. I inquired the particulars. If my informant was right, he was to start that very afternoon.

My resolution was taken on the instant. Whether my mistress lived or died, whether I was violating a promise or not, I was determined to see the rector of St. Paul's, and tell him all. It took me but a short time to find the rectory—would he be at home? Yes; I was shown into the library. There were trunks and packages in the hall, and a general con-

fusion pervaded the house. Presently Mr. Walderon came in. I was startled, indeed, by the change in his looks.

"I have just come from the sick-bed of Miss Laura De Neale," I said.

He started, made a gesture with his hand across his brow, as if to shade his eyes, and his lips worked.

"I heard—that she was ill," he said, slowly; "I am just recovering from sickness myself."

"I think, sir, from what I have heard, you are laboring under a mistaken idea," I began, rapidly, for fear of my resolution giving way. "You have been wrongly informed with regard to Miss Laura, and in her delirium she revealed her secret. Her cousin Philip Lansing married a poor West Indian girl in Barbadoes. He is his uncle's heir, but, if the latter hears of this union, he will disinherit Mr. Philip, who is entirely dependent. So her cousin made Miss Laura promise to keep it a secret, and it was her, the poor homesick stranger, Miss Laura has visited by stealth—it was her she sent your lilies to. O sir! you are a minister, and I am a poor girl, but you never should have doubted my Miss Laura, I do dare say that."

He stopped me with a quick uplifting of the hand. He did not say one word, but I never shall forget the face he turned toward me. I never saw a countenance change so often in a few seconds as his did.

"My good girl, my good friend!" he said, at last, seizing my hand, and his voice was music itself. I knew then that all was right. Joy had restored him to his old self; there was no need of that voyage to Europe.

After a full minute of silence he asked:

"How is she now? how did you leave her?"

"They thought she was better."

"Thank God for that! When may I see her?" He was very humble now.

"I will let you know," I said, and hurried home to her with a heart as light as a feather.

And so it came to pass that one day, as she sat supported by pillows, white and shadowy, and more beautiful than she had ever been before in her brightest bloom, I told her that the rector of St. Paul's was below-stairs, waiting to see her.

A faint flush tinged her cheeks—a tender smile curved her lips.

I left the room by one door as he entered by the other. I could not keep from crying, and yet I was very happy.

When Miss Laura rang for me two angels could not have looked more blissfully content. And I knew what the pressure of his hand meant as he bade me good-by. He will go abroad, after all, but not without my Miss Laura.

As for her cousin Philip, I trust years may make him wiser, but I pity the poor little stranger who married him for his handsome face.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

THE popular apprehension of genius is a gift that permits neglect of labor. It is believed to be a full inspiration which achieves results spontaneously and rapidly. Genius and labor are so commonly dissociated that the notion that genius in general, even the highest, is largely dependent on labor is seldom held. Genius is judged by what it produces; its processes and preparations are obscure and unknown. The very mystery of genius renders it interesting; but, despite the interest it has excited, and the attention that has been drawn to it, the general fact of its barrenness without work has not been sufficiently disclosed. The intellectual world has never been able to agree upon a definition of genius; but that which has named it untiring capacity to labor, inexhaustible patience to perform, and the like, would seem to be not far from the truth. It is hard to tell which of the two is more dependent on the other: and yet labor has assuredly accomplished more without genius than genius has accomplished without labor. Indeed, just what genius unaided can do, we seldom or never know, since work is its accepted form of manifestation. It is like abstract thought: we can feel genius, we can comprehend its force, but until it is, so to speak, clothed in labor, we are not likely to estimate its quality or judge it fairly.

In every great or famous production genius and labor are apt to be so closely and inseparably united that it is impossible to assign to each or either its proper proportion. But it is usual to assign the larger amount of credit to genius, and very little credit to labor. Genius, as has been said, is gauged by results. If any work be very good, it is attributed mainly to genius; if it be ordinary, it is attributed to labor, though its ordinariness may be owing more to inadequate labor than to inadequate genius. Hardly anybody seems to understand what marvels labor can produce, or how unfruitful genius misdirected or unsustained may prove. To the general view, genius is the gem, labor merely the setting; the gem must be radiant and attractive from its nature; the setting simply makes it conspicuous. Nevertheless, labor may have, probably has, discovered the gem, polished it, determined its quality, put it in its place. Genius is likely to be indebted to labor for its unearthing and recognition—a fact that is prone to escape attention. Genius, in the popular apprehension, must owe almost everything to itself, and can afford to despise labor—only an accident at best.

How common misjudgments are! Take two men, one of genius and no industry, the other of no genius and prodigious industry. In the beginning, the genius is accepted; is pronounced bright;

evokes admiration. The worker is regarded as commonplace and dull. But, after a number of years, opinion is reversed. The genius is wholly underrated. He is showy, though shallow, it is said. He never amounted to much. He gave promise that was not redeemed. He may have had some talent, but talent of a mediocre kind. The worker, it is asserted, has genius, and with it the sensitiveness which at first prevented its detection. As he gained confidence, grew acquainted with himself, he lost his diffidence, and appeared in his true light—a man of great natural ability. The immense amount of work which he has done is not taken into account. The unexpected result of it is explained by the possession of genius. In this way genius so constantly gets credit for what is due to labor that labor is naturally underrated. Men generally aid, and with deliberation, in strengthening and diffusing this error. They are flattered to be considered geniuses; they do not care for the reputation of workers. Anybody can work, they think; only a few can lay claim to genius. Consequently, they are inclined to hide their diligence, their painstaking, all the processes connected with labor. They have a dread of being regarded as drudges, plodders, because these terms presuppose absence of natural capacity, and most of us value what we inherit above what we acquire.

There are two distinctive kinds of genius, although there is but one kind of labor. There is the genius which is patient, toilsome, persevering, which accomplishes something, which becomes known. There is also the genius which is careless, indolent, occupied with the present, indifferent to results. This is usually brilliant, often more brilliant than the other; but its recognition is apt to be limited and its influence fleeting. It is likely to be mistaken for talent; for the general opinion of genius is so high as to hold that it must make itself widely felt, and assume some form of permanence. The former kind may be called productive—it is of the more fortunate sort; the latter, convulsive, and, being convulsive, is unrecorded. This is like to be purely personal, to depend upon time and occasion, to be prodigal, to waste itself in a hundred unworthy ways. Any account of it is preserved mainly as tradition, for its character is such that it cannot be accurately understood out of its own atmosphere.

Convulsive genius is unquestionably the more natural of the two. All genius has an instinctive dislike to labor; is impatient of mental processes; dashes at conclusions. But the productive sort tempers reason with instinct; is stimulated by ambition; gains self-discipline; grows accustomed to work as means to an end. The convulsive lacks such disposition; has not the same latent power, and therefore contents itself with spontaneous expression or mere tentative effort. It often expires with its immediate activity, and, beyond its own circle or its direct contemporaries, is not ranked as genius at all. Hence the definition of genius as untiring capacity to labor, inexhaustible patience to perform. Convulsive genius is prone to be more ideal than the productive; it has frequent glimpses of possibility which it feels that it cannot command the industry to reach, and which, to its broad sweep, may not seem worth reaching. Its exalted ideal renders all performance, especially its own, unsatisfactory, and puts aspiration at a discount. It is generally weary; it is easily tired; it abhors drudgery; it discovers no adequate reward for exertion; it despises, from its higher view, what narrower natures long to attain and are eager to toil for night and day.

Convulsive genius is illustrated through all history. Much of it has come down to us, and is still famous, though more from innate force and irrepressible brilliancy than from individual effort or deliberate design. The genius which has been named convulsive, for want of better title, has frequently produced; and yet it is very different from the genius allied to unremitting diligence and steady aim, inspired by reflection on itself with perpetual fanaticism for work.

Among the early Greeks Cleon was a genius of the convulsive order, for nearly all that he did was due to his natural parts. He has been as much misrepresented as any character of his time or country, having been portrayed as extremely selfish and corrupt, and of very ordinary ability. He stands for a type of the demagogue in the modern sense, though he was a demagogue in the Greek significance—a leader of the people. Had he not possessed exalted genius he could not have been what he was. A tanner by trade, he became a rival of Pericles, and after his death the most influential man in Athens. He had not the tact, the cunning, the social arts of Pericles (he did not, like him, withhold himself from the public, save on great occasions, lest he should be cheapened), and he suffered in reputation on account of their absence. His opposition to the Spartan peace in the face of public clamor and the intrigues of distinguished men was entirely successful, and his boast to slay or capture the enemy within twenty days he made good when his failure and ruin were universally predicted. Cleon is a good example of a gifted character written down by eminent authors. Having brought suit against Aristophanes, the great dramatic defamer of his era, the comedian bitterly assailed him in "The Knights" and "The Wasps," painting him in the blackest colors. Thucydides, believing that Cleon had been instrumental in causing his banishment, attacked him violently in his "History of the Peloponnesian War." If the demagogue had been more circumspect, had labored for fame, as so many productive geniuses do, he would not have needed, at this late day, to have the general judgment of him reversed by conscientious scholars.

Æschines was fully equal to Demosthenes in native capacity, though he is chiefly remembered as his competitor. He was unlucky in more ways than one. He embraced an unpopular cause; only three of his speeches are extant; he was forced into retirement while his rival triumphed, though only to die at last by his own hand, after despairing of the liberties of his country. Æschines was more philosophic, if less patriotic, than Demosthenes, for he

quietly taught rhetoric and oratory on the island of Rhodes for a livelihood after his downfall, and never regretted the power and place he had been obliged to relinquish. He probably understood his countrymen better than his rival did, and saw from the start that the stream of corruption could not be stemmed. He lived long enough to see his ancient enemy tried and condemned for bribery ; but his genius was not productive. His ease and love of contentment were superior to his ambition.

Aristippus was perhaps as great a philosopher as Plato, though he had a different theory of life. Indeed, he was so thoroughly a philosopher that he has been decried as sensual and avaricious, and denied the virtues which were indubitably his. Instead of being a slave to his passions, as has been charged, he prided himself on extracting pleasure from prosperity and adversity alike, which is the province of all true philosophy. Horace says of him that all form of fortune fitted Aristippus well — Aristippus who observed moderation in everything. He was too wise to write, eminently qualified though he was for composition, as Diogenes Laertius, who has preserved many of his sayings, clearly shows. When Dionysius asked him how it happened that the philosophers sought the great, while the great never sought the philosopers, he replied, " Physicians usually go to the sick, not the sick to the physicians." Rallied upon his fondness for Laïs, he said : " I possess her ; but she possesses not me." To a pedant boasting of his great reading, he remarked, " It is no sign of health to eat more than one can digest." He held that actions were to be judged good or bad by their results, and that law and custom are the sole authorities in forming a judgment. He seems really to have been an early idealist, despite his arraignment as a sensualist. He was not understood—Plato and Xenophon, whose ill-will he had incurred, speak of him disparagingly—and he was discreet enough not to care for misunderstanding. He left doing to others ; he was satisfied to be, and this is the sum of philosophy. A philosopher like him—an unproductive genius—could not hope to be appreciated even by philosophers, above most of whom he stands conspicuous.

Lucullus, one of the most celebrated of the Roman commanders, is thought of only as a sybarite. He did not waste his years in struggling for reputation. He had signal genius, and, knowing the fact, he was not forever uneasy to prove it to the world at large. He began well and ended well, entering upon public life as accuser of the augur Servilius, who had procured the banishment of his father, and closing his days in literary and luxurious retirement —a calm, disinterested spectator of the momentous scenes enacting about him. Though a soldier, he was humane in an age when humanity was hardly known ; he was in this respect a striking contrast to his contempararies, Marius and Sylla. In collecting from the cities of Asia the tribute which Sylla had imposed upon them, he was generous and forbearing, and he did not hesitate to make enemies of his own countrymen, the revenue-officers, by relieving the provinces as far as possible from their oppression. When he had conducted for eight years, with invariable success, the war against Mithridates, and was prevented, by insubordination of his troops, from completing the overthrow of the King of Pontus, he did not repine, nor did he seek to stir up civil strife because his command had been transferred to his rival Pompey. He quietly returned to Rome, and spent most of the remainder of his life at his rural villas in rational enjoyment of a magnificent fortune, intellectual intercourse with his friends, and in composing a history of the social war in which he had been so prominent a figure. Great as Lucullus's genius undeniably was, it was convulsive in the sense here employed, for it was capable of surrendering ambition and power, and of counting these as undeserving in comparison with peace of mind and elegant hospitality.

Lucretius is probably the first of Latin poets, and yet he was scarcely appreciated by any of his contemporaries except Ovid, and is, indeed, not appreciated to this day. His one work, " De Rerum Natura," designed to illustrate the atomic theory of the universe, although didactic and apparently barren as a theme, contains beauty and sublimity which Virgil has not equaled. He denies the agency of a supreme power ; he believes that all existence ends with the body ; he undermines the lofty, variegated tower of self-love ; but he makes annihilation charming ; he dispels with magic numbers the cherished dream of immortality. Untenable and absurd as are many of his theories (based on the philosophy of Epicurus) in the light of modern discoveries, he has, nevertheless, much in common with nineteenth-century science, and was one of the earliest to deal a blow at rampant superstition. He was philosopher not less than poet. The fifth book of " De Rerum " is a marvel of speculation and synthetic reasoning, and his apostrophe to Venus in the first book is not exceeded by anything in Homer. But Lucretius dwelt so much within himself, was so indifferent to applause, that very little is known of the man or his life. He said what he had to say from the need of expression, and, having said it, he is believed to have died by his own hand, as was consistent with his principles. If productive, he was productive by accident alone.

In this particular he resembled Montaigne, who was one of the humanest of men ; who was vain, careless, egotistic, indolent, insensible to duty, as we should put it in these days, but still extremely wise. He prided himself on his lineage, and on petty honors which he had acquired, though he never thought of the " Essays " that have made him immortal. Son of a military feudal baron, he hated war ; dying according to the forms of the Roman Church, he had little faith in theology or in aught else ; delighted to think of ancestral distinctions, he discarded social forms, and was at heart a democrat. He was two centuries in advance of his time ; his dearest friend was Etienne de la Boëtie, who wrote, in his eighteenth year, a fiery invective against royalty, and whose liberal doctrines anticipated those of Jean Jacques ; he

was tolerant, charitable, an advocate of freedom in an epoch of bigotry, selfishness, and despotism. Tried by a practical standard, he was trifling and worthless. He detested every kind of deliberation; he knew nothing of his affairs; never looked at his accounts; could not read his own writing; could not remember the names of his servants nor of the current coins; never read a book save in self-defense; was supremely ignorant of all ordinary things; was the embodiment of laziness and indifference. Yet the world will not be likely to neglect his "Essays," a volume of which, wondrous praise! is the sole book Shakespeare is known to have had in his collection. They owe their unfailing fame to their perfect naturalness, their absolute humanity: they are like confessions of ourselves which, as we never make, we love to have others make for us. Through their unvarying humanity they have stood, and will continue to stand, the test of time. Montaigne was productive while, so far as his carelessness would permit, he intended to be unproductive.

Mirabeau, with all his prodigious force as an orator, was driven by his constitution and circumstances to do whatever he did. Strong, passionate, impetuous, self-willed, it was his fortune in youth to be balked in everything he undertook, to be goaded into need of freedom by wrong and oppression from his very childhood. No wonder his tyrannical father, who proclaimed himself the friend of man, regarded him as a monster physically and intellectually; no wonder he struck at the authority of priests and princes; no wonder he grew to be a torrent of irresistible eloquence. He worshiped Nature; he loved his kind; he had great faults and great virtues; he was the personification of energy, resolution, and work. Born under different conditions, in another era, he might have been wholly another man. But he was fitted to revolutions; he was himself a revolution; he found his labor and his requirement in France and the eighteenth century, and no man has more fully illustrated and influenced his epoch. All his sufferings, mental and corporeal, produced fruit, and wholesome and abundant fruit, while, united with his fiery temperament, they made him what he was, and wore him out at forty-two. His genius was brilliant, blazing, though in a certain sense it was convulsive or unproductive, since his endeavors to effect reforms through law, to reconcile political freedom and constitutional monarch, were frustrated; passion overriding reason and introducing the Reign of Terror.

These examples of convulsive genius do not represent genius as commonly understood or commonly found, and cannot be quoted, therefore, against the theory and fact that, as a rule, genius and labor go hand-in-hand. Whatever is known of men great in performance of any kind, who have been consistent, who have affected their age, who have achieved positive results, assists to illustrate this truth.

Aristotle, the most eminent, perhaps, of ancient philosophers, and by many regarded as the most remarkable man, intellectually, of all time, was untiring in industry, so full of active force that he could not keep still while instructing his pupils. His labors were fully equal to his genius. He studied Nature and her phenomena with unflagging patience; he allowed himself no rest in search of truth. For two thousand years he ruled the world of thought, and, toward the close of the last century, Lessing, Schneider, Wolf, and subsequently Hegel, relieved him of the neglect into which he had fallen. Notwithstanding his identification for ages, especially by the Roman Church, with scholastic forms, he was really the father of induction, and he has announced its principles as completely and clearly as Bacon himself. He was the creator of natural science; he was the first careful observer, the first dissector of animals, the first systematizer of facts. He nearly discovered the circulation of the blood; he declared that our ideas must be conformed to what has been established by observation and experience; that the mental or moral and material worlds must correspond. He anticipated centuries, which he could not have done save by perpetual diligence, by incessant work, to which he owed his wisdom and influence quite as much as to any native gifts.

Little as is known of Archimedes, the most renowned mathematician and mechanician of antiquity, the familiar story—doubtless authentic—of his slaying by a Roman soldier while absorbed in his problems, shows his extraordinary devotion to labor. His enthusiasm and capacity for work obviously had no bounds, and the remarkable accounts of his defense of Syracuse, apocryphal as they are considered, may be true. If not, they prove at least his reputation for toiling. Fully one-half of what he accomplished must have come from his wonderful labor.

Demosthenes was more indebted to his resolution and exertion than to Nature for his matchless eloquence. His obstinate efforts to become an orator in the face of many physical disadvantages are familiar enough. He was delicate in health; he was short of breath; his voice was feeble and stammering; his manners were awkward. But he remedied these shortcomings by running up-hill, by speaking with pebbles in his mouth, by declaiming on the sea-shore, by practising before a mirror. His first effort before a popular assembly, according to Plutarch, met with laughter and derision; whereupon he shut himself up, shaved one side of his head to hinder any temptation to go out, and transcribed the history of Thucydides eight times to benefit his style. His immense power before the people is easily understood with such inflexible determination and perseverance. Such a man, as Fénelon says, must have lightened and hundered, must have carried everything before him like a torrent. He knew how to work—he was prodigal of labor—and his unremitting work seemed like pure inspiration.

Julius Cæsar, foremost man of all the world, as Shakespeare calls him, as true a genius as has ever existed, had inherited drawbacks to make good, and he made them good by indomitable energy and will. Of delicate constitution, subject to attacks of epilepsy, he grew so hardy by constant exercise and

exposure that none of his soldiers could exceed him in enduring the fatigues and privations of military campaigns. Although his ceaseless exertions, anxieties, and responsibilities wore upon him toward the close of life, he never remitted his studies or his vigilance; he was to the last the supreme hero, a natural king of men. In the splendor of his almost universal achievements we are apt to forget that even Cæsar depended largely upon labor.

Columbus, who had arrived by reasoning at the conviction that by sailing westward he could reach Japan (Cipango) or the eastern part of Asia, spent years in seeking for assistance to carry out his idea. Eighteen years before he had sailed upon his first successful voyage, he had meditated the discovery of a western route to India; but his sagacity and prescience would have been fruitless except for his dogged perseverance and tireless diligence. Amid grinding poverty and every phase of discouragement he nourished his grand enterprise, begging bread at the convent of Palos while on his way for assistance to the Spanish court after the King of Portugal had tried to rob him of the meed of his project. It has often happened to genius, as in the case of Columbus, that, while failing in its direct purpose, it should accomplish another and greater purpose, of which it had never dreamed. After four prosperous voyages, after suffering everything, after having been treated with the blackest ingratitude, Columbus died in penury and neglect, unconscious that he had discovered a new world. He imagined to the end that Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, and the other islands which he had reached, were only remote parts of Asia.

Descartes, the pride of France and wonder of his contemporaries, was a gigantic worker. Leaving college at nineteen, he renounced his books, the received methods of education, the intellectual prejudices of his time, and resolved to admit nothing that would not bear the test of reason and experiment. It is hard to realize now the audacity of such an attempt, the immensity of such a task; it shows how he was inflamed with the passion of work. He traveled, he reflected, he examined, he studied for years before he published anything; he was over forty when he gave to the public his "Discourse on Method;" and yet he was precocious and spontaneous. No thinker or scholar of his day was so thoroughly versed in metaphysics, mathematics, chemistry, and astronomy, and he wrought a greater change in speculative philosophy than any preceding author since the revival of learning, and mainly through his vast capacity to labor.

Newton revolutionized science; he stands at the head, and alone, of all the discoverers of Nature's laws. But his commanding genius needed to be supplemented by an intellectual patience and activity that have never been surpassed. By his life-long engrossment in study he not only controlled, he actually extinguished, some of the strongest passions of humanity. Only a man of such immeasurable mind and acquirements could have honestly said near the end of his life: "I seem to have been like a child playing on the sea-shore; diverting myself now and then by picking up a smoother pebble or prettier shell than common, while the mighty ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." A man must be a transcendent genius and a preternatural worker to have such an illimitable vision of knowledge.

Spinoza, who has exercised such an immense influence on modern thought, whom all broad, independent minds of this century have learned to admire and appreciate, surrendered every comfort, recreation, and pleasure, for study and investigation of truth. He was a veritable recluse; he fed his genius by daily and nightly toil, as oil feeds the flame of a lamp. His extraordinary work on "Ethics," demonstrated by a geometrical method, was the product of incessant labor and of a great mind, wholly divested of prejudice, and *un*humanly disinterested.

Montesquieu, one of the most original and brilliant writers of France, formed studious habits very early, and was an insatiable reader. He was wont to say (happy man) that he had never had a sorrow which a book would not speedily relieve. The "Spirit of Laws," by no means voluminous, he spent fourteen years in preparing. He was a sparkling talker; he appeared to do everything without effort; but whatever facility he had acquired was the consequence of labor some time performed.

Alfieri redeemed and metamorphosed the poetry of his era and country. His tragedies are simple, strong, passionate, often sublime, models of their kind, the very reverse of the artificial, spiritless, imitative literature which had preceded them. He was as poorly educated as he well could be; he was melancholy, morose, restless, licentious, and at twenty-five he was deplorably ignorant. Travel, love-makings, quarrels, indolence, having partially spent themselves, he conceived a fancy for the drama, and between spasms of gallantry and self-disgust he began a play which he called "Cleopatra." He could not get on with it; his restlessness and hatred of exertion returned; he compelled his valet to tie him into a chair, and leave him to composition. So the play was finished, and its finishing kindled his ambition. He had no artistic culture, no command of expression in any tongue, but he had a detestation of tyranny and an unconquerable will, and to these he trusted for success. He laboriously undertook to retrieve his education, to unFrenchify and then Italianize his mind, translating French plays into his native tongue, and studying Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, to that end. He had really to learn his own language, which, from his uniform habit of speaking and reading French, had become foreign to him. He grew to be an enthusiast in literature; he traveled with a definite aim; he sought companionship with scholars; he worked vehemently and continually to mature his art and form his style. He quitted Piedmont, his native principality, and for a while made Florence his abode, where, cheered by the society and encouraged by the sympathy of the Countess of Albany, he trained himself to composition, and produced the only genuine tragedies of which the Italians can

boast. No man of genius has ever developed his genius with more energy or toil than Alfieri.

The "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is a monument of learning and research, and is generally ranked as one of the ablest and most accurate of histories. It is the product of high genius, and still Gibbon did not fairly discover his own genius until he had completed his first volume. The entire work was finished in manuscript with hardly any erasures or interlineations, which would indicate that he wrote without effort. He did so write mechanically; but he had gathered and digested all his materials, and acquired his style with unwearied pains and by years of labor, before he had commenced his first chapter. He confided chiefly in work which lies unrevealed behind his most brilliant and seemingly spontaneous periods.

Genius for anything, whether literature, exploration, discovery, science, art, or war, not only wants, it requires effort and experience for its unfolding. Frederick the Great was incontestably a born captain; he had extraordinary courage, fortitude, fertility of resource, invincible will; yet at his first battle, Mollwitz, he fled from the field. His army had been victorious; but the sight of real war so affected his nerves that he put spurs to his horse, and galloped miles from the scene of action. How wholly contradictory this of the prince who, by individual force and exertion, lifted his petty kingdom into a great military and political state; who increased his territory twenty-nine thousand square miles and his subjects nearly four millions! He had appeared before his accession a sensualist, an aimless voluptuary, an empty theorist, a speculative scribbler, for he lacked opportunity, scope, freedom —the things which effort usually supplies to investigating or creative genius. Having got what he had lacked, he proved himself an eminent commander, a sagacious statesman, a profound political economist, an architect of government.

Men of the most spontaneous intellect are rarely spontaneous in their distinguishing achievements. Hard, absorbing work must generally be done some time, either in preparation or execution. Sheridan had the name of a radiant and ever-ready wit; he had but to open his mouth, it was thought, and epigrams flowed thence in a sparkling stream. He was very vain of, and carefully cultivated, such reputation. But he did not deserve it. His astonishing readiness was a sham; he used to lock himself in his chamber, and, under pretense of recovering from a debauch, slowly and deliberately devise the fine speeches which he assumed to throw off by sudden impulse. Some of his vaunted impromptus cost him hours of reflection. The present text of "The School for Scandal" is totally different from the first copy; not lines merely, but passages, scenes, and entire acts were recast and rewritten again and again. Almost everything that emanated from him was the result of much deliberation. He was a rare genius; but before he was so ranked, as well as after, he was a hard worker.

Tennyson's best poems seem as if they had run in all their sympathy and sweetness from his overflowing brain. But no poet has ever toiled more over his verses: he forms and reforms them; changes, erases, reproduces, files, and polishes them, until those that stand would never suspect their relation to their early and remote progenitors.

Very few poems or writings of any kind that are reread or remembered but have been wrought with copious brain-sweat. As a rule, the offspring of genius, whatever its nature, is born with exceeding travail, although it is common to believe it generated after the manner of Pallas.

Emerson, the most original, if not the most profound, thinker in the republic, and one of the quaintest poets, is the slowest of composers. He considers twenty lines, which he is willing to keep, a good day's work—and they are, remembering their kind. He has been a professional author for more than forty years; he has labored steadily, and the entire contents of his wise little books could easily be put into a single octavo. His fame is world-wide; his genius is universally conceded; but he has always toiled terribly; his whole life has been devoted to observation, meditation, comparison, analysis, speculation. Albeit not a bit of a book-maker, he has been in one sense supremely professional.

Hawthorne's works are patterns of excellence in design, detail, and finish. In literary Europe he is known where scarcely any other American is; his rich genius has long been recognized on both sides of the sea. But was a single chapter of his dashed off as most of us are inclined to believe the writing of genius ordinarily is? Hawthorne has made no literary confessions; he shrank from the thought of exposing his intellectual laboratory. But it is altogether probable that his productions grew—grew with him, out of him, and into him again; that they were woven fibre by fibre; that they were the indelible photographs upon his mind of severe studies of Nature and humanity. His matchless, flawless sentences show the most solicitous attrition, the ceaseless exercise of enthusiasm for perfection. They appear so natural that they must be begotten of the deepest art. They are the mingled product of great genius and great work, one always coming to the aid of the other, and preserving a just and beautiful proportion.

Poe is originality itself. Some of his poems and most of his tales have no parallels in any literature. To resemble them is to imitate them; they are strictly unique. They are unhealthy, narrow, limited; but wonderful nevertheless. Everybody speaks of Poe as a pure genius, as an exceptional intellect, as a thoroughly peculiar organization. And he was indubitably; but no author has labored harder, more calmly, more rigorously, at his self-appointed tasks. His philosophy of composition is no doubt true, an accurate reflex of his method. His creative processes were like the processes of mathematics. Despite his fickleness, his love of contrast, his infirmity of purpose, he was a marvel of work while he did work, having spasms of diligence that were well-nigh superhuman.

Wendell Phillips's speeches are peerless in their way. Where are we to look for their counterparts? The Southerner who, before the war, called him, on account of his antislavery efforts, an infernal machine set to music, made at once a clever epigram and, from his standpoint, a happy characterization. All of Phillips's lectures and orations seem extemporaneous, and it is said that they are never written out beforehand. But they cannot be extemporaneous. One would almost as soon suppose "Hamlet" or "Othello" to have been spontaneous. They may not have been written on paper, though they must have been written in the mind previous to delivery. Ready as Phillips is, varied and affluent as his vocabulary may be, it is necessary to believe that he mentally arranges with elaboration and exactness the glowing tributes and the polished invectives which fall so gracefully and with such seeming unpremeditation from his lips. His apparent spontaneity cannot fail to be the fruit of labor remotely or nearly performed.

The published production of genius is like the personation of an actor on the stage. We see it, and judge of it as it is presented, without thinking or caring by what means he has arrived at his superiority. Research, reflection, study, are not taken into account: it is the effect of his work, not the work, that we consider. Quite likely we explain his impressiveness, his influence upon us, his naturalness, as we choose to style it, by pronouncing him a genius, just as we explain discoveries in science, accomplishments in art, triumphs in literature. They are what they are because they have sprung from genius — the measureless work which has aided, shaped, ripened, expressed, the genius, is not remembered, nor is it generally suspected.

Productive genius has almost invariably its attendant agony of effort, and the willingness, often the gladness, to undergo such agony is a concomitant and inseparable part of productive genius. Nevertheless, it is maintained that labor is primarily unwelcome, even hateful, to real genius, and is undertaken for the most part from egotism, curiosity, ambition, or some other form of self-love. Convulsive genius, frequently of the purest, sometimes of the highest, obeys its instinct and refuses to work with any such earnestness or persistency as will publicly make manifest its affluent possession. But, as has been said, the convulsive is not recognized nor regarded as true genius, since it is averse to harmonizing with what seems to be its destiny. Strictly speaking, it is unnatural for genius to sustain continued and severe effort, notwithstanding it generally does sustain it. Convulsive genius alone acts out its inward promptings; productive genius, by resisting and overcoming strong temptation to ease, or at most to mere occasional endeavor, earns appreciation, and wears the laurel above the crown of labor, which in itself is a crown of thorns.

COLLECTANEA.

A POETIC COOK-BOOK.

"The undevout gastronomer is mad."

I WONDER how many of those who enjoy Charles Lamb's essay on roast-pig and Thackeray's Horatian lyric—

> "Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,
> I hate all Frenchified fuss;
> Your silly *entrées* and made dishes
> Were never intended for us"—

have ever taken thought of how much eating and drinking goes on in our prose and verse until at times all English literature seems one vast Rabelaisian revel? Sam Weller goes, for instance, to a "swarry," and Pendennis nearly fights a duel with a French cook, M. Alcide de Mirobolant—wondrous name, and characteristic as was the wont of its creator! And a wonderful creation is M. Alcide de Mirobolant, who makes love by the *menu*, and attacks the heart of his mistress *à la carte*, and is altogether a worthy descendant of the coachman-cook of Molière, and a worthy mate of the culinary artist of another and later French play, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," written by the one French dramatist of our day who has the most of Molière's wit and insight, M. Emile Augier. And not in prose alone does Thackeray celebrate the cook and his works, but in verse also—in that touchingly beautiful "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," which begins by tickling our palates, and ends by pulling our heart-strings. And Lamb abounds in references to eating and the good things of the table. One of the absurd images to him irresistible was a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail! Another Englishman, a contemporary of the poor clerk of the India Office, coming late and making it up by going away early—a contemporary who probably did not even know of Lamb's existence during his life, although Lamb's later fame now wholly overshadows his own, Sydney Smith, to wit—is always talking and writing of dinners and dining: "Luttrell came over for a day, from where I know not, but I thought *not* from good pastures; at least, he had not his usual soup-and-pattie look. There was a forced smile on his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled, and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman. He was very agreeable, but spoke too lightly, I thought, of veal-soup." Luttrell, it is to be feared, was a man who would speak disrespectfully of the equator.

To Sydney Smith, however, a great debt of gastronomic gratitude is due. It is he who brought poetry to the aid of the palate, and set forth the making of a salad in rhyming longs and shorts. Now, although purists in salads repudiate utterly

the heresies they discover in Sydney Smith's receipt, yet it is fitting that a poetical cook-book should begin by again quoting it. It occasionally goes the rounds of the papers, but few people know exactly where to put their hand on it when needed :

RECEIPT FOR A WINTER SALAD.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen-sieve
Unwonted softness to the salad give.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment which bites too soon.
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion-atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And, lastly, on the flavored compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy-sauce.
Then though green-turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full the epicure may say,
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day!"

Now, the American who has known a delicate and refined salad of celery or lettuce, with a *mayonnaise* dressing, will fail to find anything but fault with the heterodox principles of the English poet. But, consider his case—consider how barbarous the Briton is in the making of salads, heretically heaping together half a hundred incongruous and conflicting vegetables, to the total destruction of the subtile harmony which should rule a salad as much as a symphony—consider this, and the poet-preacher is pardonable. It is an anonymous disciple who has rhymed for us a receipt for the making of the national dish of England, the especial delectation of the sweet-tooth of the British lion, the plum-pudding—an English monopoly once, but now freely compounded by the ingenious Yankee, and packed in cans and vended here and there over the surface of the globe, spreading everywhere a knowledge of the British bill-of-fare, and sowing everywhere the seeds of indigestion :

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.

To make a plum-pudding to Englishmen's taste,
So all may be eaten and nothing be waste,
Take of raisins, and currants, and bread-crumbs all round ;
Also suet from oxen, and of flour a pound.
Of citron well candied, or lemon as good,
With molasses and sugar, eight ounces, I would.
Into this first compound next must be hasted
A nutmeg well grated, ground ginger well tasted,
With salt to preserve it, of such a teaspoon full ;
Then of milk half a pint, and of fresh eggs take six ;
Be sure after this that you properly mix.
Next tie up in a bag, just as round as you can,
Put it into a capacious and suitable pan,
Then boil for eight hours just as hard as you can.

This fellow is but a rhymster ; he brings to the task neither the metrical skill nor the poetic fervor of his predecessor, and he is as readily surpassed in the making of culinary couplets as his countrymen are in the concocting of the pudding itself. An American poet, Mr. W. A. Croffut, catching his inspiration from the salt savor of the silent marshes, sings thus of

CLAM-SOUP.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges
Of saline coves you'll find the precious wedges,
With backs up, lurking in the sandy bottom ;
Pull in your iron rake, and lo ! you've got 'em.
Take thirty large ones, put a basin under,
And cleave with knife the stony jaws asunder ;
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor,
Bring to a boil (and, by-the-way, the quicker
It boils the better, if you'd do it cutely).
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely.
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes,
And while it bubbles quickly stir within its
Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks mutter,
Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter,
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion,
And clams need salting, although born of ocean.
Remove from fire (if much boiled they will suffer,
You'll find that India-rubber isn't tougher) ;
After 'tis off, add three fresh eggs well beaten,
Stir once more, and it's ready to be eaten.
Fruit of the wave ! oh, dainty and delicious !
Food for the gods ! ambrosia for Apicius !
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,
Or titillate the palate of Silenus.

Are not these the very dithyrambic rhapsodies of gastronomic rhyming ? In rhyme it is the equal of the Reverend Sydney's, and in reason far superior. But the best of all gastronomic poetry is certain maxims condensed into couplets by Mr. Sam Ward, "Vestibuli Rex," and king of culinary connoisseurs. They are somewhat in the style of the whist maxims to which all players seek to be true as the needle to the pole. Mr. Ward has not confined himself to the concocting of but one dish ; he is an appreciative epicure, and delights in all, celebrating the good points of each, and seeking, it may be, to conceal the defects of each :

Always have lobster-sauce with salmon,
And put mint-sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal-cutlet dip in egg and bread-crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyère cheese on macaroni ;
Make the top crisp, but not too bony.

In dressing salad, mind this law :
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber-brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a fine flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons ; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton minus capers.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast-fowl with tasteless stuffing.

Egg-sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster-sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious;
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

A comparison of this comprehensive statement, or rather of its fourth couplet, with the salad receipt of the Reverend Sydney, will show that the American has more fairly seized the poetry of that dainty, and delicate, and most delicious compound than the Englishman. A comparing of it also with Mr. Croffut's clam-soup stanzas will show that both American authors have happened upon the same rhyme for Apicius.

There is, in an early work of that Lewis Carroll, the delight of all children of a larger growth, for that he wrote "Alice in Wonderland," a poem which describes the interview of an incipient rhymster with an older adviser, who descants upon modern poetry, its rough incoherence, its incomprehensibility, and its sometime success. And, finally, the versifying neophyte ventured on a few lines in accordance with these theories, in the which lines he alluded to mutton-pies as "dreams of fleecy flocks pent in a wheaten cell." Now, this phrase seems to hold within itself the promise and potency of poetic possibilities as practically applied to epicurean and culinary art too vast to pass over without pause. What a subtile idealization of creature comforts is suggested by these two lines! Consider how prosaic the common term seems! Mutton-pies, indeed! we'll have none of them. But dreams of fleecy flocks *pent*—how apt the word!—pent in a wheaten cell! Why, the very sound falls smoothly and soothingly upon the ear, and titillates the palate with temptation. It opens vistas of vast reach in the poetic art; for, if Poetry be once made the handmaiden of Cookery, the scope is boundless, and it no longer need fear lack of popular appreciation. What man gifted with organs of digestion could refuse attention to a poem in praise of parsley, to stanzas on celery-salad, or to an ode to an oyster—not on its being crossed in love, but on the occasion of its getting into a broil? Nor need these new-found theories confine themselves to poetry alone. Already has another art apprehended and assimilated this suggestion. Mr. John Phœnix, in his famous criticism of the great American symphony, "Crossing the Plains," dwells lovingly on the skill with which the musician depicted the travelers seated around the camp-fire of an evening while the bacon sizzled gently in the frying-pan. And thus in the fullness of time, as the new theory of art makes its way more and more into the feelings and fancies of musicians, we shall have a trio to terrapin, a *gavotte* on gumbo, and a *concerto* celebrating the canvas-back. Then, indeed, may it be said that the art-work of the future, despite the opposition of Herr Richard Wagner, is a properly-scored, poetical cook-book!

A POEM BY LORD JEFFREY.

THE following literary curiosity—an unpublished poem by Francis Jeffrey—was addressed to a daughter of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in the year 1794, when the writer was in his twenty-second year. It is taken from the original, somewhat illegible manuscript. Lord Jeffrey's productions were always a trial to printers as well as to his friends. Sydney Smith says, "How happy I should be if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself!"

TO MISS MARY GRANT.

Not for the charm, sweet maid, that melody
Has richly breathed amid thy simple lays,
Has my sad Muse resumed her energy
In long-disusèd strains to speak their praise;

Nor for the fairy light by genius shed
In magic gleams in melting tones among,
Nor for the flowers by sportive fancy sped,
Do I applaud thy sweet, engaging song.

The idle tinklings of harmonious sound
Oft from the touch of ignorance have flared;
And oft have fancy's barren flow'rets crowned
The strains where genius ne'er effulgent glared.

By hands impure the Muse's holy lyre
With matchless skill has oft been badly strung,
And genius thundered with reluctant fire
In the vile accents of a venal tongue.

Thy simple lays thy spotless breast display
Give back the image of a soul sincere,
And win all hearts with sympathetic sway
Who love the virtues that are copied there.

More sweet to me thy native wood-notes wild,
Warbled unstudied to thy simple lyre,
Than all the strains that learning ever toiled
With lifeless beauties vainly to inspire.

O child inspired! might this enchanted strain
But be prolonged through many a future day,
And might this artless soul forever reign
Which pours so sweet the rude, romantic lay!

But ah! that artless soul that now so warm
Breathes out its sweet simplicity, will lose—
At last will lose—the perishable charm,
And scorn perhaps its simple, childish Muse.

'Twere vain to hope it lasting—will the rose
That opens on thy blooming cheek relay
Its broader tints successive to disclose—
To spread, to blaze, to languish, and decay?

Nor with less fatal certainty expire
The air-drawn forms that please our early days,
While earth-born cares depress that heavenly fire
That in the world's contagious gleam decays.

I love the fount whose crystal waters creep
In clear, low murmurs, down the pastoral valę
From the wild rock amid their windings leap,
And catch their echoed ravings in the gale.

Yet as it rolls, this fair, sequestered stream,
That, trembling, stole along its lonely bed,
Wide o'er the peopled land at last will gleam,
And its bold waves to guilty cities lead.

The naiads haunt its echoing banks no more,
Nor dance at eve upon its lapsing tide;
The frighted fairies fly the crowded shore,
And all the magic of their revels hide.

My wakened spirit, with poetic love,
Hails the slow-kindling morn, when her red ray
Gleams through the fragrant dews, and o'er the grove
On the far hills with partial glory play.

The long, long vales are dark in ling'ring shade,
Faint on the cold sea floats the trembling ray;
Yet, while I gaze, the magic scenes are fled,
And all the fairy shadows float away.

The fiery sun, broad o'er the flaming skies,
Streams the full radiance of the garish day;
The purple dews are quenched, and vulgar eyes
With sullen scorn the opening scene survey.

Yes, and the blossom, whose unfading hues
So often won my young, enamored eyes,
That, glittering, swelled beneath the vernal dews,
And waved and frolicked in the summer skies—

It, too, must fade; the dark, descending year
With chilling touch will blast its lovely form,
Its breathing tresses will relentless tear,
And all its painted, flutt'ring sweets transform.

What though the full fruit from its ruins rise,
And rich amid the sober foliage glow,
Yet still lament the fond, regretful eyes—
The little flower that used to crest the bough?

O secret stream! O dewy morn! O flowers!
Whose tender bloom my youthful fancy won,
Why should your doom so well depicture ours,
To bloom so lovely, but to change so soon?

Blest child, adieu! while yet the charm will stay,
Thy tuneful task with fairy hand pursue;
And, when it melts in life's advancing day,
May ripened virtues lead to pleasures new!

Again farewell, sweet maid! a stranger's tongue,
When flattery ne'er inspired the voice of praise,
Charmed by the sweetness of thy simple song,
This lovely offering to thy genius pays.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

When Mr. George Warrington got to work again on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Captain Shandon discovered it at once: "I know the crack of his whip in a hundred, and the cut which the fellow's thong leaves. There's Jack Bludyer goes to work like a butcher, and mangles a subject. Mr. Warrington finishes a man, and lays his cuts neat and regular straight down the back, and drawing blood every time." The simile is hardly pleasant; but is it not just? Has not the crack of the critic's whip been heard through the land more than once? Fifteen years ago, *Vanity Fair*—our own American *Vanity Fair*—had a clever little cut representing the weary editor calling for coffee, as he was "going to see another American comedy, and must keep awake somehow." American comedies are more frequent now, and less soporific, it may be—no critic now needs aid in avoiding sleep; he is only too wide-awake and sharp-set, as the poor playwright shall find to his sorrow. Repenting of his early "geniality," the critic finds an American play fair game, into which whoso will shall shoot as many arrows as he may. Now, this acid reaction is almost as far from the golden mean as the earlier sweetness; and the author, at bay, at times turned savagely on his assailants to rend them—not always with success. Mr. Bret Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar," when brought out here, suffered sorely between the critic who came like a surgeon with a scalpel to lance and let out all impurities, and the critic who came with a dagger to stab in the back like an assassin. Beneath this contumely the author writhed, and was rash enough to print, with his approval, a letter, one paragraph of which declared that "the day when the dignified critical expression of the press could influence the multitude regarding the merits of a play or artist has passed. It has become merely a vehicle of advertisement, the largest purse commanding the longest and strongest editorials." Mr. Harte's irritation was, to a certain point, excusable. It must, for instance, have been torture to see his work mangled by one who only knew him as the author of a comic song; but a charge as vague and as general as this met with the contempt it deserved, and is only now revived because it has of late been in some sort repeated by Mr. Dion Boucicault, and because it affords occasion to ask this question: What are the qualifications of the average dramatic critic for his position? A cursory examination of the current reviews of the stage shows that they fall into two classes: dramatic criticism and theatrical reporting. Some of them are evidently the work of men who know what good criticism is, and who aim at its execution. But much of it—if not, indeed, most of it—is not criticism at all, but reporting—the work of an ordinary reporter detailed for the night, who writes in reporter's English as good a descriptive report as he can, recording the dresses and decorations, the acting, it may be, perhaps even the play, at which he may poke fun, if haply he think his account needs enlivening. Criticise the reporter obviously cannot, and seemingly it is not expected of him. Yet the theatrical reporter as such has his uses; the misfortune is, that he is often set to do the work of a critic, or that the two incompatible functions are regularly discharged by one and the same man. Mrs. Kemble has said that we are a theatrical people like the French; and we certainly have a greater liking than the English for the stage and for its gossip. Now, the feeding of this liking by the collection of the news and the chronicling of the small talk of the stage is within the legitimate sphere of the theatrical reporter, and to set a dramatic critic to hunt up these items of gossip is like using a rifle to catch a butterfly. Besides, if a critic may have to haunt the manager's office to hunt up news, he will find it hard to hold himself aloof from the subjects of his criticism; it would be impossible for him—like Gustave

Planche—to refuse to make the acquaintance of an actor. The French have seen this clearly enough, and, in papers which pay particular attention to the stage, the department of news and the department of criticism are kept distinct. For instance, there are attached to the *Figaro*—a sheet useful more often for warning than example—two reporters who frequent the theatres, mixing with authors and actors and gathering gossip all the day. Then there is the amusing Monsieur de l'Orchestre, who attends those solemn celebrations of which even M. Dumas writes with awe, the first performances of new plays, to note for publication the next day the names of all notabilities present, with such scraps of dialogue, pertinent or impertinent, as his open ear may catch or his fertile fancy furnish. There are, finally, a critic of music and a critic of the drama, whose judgments, written leisurely and with dignity, appear in the fullness of time forty-eight hours or more later. Although, of course, this system in its completeness is not needed here, better work is done under it than is to be expected from the gentleman on whose card we once read, "Mr. ——, musical, dramatic, literary, and art critic of the New York ——."

So leisurely, indeed, do the critics of Paris prepare their articles, that it has more than once happened of late, since certain of the London papers have special telegraph-wires from Paris, that the full criticism of a new French play is to be found in the *Times* or the *Telegraph* before it could be had in any of the newspapers of Paris. The necessity of haste under which the American critic labors, helps to hinder the production of good work. Judgment on a work of complex character has to be rendered in hot haste in the midst of the crowd, the bustle, and the excitement, of a first performance. The critic of a book may write at his ease in the calm quiet of his study, with time to consult authorities and to polish his style. Not so the critic of the acted drama; the conditions under which he works are harder and the work itself from its complex character is more difficult. He has a double duty: he must judge both play and players, and he must judge the play in spite of the players, and the players in spite of the play. He must judge the actor as such, spying out his strength in an ungrateful part, or his weakness in a seemingly strong part, such a one as in the idiom of the stage "plays itself." He must strive to see the real value of the drama—coarsest prose or finest poetry, as it may chance—notwithstanding any imperfection of the medium through which it is presented, in spite, that is, of the undue excellence or undue villainy of the acting. The dramatic, like any other critic, requires — besides the critical faculty, which is far rarer than is supposed—a sufficient style, a sympathy with his subject and a knowledge of it—in this case a knowledge of two different things—the drama and the theatre, writing and acting. First, he must know the history of the drama, past and present, in the great literatures of the world; and, second, he must have followed and have at his fingers' ends the history of the stage, especially theatrical biography and the dramatic criticism of the past. Otherwise he will have no standard by which an actor can be judged. The actor cannot leave his works behind him, he must make his mark on the minds of others, that he may be recorded in their works; and it is from these marks that we can reconstruct him and use him as a gauge for his successors.

These requisites, the possession of style, of a sympathy with the stage, of a knowledge of its history and literature, and of the critical faculty, form the ideal by which the worth of a dramatic critic can be judged. His work will be good or bad in proportion as he has these qualifications. No one critic has them all—indeed, if he had, it is obvious that he would hardly hide his light in the columns of a daily newspaper.

INCONSOLABLE.

A DOLEFUL DITTY.

I.

'Tis sad to mark affliction's storm
Burst o'er the shieldless head;
'Tis sad to see the once-loved form
Lie cold, and pale, and dead;
'Tis sad to hear, from lips thrice dear,
The moan of cureless pain;
But saddest of all to pay a call,
In a rascally shower of rain!

II.

We mourn the brave whom battle smote,
Yet soon our grief is o'er;
But who shall wail the shrunken coat,
The crinkled vest deplore?
And the faultless tie, which low and high
To rival toil in vain—
Their course is run—all, *all* undone,
By a villainous shower of rain!

III.

The vanished hope, the blasted name,
May yet return to men;
The dead in deathless scrolls of fame
Arise and live again;
The leech's art may ease the heart
And cool the fevered brain;
But who shall repair the garments fair
Defiled by a shower of rain?

IV.

Ha! while I speak, upon my chest
The deadly cold doth lie;
The fierce sore-throat, in vapors dressed,
Swoops from the lowering sky;
Rheumatics stand, a grisly band,
And howl this dire refrain:
"The best thing alive to make us thrive
Is a jolly good shower of rain!"

V.

Ugh! ugh! my throat! that cough's harsh note
Dooms me to draught and pill,
And flanneled skin, and gruel thin,
And a swingeing doctor's bill.
Ugh! ugh! a-tchew! attend me, you
Who would your health retain—
With strictest care henceforth beware
Of a treacherous shower of rain!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT first thought it seems as if a man who has lived more than fourscore years has so nobly rounded his lease of life that his death need cause us no pain or sorrow, as, indeed, it does cause us no surprise. But a little reflection will show that the very fullness of years which a man attains multiplies his hold upon the interests of the world and the affections of mankind, makes his guidance in intricate affairs more valuable, and so familiarizes us by long habit with his presence and his words of wisdom that his loss is much more felt than that of those who are cut off in the midst of their strength, with the world still before them. We mourn the loss of the patriarch of the forest or the fields far more keenly than the downfall of the young tree with all its promise of years and of fruit. Especially is this true when the man of ripe years and mature powers falls prematurely, as it were, by some mishap, or in consequence of events that a slight change of circumstances would have prevented. The world was watching, for instance, the ripening of the years on Bryant's brow with keen sympathy and interest, when suddenly he was struck down by an accident; it was looking to see what length of years Nature in its ordinary course would have vouchsafed this sturdy patriarch; how long intellectual vigor and physical strength could be maintained by one whose pure life and simple habits had already carried him to four-and-eighty years. Would he not have lived to fourscore and ten? Might not the perfect balance of brain and *physique* observable in him—the labor that permitted no rust, the systematic exercise that kept the muscles hard and the lungs filled with fresh air, the wise moderation of living—might not such a man, in the happy ease of his painless and well-fortified age, have glided on until a century of years had crowned him? Of course, it is useless to discuss the "might have been." Men die around us in such numbers that we rarely stop to do so. It is only when a man seems to have in himself a fountain of health and strength that other men do not possess, that we stop to speculate upon results that would have ensued had the fountain flowed on until its springs were exhausted, and not been checked by violent means.

But our poet adds one more to the long list of intellectual toilers whose attainment of great age has refuted the idea that brain-work preys upon and greatly exhausts the physical powers. Here was Bryant, at the age of eighty-four, still an almost daily visitor to his business-office, still preparing orations and addresses for public occasions, still exhibiting an interest in all the affairs of the time, and in some of them actively participating. There was none of the palsy of age upon him, none of the sluggish indifference that so often marks men of fourscore, none of the selfish withdrawing into himself and surrender to his own personal comforts that so frequently render extreme old age unattractive. His gray hairs and his wrinkled brow bespoke great ripeness of years, but his heart was still young, his mind still fresh, his energies still unimpaired. The tree was old, but not decayed; its bole was sound, its boughs and branches hung rich and full with green vigor; it stood a picture of symmetry, grace, and healthful beauty.

The poetry of Bryant is a matter of perplexity to those who imagine that metrical writings in order to be great must be full of turbulent passion, feverish thought, and sounding phrases. The large, broad, sweet simplicity of Bryant's verse seems to such minds inferior to the fiery heat of more impetuous verse-makers. These critics complain of Bryant's limited vocabulary, of his narrow range of topics, and affirm that his poems, for the most part, are simply moral essays set to chaste and stately versification, and which tell us only of the mournfulness of death and the beauty of Nature. But, singularly enough, both the admirers and the critics of Bryant's poetry seem to know nothing of those productions of his which really indicate the breadth of his range, and his power of imagination. People, for the most part, read and comment upon "Thanatopsis," "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Flood of Years," and a few other poems of similar tone. When, some eight years ago, an illustrated edition of "The Song of the Sower" was published, it became by that means for the first time generally known to readers of poetry. This is purely an objective poem; it is full of striking pictures peculiarly well adapted to the artistic pencil; and, while it draws the full moral which Bryant's poems always illustrate, it is free from those meditations upon mortality which render his better-known poems so dear to the moral sense of the community. Another of his poems, "The Children of the Snow," has also found a special public by the aid of illustration. This production is marked by an ideal fancy not commonly found in Bryant's verse. But the poem which exhibits this faculty to a higher degree, the one that conspicuously illustrates the possession of inventive and imaginative power, is one to which reference is very rarely made, and one which remains unknown to thousands of those who have "Thanatopsis" and "A Forest Hymn" at their finger-ends, and who freely discuss the characteristics and lament the limitations of Bryant's genius. This poem bears the title of "Sella." It is the longest of his productions, not excepting even "The Ages," which is commonly supposed to be entitled to that honor. It is an antique legend, the story of one who was as truly a child of the water as Undine, who by mystic aid is carried by the water-sprites to the under-world, to the sources of the springs and the water-courses, and who afterward turned the knowledge thus obtained to good account by teaching men to dig wells, to bring rivers into cities, to construct viaducts and fountains. This is but a meagre hint of a story that is full of imaginative charm and poetic beauty; and how little it is known! The story is as beautiful in its way as that of Undine; but, while

all the world has heard of the German water-nymph, who is familiar with Bryant's exquisite poem? This is the more singular, as we have already said, because those who love our poet of the woods should also delight in this idyl of the waters; and those who deplore the fancied limitation of his powers should assuredly study a creation that is abundant in fresh fancies and in descriptive lines of marked beauty.

A resemblance between Bryant's woodland poems and the paintings of the leading American landscape-artists has been pointed out, and the comparison is a suggestive one. Bryant and the veteran Durand, for instance, are kin in the spirit which delineates the elemental phases of Nature—that finds beauty in sylvan walks, in woodland places, in shadowed rivulets, in expanses of beautiful skies; but Bryant and Cole are nearer in sympathy in the identity of the life of man with the aspects of Nature. The turn of thought which could produce paintings like "The Voyage of Life" series is almost identical with that which could evolve "Thanatopsis" and "A Forest Hymn." Bryant differs from most of our landscapists in that he thus never fails to introduce into his landscapes a human element. "The West Wind" is like "our wayward race;" in "A Walk at Sunset" we learn that "thy beams did fall before the red-man came;" in "The Rivulet" the sentiment glides from the description of a stream to himself—"Thou changest not—but I am changed;" "Monument Mountain" tells of a sad fate of a lover; in "After a Tempest" we have a hope of the "peace that yet shall be;" and so on through all his pictures of rural scenes. It was impossible for Bryant to look upon anything without tracing its connection with man, or without deducing a moral from it. The whole pitch of his intellectual nature was severe, didactic, and reflective. And while in this busy world the time may come when the generations shall cease to read his poems for the pleasure they convey, they will always at least be studied as models of style, as examples that are fairly Greek in their pure form and fastidious expression.

Of late there has been not a little of amazing jargon in regard to and in behalf of uncompleted pictures. There is no doubt an ignorant notion prevalent that smoothness and polish are the crowning qualities of a "finished" picture, and it is right enough that instructed criticism should denounce this form of emasculated prettiness. But the critics who rush to the extreme of preferring rudeness and slap-dash to that true finish which completes and helps to render perfect, commit as absurd an error of judgment as those they condemn. There is a kind of finish which we are entitled to expect in every work of art—the sort of finish always found in the great masters. Artists of all schools, and critics of all varieties of caprice, have no difficulty in admiring Rubens, Raphael, Murillo, Titian, Vandyck, and the host of great painters. There is no dispute in regard to these painters as to what is "finish" and what is not; their paintings are felt to be complete; they are vital, they are rich in texture and color, definite as to form, satisfying as to drawing; they take possession of us fully; they leave nothing to be wished for; they give no opportunity for men to say they are lacking, whether in force or in finish. What new dogma is this, then, that so long as color is heaped on in a vigorous manner, a picture must be accepted as complete, however crude and raw it may seem, however absolute is the evidence that the artist stopped before he had done? It is an imperative truth that no work of art should attract attention to its processes, should impose upon a spectator its methods, should do anything but assert *results*. The very fact that any one of average intelligence raises the question of finish or unfinish of a painting is evidence that the canvas is defective, that it fails to express that which it attempts to express. No one is so crude as to dislike a sketch because it is only a sketch; but every one has just ground for complaint when his admiration is demanded for a painting as a painting which is only a sketch—that is, is the beginning of a painting.

What makes the dogmatic denunciation of those who demand finish in works of art the more exasperating is the certain fact that lack of finish is nine times out of ten simply inability to *give* finish. The sketches of almost every artist show indications of skill; the beginnings of art, it has been well said, are always easy; it is only when sketches are developed into pictures that the full resources of the artist, his limitations as well as his resources, are made known. Many a sketch indicates breadth, freedom, ease, virility: but the difficulty is, how to carry these qualities on to their legitimate end; how to do more than indicate and suggest—that is, how to *perform*. In every art just this difficulty arises. Many are the poets that have good ideas, readiness, abundant indications; but very few are the poets who attain sufficient mastery over their art to give the last finish, the touch of completeness, to their work; and it is just this touch of completeness, this supreme finish, that separates great poetry from inferior poetry. The lesser poets are not so deficient in ideas as they are in knowledge of their art—that is, how to complete. There are thousands of stories and romances written that show lively imagination, considerable invention, good native talent—but how few that come up to the high standard of finish and completeness that alone make greatness! Any sculptor can model the outlines of a figure; apprentices do this much in every Italian *atelier;* it is exactly in and by *finish* that the accomplished master steps in and lifts the work to perfection. It is absurd to suppose that painting is different from the other arts in this particular. It most emphatically is not. It is not at all difficult for a person with a moderate share of art-talent to produce sketches, either in color or black-and-white, that evince spirit and breadth; but it is only by his capacity to carry this sketch onward to completeness, to full and ample expression in drawing, texture, and tone, that he can obtain recognition as a master. Let no one be deceived in the current cant about "finish." Every recognized great painting that exists is "finished;"

every painting in order to be great or worthy *must* be finished—not made smooth or polished, of course, but brought to that state of completeness that the methods and processes of the work are hidden, so that one who looks at it sees textures, not paint, force by virtue of completeness and not by ruggedness, things and not guesses at things.

SIGNIFICANT epithets often best serve to mark and impress historic events and notable bodies of men; an apt *sobriquet* often serves to shed more light upon a character than a page of minute description. The French are masters of this art of conferring epithets. "The Man of December," the "Citizen King," the "Little Corporal," the "Revolution of February," the "Exile of Guernsey," bring the men and occurrences referred to by them before us with a vividness we can scarcely explain. So, too, we are much more struck by "the cabinet of all the talents," applied to Fox's ministry, than by its formal designation. The Congress at Berlin will doubtless be known in history as "the Congress of Premiers," and this already gives a significance to its personal composition which distinguishes it from any similar body that has ever assembled. Under the lofty roof of the Radziwil Palace, in the spacious banqueting-hall where many a time has echoed the bluff and hearty reveling of German junkerdom, no less than four prime-ministers, controlling the destinies of the four greatest military powers of the earth, met each other on the 13th of June face to face to settle, if possible, the destinies of European races, to remap the continent, and to adjust the most delicate and entangled of possible complications.

We leave aside the political aspects presented in the meeting of this illustrious body, and confine our view to its purely personal characteristics. Here were four men, each and all holding the very highest rank, not only in political authority, but in amply-tested abilities, used for years to frequent communication with each other on the weightiest subjects, but some of whom had never before met the others, no one of whom has failed to make a deep impression upon the times, varying each from the others in race and religion, in custom, mode of thought, and methods of dealing with the work before them. Strange and romantic fortunes, too, had served to bring two of these prime-ministers to the height of that august council-board. The Earl of Beaconsfield, the most conspicuous figure among them, the observed of all observers, must have smiled inwardly in contrasting his present lofty position with the modest and difficult beginnings of his public life, and reverted, with a more than pardonable complacency, to his gallant struggle upward, from the middle class, the taint of Jewish descent, the suspicion of despised Jewish characteristics, and the evanescent reputation of a fashionable novelist, to the position of controller of the destinies of the British Empire, and the arbiter of war or peace in Europe. Take it for all in all, the political career of Benjamin Disraeli is the most singularly romantic in the history of statesmanship; were he to choose, with his still glowing fancy and skill of pen, to veil, in his favorite guise of fiction his own autobiography, he might produce a novel more intensely interesting than "Vivian Grey" or "Lothair."

Another prime-minister seated in the banqueting-hall of the Radziwil had scarcely less reason to compare his present with his past, and to feel a shock of astonishment to find himself seated among the supreme councilors of Christendom. Count Andrassy could scarcely have forgotten that, thirty years ago, he was a rebel and an outcast, a fugitive and condemned traitor, and that the whole police of Austro-Hungary were seeking him in every corner and crevice, eager to obtain the blood-price set upon his head. Now he is the foremost man in the realm which he tried to destroy, and which once vowed such dire vengeance on him; the trusted friend of the emperor whom he sought to dethrone; and only second in Europe to the great, grim Chancellor of Germany, and the sardonic and sphinx-like virtual ruler of the British Empire. It is worth remarking that, at such a gathering, alien-hating England should be represented by a Jew, and Austria, dominated by a Teutonic dynasty and Teutonic influence, by a once rebellious and hunted Magyar. Beaconsfield and Andrassy typified the vicissitudes of political fortune, and the possibilities in store, even in royal and aristocratic Europe, for brilliant talent allied with patient perseverance. Gortchakoff and Bismarck, on the other hand, represented the influence of birth and routine, and the steady advancement of the able man who, backed by family and wealth, makes politics a profession, and proves more than capable in every post as he presses upward to the summits of political power. There were other notable figures at the Congress; but history will portray these four in the foreground, towering far above the rest, and will declare that never was there a more illustrious group of intellects gathered in one place. Aside from the proceedings of the Congress, the men who composed it will have made it memorable through all time.

INVENTION has its beneficent epidemics, as well as disease and crime their malignant ones; but it is certainly unusual that three inventions should have been made in rapid succession, all within the domain of the science of sound, related to, and to some degree, at least, dependent upon, each other. The world awaits anxiously to see to what extent will be developed, and to what uses will be put, these three marvels of human ingenuity, the telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone. The inventors themselves would be the first to declare that their machines are but the rough beginnings, though each containing a vital principle, of what they are destined to become. The secrets are discovered; it only remains for the discoverers, or somebody else, to modify and perfect them, and thus put them to their utmost practical use. That they are supplemental, the one to the other, a mere glance suffices to reveal. The telephone transmits sound; the phonograph records and reproduces it; the microphone magnifies it. There is a certain Arabian fairy-tale wherein three princes sought the hand of the same

beautiful princess. Each was favored with a magic talisman, and the father of the princess sent them away, telling them that to him who brought back the most precious gift her person should be awarded. Meeting at a distance from her home, the princes show their talismans to each other. One had a pomegranate, which was an effectual antidote to all bodily ills; another, a small telescope, which enabled him to see the most remote objects; the third, a carpet, which would transport those who sat upon it whithersoever they willed. The princes, resolved to try these valuable possessions, first looked through the telescope, to where their beloved object was: to their dismay, they found her lying dangerously ill. Quick as thought, they made use of the carpet, and were transported to her bedside; and, when there, the all-curing pomegranate proved its virtue in at once restoring her to health. Which was the most precious it was hard to tell; for neither would have been effectual, had it not been for the aid of the other two. So, it may be taken as certain that the telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone, will very greatly enhance the value of each other. The telephone will carry to long distances the sound that the phonograph will permanently fix, and that the microphone will render loud enough to be intelligible.

The imagination wanders excitably through a vast field of conjecture as to what uses these latest marvels of our time are destined to serve. Not only in mere convenient communication, in the pleasure of listening to familiar voices which are far away, in preserving as in a book the tones of men and women, their jests and songs, their questionings and uttered emotions, after they are dead, are these machines to be of high value; they are already seen to serve the behests of the physician, in seeking for the locality and the extent of internal disease; they lend ears to the deaf; they must be of important aid to the man of science, searching amid the still unsolved mysteries of Nature; and the microphone, at least, is perhaps about to introduce us to a new world of sounds, never before heard by human ear. It is strange, indeed, that both the phonograph and the microphone were discovered by what we are wont to call, in worldly fashion, "accident." Edison, experimenting on the telephone, pricked his finger; Hughes, engaged in the same occupation, broke a wire; and their sharpened wits made quick and true deductions from the observed effects of the one mishap and the other. So quick succeeding are wonderful inventions in these days, that we scarcely recover from the breathless astonishment with which we observe the latest, than a still later takes away our breath again. We must soon expect greatly improved telephones, phonographs, and microphones, and it is only after they have approached perfection that we can even approximately measure their full value.

OUR "esteemed contemporary"—it is just as proper, we are informed by the accomplished editor of the *World*, for editors to address each other by this term of courtesy, as it is for Congressmen to speak of "the distinguished member," clergymen to refer to "our reverend brother," and lawyers to speak of "the eloquent counsel for the defense"—and with this sanction we beg to assure our "esteemed contemporary," *The Graphic*, that we were not aware we had been anticipated in proposing New York as the place for the next World's Fair. We are very glad, indeed, that *The Graphic* is of the same mind that we are in this matter, and compliment it upon the glory that will gather to it as the first to put so fine and worthy an idea in motion. Our "esteemed contemporary," however, does not approve of the year 1881, which we modestly suggested as a suitable time for the event, and thinks the fair should be held in 1883, because 1881 has no significance, while the latter year is "our real national centenary," it being "in 1783 that the Treaty of Paris was signed, and we took our place among the nations of the earth." It was also in 1783 that "the last British soldiers took their departure from our soil, embarking at the Battery." It is clear that 1883 has a national significance which 1881 has not, and hence would be an appropriate occasion for a great commemorative celebration. But does not our contemporary recollect that the centennial glorification involved in the Philadelphia Exhibition was at first a stumbling-block in its dealings with foreign visitors? It was specially awkward, for instance, to invite England to participate in a celebration that commemorated one of its greatest misfortunes; and when England consented to the participation, she quietly ignored even the name of centennial. The English recognized it as simply an International Exhibition; it was by this phrase that they characterized it, putting aside from their minds the very root, cause, and motive, of the event. It would be peculiarly inappropriate to ask the English to join with us in celebrating the centennial anniversary of the departure of their troops from our shores—of the absolute completion of the dissolution of the empire. Let us here, in New York, get up on the 25th of November, 1883, a grand local celebration of the Evacuation; and let the nation in some suitable fashion do honor to the centenary of our Federal organization; but let our World's Fair, in whatever year it may be held, be simply an international congress, in no way whatsoever associated with aught that may be painful to our guests—a gathering exclusively in behalf and under the inspiration of industry, science, and the arts. We trust that *The Graphic* will, after "mature deliberation," see the justice of this view of the case, and will then unite with us in strenuous efforts to bring the exhibition about, leaving the exact year to be determined hereafter. As to the suggestion that Governor's Island should be the place for the Fair, we are glad to see that *The Graphic* recognizes its admirable fitness; it declares the situation to be both superb and unique. It would be an "Island Fair," "a Sea-Girt Fair;" but some of our poets would be inspired to invent a phrase that would exactly and fitly describe so unique an exhibition as this would be.

Books of the Day.

THE criticism most commonly passed upon American novels is that they are crude, inartistic, and for the most part totally lacking in that deftness of workmanship which is generally noticeable in even the ordinary productions of French and English writers in this field. For this reason, if for no other, there was a certain appropriateness in making "Esther Pennefather,"[1] the initial number of Harper's new "Library of American Fiction." A story more crude in conception, more false and flimsy in sentiment, and more sophomorish in execution, could hardly have been found; and, in spite of the fact that the scene is laid for the most part in cities, there is a flavor of provincialism about it which, if not distinctively American, will be apt to be characterized as such by foreign critics of the *Saturday Review* type. It would be waste of space to analyze the plot, and thus attempt to exhibit in detail its manifold absurdities of construction; but it may be said briefly that the events and personages of the story centre upon the love of one woman for another—not the loyal fervor of friendship which sometimes binds together girls of a similar age, nor yet the slightly *exalté* but rather pleasing sentiment of adoration with which an older woman sometimes inspires a younger, but a feeling which, if it eludes precise definition, is described and expressed by Miss Perry in exactly the same terms that are commonly used in portraying the love which obtains between men and women. Without being confronted with this unnatural sentiment through page after page and chapter after chapter, and seeing it used as the motive-element of two or three tragedies and an incomputable sum of human misery, one can scarcely realize how unutterably repugnant it is. It makes the reader feel as if he were a participant in a deliberate travesty or desecration of the most sacred and significant of human feelings; and it implants in the mind what is probably an entirely unjustifiable distrust of certain girlish enthusiasms, which are usually regarded with a tolerance not unmixed with amusement. Nor can the story be excused on the ground that it has a basis of actual fact. Every one has heard of those passionate personal attachments which are among the most curious phenomena of female academies and colleges; but these are not only ephemeral and harmless, but differ *in toto* from the sentiment which Miss Perry undertakes to portray, and which, even if it reflected an actual case, would be no fit subject for a novel. Because a thing is true, it is not therefore an appropriate subject for artistic treatment; and if Miss Perry's story corresponds to anything she has observed in real life, what she has accomplished is not a delineation of character under normal and therefore typical conditions, but a peculiarly repulsive study in mental pathology.

While the very theme of the story is thus objectionable, however, it is by no means its only fault. The characters are mere abstractions, with nothing personal or individual about them except their names; and the descriptive portions are amusingly faithful reproductions of Dickens's manner when using Nature as part of his "accessories." It is observable, too, that the author herself does not exhibit any consistent faith in the objective existence of her personages. The elder Mr. Doepfner is introduced to us as a "very small man," and when he next appears upon the scene a week or two afterward, he fills an entire doorway with his "portly form;" but Miss Perry doubtless considers it beneath the dignity of a person writing about "society" to remember from chapter to chapter the personal characteristics of a man belonging so unmistakably to "the ranks." Accepting "Esther Pennefather" as competent evidence, it would be a perfectly legitimate inference that America is the most aristocracy-ridden country in the world. There is more talk in it about "rank" and "orders" and "classes" and "family precedence," than in any English novel of the period; and yet, such is the inevitable fatality of this sort of affectation, the only people in the book not irredeemably vulgar are the very ones whose "vulgarity" is intended to serve as a foil to the supposed gentility of the other characters.

After so much fault-finding, we are all the more willing to concede that the story exhibits a certain power, perverted and undeveloped though it be; and if Miss Perry should pay us the compliment of asking our professional advice, we would prescribe a course of Thackeray as a mental regimen preparatory to another effort. Thackeray is unlike Dickens in this, as in many other respects, that he seldom invites imitation; but his works are incomparably useful in clearing cobwebs from the vision and sentimentalisms from the mind.

THE second number of the series is a complete contrast to "Esther Pennefather," being quite noteworthy for its natural and realistic air. If "Justine's Lovers,"[1] indeed, is not a transcript of actual experience, it is a really remarkable achievement of imaginative *vraisemblance;* and the reader's estimate of the merit of the story will be apt to depend upon whether or not he conceives it to be substantially true. If it be a record of actual experience, it is almost too bare and realistic—too lacking in art and idealization; and if, on the other hand, its characters and situations and events have no more than the customary basis of fact, the story shows that the author possesses a really wonderful power of giving objective reality to those "creatures of the mind" with which novelists are supposed to deal. On the whole, we incline to the opinion that the author has reproduced actual observations and experiences, though the latter may be sufficiently 'conditioned" (as the metaphysicians say) by fictitious circumstances to baffle the curiosity of whoever does not happen to possess the clew. That at least a considerable portion of it is true is evident—for in the Washington episode several very prominent personages barely escape being named, and personal feeling unmistakably enters into the clever portrayal of that "insolence of office" with which office-seekers at Washington are apt to become bitterly familiar. From any point of view, "Justine's Lovers" is piquant, and we would add *pleasing*, if we knew how its feminine readers will regard its naïvely frank revelations of the motives and reasons that determine the average woman's attitude toward marriage. Never, we think, have these determining reasons been exhibited quite so bare of the customary vestures of sentiment. We are disposed to accept the report of the interviews between mother and daughter as genuine "confessions," for no woman could be cynical enough to evolve them from the consciousness,

[1] Library of American Fiction, No. 1. Esther Pennefather. By Alice Perry. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 175.

[1] Library of American Fiction, No. 2. "Justine's Lovers." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 135.

and no man could possess the necessary basis of fact for imagination to work upon. Yet the tone of the book is not at all cynical, nor does it awaken a feeling of cynicism in the reader. On the contrary, it has the effect, which Burke said his experience of life had had upon him, of making us think better of mankind; and it is a conclusive tribute either to the author's skill or to the essential rightness and verity of her heroine's character, that, in spite of Justine's pliancy toward lovers—and she seemed willing to accept any man who happened to be brought in contact with her, whether he offered himself or not—she retains not only our sympathy but our respect to the last. One thing concerning the story may be affirmed with confidence, and that is that it is thoroughly readable; and this, with a novel, is the supreme test.

JUDGED by this test, Mr. James's "Watch and Ward"[1] should attract and please a very wide circle; but to the critic perhaps its chief interest lies in the fact that it is a specimen of the early work of the author of "Roderick Hudson" and "The American." It was published originally in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the year 1871, and, as it has now been "minutely revised" by Mr. James, and appears under his sanction, we may assume that he is willing to have it accepted as a permanent part of his literary record. As a general thing, it is highly dangerous thus to bring tentative and experimental work under the white light of an established reputation—people are apt to base their judgment of an author's works upon the order in which they are called to their attention, and not upon that in which they were written; but in the present case the author has been right in feeling no distrust or misgiving. "Watch and Ward" is much less ambitious in scope than Mr. James's later and more famous novels; but it exhibits the same insight into character, the same firmness of delineation, the same skill in projecting his figures against a picturesque and appropriate background, the same sense of artistic proportion, and an almost equal vigor and grace of style. The "happy-ever-after" close, brought about by rather violent dealings with nearly half the *dramatis personæ*, shows that the author had not yet emancipated himself from the conventional methods of the fiction-writers; and we miss that opulence of intellectual resource which is perhaps the distinguishing feature of the later works; but whether for its interest as a story or its merit as a work of art, "Watch and Ward" was well worthy of preservation in permanent form, and the appreciative reader will give it a place upon the shelf beside those other volumes which may some time be cited as evidence that that long-prophesied American novelist has at length actually appeared.

EVEN when dealing with exclusively American subjects, Mr. James is always cosmopolitan in taste and manner—the scene of "Watch and Ward," for example, might, with very slight changes, have been laid in London quite as well as in Boston; but "Gemini,"[2] the latest of the "No-Name" volumes, is so extremely local in flavor that one is convinced that the town of Beebury could be inserted in the maps with very slender chances of doing violence to geographical accuracy. It is a singularly touching and realistic picture of New England village life; as admirably executed and probably as faithful to Nature as Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" and "Oldtown Stories." Along with the bare, barren, narrow, and forbidding side of New England life and character, it depicts the homely domestic virtues, the high sense of duty, the loyalty to conviction, the quiet persistence, the tireless struggle against opposing circumstance, which have given New England its moral grandeur and intellectual preëminence; and the book furnishes a wholesome and needed antidote to the hysterical sentimentalisms which have been offered as indigenous products of New England soil by certain other volumes of the "No-Name Series." The story of the *twins* (for such, of course, is the significance of *gemini*) is almost idyllic in its quaint, pastoral simplicity, and truly idyllic in its quiet charm of manner and delicacy of finish; yet it is no pallid reflection of human life, but deals with "large issues." For one thing, it is almost the first novel in which our civil war has been used with a genuine artistic effect—neither overshadowing the narrower personal interests with which novelists must necessarily deal, nor being degraded into a mere spectacular method of solving difficult "situations." It brings to a premature close the one little episode in which love of the usual kind plays a leading part; yet there is no lack in the story of elements to touch the feelings and quicken the sympathies, and it is sufficient proof of the author's skill that that atmosphere of passionless affection in which Penny's life culminates, does not impress us as too rarefied for human happiness. The peculiar dialect in which most of the book is written is worthy of notice; it is admirably consistent and sustained, and inspires perfect confidence in its literal accuracy. From this point of view, the story will have a certain value for the curious student of lingual eccentricities, and their relation to predominant types of local character.

FROM American to French rural life is a long leap—a leap not merely across geographical or physical boundaries, but from one set of social conditions and ideals to another completely different. M. Theuriet's delineation of French provincial life, in "The Godson of a Marquis,"[1] is probably as faithful as that of New England village life in "Gemini;" but to concede this is only to emphasize the contrast between the essential characteristics of the two peoples. The atmosphere, so to call it, of "Gemini" is grave, severe, puritanic in morality, illumined now and then by evanescent gleams of humor, and softened by a tender domestic sentiment, but neutral in tone and tint, and saved from dullness only by the proof which it affords that the elemental human feelings are at work even under the homeliest exteriors. "The Godson of a Marquis," on the other hand, is sprightly, arch, vivacious, and witty, neither artificial nor sentimental, as French stories of this kind are too apt to be, but with an indescribable flavor of "society" about it which shows how far removed even rural life in France is from mere rusticity. The story has less of the Arcadian charm than the author's previously-published "Gérard's Marriage," but what it loses in simplicity and dainty elegance it gains in dramatic power, and many readers will find this interesting who would be either insensible or indifferent to the exquisite art of the earlier story. The characters in "The Godson of a Marquis" are varied and drawn with a firm hand, the sentiment is wholesome and natural if touching here and there upon what purists may regard as forbidden ground, the moral is unmistakable, and the style is in a remarkable degree picturesque and graceful.

[1] Watch and Ward. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 219.

[2] Gemini. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 271.

[1] Collection of Foreign Authors, No. IX. The Godson of a Marquis. From the French of André Theuriet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 268.

STILL another picture of village life, the scene this time being laid in Germany, is Berthold Auerbach's "Landolin."[1] In this story, however, deeper chords are swept than in either of the others; and the author aims rather at achieving that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin, than at delineating merely local or individual characteristics. The inevitable Nemesis by which crime, unatoned for, works out its punishment in the soul of man, even when legal penalties are evaded, is the *motif* and moral of the book; and the tragic theme is wrought out with a dramatic force and effect which contrast impressively with the peaceful rural scenes and the simple peasant-people amid whom the scene of the story is laid. "On the Heights," in spite of a certain morbidness of sentiment, remains Auerbach's masterpiece, and is, perhaps, the high-water mark of modern German fiction; but "Landolin" is a sort of compromise between its high-wrought feeling and action, and those still-life village pictures which the author delights to draw, and, if less stimulating and impressive than the one, is more vital and human in its interest than the other. At any rate, it is a favorable example of Auerbach's work, and will do more than ony other of his recent stories to perpetuate the magic of his name.

OF "Maid Ellice,"[2] it must be said that, in finding a place in the "Leisure-Hour Series," it has gotten into much better company than it deserves. Even Jupiter was said to nod sometimes, and publishers are not exempted from the common experience that the most careful arrangements for excluding inferior work will occasionally miscarry; but it is unfortunate for Miss Gift that her work must be judged not by its relative place in those ephemeral ranks of "current fiction" to which it properly belongs, but by the high standard of the series in which it happens to appear. It is a dull and turgid story, padded to an extent that is scarcely excused even by the exigencies of the English three-volume rule, and written in a style which makes one feel that Lindley Murray and the other grammarians have lived in vain.

THAT the most successful lives are not always the most interesting is a fact well exemplified by Miss Stebbins's "Memoir of Charlotte Cushman."[3] Miss Cushman was a great and good woman—one who, whether we regard her achievements as an actress, or her character and conduct as a lady, is entitled to our highest admiration and respect; yet the record of her life has, somehow, a disillusionizing effect, and we rise from its perusal with the feeling that her career and character were, after all, more commonplace than we had thought. Part of this impression is, no doubt, owing to Miss Stebbins's lack of literary skill. She has evidently taken great pains with her narrative, and exhibits the keenest anxiety to render it adequate and convincing; but she does not know how to accomplish the effects at which she aims—and, in particular, has failed to grasp that first principle of biographical writing, that a single illustrative example or concrete fact is more impressive than whole chapters of even the most enthusiastic affirmation. A more serious defect still arises from her mistaken idea that it is the domestic and social side of Miss Cushman's life and character that she is especially called upon to portray. No doubt it is gratifying to know that one who attained such eminence in a peculiarly difficult and trying profession was also an exceptionally accomplished, generous, and lovable woman; but, after all, it was her quality and position as an actress that gave Miss Cushman a claim upon the attention of her contemporaries and upon the remembrance of posterity—and this Miss Stebbins seems to have almost entirely forgotten. There are considerable portions of her work in which we completely lose sight of the fact that Miss Cushman was a busy and popular actress, or an actress at all; and we get little more in any part than a bare record that she filled certain engagements, at certain times, in certain places. The pages of the biography will be searched in vain for a single detailed picture of Miss Cushman on the stage in one of her "parts"—such pictures, for example, as we find in Fitzgerald's "Life of Garrick," or (more elaborate but less effective) in Alger's "Life of Forrest." The readers of the coming time who, catching the echoes of Miss Cushman's great fame, shall turn to her "Life" to find how it was attained and in what it consisted, will learn that she was a good and amiable woman, but will gather little else than that she was a conscientious and laborious worker in her profession. To a certain extent, doubtless, this inadequacy was unavoidable—nothing being more difficult to embody and preserve than the qualities of a great actor; but we cannot help thinking that, in spite of her reiterated affirmations of the dignity and beneficence of the art of acting, Miss Stebbins is slightly ashamed of it as a pursuit in life, and desired to show that Miss Cushman had other, and perhaps higher, claims upon public attention and esteem. Further than this, Miss Stebbins has but a feeble sense of literary proportion or perspective; does not know what to put in and what to leave out, what to emphasize and what to keep subordinate; but gives the same space and the same labor to trivial and irrelevant matters as to those most important and characteristic.

It should be said, however, in abatement of this criticism, that no amount of literary skill could have made a detailed biography of Charlotte Cushman as interesting as one would naturally expect from her long and brilliant stage-career and her varied experience of the world. A consistently successful and happy life has inevitably a somewhat commonplace aspect, and there was singularly little of the picturesqueness of her profession about Miss Cushman's personality or career. It is infinitely to her credit that she could inspire such warm and disinterested affections as waited upon her life to its serene and worthy close; but her social qualities were peculiarly of the kind to elude analysis and description. She must have been a delightful person to know; but she needed the stimulus of personal presence, and her mind was not of the kind to "wreak itself upon writing." In a biography one naturally turns to the letters for revelation of character, but the specimens we have of Miss Cushman's do not render us inconsolably sorry that they are so few. The materials at Miss Stebbins's command, indeed, do not appear to have been either rich or copious; and in demonstrating that the woman was as good as the actress was great, she has perhaps done all that Miss Cushman herself would have expected of her.

Heliotypes of Miss Cushman's portrait, of Miss Stebbins's bust of her, and of her villa at Newport, embellish the work; and the volume itself, like most of the issues of the Riverside Press, is a beautiful specimen of book-making.

WE have insisted, with what we fear our readers may have found a somewhat monotonous iteration, that the

[1] Landolin. By Berthold Auerbach. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 332.

[2] Maid Ellice. By Theo. Gift. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 463.

[3] Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life. Edited by her Friend, Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. 308.

common fault of the treatises on household art which have lately appeared in such numbers is that the principles they profess to expound and the advice they undertake to give are too vague to be of any practical use to those who would naturally seek them for guidance. The spectacle of repeated failures, however, has not shaken our faith that a work which shall meet the requirements of that eager appetite for æsthetic instruction which is now everywhere so manifest would ultimately be produced; and we are pleased to find that Mr. Hudson Holly's "Modern Dwellings"[1] marks a long stride in advance of most previous works in this field. Within the limits which the author has set himself, it is thoroughly practical and common-sensible (if we may coin a descriptive phrase exactly suited to our purpose); and its simplicity and directness of method and manner will attract and gratify the reader who by this time must be heartily sick of the customary generalities about "harmony" and "good taste."

Mr. Holly treats his subject in two general divisions —1. Construction, and 2. Furniture and decoration—but, being by profession an architect, his suggestions regarding the location, designing, building, heating, ventilation, and decoration of the house are more detailed and consequently more satisfactory than his briefer observations on furniture. He preaches sound æsthetic doctrine, however, in maintaining that an architect's function should not be held to terminate with the mere construction of the dwelling, but that he, having created the house itself, and adjusted it to its surroundings, is more capable than a so-called decorator or upholsterer of designing for it an harmonious interior adornment. "A house," he truly says, "is not really completed until it is decorated and furnished, and so essential is the relation between a room and its furniture that an architect should not commit his plans to paper until he has in his mind's eye a graphic conception of the home in its entirety." This, it must be understood, should not, and does not, preclude that individuality of taste which is almost the first principle of sound household art; it means simply that the architect of a house is likely to be the most proper person to suggest to its owner how best to embody his wants and preferences in furnishing and adorning it, and how to avoid those inharmonious contrasts which arise from the extreme difficulty which an unprofessional or inexperienced person has in adjusting to each other a great number of details, of which he can have no actual sight until the work is done, and the mistakes (if there be any) committed. It should be said, however, that Mr. Holly's book will go far to prevent the occurrence of the more obvious of these mistakes. Its statements of principles are lucid and intelligible in an unusual degree; its directions are as specific and precise as could be desired; and its expositions are illustrated by designs and plans which explain every detail, not omitting an estimate of the cost.

The chapters on decoration and furniture are, as we have already remarked, less minute than those on construction; but, brief as they are, they will afford more practical help to one who has no definite ideas of how general principles are to be applied in particular instances than whole treatises of the customary vague sort. For one thing, the theory and laws of color—what is meant, for example, by primary, secondary, and tertiary colors, by "complementary tints," and by "harmony," "contrast," and "gradation"—are explained more satisfactorily than we have ever before seen them; and this alone, thoroughly grasped and comprehended, removes half the difficulties of household decoration. In its suggestions about furniture, as about house-building, the chief limitation of the usefulness of the book is that the author is an advocate and expositor of a single style—the so-called Queen Anne—and is rather disposed to ignore or belittle all other styles and fashions. He is no bigot, however, and gives as his principal reason for preferring the Queen Anne that it is based on a recognition of common-sense requirements, is flexible and eclectic, and is consequently easily adapted to almost any exigency of location, size, cost, simplicity, and elaboration—as his designs show. Not its least recommendation in his eyes is that it is thoroughly "vernacular"—the only genuine English style arising spontaneously out of the needs and circumstances of an English people.

The illustrations, it should be added, are not ideal "pictures," but practical designs, most of which have been actually embodied in houses and furniture.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most important of the recent achievements of physical science is the bringing of the vast area of the deep sea—an area including more than two-thirds of the entire surface of the globe—within the domain of scientific investigation. As lately as a dozen years ago the sea, with the exception of a narrow margin of shallow water around the land, was supposed to be a desolate waste, the physical conditions being such as to preclude the possibility of the existence of living beings. The careful soundings necessitated by the laying of the Atlantic telegraph-cable first discredited this theory; and the results then reported caused doubts to be entertained whether the bottom of the deep sea was in truth the desert which it had hitherto been supposed to be, or whether it might not prove a new zoölogical region open to investigation and discovery, and peopled by fauna suited to its most peculiar conditions. In order to settle this question, the vast importance of which is even now but imperfectly appreciated, several public and private expeditions explored local sea-areas during the next few years; and, finally, in 1873, the Royal Society induced the British Admiralty to dispatch the Challenger, completely equipped and provided with a full naval and scientific staff, on a voyage of research round the world. Much interest was felt in this expedition, and the expectations indulged have been quickened from time to time by fragmentary reports of the new discoveries made, and the significant conclusions which these seemed to suggest; and now, the expedition having returned to England, and its immense collections being arranged, a full and authentic report is being prepared under government auspices by Sir C. Wyville Thomson, director of the scientific staff.

The first installment of this report,[1] just published, deals with the Atlantic Ocean, and contains the general results of the various explorations made during voyages from Portsmouth, England, to Teneriffe; thence across the widest part of the ocean to the West Indies and Bermudas; from the Bermudas back to Madeira, and thence again across the ocean to the coast of Brazil; thence to the Cape of Good Hope, where the expedition bade farewell to the Atlantic, to explore the wonders of its sister ocean, and whence it emerged two years later to

[1] Modern Dwellings in Town and Country; adapted to American Wants and Climate. With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. With One Hundred Original Designs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 219.

[1] The Voyage of the Challenger. The Atlantic: A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H M. S. Challenger during the Year 1873 and the Early Part of the Year 1876. By Sir C. Wyville Thomson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. 391.

recross the Atlantic on its homeward voyage. It would be futile to attempt to summarize in brief space the explorations thus outlined, for the account is itself a summary, and Sir Wyville Thomson fills a long chapter with a mere statement of the general conclusions reached. It must suffice to say that the additions made to our knowledge of physical geography surpass in copiousness, in variety, and in importance, the most sanguine anticipations that had been indulged at the outset of the expedition; and that the account of them opens to the student of natural history one of the rarest and keenest of pleasures—a vast fund of information about new forms of life in a new field, and under peculiar conditions. The author, in compiling it from the copious journals of the expedition, has avoided that over-technicality which is the too common fault of such official reports; and there is no portion of his work which cannot be readily understood by any fairly attentive and well-informed reader. Nor is it confined to a mere statement of discoveries and results. The methods and instruments of research are carefully and lucidly explained, notes are inserted of interesting incidents and curious observations, and there are delightful bits of description as pleasing as any that could be found in the ordinary books of travel. Indeed, the work would suffice to prove, if proof were any longer needed, that a scientific treatise can be rendered popular —that is, intelligible and attractive to the general reader —without impairing in any degree its usefulness to the specialist, for whom, after all, such a work must be primarily designed.

The illustrations of the volumes play quite as important a part in the work of exposition, and fill nearly as much space, as the text itself. They include colored maps, colored temperature charts and diagrams of meteorological observations, and upward of two hundred woodcuts, many of them of full-page size. Like the text, too, the illustrations are not confined to the scientific record, but deal also with the picturesque features of the observations, while their exquisite execution renders even the delineations of natural-history specimens attractive to the artistic eye. Designer and engraver have done their work with equal skill, and few more bountifully and admirably illustrated volumes have issued even from the teeming press of our day.

THE mere fact that a book has attained to a second edition is not always to be accepted as evidence of its merit, but such an inference is very apt to be correct where the book is of a scholarly and dignified character, and it would undoubtedly apply to Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's history of "The Invention of Printing."[1] Supremely important as the art of printing is in comparison with any or all other arts, it is yet true, as Mr. De Vinne says, that no even approximately satisfactory account of its origin and principles has yet been given in English; nor have the best German works on the subject been honored with a translation, chiefly, perhaps, because they are for the most part of a controversial character. Not even in German, however, has there appeared a treatise which would precisely subserve the purposes of Mr. De Vinne's book, which is designed to satisfy the curiosity and meet the practical needs of intelligent printers and general readers, without falling below the requirements of scholars and students. Carefully avoiding or barely touching upon the bitter personal controversies and intricate discussions to which the invention of the art has given rise, it begins with an explanation of the different methods of printing now practised; traces the development of the art from its earliest forms, as shown in image-prints, playing-cards, and block-books, to the invention of type-moulds and movable types; and ends with the establishment of typography in Germany and other countries of Europe. The social circumstances which favored and paved the way for the invention, and the other discoveries and inventions which rendered its application possible and opportune, are briefly indicated; the conflicting theories about its origin are critically examined; the earliest printed books and the usages of the early printers are described with the lucidity and skill of a practised master of the art; and the results of recent discoveries, some of which have never hitherto been satisfactorily explained in a popular work, are fully stated. As we have already said, the author carefully avoids mere personal controversy and technical discussion; but, of course, no account of the art of printing would be complete which omitted all reference to the numerous claimants of the invention. Most of these alleged inventors are properly dismissed with a mere mention of their names and pretensions; but three chapters are devoted to the "legend" of Laurens Coster, three (perhaps the most interesting in the book) to the real inventor, John Gutenberg, one to Schoeffer and Fust, and one to the miscellaneous pretenders on whose behalf claims have at various times been made. The chapters on Gutenberg are favorable specimens of Mr. De Vinne's style, which is throughout clear, precise, and pleasing by its direct simplicity, but which here attains the charm of vigorous and animated narrative. The tone is dignified and serious, without being in any degree pedantic; and the book has profited greatly by the fact that its author is a practical and experienced printer as well as a scholar of considerable attainments.

[1] The Invention of Printing: A Collection of Facts and Opinions descriptive of Early Prints and Playing-Cards, the Block-books of the Fifteenth Century, the Legend of Coster, and the Work of John Gutenberg and his Associates. By Theodore L. De Vinne. Second edition. New York: Francis Hart & Co. 8vo, pp. 556.

AFTER the infinitely varied attempts that have already been made, it would seem impossible to devise any new method of interpreting Homer to English readers, but in his "Stories from Homer"[1] the Rev. Alfred Church has hit upon a plan which is at once novel and most effectively carried out. Selecting the most dramatic incidents, and the most striking narrative passages from both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," he has rendered them into the simple and beautiful English of the Bible, not aiming at a literal translation, but reproducing the spirit and the manner of the Homeric narrative with wonderful force and fidelity. We are not insensible to the charm of Chapman's majestic verse, of Earl Derby's dashing narrative, or of Bryant's simpler and more melodious lines; but no version that we have read seems to us to interpret quite so faithfully as these "Stories" the essential quality of these great prototypes and masterpieces of epic poetry. There is nearly as much rhythm and music in Mr. Church's graceful and elegant prose as in the measured but unrhymed verse of Homer; and the direct simplicity of the latter is far more adequately rendered in the prose than in the comparatively artificial and labored verse of a language so little flexible as English.

At any rate, these "Stories" will delight readers both old and young, and will give them some idea, at least, of what it is that has given the Homeric poems such an undying interest. The attractiveness of the volume, too, is greatly enhanced by the illustrations in color after Flaxman's famous designs.

[1] Stories from Homer. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With Twenty-four Illustrations from Flaxman's Designs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 275.



"'This you have made a room for gluttons and wine-bibbers.'"

"A Leap-Year Romance."—Page 220.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

THE average number of letters passing through the New York Post-Office daily is 679,094, their weight is 148,183 pounds, and in the transportation 1,429 mail-bags are employed. These figures do not include the vast bulk of newspapers, circulars, and other printed matter, with which the mails are filled. If we reflect a moment upon the enormous proportions of this postal business, going on day and night, with scarcely an instant of cessation, we cannot fail to realize that the machinery involved is extensive in exact proportion to the amount of labor performed, and requires the constant care and unremitting watchfulness of a great number of men whose pride it is that they have helped to make this



NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

post-office the best and most thorough institution of its kind in the world. There are employed in the postal service in New York City 1,176 men, exclusive of superintendents of departments. Of that number, 747 are clerks and 429 are carriers; 649 of the former are employed at the Central Office, together with 100 of the latter. The others have duties at the different postal stations. There are twenty-seven superintendents of departments, and twenty-nine assistants and chief clerks. Thirty per cent. of these have been in the service over ten years, five per cent. over twenty years, and one per cent. over fifty years.

The name of the clerk who has seen this long term of service is Charles Forrester. He is now sixty-five years of age, and fifty-three years of his life have been spent as an employé of the Post-Office Department. Mr. Forrester was appointed by General Theodorus Bailey, in November, 1825. His father served the department before him, having been appointed by the same postmaster in 1804; and his son, Charles Forrester, Jr., appointed in January, 1861, by General Dix, is now Superintendent of the Registry Department. This case presents a curious phase of American civil service, generally supposed to need considerable reform. Doubtless the Forrester heirs will some time in the future bring their baggage to the front-entrance to the Post-Office, and calmly wait for life-tenure appointments to be issued to them.

When the elder of the two Forresters now in the office was appointed, the postal business of New York was done in the private residence of General Bailey, situated on Garden Street (now Exchange Place). At that time the office employed the services of six clerks and six carriers, and the box system, now including thousands of compartments, was confined to one hundred and forty-four small pigeonholes, from which the merchant princes of the day took their letters whenever they chose. The carriers, at that time, began work at five o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Forrester says he can still remember General Bailey's habit of coming down-stairs every morning, in his dressing-gown and slippers, to see that the men went to work all right, and then going back again to his breakfast. That office, and one at Harlem, of which W. D. Bradshaw was the postmaster, were the only two offices in the vicinity. Now there are twenty-one stations in the New York district, of which sixteen do a larger business than the main office did then. At the time of Mr. Forrester's appointment, the American metropolis had 166,000 people. Mails were carried to distant points either by steamboats or on horseback. In those days there were neither steamships, railways, nor telegraphs. Cornelius J. Vanderbilt at that time ran two small steamboats between Manhattan and Staten Islands. The morning papers published in New York then were the *Gazette and General Advertiser*, *Mercantile Advertiser*, *Daily Advertiser*, *Courier and Enquirer*, *Journal of Commerce*, and *Morning Herald* (not Bennett's *Herald*). The evening papers were the *Post*, *American*, *Evening Journal*, and *Sentinel*. The highest circulation reached by any of these journals at that time was about four thousand copies. Besides these enterprises, there were a dozen banks, eighty churches, and a proportionate number of other buildings.

In the great fire of 1835, the Exchange, including the Post-Office, was destroyed, but as soon as possible another office was established in the Rotunda in the City Hall Park. Mr. Forrester said he should always recall without difficulty the first day spent in these new quarters. "The Garrick, one of a line of sailing-vessels plying between Liverpool and New York — known as the 'Dramatic Line,' because all its vessels were named after great actors — that day brought from England 13,300 letters, which in those primitive times completely clogged the office. The terms of the agreement between the Government and the packet-line provided that for each postal package delivered at New York, the captain of the vessel bringing such package should receive two cents. The captain of the Garrick, it will be observed, netted a very good amount by way of a perquisite, for the sum of two hundred and sixty-six dollars in those times was worth considerably more than it is nowadays."

Many more of the reminiscences detailed by Mr. Forrester are of great interest, but in an article of this nature, which necessarily covers considerable space, brevity must be taken into account.

Previous to the appointment of Thomas L. James, the present postmaster, there had been fourteen occupants of the managerial chair. These, with the date of their appointments, the various lengths of the terms served, and the number of appointments made by each, still remaining in the employment of the department, are as follows:

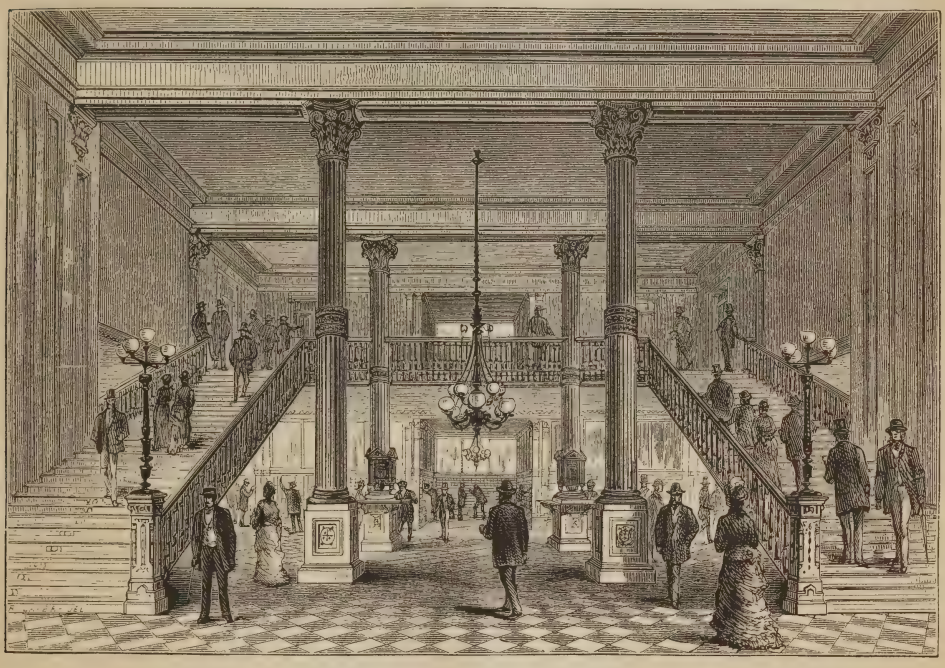
NAME.	Appointed.	Vacated.	No. of appointees still retained.
Sebastian Bauman	1790	1804	0
Josiah Ten Eyck	Jan., 1804	Apr., 1804	0
Theodorus Bailey	1804	1828	2
Samuel L. Gouverneur	1828	1836	0
J. I. Coddington	1836	1842	0
John L. Graham	1842	1845	0
Robert H. Morris	1845	1849	5
William V. Brady	1849	1853	10
Isaac V. Fowler	1853	1860	28
John A. Dix	1860	1861	4
William B. Taylor	1861	1862	16
Abram Wakeman	1862	1864	72
James Kelly	1864	1869	163
Patrick H. Jones	1869	1873	351
Total			651

In 1790, when Bauman's term began, there were seventy-two post-offices in the whole country. Now there are in the vicinity of 37,000 of them, and the cost of the service approximates $35,000,000 annually. The New York Post-Office brings the Government a net revenue of $1,000,000 a year, and includes in its range of control, besides the city stations, others at Morrisania, Spuyten Duyvil, King's Bridge, Riverdale, Tremont, Fordham, Woodlawn, and West Farms. Thus it will be seen that Postmaster James's duties, as chief director of all this territory, fall some distance outside the range of simple recreation. At present, the Post-Office at Lon-

don is the only one in the world that does an amount of business exceeding in volume that transacted in the New York office.

When, after the office had been established in the Park Rotunda, in 1835, it was suggested that the position should be held permanently, the merchants and other business-men of the city were loud in their protestations, urging that the situation was very much too far up-town. Evidently they failed to imagine that the pulse of business-life would ever be felt so far out of the world. Doubtless they were urged by the same obscure instinct that led the builders of the City Hall to put red-stone into the upper side of that edifice "because few people would see that front!"

While the dissatisfaction was at its height, J. I. Coddington was appointed postmaster, and through his sagacity a branch-office was opened in the Sub-Treasury Building. For letters delivered at this place the postmaster charged an extra postage-fee of two cents each. This resulted in a considerable yearly addition to the personal revenue of the shrewd Mr. Coddington, who subsequently established another branch in Chatham Square. About 1842, shortly after this officer's successor received his appointment, the long war began regarding the project of building a new post-office. After a bitter contest the dispute was settled by the purchase of the old Dutch Church on Nassau Street, which served to hold the increasing machinery until the present structure was erected. The owners of this property declined to sell for less than $350,000, and the Government refused to give more than $300,000. The merchants, who were still anxious to have the office down-town, contributed the necessary $50,000, the purchase was made, and joy was prevalent. From that day the increase in business and in the appliances for its prosecution was redoubled. Their growth continued with rapidity, and has not ceased yet. But we have at present a complete service, from whose centre, at the lower end of City Hall Park, long and powerful arms stretch over the whole of Manhattan Island, and far into the adjacent townships of Westchester County. It is an open question, viewing the rapid expansion of the past, whether at some future day this office will not control and envelop the whole postal system of the State, and even surrounding States!



VESTIBULE, POST-OFFICE.

A brief review of the way business is carried on in the Central Office will be of interest not only to the general public, but also to the employés of other offices; for every postal clerk in the country looks upon the New York headquarters as *the* model of the whole service. In order to do this clearly, it will be necessary to take up each department separately; and perhaps we cannot begin at a more opportune quarter than the Letter-Distribution Department. This includes the distribution and marking of all letters mailed in New York for other points, and also the distribution of letters which the incoming mails contain for other places. The room in which this work is carried on covers a great part of the ground-floor. The person who has a letter to post—addressed, we will say, to some friend or acquaintance in Boston—upon entering the office on

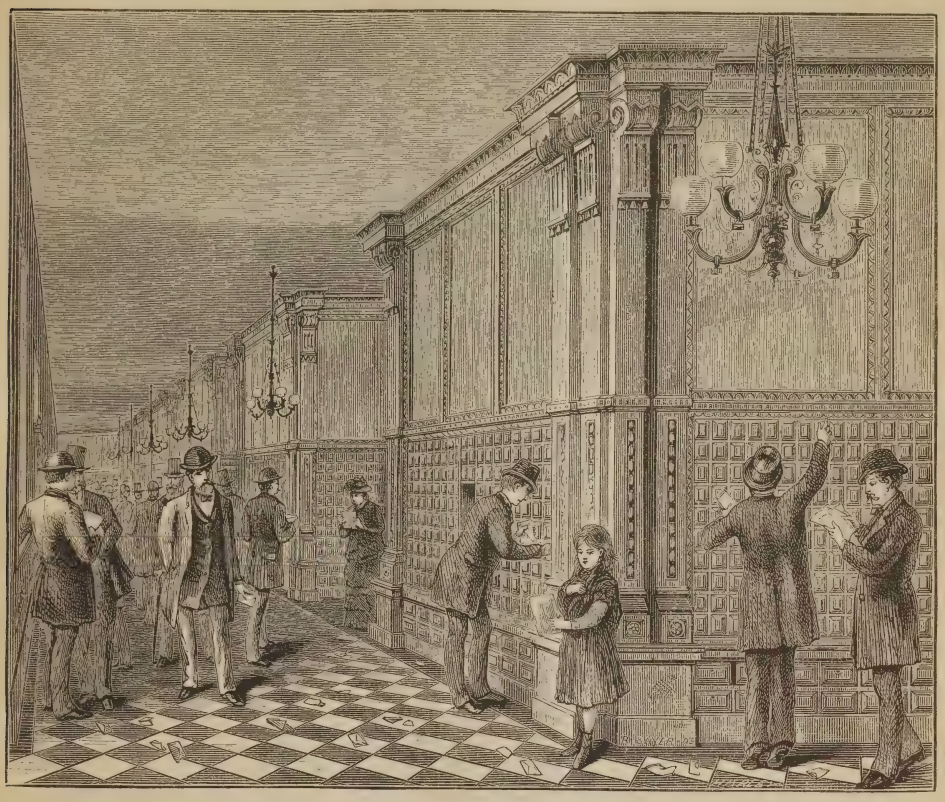
the Broadway side, is attracted by a number of signs. His letter being addressed to a town in New England, he passes along the corridor until he reaches the legend, "Eastern States." Under this classification he observes a series of narrow apertures for the reception of mail-matter. The first of these is labeled "Massachusetts," and close beside it is another, marked "Boston." Thus the largest cities of each State in the Union have special drop-boxes, besides those of the States in which the cities are situated. The letter for the acquaintance in Boston is deposited in the slit bearing that name, and passes thence down a narrow slide to the surface of a table inside the partition. This table is divided into compartments tallying with the boxes outside. Just behind this table is another, also divided, upon which the operation of post-marking the envelopes is gone through with. There are thirty of these stamps, or dies. Each one is numbered, and every time it leaves its imprint upon a letter it cancels the postage-stamp and affixes the post-mark, which not only shows that the letter comes from New York upon a certain day, but also the exact hour of that day. The hour-mark is changed every sixty minutes. In addition to this, the number of the die is also imprinted upon the envelopes. This item, insignificant at first sight, proves to be of some importance. Each die has a certain branch of work to perform. Those whose numbers run from one to sixteen are used solely upon envelopes or postal-cards deposited in the Central Office; those whose figures mark from sixteen to twenty-six are employed in stamping letters brought in by the collectors from the lamp-post boxes; and the remainder of the stamps, running from twenty-six to thirty, are used upon letters deposited or collected at the various stations. It will be seen at once that by this means it is an easy matter to trace a city letter back to the time it was mailed, and to determine at a glance where it was deposited. Thus if an up-town firm, just before the Chicago mail closes, wishing to send an important letter to a correspondent in that city, dispatches an errand-boy to the Post-Office, charged with the duty of mailing the missive, and that boy for some occult cause does not go to the office, but drops the letter in a lamp-post box, whereby it misses the mail and creates delay, it is not difficult to trace the error directly to him; for the number upon the envelope, ranging between sixteen and thirty, will show that the letter was not deposited in the Central Office. Mr. Yeomans, superintendent of this department, assured me that such cases are of daily occurrence.

After marking, the letters go to the various sorting-clerks. All packages directed to a certain section—Missouri, for instance—are received and distributed by the clerk who has charge of that part of the country. Those for other States go to different clerks, each of whom has a certain territory. All these clerks have large racks of pigeon-holes, each compartment of which is marked with the name of some town or route within the boundaries of the section which the rack represents. The distribution is somewhat intricate, and requires not only experience, but a good knowledge of geography. For instance, supposing there are twenty letters, addressed to twenty small towns in the State of Illinois. The names of these small places would not be placed upon any of the pigeon-holes in the Illinois rack, but in their place would be the name of some railway or stage route passing through the different towns, and all the letters would be rolled up in a package by the clerk, and addressed to the postal agent running on that route. It is necessary for each clerk not only to know the exact location of every town in his district, but to be able to recall instantly the name of the postal route passing through it. On the same postal route there may be a number of agents. If the route is long, Agent No. 1 takes it up at the beginning, distributes all the letters for the different towns in his "run," at the end of which time he turns over his charge to Agent No. 2. This is repeated to the end of the route, and the box-clerk, forwarding letters to these route agents, must send to No. 1 only such letters as are addressed to the towns upon his "run." Those for points beyond his limit must be marked "Route Ag't No. 2," or, beyond that, "Route Ag't No. 3." This saves the agent the trouble of handling letters for other towns than those he passes through. If a box-clerk makes an error, it is directly traced back to him by means of the wrapper in which he incloses his letters, upon which he is required to write his name. If a route agent or postmaster finds a letter sent to him that should have gone elsewhere, he marks the mistake upon the wrapper, and returns it to the New York office. In the distribution-room of the Central Office there is a bulletin showing how many packages of letters each clerk has distributed in the month past, and his percentage of errors. The perfection acquired, considering the difficulty of the work, is almost marvelous. Upon a bulletin recently displayed one of the clerks was credited with having distributed 3,905 packages, averaging 50 letters each, with only seven errors; while another, in distributing 1,588 packages, made no mistakes at all.

When the box-clerk has made his packages up ready for the mail, they are sent to the mail-maker, whose duty it is to place the packages in the bags for transportation. The mail-maker faces a semicircular rack, covering about twenty feet of the pavement, sixteen or eighteen feet in height, and containing five hundred and eighty huge pigeon-holes, each holding a bagful of matter. This clerk takes the packages that are addressed to the different agents or towns, and, standing in the centre of his semicircle, tosses them with wonderful accuracy into the boxes which correspond with the addresses on the packages. His work is made more difficult by the fact that, at different hours of the day, parcels tossed into the same box go to different places. Take, for instance, the town of Little Neck. Prior to five o'clock in the morning, letters for that place go into a box whence they pass into a bag which goes to the Little Neck office direct. After that hour all mail-matter addressed to that point is thrown into an entirely different box, and goes, with other pack-

ages, to the "Whitestone and New York Agent." All the clerks have "keys" to their racks, but they are so skillful in their work that they seldom refer to them.

In the newspaper and city distribution departments, the system is very similar to the one described. Letters and newspapers addressed to those who have boxes at the office are placed by the box-clerks in their proper places, while those for people who rely upon the delivery of their letters go to the carriers or to the stations. So it will be perceived that the box-clerks have to remember names with fully as much accuracy as the distribution-clerks must acquire in recalling places.



CORRIDOR, POST-OFFICE.

There have been many improvements in the city mail-service since January 1, 1876. Mr. James Gayler, Superintendent of the City Delivery Service, in his last report to Postmaster James, refers with pride to many of these. In order to improve the service by appealing to the spirit of rivalry among the clerks, each quarter their efficiency is tested by a species of racing, and their salaries for the ensuing quarter are regulated according to the speed and accuracy shown. These trials of speed are conducted as follows: each clerk, in his turn, is given a package containing one thousand cards, each one of which is directed to some person in some one of the towns represented upon his rack. These he is to distribute with all possible rapidity. The one who accomplishes the task in the shortest time, and makes the fewest blunders, receives the highest salary for the following quarter, the next best clerk receives the next highest salary, and so on, through the whole list. By this means, competition is stimulated, and each employé practises all the time, in order to excel on the next examination-day. In a recent trial of this kind, in the newspaper department, a clerk distributed his thousand papers in one hour and seventeen minutes, without an error. Upon another occasion, one of the letter-distribution department distributed twenty-eight hundred and eighty-one letters without using his "key," and only made thirty-seven mistakes. This feat becomes remarkable when it is known that, during the time of that distribution, three different mails were made up, so that a letter addressed to Albany went into one box at twelve o'clock, and an hour later another letter to the same destination must be placed in an entirely different part of the rack.

In his report, Mr. Gayler says the New York carriers are insufficiently paid, and are worked harder than any others in the country. There are twelve mail-wagon trips daily between the Central Office and each of the stations. Mails are also carried to

the up-town stations upon the elevated railways, thus saving considerable time. The total area covered by the city delivery is 23,197 acres; and the total number of mail-packages handled by the carriers in 1876 was 136,631,116; while the total number of pieces delivered at the Post-Office and its branches was 133,822,940. The local postage for the same period reached the sum of $1,009,651.43. The pay of the carriers was $356,168.35.

Those readers who are fond of startling assertions will be pleased at the announcement that there is in the Post-Office a blind clerk, whose eyes are the most penetrating of any in the establishment. It is with difficulty that I stay my pen from wandering off upon other subjects while you are left to the enjoyment of this problem. It is the business of this person to decipher and rectify all the puzzling or "blind" addresses which come into the office upon envelopes, and to supply addresses that have been left off. A stranger would be astonished to see the number of letters and postal-cards sent without any addresses at all, or the still greater number intended for other cities, but in reality sent to New York. With the latter the process is simple. For instance, a letter is received addressed to "John Smith, 82 Carroll Street, New York." Now, as there is no Carroll Street in New York, it follows, logically enough, that Mr. Smith does not live at such a number, upon such a street, in the metropolis. Mr. Stone's business it is to find out where John Smith does live. He knows that there is a Carroll Street in Chicago, and by looking in a directory of that city he finds among the Smiths one John, living at the number and street designated. He then changes the address, puts a "misdirected" stamp upon the envelope, and sends it along. But these are not the most difficult cases with which Mr. Stone has to deal. Many of the foreign letters received at the office furnish wide fields for conjecture or scientific survey. In addition to the almost undecipherable penmanship of many letters, an appalling ignorance of geographical points and spelling is frequently exhibited.

Here is one that smacks of the "sod:"

"Mr. Timothy Donovan,
Ashley Hardin
North America."

The "blind" clerk knew immediately that Mr. Donovan's address ought to read, "Ashley, Hardin County, Iowa."

Another selection from the pile showed the following:

"Mademoiselle
Soffie Lemieux
King Sez Falls
lettre presser."

There was no indecision in sending this missive to Kingsey's Falls, Province of Quebec. The writer, in order to make the "lettre" more "presser," had furnished it with twenty-five cents' worth of stamps.

An English person sends a letter in this shape:

"Mrs Thomas Hanks
Bremingham Oakland
Wichcaam United Stats
North America U S A."

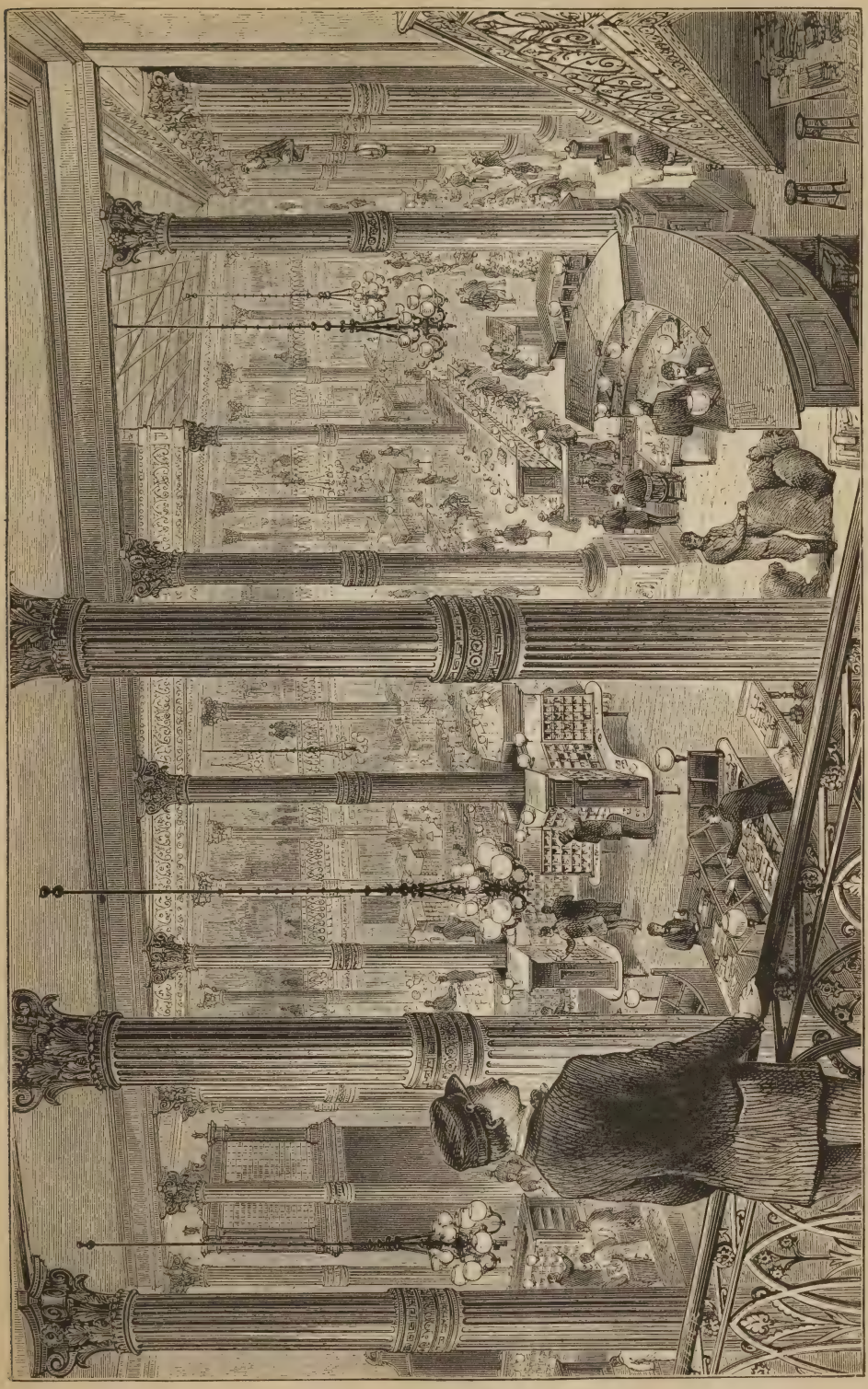
All of which meant Birmingham, Oakland County, Michigan. Another nationality is represented in the following brilliant study:

"M Señor Dn
Francisco Suavez
Yalbavez en los estados
unidos de america
en nuebo eorleanes
colobos 13."

Now, I respectfully submit that a person who goes through all this rigmarole just to send a letter to Mr. Frank Suavez, No. 13 Columbus Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, is little better than a murderer. Emotional insanity may clear a homicide from punishment; but if this deliberate, designing conspirator is ever captured, he must be hanged. These people have got to learn that the fair fame of the United States is not to be assailed in this kind of "lower case." If he must spell United States, "estados unidos de america," why, oh, why, didn't he use capitals?

Besides these cases, there are many others equally curious every day. One inventive foreign genius sends a letter to "Pitchbird," United States. He means Pittsburg. Another gigantic intellect of Great Britain framed an address which reads, "1704 Washington street, opposite commonwealth hotel, United States." Nearly all of these almost incomprehensible addresses are correctly deciphered by Mr. Stone, although one can scarcely understand how a single person is able to translate so many different languages, in such abominable text, too, and have enough room left in his brain for a most thorough geographical knowledge of the whole country, so that the slightest clew in any part of the whole address leads to an immediate discovery of the person for whom the letter is intended.

This "blind" department is a part of the searcher's office, which is presided over by John H. Hallett. Once a letter was turned over to the department, bearing the simple inscription, "To my mother, New York." Now, Mr. Hallett and his assistants, without much deliberation, reached the conclusion that there were several "mothers" in New York City, and, not having time to hunt them all up for purposes of inquiry, the letter was laid one side. Some months afterward, when the dust had gathered to a considerable depth upon the curiously-addressed envelope, Mr. Hallett was startled one morning by the words of an elderly-looking lady, who entered the apartment and asked if he had a letter "from her son?" Instantly the incident of the "To my mother" letter flashed across Mr. Hallett's mind, and he proceeded to question his caller. He found that she had a son at the point where the letter was postmarked, and that she had missed a letter from him about the time this



MAIN ROOM, INTERIOR, NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

one should have been received. He then showed her the envelope, and she, with evidences of gladness, declared that it was indeed the one she sought. There is but one case on record where a more remarkable delivery than this one has occurred. In that instance, a letter remained in the office at Washington nearly forty-two years, and at the end of that time reached the person to whom it was addressed! The circumstances were as follows: In October, 1835, there was mailed at Syracuse, New York, a letter addressed to Palmer Gardner, village of Detroit, Territory of Michigan. The letter contained a certificate of deposit for the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars, issued by the Onondaga Bank of Syracuse. Upon its arrival at Detroit Mr. Gardner did not claim it, and, after lying in the office for the customary period, the letter was sent to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington, and from there to Syracuse for delivery to its writer. But he, too, had disappeared mysteriously, and was not to be found. In the regular course of postal events, the letter was returned to Washington and filed away among the dusty old documents in the Dead-Letter Office. After a time the history of the letter was found to possess some points of interest, and it was given a prominent place in the Museum, where it remained on exhibition until March 11, 1877, when Palmer Gardner, of Burlington, Wisconsin, sent for it. The manner of his learning its whereabout is no less strange than the simultaneous disappearance of himself and the writer of the letter. It seems that some visitors at the Centennial, coming from Burlington, saw the age-stained parchment, and, recognizing the name of their fellow-townsman, informed him, upon their return, whereupon he took the necessary steps to recover his property. The certificate of deposit, however, has no value now other than as a relic, because the Onondaga Bank of Syracuse a number of years ago began the sleep that knows no waking.

These figures for the year 1876 will give readers a correct idea of the great amount of business transacted annually in the searcher's department: Inquiries for mail-matter, 37,500; pieces received not inquired for, 143,343; sent to Dead-Letter Office, 250,430; short-paid letters forwarded, 9,108; held for postage, 31,215; unpaid letters forwarded by postmaster at his own cost, 1,777; foreign letters held for postage, 4,525; letters returned to writers from Dead-Letter Office, 1,396; returned to "card" of writer, 110,000; packages held for postage, 22,883; returned to senders or sent to Dead-Letter Office, 20,499; unclaimed or unaddressed packages received, 2,330. These do not include the "blind" letters forwarded to their correct destination.

Just here it may be remarked that, of all the vast number of letters deposited in the New York office or its branches, only one-sixteenth of one per cent. fail of delivery, and even the greater part of these are addressed to persons at places where they do not reside, or are insufficiently paid. There are eight deliveries by the down-town carriers every day, and seven by the up-town men. The daily collections of matter deposited in the down-town boxes number fourteen, while those up-town are twelve. The last delivery begins at half-past seven in the evening, and the last collection two hours later. And so efficient is the service that often city letters, dropped into lamp-post boxes at the lower end of the city, reach the person addressed, up around Central Park somewhere, within the space of a single hour.

An important branch of the office is found in the Registry Department. The steady and rapid growth of the registry business since its birth testifies plainer than words the favor with which it is regarded by the people. The system brings additional recommendations from its very simplicity. It is, speaking plainly, a plan of receipting for every package handled. You wish to send a valuable letter to a friend in Kansas; the postmaster who receives it from you gives you his receipt. When he hands the package over to the route agent he takes a receipt from him, and he in turn gets an acknowledgment from the next person into whose hands the letter falls. Thus your package, going from hand to hand, is receipted for by everybody; and finally, when it is delivered to your friend in Kansas, he, too, must sign his name, thus making the record complete. With the growth of the business, there has been an equal advancement toward the perfection of the system. A year or two ago, if a hundred registered packages were going to parties in Chicago, and the same number to Philadelphia, together with twice as many more for people at other places along the line of the Pennsylvania Central, every person through whose hands they passed must sign his name for each separate package, making in all four hundred signatures for each agent to write in a single trip. In order to simplify this, a system of "through-bags" was adopted, by which nineteen of the largest cities in the country exchange pouches with the New York office. Under this method, if there are a hundred packages for Chicago, they are placed in the through-pouch for that place, a way-bill of the contents of the bag is made up, and each agent through whose hands it passes acknowledges having received the bag in good condition. There are two keys to each pouch. One is held in the New York office, and the other in the office with which the bag is exchanged, thus rendering interference impossible. All the stamped envelopes, postage and revenue stamps, and postal-cards, pass through the Registry Department of the Post-Office. These are packed in large boxes, addressed to the different postmasters. In the three months preceding November, 1877, there passed through the department 3,900 of these boxes.

When it is known that many of the leading bankers send all their bullion through this branch of the Post-Office, it will be seen that the establishment of the registry system was a heavy blow at the great express companies. Seligman & Co. were the first bankers to transfer their patronage from the express companies to the Post-Office, and now the transportation of specie in the whole country is almost exclusively carried on in this way. Four packages, each containing $500,000, are known to have passed

through the mails at one time. In the matter of responsibility for loss, the postal authorities do not assure immunity. But they guarantee to take all possible precautions, and to trace and punish any theft. The postage-rates are so much smaller than those of the express companies that the bankers are not only willing to assume some additional risk themselves, but are enabled also to have their property insured heavily, the companies having so much faith in the Post-Office authorities that they do not hesitate to write risks at an extremely small percentage. To show that this trust is not misplaced, Mr. Forrester, superintendent of the department, refers with commendable pride to his record for 1876, when 1,577,000 packages passed through the office, and not one was lost. The amount of business done, he adds, increases steadily, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum. The exact increase for the quarter beginning last July, over the same period of 1876, was 9,000 packages. The last quarter of the year invariably doubles in extent of business the previous quarters. In showing that all the postal officials were not so careful as those in the New York department, Mr. Forrester mentioned that in a single quarter he had received one hundred and fifteen registered letters none of which were sealed. Their contents reached the sum of $2,506.84. There are fifty-three clerks in this branch of the office, three less than were employed two years ago to do a smaller amount of business.

The Foreign Mailing Department is not secondary in importance, since it employs thirty-one clerks, who make up mails for foreign countries, averaging 18,150 letters and thirty-two bags of newspapers daily. As an example of the rapidity with which work is done here, it is said that upon one occasion Postmaster James received notification that by a certain train upon the Pennsylvania Railway there would arrive an immense mail from Australia for foreign ports. By comparing the time of the arrival of that train with the sailing-hour of the Germanic, he found that there would be but about forty minutes to spare. Fearing that the work could not be done in that time, Mr. James prevailed upon the superintendent of the railway to give that particular train the right of way and hurry it through, by which means it arrived in Jersey City about an hour ahead of time. The mail was transferred to the Post-Office, and made up with all rapidity, and in just one hour from the arrival of the train the pouches, outward bound, were placed on board the steamer. England and Germany are the objective points for the greater portion of foreign matter. What is called the "supplementary mail" contains letters that have been deposited just too late to go in the regular pouches. These are put in separate bags, and sent to the steamer when it is just on the point of sailing.



CANCELLATION-ROOM, POST-OFFICE.

Some of the packages sent through the mails are indicative of eccentricity—not to say madness—on the part of the senders. Recently the British au-

thorities were obliged to request the American Government to prevent people in this country from mailing Colorado potato-beetles to their friends in England for examination and propagation. Stranger tastes than this are known to be exhibited by letter-writers. Once a reptile belonging to the hooded cobra species, which had been sent to America from some Indian port, broke from the package which inclosed it in the New York office, thereby causing the distributing-clerks to seek safer places of observation upon the summits of their box-racks. Upon another occasion a swarm of bees, escaping from their envelope, cleared the room in an exceedingly brief space of time. Very frequently young alligators from Florida, horned toads from California, tarantulas from Nevada, lizards from everywhere, and other pleasant pocket companions, done up in innocent-looking packages, pass through the office. It would not surprise me much to hear that a pound of nitro-glycerine, or a ton and a half of earthquake, sealed in registered envelopes, had passed safely through.

The mending of torn mail-bags forms a large item in the expense of running the office. Until a recent period the work was let out by contract. Now, however, it is done by employés of the Post-Office Department, and an annual saving of from $18,000 to $20,000 is effected. The publishers of newspapers, and other people who send large amounts of matter through the mails daily, pay their postage once in every twenty-four hours. The matter is weighed in bulk, and an acknowledgment of its receipt is given, together with the amount to be deducted for the weight of the bags, which belong to the department, and are loaned to them for this purpose. Thirty-one wagons are employed between the Central Office and the different stations.

The last but by no means least department of the office to be considered is the one where money-orders are issued and paid.

We are used to hearing constantly how inferior our civil service is when compared with that of other countries, particularly Great Britain. Now, the Money-Order Department being the only branch which exchanges work directly with foreign countries, it follows that here alone can we compare the merits of the different departments. If a person in England, or Germany, or elsewhere over there, wishes to send money to a friend in America by way of the Money-Order Department, he deposits his cash and takes a receipt. But, instead of sending separate duplicate orders, as we do in this country, the office at London fills out a huge way-bill, with sometimes fifty orders upon it, which is first copied by a letter-press there, and then is forwarded to the New York office. When it arrives the clerks here have to make out from that way-bill two copies of the order, one of which goes to the payee and the other to the postmaster upon whom the order is drawn. By right this work should be done in England. But that is not the point. Many of the sheets are almost illegibly written in the first place, covered with erasures and full of errors. Besides, in taking the letter-press copies, gross carelessness is shown. The sheets, upon being taken from the presses, still wet, are piled up together, so that the figures of one sheet, by the process known as "offsetting," frequently appear upon another sheet. Between this and the careless penmanship the British bills are frequently nothing better than mere blurs. The orders which we send to England, however, besides being executed with greater care, are made out in duplicate form, so as to obviate the necessity of having the British postal-clerks do our work over again, as we have to for them. In every sense the work done in the New York office shows off to greatest advantage when compared with that performed abroad. Foreigners frequently draw orders on post-offices in America where there is no provision for financial transactions. For that reason there is kept in the Money-Order Department of the office here a large rack of maps, to which the clerk, puzzled by an order upon a man not authorized to fill it, refers, in order to find out the nearest money-order office to the one designated. These maps are gotten up by the Government, and are extremely valuable. Mr. Plimley, superintendent of the department, to whose care and labor the fine system in operation is chiefly due, says that the number of orders issued now, though far less valuable than formerly, is constantly increasing. In 1876 the office issued $1,062,826.13 in money-orders, the fees on which were $12,984.45. Three years ago, to do less work, the department employed eight more clerks than at present. All the foreign orders issued in the United States are sent to New York for exchange, so that, in addition to the orders issued by the New York office, the department is also answerable for the correct transfer of all the foreign business of the United States.

The workings of the New York Post-Office have improved vastly since Mr. James became postmaster. The reason of the more rapid growth than previously is that he is not only well adapted to the work, but he gives his whole time to it. Heretofore all postmasters since General Bailey have attended to their duties as merchants or professional men, in addition to their official work. Therefore they could do no more than watch the routine workings without thought of making great improvements. The people evidently appreciate efforts of this nature, for it will be remembered that at the time of the recent change in the national Administration the most responsible merchants of the city—Republicans and Democrats—united in an appeal to have the postmaster retained in office.

The New-Yorkers in the early history of the country were great sticklers for old customs and ancient practices. Therefore it was with great difficulty, and in the face of determined prejudice, that the post-office system was finally introduced. About the year 1670 it became evident that the old pot-house plan of postal delivery was grossly inadequate to the demands of the population, which then embraced about five thousand souls. Philadelphia and Boston were far in advance of New York both in regard to

size, commercial importance, and mail facilities. But it was not until 1710 that an office was established on Manhattan Island. Arrangements were then made for the delivery of the Boston mail *twice in each month*, and for the establishment of a regular service with Albany. The carrying power for this service was that ancient though excellent beast well known through honored tradition as "shanks' mare."

It was not until thirty years after this time that regular postal communication was established with Philadelphia. The mails were carried on horseback across New Jersey upon a "blazed" road—i. e., a path marked by trees, upon the trunks of which the bark had been sliced off to prevent travelers from losing the way.

In 1822, when the city was overcome by yellow fever, the post-office fled with the inhabitants. Its entire contents, clerks, and all, were packed into one wagon. It would be rather an interesting vehicle that could hold the matter contained in the present edifice!

They took things calmly in those days. The doors were shut between the hours of twelve and one regularly, in order that the clerks might have time for dinner. The force of letter-carriers numbered six, and they delivered letters only below Canal Street. The mails between Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were carried by a Colonel Reeside, whose name was as famous in those days as Vanderbilt's is now. His mail-coaches were rousing affairs, and his horses were



MAIL-DELIVERY.

The office was then located in Broadway, near Beaver Street, and Richard Nichol was the principal official. He was succeeded by Alexander Colden, who was still in office when the War of the Revolution began. He may have retained his position even through that struggle for all I know, or for all there is to indicate otherwise in the vague history of that time. At any rate, when the war closed, William Bedlow became postmaster, and a year later Sebastian Bauman assumed charge.

In 1804 the office was removed from Broadway to a little house at 29 William Street, and still later to another small wooden residence-building in Garden Street. Both these structures were of the old gable-roof pattern, with rough clapboard sides and dormer-windows.

of "blooded stock." It was then thought a great feat to carry the mail between New York and New Orleans in sixteen days.

The old Dutch Church received its dedication in 1732, and until the year 1800 its services were carried on in the Dutch language. Early in the Revolutionary War the British soldiery removed the furniture, and used the building as a prison for the patriots they captured. Subsequently it was employed as an academy for the instruction of cavalry, and still later it was reoccupied by the worshipers.

Two mails, one from China, and the other from Japan, but both for New York, leaving at the same time, and traveling in opposite directions, reached their destination simultaneously. Coincidences like this are of frequent occurrence.

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

DO you remember, Will?—long, long ago! . . .
Yet there thou liest, though all the Past lies dead,
That nestled in thee, old, old trundle-bed!
Nest of delicious fancies, dreams that grow
No more—quick magic car to Fairyland!
Ghosts walked the earth then (in our garret, too,
For Madge, the nurse-maid, told us—and she knew)—
In thee we saw them near, how near us, stand!
Stars then looked out of heaven; to Heaven light
Prayers, clothed like angels, from our lips arose—
Though from the heart of her who bent so close,
Hushing us like tired flowers that feel the night. . .
Fresh morn—poor little dreamers lost or dead—
"No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed!"

IN PARAGUAY.

THE way travelers generally reach Paraguay is by a small steamer from Buenos Ayres up the Parana River, and, as that stream is exceedingly shallow, all the care of a skillful pilot is needed to prevent grounding. Everybody knows, of course, where Paraguay is: that it is a republic of South America, bounded on the north and northeast by Brazil; on the southeast, southwest, and south, by the Argentine Republic; and on the northwest by Bolivia. As you ascend the river, the banks are low and wooded with cedars or palms, and, while the water in some places is as clear as crystal, in others it is yellow and muddy.

When the writer of this sketch made the trip, the vessel ran ashore two hundred miles short of her destination, and one November day he found himself at a standstill on a tropical mud-bank. Some of the passengers were traveling in search of game, and the captain told us with delightful gravity that his boat was not ashore at all: he had merely come to an



PARAGUAYAN FIGURES.

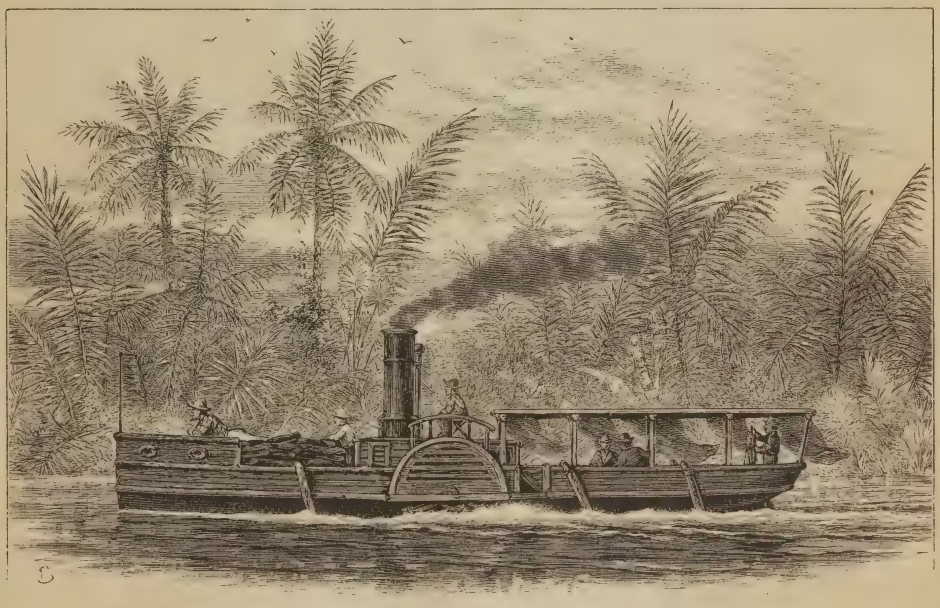
anchor so that the sportsmen might have a chance, as the shooting here was the best on the river.

But our little steamer and our captain were all that could be desired, and a very pleasant time we had. She was scarcely larger than a small tow-boat, and was built of iron. The fore-deck was filled with wood for fuel, and we sat aft, eating, sleeping, and cooking, in the open air. Though her screw-engine was not powerful, it drove us up the river at a fair rate until we struck that malapropos mud-bank, and, as the captain was a humorous Irishman, we had no end of anecdotes and good wit to beguile the lazy hours. We were immovable for two days, at the close of which the tide floated us off, and we resumed our journey without encountering the *pampiero*—that sudden squall which blows off the pampas in a blue cloud, and devastates forests in its brief but furious course. From time to time we stopped to gather wood or to take soundings ; then we traveled on again, and what with taking turns at the wheel, helping the cook, sketching, smoking, and reading aloud, and, on the moonlight nights, singing songs and hymns, we had no occasion for weariness.

Ours was a steamer especially chartered, and there is, besides, a regular line of boats which run from Buenos Ayres to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, stopping at Rosario, Corrientes, and other small places on the river. The largest of these is the Republic, which is built in the American style, and resembles the Potomac ferry-boats in use between Washington and Alexandria. The fare is from four to eight dollars, according to class, and the distance from Buenos Ayres to the capital is about six hundred and fifty miles.

Right on the beach as we made the wharf at Asuncion was a wreck, and through the open ribs of this we saw the beautiful limestone palace of the late and infamous President Lopez, touched by the gold and rose color of a southern sunset. It is the first and most prominent object that reveals itself to the traveler, and, with its many columns and fine tracery standing out against the purple distance and the luxuriant, waxy foliage of the country, it makes a picture not to be forgotten even by those to whom the art capitals of Europe are familiar.

We were landed on a small pier of bronze-colored wood that juts out from a stone quay, upon which were immense numbers of curious-looking packages containing *yerba*, or Paraguayan tea, which is the great staple of the country. All the natives had apparently turned out to witness our arrival, and we were immediately surrounded by a fascinating crowd of pretty girls and women. Ah, such women ! They were nearly all dressed alike, in a style at once simple, airy, and graceful—a loose cotton robe with lace top and short sleeves, which hardly covered the finely-rounded shoulders, being drawn around the waist by a twisted silken girdle of rainbow colors.



RIVER-BOAT.

The preponderance of females is extraordinary. The population of the country was estimated to be about two hundred and twenty thousand in 1840. The natural rate of increase till 1865 would have doubled this number, but in the subsequent five years' war the losses may be estimated at half the population : one hundred and seventy thousand males by battle and disease, and fifty thousand women and children by famine and exposure. The census of 1873 was probably correct, therefore, in its result, viz., two hundred and twenty-one thousand. Of

this number, about twenty-eight thousand seven hundred were males, and over one hundred and six thousand females. The population is chiefly Indian, and most of the pure whites are gathered around Asuncion.

But, though their complexion varies from that of a true black to that of the rich brunette of Castile, all the women look exceedingly cleanly and even handsome with their exquisitely white frocks and glossy, raven hair, which, like mermaids, they are constantly combing. Their figures are faultless and remarkably erect, never having known the deforming confines of a corset; the poise of their heads is something to excite the envy of a Clara Vere de Vere, and their pace in walking is worth the emulation of a Von Hillern. Yet, whatever they carry is balanced on their heads—jars of water, baskets of *yerba*, or bags of the *mandioca*. One meets them every morning coming to market in single file, all dressed the same, laughing and talking, with their naked toes seeming to grasp the ground. Owing to the rank herbage, they do not turn their feet out, as the only tracks through the dense grass from one house to another is that of the bullock-wagons, which is invariably followed, as it is easy to lose one's self in the tall pampa-grass and undergrowth. The ground is sometimes covered with tangled creepers, even in the city, which caught us and threw us down, while the branches played havoc with our clothing, and seemed determined to simplify our attire.

Some American friends and officials of the republic took us in charge, and we passed through the custom-house into the street which runs parallel with the shore through the town to the railway-station, where the scene was again lively and picturesque. The station? Yes; there is actually a railway in Paraguay, and it was amusing to observe the importance attributed to the arrival of a train. Following the engine were the very much dilapidated carriages, containing the "swell" passengers at one end, the freight in the middle, and the poorer passengers in the rear. As the company do not illuminate the train, each passenger carries a personal candle, and, the principal dress of both ladies and gentlemen being of inflammable cotton, the sparks from the candles and those from the locomotive make a railway-journey unusually expensive and painful.



PARAGUAYAN SHANTY.

In front of the station was a military band playing the national hymn, which seemed a little odd, as it belonged to the conquering Brazilian garrison, which has since been withdrawn. A short distance away was the custom-house, with its white, round columns and its deep-set, salmon-colored panels and white mouldings. To the right of that was a broad street, with grassy islands in its sandy desert, and in the very centre a modern Gothic building. On the other side were some one-story houses, painted yellow and red, with bands of ultramarine blue; and rising above these was the brown-brick arsenal—this combination of diversified color and form making a very striking effect. Some distance beyond was a bluff, olive-green, brown, and golden red, with what appeared to be the remains of a fort, standing out against the brilliant sky. White-robed women were washing clothes on the beach, and were seen through the skeleton wreck, one of the old boilers of which seemed to have become red-hot with sunshine.

Going farther we reached a one-story, lemon-colored building with three windows, unglazed, and protected by iron bars; the doorway, which extended from the top to the bottom of the house, had a band of blue surrounding it, which was continued over the roof. Some lettering between the windows was rather mixed, but I managed to spell "hotel and billiards" out of it. The next house was smaller, and had a low, hanging roof supported by wood-

en columns, with a raised platform in front, inclosed by a hand-rail made of barrel-staves. On the portico sat a pretty, dark-eyed girl with glossy black hair braided and twisted into a coronet. Her dress was of the usual scanty kind. She was smoking a cigar and eating oranges, and, when I asked her to sell me some of the latter, she laughed—they always laugh in Paraguay—and told me to take all I wanted. I selected one, which she immediately recovered from me, saying that it was bad, and pointing to a soft spot in the skin. She then picked one out, and, taking a knife from her girdle, which was made out of wool woven into colored flowers between borders of blue, the peel was stripped off by a quick turn or two of the wrist, and the delicious fruit was presented to me in readiness for the watering mouth.

The palace is situated in a large open space, and, considering that it was built by boys under a master-mason from Manchester, England, it excites not a little admiration. It is built of brick faced with limestone and stucco, but it has suffered, like everything else in Paraguay, from the fratricidal wars, and bears the record of a bombardment, having lost one pinnacle from the tower and part of the coping of the wall facing the arsenal; besides this, it is roofless, and the hanging timbers make it look like an unsafe place to walk about in. The interior would have been very fine, no doubt, had it ever been finished, and the rooms are remarkably lofty. From the stone balcony of the second story there is a good view of the river, and with a strong glass the lazy crocodiles may be discovered basking on the banks. But the palace serves chiefly as a reminder of Lopez, who began life with the promise of a good manhood, and became one of the worst of tyrants. In the open space were committed the outrages which compelled the natives to surrender their little stores of trinkets and money, and here orders were issued exiling many, who were not allowed to take any of their property with them.

Leaving the palace we went farther up the street, on one side of which were ruined houses, with mean, wooden shanties pressing against them, their owners, once rich, now living in miserable squalor. Beyond these we came to the Government Square containing the president's residence and the war and marine offices. The cathedral is thoroughly Spanish in architecture, the two front corners supporting belfries, and a dome rising in the centre with glazed tiles of blue and white.

The shops in Asuncion are kept by men, but in the open market woman reigns. Here is one selling *miel*, or molasses, in large bags made of hide; next to her is a fine fat beauty, with enormous ear-rings, trying to induce a stranger to purchase some monkey-nuts or some sweets made of citron and sugar, and wrapped up in banana-leaf. There is an immense variety of native wares—bread made of *mandioca* and cheese, small pats of curd-cheese, tallow candles; Indian-corn cakes stuffed with chopped meat, which are good when hot, and like sawdust when cold; and besides all the rest there is a tempting assortment of fruit—oranges, lemons, and watermelons—in abundance. Chickens are sold at from fifteen to twenty cents; sugar-cane is sold in bundles, and rice in earthen pans. A dark girl of about twelve years sits by a stall making cigars from a basketful of dry tobacco-leaves, which she moistens with her tongue to facilitate the rolling. Most of the market-women are from out of town, and have come in by the train of the previous night.

Being convinced of the reasonableness of that proverb which admits the propriety of doing in Rome what the Romans do, we attended a ball on Sunday evening, and I was not long in recognizing a pretty maiden who had welcomed me agreeably on the steamer's landing. She was again among a crowd of others, many of them carrying lighted candles, and a few affecting high-heeled boots in addition to the ordinary robe of calico or linen. As we entered the musicians were tuning their instruments, which consisted of a harp, a violin, and a flute; and, as they struck up a Spanish dance, the ballroom became a rippling lake of white skirts and coquettish scarfs. But the music was almost drowned by the



CARRYING FARINA.

laughter. The Paraguayans find mirth in everything, as we have said. If a bull runs away; if they fall down; if it rains; if it shines—small misfortunes as well as good luck invariably evoke ebullition of melodious laughter. Across the room from us two saucy little beauties were dancing together, but

their glances betrayed a willingness to form a more appropriate partnership. On the opposite side was a lady handsomely dressed in black with a mantilla flowing from a high comb. Her bodice was of fine lace, ending with a skirt of black silk, the daintiest of silk stockings, and tiny kid slippers. The comb



GIRLS DANCING.

was shaped into a spray of golden flowers, exquisitely wrought, and on one of her fingers there were what appeared to be nine rings. The native rings are made of pure gold, and one ring has many circlets, of which hers was an illustration. Her figure was upright, her step light, and her face full of soft, southern color, with long, silken lashes to the eyes, and the most delicate contour. This was the daughter of Lopez, and she seemed to embody all that is noble and beautiful in womanhood.

Between the ballroom and the billiard-room was a screen formed of the United States and other flags, with festoons of flowers and the inscription "Welcome!" painted on native cloth. Standing by this screen, and looking into the ballroom, we were treated to a comprehensive view; and we cannot say how charming it was as the ladies whirled round and round, their brilliantly-colored scarfs waving in the air, their fans flirting to and fro like butterflies, and the gauze and lace of their dresses wreathing the air with impalpable vapor. The effect was heightened by the rows of damsels holding candles of all tints and sizes, and from the roof depended spider's-web festoons of decorations. Every girl carried flowers, and, as the warm evening air swept through the building, it caught some of the fragrance, and bore it a long distance away.

Balls are common in Paraguay, but the grandest of all takes place on an annual *fiesta* day. It is an open-air affair, and comes off in front of the Government House. A pole is erected, and the national flag and long festoons of flowers are thrown from it. The band plays national dances, and the whole population is in movement, Brazilians and Argentines entering into the spirit of the thing with the same zeal as the natives. Shoes are not worn, and even the soldiers in uniform discard theirs. The space surrounding the dancers is occupied by the stands of hucksters, who, when night comes, illuminate the square with their lamps. The crowd dance untiringly, and laugh almost without cessation, only pausing to clap their hands, and then resuming the quickstep with renewed vigor.

In preference to accepting any of the invitations offered to me, I went to a clean-looking hotel near the market place, as I wished to experiment with the native *cuisine*. The soup we had for dinner was good, having green Indian-corn in it; the fish was large, with most formidable-looking teeth, though its flesh was firm and well-flavored; and after these two courses came wild fowl cooked on the spit, and a mess of boiled meat, cabbage, green-corn, and the *mandioca* root. The latter resembles a very long, starchy potato, and a respectable sort of cake is made from it, the root being dried, pulverized, and bleached in the sun. A little of the flour thus pro-



TAKING "MATE."

duced is mixed with water, flattened out in a pan, baked over the fire, and turned until it is slightly brown, when it is eaten hot. We also tried some bread made with the powdered root and mixed with curd-cheese and corn-flour, which is palatable when hot, but abominable when cold.

The *mandioca* is put into the ground before the beginning of the rainy season in May, and the roots are set about three feet apart. As it grows, the bulbous roots multiply and become several inches in circumference, and almost a foot long. The color of the stalks is a red purple, and the leaves are a very deep green. In three or four months the plant is ready for digging, and in the preparation of the flour the roots are first boiled and then pulverized with a pestle, about two feet long and three inches in diameter, made of a beautiful rose-colored wood, which is as hard as iron. After it has been reduced to a fine powder it is washed and dried and exposed to the sun, in which process it becomes a perfect white, and is ready for sale as a starch or as an edible.

Every traveler carries a quantity of it, as it is easily made into cake by water and hot ashes. The unground root put into the fire and baked resembles a roast-potato, and this with a few cobs of corn suffices the peripatetic native in a day's travel of thirty miles afoot. One often meets a woman on the road going such a distance from her ranch to the market, and without any other nourishment than *mandioca* and corn.

Our next dish was curd-cheese, the natives eating it with sugar, and by the way of dessert we had peaches, bananas, grapes, oranges, pineapples, and coffee. Thus dines the native epicure like a veritable lord!

The Paraguayans being civilized, there is also a native rum, which is far more potent in its effects than its preparation is elaborate. The sugar-cane is pressed between upright wooden rollers, and the juice extracted falls on to a slanting board, which conveys it into tubs, otherwise reservoirs, whence, when enough has accumulated, it is put into the stills. The still is a very simple contrivance, consisting of two common jars connected by some common piping, one jar being larger than the other. The juice of the cane is poured into the larger jar, under which there is a furnace built of dried bricks and clay. The smaller jar serves the purpose of a condenser, and the resultant spirit is called, not rum (that is too coarsely suggestive a word for the sweetness of the Spanish), but *caña*.

Several cigars were given to me, smaller than the "opera" size of the ordinary Havana. They are made out of the young plants of tobacco, and are unpurchasable, but nothing that I had ever smoked previously could equal them. I wanted to buy a quantity, but found that each family makes a few for its own use only—a fact to be regretted, as they spoil one's taste for other brands.

I also tried some of the native tea—*yerba*, as it is called—which grows wild in the country about Villa Rica. Leaves, stalks, and all, are dried, either in the sun or by artificial heat, in large, flat pans, and then packed tight in hides with the hair still on them. In brewing *yerba*, a small quantity is put into what is called a *mate* cup, which is a little gourd with a hole cut in the top, and boiling water is poured upon it. To drink it, you insert a tube or *bombiza* into the gourd; the *bombiza* resembles an egg-spoon covered over and pierced with little holes, which admit the liquid while keeping out the fine leaves. The beverage tastes bitter to one not familiar with it, but in Paraguay it is taken both for refreshment and stimulant at all hours. In the market-place one sees the women with their *mate* and a little iron kettle of hot water, from which they keep replenishing their cups as they drink. The plant is gathered by women, and is much the largest export, $820,395 being about its value, while the total value of all exports is $1,270,839. If one pays a visit, he is immediately presented with some *yerba*, and when he has finished the cup is refilled and passed to the next person in the room, until every one has been supplied. Should you wish to smoke, the lady of the house does not hand you a box of cigars, but takes some tobacco-leaves and rolls a cigar for you, first drawing a few whiffs to see that it is all right, and then making another for herself before sitting down for a chat.

I shall not soon forget my maiden experience with *yerba*. My hostess brought the cup to me, having previously drawn from the tube herself with a quiet grace. I took it from her, and proposed to follow her method; but, instead of drawing gently, as she had done, I sucked nearly the whole contents of the cup into my mouth, and was painfully scalded, a mishap that happens to nearly all strangers who are prevailed upon to take *mate*.

I lodged with a native family, and slept in one of the native hammocks, which are made from native cotton, and woven in a primitive native loom, for I was determined to "do" Paraguay thoroughly. The hammocks are about four yards long and three yards wide, with a deep fringe along the edges, so that you can lie from side to side, or in any position you desire. They are suspended from one end of the room to the other, and make the most comfortable of beds. The rest of the furniture of the parlor, or *sala*, consists principally of some chairs with flowered backs and embossed leather seats.

In the morning I was awakened by the bugle of the garrison, and, looking out of my window, which was formed of wood and iron bars, I saw two men busy making lassoes, a piece of raw-hide being cut into a circular shape, from which continuous rings were separated by sharp knives. Slipping my clothes on, I made up my mind to take a walk without disturbing the family, but I was confronted at the door by a servant bearing the inevitable *mate* cup, and, much to her surprise, I refused to drink. I walked up from the river, passing through heaps of rubbish, and leaping over holes deep enough to swallow a horse and buggy. It was necessary to climb a pile of bricks in order to reach a sidewalk only a few yards long, at the end of which was a descent of several feet, succeeded by another descent, and then by an acclivity. Here I was obstructed by a pool of dirty water, green with rank grasses, in which a myriad of frogs were holding a concert, and I could go on farther only by climbing among the ruins of a once handsome building, the carved

paneling of which was still admirable. Then I found myself among a scattering of wooden huts, sheltered by orange-trees, and surrounded by luxuriant tropical underbrush, with the charred remains of burned palm-trees looking gaunt and black against the sky. To the left was a wood with a winding path leading into it, along which I went, and soon discovered a cross embowered in trees, marking a burial-place.

The burial customs of the Paraguayans are peculiar. The priest is summoned, and walks to the house of mourning under an octagonal blue-silk umbrella, with silver-bullion fringe, carried by women. He wears his full robes, covered with spotless white lace, and bears a crucifix of silver set with precious stones; following him is a procession of acolytes, the first boy carrying a bell, and the others swinging incense-burners, and last of all is an old woman with a communion-cup, etc. As the priest passes, all the people fall on their knees in adoration.

Another picturesque ceremony is the dedication of a household shrine, which usually consists of nothing more than a tin image of the Virgin raised upon a common table, which is covered with tinsel and lace. The shrine is carried to the church, and the priest blesses it, and pours holy-water upon it, after which it is carried in a procession through the streets, a great crowd following, and the services of dedication concluding with a dance in the evening.

The flowers seen in my walk were perfectly beautiful; the wild, orange-colored trumpet-vine climbed up the tall lemon-trees; resplendent butterflies passed from plant to plant; and shooting out into the sunshine were the humming-birds, dipping their beaks into every floral chalice. A flock of green parrots flew over my head, chattering in their shrill and disagreeable notes; and as I went farther I espied an emerald lizard, which, after watching me eagerly for a few moments, suddenly plunged into the long grass. To my right was a lovely grove formed by the fragile, feathery bamboo, with climbing plants intertwined in a hopeless confusion of wild beauty. The large convolvulus, with its tender leaves, depended from the orange-trees, and half hidden beneath were some maidenhair-ferns, wild-geraniums, red and purple verbenas, and a waxy flower like the stephanotis. At the end of the grove stood a proud aloe, its pile of pinkish-white flowers just beginning to fade; and a great cactus, resembling two fluted poles, with white buds. A brilliant-red passion-flower had caught another plant in its embrace, and through the interstices of the foliage I could see a vast plain, spreading into purple distance, a great lagoon running through it, and reflecting the sky.

A long train of bullock-wagons was slowly winding over the swamp, most likely bringing *yerba* to Asuncion, and I waited for it to approach. The packages looked for all the world like cushions; but, when I had bidden one of the drivers *buenos dias*, and received permission to ride by him on the *carreta*, the resemblance lost its force, or, if the packages upon which we sat resembled cushions at all, they were pin-cushions.

Nearly all of Paraguay is concentrated in Asuncion. In the villages, or rather ranches—for the houses are separate—the people live very primitively. Most of the men are in the army, and do not work. The women rise before daylight, and spend an hour in the garden, after which they take a bath, and wash the clothes worn during the night. A breakfast of *mandioca* and *mate* follows, and work is done until noon, when the *siesta* is in order. The household duties are not resumed until four o'clock, at which hour another meal is taken, usually consisting of *mate*, corn-bread, dried meat, and fruit. As often as the women go to town they attend mass, and the cracked bells of the cathedral, beaten by a boy with a hammer, are going pretty constantly.

THE OLD HOUSE.

(IN GEORGIA.)

IN the awful hush of the midnight
The doors slam; and to and fro
From chamber to chamber and up the wide stair
The noiseless dead people go,
Who lived in the house and were laid in their coffins
On the oak-trestles below.

The gray-haired veteran of Eutaw,
Who shouldered his gun and marched—
As he lay on the trestles in buckle and band,
With white frill ruffled and starched,
His poor, pinched features cold in the dark,
And his blue lips withered and parched.

There the stout old Moravian preacher lay,
With the chill and rigid warp
Of death on the features cold and gray,
That had been so stern and sharp
As he held the Creeks at the ford at bay
In the days of Oglethorpe.

But the black, shut chambers are hushed
All night, till the rising moon
Looks in the south windows to see all clear,
And drive off the gray raccoon
That thieves in the shade of the old log-walls
By broad-bladed axes hewn.

Then the rocking-chair rocks and the doors slam,
The clock ticks loud and low,
As if it talked with the ghosts down-stairs
Of how the long years go,
And what has been done since they went to bed
In the graveyard down below.

Then a death-cloud wraps up the moon
Like a stark face blue and dim,
And the tall pines like a conventicle,
In their gray-moss cloaks and grim,
Mutter low basses the whole night long,
Like an old Moravian hymn.

A LEAP-YEAR ROMANCE.

A TRUE TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

"'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so."

SPRINGTOWN City is a quiet little village that has grown up around a college for both sexes, which was founded by a vigorous religious sect, something less than half a century ago, in what was then the far West. It stands upon a gentle southern slope, from which, across a deep ravine or glen, can be seen a magnificent expanse of rich level bottom-land.

Farther up, behind the town, in a grassy oak-opening, stands an immense but now somewhat dilapidated wooden hotel, which a rash speculator had built fifteen years before our story commences, over a large chalybeate spring. The glen, through which now flows a tiny stream, must once have been the bed of a mighty torrent, for it is more than half a mile wide, very deep, and cut with many a curve, quaint, tunneled arch, and dangerous pit-hole through the solid blue limestone rock. Indeed, one of the professors of the college had been for years, and despite some ridicule, patiently accumulating evidence for a pet theory of his, that the three central great lakes along our northern boundary once found a nearer outlet to the sea through this ravine, but that it had been for most of its length filled up by the *débris* of the glacial epoch, till the rising waters of the lakes were forced to seek out a new and higher channel, now called the Niagara, into Ontario and the St. Lawrence.

Both college and town had been larger twenty-five years ago than now. Indeed, the claims of the former upon the patronage of the community had been at first so successfully urged that more than a dozen ignorant heads of families actually sold all they had, and came in canvas-topped prairie-wagons and encamped for weeks under the unfinished walls of the dormitories in the vague hope that somehow their dirty and unlettered youngsters were here to be trained up into lawyers, editors, statesmen, and perhaps presidents, by a new-fangled educational process which they did not pretend to understand. The town also had once given promise of speedy and unlimited growth. For a few years extravagant expectations of sudden wealth had attracted many capitalists, until, as the larger enterprises failed one after another, investments were withdrawn to more promising fields.

Springtown City had now entered upon a second and more tranquil period of its history. A large portion of the population was still transient, settling here for a few months or years, on account of the extreme cheapness of rent, for the education of children, or for health and recreation. Half a dozen wealthy business-men from a not far-distant city had established summer-homes in or near the village. But the strangest thing about the place was that the influence and number of the unfair sex had been steadily decreasing until by the last census it was found that in the village proper the men were outnumbered almost three to one by the women. Widows left with slender incomes, anxious mammas who looked upon a college-town as a cheap matrimonial bazaar, wives of business-men who could spend only Sunday with their families, and a whole chorus of sharp-witted and often sharper-tongued maids, old and young, made up the society and the sentiment of the town; while for half a generation the younger and more ambitious men had sought competency or professional renown in wider and more promising fields.

In the college, too, the girls had gradually come to outnumber and even outrank the boys, while their influence upon the latter grew more and more dominant. They had never been regarded with contempt as rivals, and from the first their presence, almost without their consciousness, had tended to repress many of the bad habits and licensed barbarities of college-life. But now a stolen moonlight ramble with a young lady class-mate, or a picnic in the glen, was gradually becoming more attractive than a midnight raid on freshmen or a game of ball, until at last the robust boy-life of the American college, which, with all its abuses, seasons and straightens many a green and crooked stick, was almost forgotten. Even the faculty were obliged to admit that the collection of specimens in natural science was vastly facilitated by allowing the classes to *pair off* in their studies of flora and fauna. The boys sometimes wrote essays on domestic life, on ideal womanhood, and on the prominence given to the sentiment of love in the literatures of the world, and were fond of attending the Hypatia Club, where social and political themes were discussed by their young lady rivals, often with great sagacity and maturity. In all social gatherings where town and college met, men were at quite a premium. On Shakespeare evenings ladies sometimes had to assume the parts of Orlando, Ferdinand, and even Benedict and Petruchio. Two of them became quite acceptable as bass-singers, and all took turns in dancing "gentleman" with white handkerchiefs tied about the right arm. In the weekly prayer-meetings at several of the churches, the most edifying exercises were usually led by women. A few of the stronger-minded once walked to the polls, and vainly demanded the right to vote, and one of them afterward went so far as to allow her piano to be sold rather than to pay her taxes. Another, at a public anniversary, read a rather too *scientific* essay on tight-lacing, and another persisted for a year in wearing a reform costume. But, on the whole, despite some gossip-mongering, and now and then an eccentricity like the above, a wise spirit of moderation pervaded the place. Not a dram-shop was open there after the woman's crusade. Immorality was repressed by a rigid social ostracism, while the whole moral atmos-

phere was kept singularly pure and bracing by an all-pervading censorship, sometimes as rigorous and outspoken as a woman's indignations, and sometimes as subtile as feminine tact.

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The beginning of our story takes us back to late one evening during the Christmas holidays in 1872. Mrs. Elmore had opened the spacious double parlors of her summer-home—in which she had been detained from her usual winter season at the hotel in the city, by the sickness of an only son—for the entertainment of the Springtown Literary Club. The exercises, which consisted of a conversation on Dante's "Vita Nuova," led by a young college professor, and a representation of scenes from "As You Like It," had been unusually well attended and interesting. The guests had slowly taken their departure in a pelting storm of mingled snow and rain that had suddenly arisen since they had assembled. When the door had closed after the last good-night, Mrs. Elmore pushed a large easy-chair before the grate, and, languidly seating herself, summoned her maid to bring a bottle of the choice cherry-wine she had put up with her own hands five years before.

"And tell John," she added, "to go to Mrs. Newell's at once, and say that Miss Josephine will stay with me to-night."

Mrs. Elmore was a tall, large woman, with a decidedly Roman cast of features, and of commanding, almost reginal manner, yet with a complexion as fresh as a girl of sixteen, and with eyes and lips full of tenderness and sensibility. She was the spoiled only daughter of a well-to-do lawyer, whose name had been quite prominent in the early political history of the State, the alternately teased and petted sister of three older brothers, and was now the wife of a rich old speculator, who had retired from business nearly a score of years before, when he married her, a girl of seventeen. Always allowed to follow her own capricious and adventuresome will, she had acquired an unusually wide and varied experience as a woman of the world; while her independent and original ways and views in all matters within her ken, domestic, social, and sometimes even literary or political, to which it was her particular affectation to call attention, had made her the centre of quite a *salon* of admirers. The ceaseless and exuberant flow of animal spirits which led her sometimes to make ludicrous the foibles of others by good-humored though rather too trenchant caricature, had sharpened the tongues of the village gossips against her; but, in spite of this, it was more than whispered that she was the trusted counselor of many a lovelorn lad and lass, who were somehow led to pour their secrets into her ear, and seek her sound, womanly advice. If this was so, she did her kindly offices silently, and kept her own counsels with perfect discretion. In short, she was by no means a vulgar backbiter or an intriguing match-maker, whatever Mrs. Grundy might surmise.

Before the maid returned, a young lady entered from behind the curtain of the temporary stage in the back-parlor, and seated herself on an ottoman with the air of a familiar and consciously welcome guest. She was dressed in the last hymeneal costume of Rosalind, and her face was still flushed from the excitement of the evening's performance. Yet, in spite of the hearty and well-merited applause she had received, there was no look of triumph upon her brow, but rather a trace of anxiety and even pain. Without noticing this, Mrs. Elmore began:

"What foolish whim was it that made you try to give up your part at the very last moment? You look well in the costume of a page. The 'mannish air,' the 'swashing martial outside,' become you admirably. You fit the description of the character which is put into Oliver's mouth. You were just born for a Rosalind, and she seems to me the very crown jewel of all Shakespeare's womanly creations—so delicate yet so resolute and independent, so tender yet so noble. What ought a sensible girl of princely breeding, suddenly thrown upon her own resources, to do but find the man she loves, satisfy herself that her affection is returned, and then let him know she is ready? You had no such morbid scruples about the part when you were a collegian; for, if I remember aright, you have tried it before, though with far less success. Still," she mused, "I am not surprised, after all."

"It is no such foolish pride as that," replied Miss Newell. "To be sure, I expected to feel more awkward in such a character at twenty-eight than I did at sixteen, though I felt far less so. But what saddens me more and more every day is the thought of Brother George's marriage in the spring. The old home, that I have kept for him ever since poor father's death, must be broken up. Our tastes were similar, we read and studied together through college, and I thought we should always live together. I do not know what I shall do."

Her voice trembled, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Nonsense! I thought you abhorred sentiment," said Mrs. Elmore. "Your brother ought to have married long ago, and you ought to be glad of a chance to get away from Springtown at last. A sister's love should never make her jealous of a wife's. I have not been surprised at what I have seen in you to-night. The townsfolk who have known you longest, and have always complained of your cold, proud ways, were all struck with the warm, loving manner in which you portrayed Rosalind's love. Your brother would have been astonished most of all had he seen you to-night."

There was no reply, and Mrs. Elmore continued:

"Now, Josie, I asked you to stay to-night, not because I am afraid to be alone in Mr. Elmore's absence, and not because I forget your strange love of walking in all kinds of bad weather, but because I have something very plain and particular to say to you. Professor Moors is in love with you. There! don't smile, and don't look so scornful about it. Poor fellow! It was really pitiful to see the timid glance he gave you as he was describing so earnestly Dante's growing yet hopeless passion. I was not surprised. I have long suspected it. Your snug lit-

tle fortune makes you an heiress in his eyes, so that his pride, as well as his bookish, bashful, inexperienced ways, will always hinder any avowal. I doubt if he is himself as conscious of his affection as those who have observed him of late, and of course he would feel deeply mortified if he knew how conspicuously he had worn his heart on his sleeve to-night. He is a rough, undressed stone, fresh from the quarry. Carve away boldly, and you may find the perfect husband that I am sure lies concealed within."

She watched her listener's face closely as she spoke, but could detect nothing but indifference.

"And now," she continued, "I see plainly that I am called to give you a rather serious lecture. You are well, energetic, and practical, and therein much superior to the average woman. But this silent reserve of your manner repels what is absolutely necessary to every human being — friendship and love. Your heart has always been strangely solitary. It is dying of starvation. It asks affection, and you give it—books, science. Away with this foolish, cruel philosophy of life—this systematic repression of sentiment! There is, to be sure, such a thing as a tender, almost attractive melancholy, often seen in young and earnest souls. It is a common, perhaps a necessary, phase of growth. It comes of extravagant ambition, and is often the reaction of unrealizable ideals and hopeless love. And—oh, dear! —how common such cases are nowadays—in novels! But yours is a little less commonplace, at least in degree if not in kind, for mature years ought to bring, and generally do, a sound, stable contentment. If they do not, the end is—well—the worst thing that can come to a well-meaning woman—a lingering, decaying discontent, that stultifies and kills all that is best in her nature. Come, now—you know I admire your ambitions, if I do not approve the direction they have taken. I know you better than you do yourself, and love you far better than you love yourself, so do think about all this seriously."

"Is that why you have kept me to-night?" replied Miss Newell, with some warmth. "I have always liked that little homily of yours, and it has never impressed me more than now; and so let me say, once for all, I have no thought of marrying. I have put it entirely out of my plans. I have no wish to halve my rights and double my duties. The very best women nowadays are unmarried. The flirts and the drudges find husbands easily enough—the silliest first, for that matter. Men love sentimentality, and affectation they take as a superfine form of compliment. I am old enough, too, to see woman's wrongs, which I pity, while I despise her weaknesses. As to the towns-people, you know I never care for their senseless gossip, and with Professor Moors I have scarcely more than a bowing acquaintance."

Yet, as she spoke, her color heightened.

"I have often half suspected your sincerity in these views," said Mrs. Elmore, "and I am not surprised at what I see. Your very demonstrativeness in stating such theories assures me that—unconsciously, perhaps—you are trying to preach down your own heart, and that is as vain and senseless as trying to mortify the flesh in a cloister. It is the supreme duty of every sensible and well-bred young woman to use every honorable means that God and Nature have put into her hands to get herself safely and happily married off; and what is one woman's friendship worth to another save to render wise aid in advancing this great end? It would be a funny thing," she added, with a loud, merry laugh, "if a loving couple who met almost daily should die of 'concealment like a worm i' the bud'—he too bashful to tell his love, she shouting 'Excelsior' to the last to drown the softer accents of her own heart."

"When you have told Professor Moors your suspicions about me, if you have not already done so, your duty will be ended. Much joy may you find in your bootless task!" said Miss Newell, rising, and now thoroughly angry.

"Well, I am not at all surprised. You are tired now, but some time you will do me justice. By-the-way, I wanted to ask you to spend a few weeks with me in the city next month. You were never properly introduced into society, you know."

"Oh, I understand," said Miss Newell. "You think that now I am to be alone in the world I need a little of your wise advertising and bargaining to save me from a forlorn old-maidhood. So kind of you! But I tell you I hate the dependence of married life. The helpless condition and the narrow, shallow life of most married women is the most pathetic thing in the whole wide world to me. I will show people that one woman at least has sense enough to take care of herself. Whatever else I was made to do in the world I was not made to smirk, and simper, and blush, under the stare of every brainless, impudent beau."

"I am not surprised, my dear, at your feelings," said Mrs. Elmore, "but you need rest now—so good-night. Mary will show you to your room."

"No, I am not at all surprised," she soliloquized, after her guest had retired. "Poor girl! she knows she has betrayed her secret to me. Her pride will make her avoid me. Her heart will have a long and lonely conflict with her ambition, and we may well be anxious about the result. I shall not be surprised, however it may end. It is such a satisfaction to foresee things!" and she looked abstractedly through the bottom of her empty wineglass at the dying fire till she realized that she was both sleepy and chilly.

Early in the morning she was awakened by a gentle tap at her door, and Miss Newell's voice: "Don't get up; I must go home before breakfast, and I only wanted you to lend me a book."

"Certainly; anything," said Mrs. Elmore.

"I did not mean to be rude last night. Do forget it."

"Of course. I told you I was not surprised under the circumstances," replied Mrs. Elmore, trying to rouse herself.

On going down-stairs an hour later she looked over the shelves of her library, and could not help smiling and murmuring to herself, "I am not sur-

prised," as she noticed that the "Vita Nuova" was missing.

It was very lonely at Miss Newell's during the week while her brother was away. The only inmates of the large, old-fashioned house besides herself were an invalid mother, a little brother, and two servants. After breakfast, and when the day's marketing had been done, Miss Newell retired to her own room. It was one she had occupied alone from her girlhood, and it was filled with the relics of many a girlish enthusiasm. There was a small case of geological specimens, a well-prepared herbarium, the skeleton of a cat she had dissected, and several birds stuffed by her own hands in her college-days. The walls were covered with portraits of all styles and sizes, of what she poetically called the heroines of the ages, and which she had been at great pains and much expense to collect. All types of womanhood, historic and fictitious, from Minerva to Mrs. Somerville, from Chriemhild and Trojan Helen to Florence Nightingale and George Eliot, were grouped on the walls with evident care, but upon a principle not obvious to any but herself. They were framed, too, in every conceivable way, and not according to the value or style of the picture, but evidently according to some sense of poetic fitness. Some were deeply matted in gilt and velvet, and some only bordered by varnished burs, spruce-cones, and oak-leaves, and some were framed in spatter-work or plain white paper curiously folded and cut. A large and well-selected library occupied one side of the room, in which historical works seemed to predominate, and all the furniture was rich, but plain and worn.

Miss Newell seated herself before the small coal-stove, and was soon absorbed in the book she had borrowed. As she read the passionate sonnets she tried to trace the maze of fact and allegory in their mystic lines, crammed as full of meaning as a cabalistic text. She saw how the poet's ambition was fired, and his soul expanded and tempered by the heat of love into genius—a love which, perhaps, she who was its object never suspected. She recalled how the young professor had, the evening before, contrasted the purity of Dante's passion with the pagan love described by Tibullus and Apuleius, and the half-sentimental, half-sensuous love of knight-errantry, and the poet's noble frankness with the vanity of Rousseau, and his willing docility to the teachings of affliction with the long heart-martyrdoms of asceticism, until at last, wearied and dissatisfied, she threw down the book, put on her shawl, and set out upon her solitary daily walk.

The weather had grown colder in the night, the wind was biting, and the walks were slippery. But the usual two miles were faithfully done. As she returned past the college the hour-bell was ringing, and she turned her steps, as she was quite in the habit of doing, toward one of the lecture-rooms where all resident graduates were allowed to attend whenever they chose. She had often visited Professor Moors's room, but now she lingered in the hall till the students had all taken their places. It required a slight effort to enter, and she hardly knew whether she was more relieved or disappointed to find that the wizen-faced Dr. Skinner had been assigned this room, and with his hard, dry sentences and crispy German accent, was beginning a lecture on philosophy. She tried to understand something about the absolute spirit, and pure thought, and divine archetypal intuitions, but the desolate snowscape which she saw through the window was more interesting. Just before the close of the hour, however, her attention was arrested by a transition in the lecture.

"We come now," said the professor, "to Schleiermacher, whose position is in many respects the exact opposite of the pure, dry intellectuality of Hegel. The former believed that feeling, not thought, is the absolute; that growth in the consciousness of dependence, not independence, is the true measure of human progress; that enthusiasm is better than reasoning or science; that it is delicacy and intensity of feeling that make genius in the artist, conscience in the reformer, faith in the devotee, and the truest nobility in man, and especially in woman. The highest and absolute form of feeling is a sense of dependence upon something that is above us. His pupil, Neander, summarized his system of religious doctrine in the phrase 'The heart makes the theologian.' There is no such type of the true relation of the Church through all its membership to Christ as pure wifely love."

Miss Newell had listened to the same words six years before, but they had made no impression upon her. Without thinking deeply on what she had heard and read that morning, she went home with a vague, half-serious thought that Providence had somehow conspired with Mrs. Elmore to alter the course of life she had marked out for herself, but this she vowed with the greatest earnestness they should never do. This impression was not lessened when, on entering the dining-room, she found a formal invitation for herself and brother to attend the usual New-Year's reception in the college-parlors, where she knew she should meet Professor Moors, with whom she had not spoken since his return from the summer vacation.

When the evening came, Miss Newell found herself instinctively avoiding the young professor. Their eyes met once or twice during the evening, but toward its close they suddenly found themselves face to face.

"It is singular," he said, "how we escape each other. This is the third evening I have lately spent where you were, but we have not met since last commencement."

Confused to feel that in spite of herself her manner was never more frigid, Miss Newell could only say:

"I hope your summer was pleasantly passed. You were in Maine, I think?"

"Yes," he replied. "The lonesome life I lead here has made me enjoy my home-visits more than ever before. What a wonderful place this is for work—so quiet and so healthful! But when one feels the need of rest and recreation, then the trou-

ble begins. One asks one after another of his friends to walk, finds them always preoccupied, and then has to force himself to go stupidly and lonesomely without company. One may drum on his piano when he is sick of work, but if he studies new pieces it is work again. There is no one to play whist, or even chess. If one could work here all the time, he would not get pessimistic. As it is, I confess I do sometimes."

"Happy at work, and miserable when play-time comes!" said Miss Newell, now almost surprised at her own animation. "Then I ought to wish you a most laborious life. Probably you have eaten so much of the fruit of the tree of knowledge that you are divinely sentenced to greater toil than most of us."

"No," replied he, very gravely. "That is the root of most of the gloomy philosophy so alarmingly prevalent nowadays. Sound knowledge never brings unhappiness. The fall was a yet more supreme blessing to the race than Jesus himself brought. I have always told my classes that 'Faust' and all that sort of works are immoral because they dispute the fact that the human mind was designed to seek the unattainable, like a ship built for the sea and not the harbor, with many sails and but one anchor. Those who have really tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge have come to know that on the whole, as things are, the most toilsome life is the healthiest, happiest, most successful—in short, the best and fullest, however measured."

"I have vaguely felt that myself, and I am grateful to you for saying it so distinctly," said Miss Newell, heartily. "But yet it is so different with me! I say to myself every day, I must work harder, though I have nothing more definite to work for than self-culture. And now when I am about to break up my dull home-life here, and have nothing to care for but my own culture, I am very sad, and begin to realize how happy I *have* been."

"Yours is a rare good fortune," said the professor, "when contrasted with the dreadful drudgery of a teacher's life, for I confess I should give up my theory if I had no higher ideal of work than even I am able to put into practice."

"You think teaching so hard, then?" she asked.

"No one who has not tried it," replied the professor, "can imagine the petty vexations, the carking cares, the lifeless routine, and the abjectness of spirit, which it is impossible for even the best entirely to escape."

"Then what do you think," she added, quickly, "of the condition of so many women who prefer the lowest grade of it, at starvation prices, to the many other things that a woman may do?"

"They do not enter upon it as a life's work," he replied, "but only as a makeshift, till marriage or something else comes to them. Of course, they do not enjoy it. Women need a congenial and all-absorbing 'task for a life-preserver' as much as men," he continued, speaking now more and more earnestly and disconnectedly, as he felt himself borne along on a new and more dangerous hobby of his. "And that is the whole of woman's rights? Look at it! The women will have to answer for a large share of the disorders of modern society. They must be fashionable, though their children are neglected and their husbands become mere money-hunters, or perhaps thieves. Half of them would rather live in an expensive hotel than be mistresses of the best of homes. 'Anything but domestic life,' is the cry. They will teach, preach, stand behind counters, set type, write books, and what not, all at half prices, rather than rescue the kitchen and the nursery from foreign incompetency. Most of them, too, are invalids nowadays, no more fit to marry than they are to compete with men in active life, and so they are selfish, morbidly excitable, yet often strangely unfeeling, never satisfied—in short, have all the symptoms of mental and physical invalidism. Look at our young lady students. There is not one of them, however much she might want to marry, who would not feel a little humiliated afterward to be found washing dishes or making bread, and all her old mates would pity her, and think her education was, of course, a dead loss. And yet, no one thinks it particularly hard for a young lawyer, however superior his training, to begin his profession as the counsel of a drunken Irishwoman or a hog-thief, or for a young doctor to work half a day in trying to set one of the broken metatarsal bones of a dirty negro's foot. Three-quarters of the happiness of the human race *ought* to be domestic, and would be, if our wrong-headed women had developed instead of turned their backs upon that good old Anglo-Saxon home-life, which is the best character-school, the best source of high motive power, the most purifying and refining influence in the whole world."

The professor was speaking with great earnestness, and would have said more, had he not noticed with real alarm the rigid pallor of his listener's face. Before he could express his concern, however, she was speaking very rapidly:

"You have made me listen to the most cruel, yes, insulting words I can conceive of! Women have always been victims of man's selfishness and tyranny, but not often in the worst days of such ungallant, rankling, wholesale condemnation. Have you studied all the abuse of woman's worst enemies, to vent it upon me? I have heard of such ideas, but never supposed before that they were sincerely held, much less that I should ever listen to their avowal by a man of intelligence. Most of your notions are as false as they are outgrown. If woman is feeble, man made her so. If she is vain, it is because man has condemned her to a shallow life. If she hates the domestic circle, it is because she has always been made a slave there. But she is and does none of these. She is longing for a fuller, higher life, with all the strength of her nature. She may seem at times unfeeling, but it is because she longs so sternly to know, be, and do, more in the world; and man, instead of helping her to realize her aspirations, thrusts his hard, cold fist in her face when she attempts to rise. Sir, you are most unjust and unfeeling."

Passionately as she spoke, her face had now almost a beseeching look, and she stood with her hands clasped and her eyes cast down.

"If I am so heartless, I can doubtless do nothing more agreeable than to leave you," said Professor Moors, as he turned away to chat gayly with a group of lady students till the party dispersed.

Two weeks passed. Professor Moors had met Miss Newell several times on the street, but her bows had been so very distant that he was not a little surprised to find one morning among his letters an invitation, written in a clear, bold hand, to attend a tea-party at her home, to which was added a request that he would mark out for her and bring with him a short course of reading in romantic fiction. She had from principle read very little in that direction, the note went on to state, so that the commonest stories would probably be new to her. Professor Moors prepared, with much care, a short list of representative novels, such as could be found in the college library, and such as he fancied would benefit and perhaps please her most. It did not occur to him until he afterward glanced over the list that the characters most prominently portrayed in every work he had selected were women, as Romola, Annele, Irma, Lucille, etc., who had been humbled and at last sweetened and regenerated by long and painful tribulation. It was a curious circumstance; he would mention it to Miss Newell. When the evening came, notwithstanding his early arrival, he was somewhat disappointed to find the large old parlors already quite full of guests. On entering, Miss Newell received him in a cold and, as he was a trifle piqued to fancy, condescending manner, and turned immediately away to other comers, and it was in vain that he sought to meet her again. Soon a lap-tea was served, and he found himself seated between a substantial old shopkeeper and his wife, where he could not help listening to the harsh voice of Miss Newell's grandmother, who had come up from the city with one of her daughters for a week's visit. The old lady was a little hard of hearing, and was speaking in a correspondingly loud voice to Mrs. Elmore.

"What upon airth! You don't say so! Ef I could b'lieve it, I should feel middlin' kind o' streaked about it myself. But it just can't be. Why, bless yer, when she was in pantalettes, she was a'ready the pertest, sassiest little minx ye ever seed, and so chuck full o' grit that her big brother darsent pester her. When she got put out she wouldn't go round tewin' and takin' on, but she'd just spunk right up to the biggest on 'em. Her gran'ther used to say, says he, 'Won't she wear the britches when she gets married, though? Won't her man hev to stan' round lively ef her dander gets up? I tell you, Beckey,' he used to say, 'ef he don't jest toe the line to a dotted *t*, she'll skin the poor coot. I kin see her now,' says he, 'a-deaconin' and a-readin' it off to him.

"'Well,' says I, 'there's one thing—she won't fret her gizzard clean out of her ef she don't git married, as some gals I knows on, and that is some comfort anyhow.'

"'All right, Becky,' says he, 'but sich gals ez Josie, they'll either marry some shiftless scaly gump that comes gallivantin' an' honey-fuglin" round 'em, that they don't really care a bung-town for, 'cause they don't want ter be old maids, and 'cause they want a man to boss 'round; or else they'll get on a new bent, and come and knuckle all under to some strappin', big, bullyin' feller, who'll tame 'em down like a cosset-lamb.'

"'Well, then,' thinks I, 'she'd best lay out to git along without marryin'.' And so I told her father afore he died; and when a gal gits to be twenty-eight and can bait her hook with such a fortune as Josie, and hain't had any bite, she'd better stop fishin'."

Mrs. Elmore said nothing, and the old lady remarking that she was 'clean tuckered out,' and solacing herself with a pinch of snuff, went up-stairs to bed, and the company heard a few blasts as from a distant fog-horn, as she struck the key-note of the nasal music that usually soothed her slumbers.

The professor had no opportunity to speak with Miss Newell till her guests were taking their departure. Then he handed her the list of books without a word of explanation, as he bade her good-night.

Exactly at the end of another fortnight he found another note upon the desk of his recitation-room, placed there, perhaps, to escape the all-seeing eyes of the gossipy postmistress:

"Miss Newell's compliments to Professor Moors. Would he be so kind as to allow her to be the companion of one of his 'stupid, lonesome' walks? She wishes to say something particular to him. She will be at home after ten o'clock every day this week."

The professor waited several days, and it was not till late Saturday afternoon that he rang Miss Newell's door-bell. She answered it herself, and left him standing for a moment in the hall, while she made ready to accompany him. As they started out, he almost fancied he heard Mrs. Elmore's merry laugh within. He might have been mistaken. They walked rapidly. Each repeatedly accused the other of trying to keep ahead. Then they would slacken their pace for a moment, but it was sure to accelerate again till one or the other proposed to go slower. On and on they walked along the icy glen-road, till the sun went down, and the bright, early stars of a mid-winter night came out.

"We will turn back, Miss Newell, whenever you wish," he had said, repeatedly, and she had always answered:

"I am not at all tired. Walk just as far as you would without me."

By following the glen round a curve of several miles, they could reach home by an unfrequented road over the hill past the spring and the old hotel, without any sudden turn about, and this course they both at last seemed resolved upon. Their talk was mainly of objects by the way, the club, and other indifferent topics. Each felt that the other was

slightly constrained and uninteresting, though the conversation was not allowed to flag for an instant. As they were entering the village, Miss Newell suddenly asked :

"Why did you choose for me only stories of proud women becoming broken-hearted?"

"It was purely accidental," he said, quickly. "I did not notice it till it was too late, or I would have changed the list. I found no chance to speak of it that evening."

"You surely do not go so far," asked she, "as to think that women need to be schooled by such terrible experience, to teach them a proper sense of their dependence? You have not pointed me to your ideal of woman's life?"

"By no means," he replied.

"I should prefer to know more about the ideal men of romance," she said, "so I have asked Mrs. Elmore to select some reading for me. I want more action. I admire force, energy. That is why I like Carlyle. I am coming to believe in work, perhaps, as much as you. But purely sedentary, mental work would be dull to me, I fear. Do you not feel it so?"

"I do not find it dull, though, of course, it is often exhausting," he replied.

They had reached Miss Newell's gate now, and late as it was, and supperless as they both were, she paused and said :

"You spoke of being lonesome, and well you might, shut up in that desolate room of yours. I know how to pity any one who suffers so, and have often felt, too, that you were distressed by some private grief or misfortune. Concealed sorrow, you know, sickens and kills. You need a confidant and an adviser. As the latter, please let me say, look to your health. Do not work so hard. Be out-of-doors more. I should be very glad to walk again—to play whist with you some night; still more, to hear any of your music."

She spoke very firmly and deliberately, and still lingered.

The professor tried to conceal his confusion, and could only reply :

"I shall be happy to call again, but it is so late I must really bid you good-night now."

She turned away suddenly, and the professor heard the gate close with great force as he walked off rapidly toward his room.

Weeks passed again. Miss Newell's grandmother had taken her departure, and Mrs. Elmore, who was almost her only intimate friend, had gone to the city. Her brother's wedding had just been celebrated, but Miss Newell still remained in Springtown. The professor, perhaps, did not realize how lonely she felt; at any rate he did not call. The first of April came, and with it another note in a hand that he did not recognize. It was written with a pencil, was slightly soiled and crumpled, and many words and phrases were underscored. It read as follows :

"My dear Professor Moors: I trust and respect you so much that I venture to write what, perhaps, no woman ever wrote to a man, and my only excuse is that I believe no such circumstances ever existed before. I love you more and more every day in spite of myself. What can I do except to say, as Rosalind told poor Orlando, 'I am yours if you will marry me?' You need a wife and a home. Perhaps it is for me to say, first, that any differences which may exist in our circumstances should not be a barrier to our love.

"If your heart does not tell you who wrote this, know that it is from one who would celebrate leap-year day, which is also her birthday, in a way as rare as that event. In great suspense,

"Devotedly yours,
"Alpha.

"P. S.—Please destroy this note I have now carried a month without daring to send it."

The professor read the note again and again. He could not think it a joke, though received upon "All-Fools'-day," and his suspicions at once pointed to the true source of it. He attempted no reply for several days, while his students found occasion for some amusement in his fits of abstraction in the class-room, and some of the bolder ones ventured to give incoherent answers, while he gazed out of the window, till a suppressed burst of merriment would recall his thoughts to the work in hand.

The class in Chaucer became uncontrollable, and he quite lost his temper, when one day he said to a young lady student : "Please begin—

> 'When that Aprille with his shoures soote
> The drought of March hath perced to the roote,'

and scan the first twenty lines, Miss—Newell."

Within the next week he wrote, and afterward destroyed, many replies, until at last the following was written, and, a few days later, sent :

"My good Friend Miss Newell : I received on April 1st an anonymous note, which I believe to have been from you, and the contents of which I believe to be as sincerely meant as they were frankly spoken. I need scarcely say that your confidence shall be forever sacredly kept. But I ought now, by every consideration, to be no less plain in reply. If I have in any way become an object of your pity, I have at least never sought to win your love, nor consciously given you any right to fancy that I loved you. But whatever *my* feelings may be, I am compelled to believe that the love you express is too selfish and shallow, as it is evidently too sudden, to sanction the great experiment of life. You are candid enough to say I need a wife. I do feel more deeply day by day the need of companionship and sympathy in my own lines of interest—in fine, of a true helpmeet. But my ideal of wedlock is, I hope, so high that I never should dare to propose marriage from such or any other motives of convenience or necessity. I will venture only to remind you that there are thousands in the world who would eagerly seek what I am and always shall be so very old-fashioned as to refuse—wives who prefer to adorn

social or public life rather than the domestic circle, and who bring to it pride and wealth rather than true and tender love, which alone can give happy and sweet-tempered content and satisfaction to the humblest home.

"Yours truly and sincerely,

"OMEGA."

Miss Newell's daily walks had become very irregular during the dreary days of real suspense before she received this letter; sometimes they were omitted, and, when taken, were over unfrequented roads or during the hours when she knew the professor would be engaged at the college. When it came at last, she hastened to lock herself into her room, unheated though it chanced to be before she opened it, and even then she paused, looked toward all the corners of the room, listened till she could hear her own heart beat, then took it from the envelope and resolutely tried to calm herself as she turned it over in her hand and walked to and fro. At last she spread it out upon the standing-desk where she generally studied, and read it carefully, sentence by sentence, trying to catch the full import of every clause as she proceeded. When she had done, and as she was slowly and mechanically folding it, she caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror which had always hung before the desk. The cheeks of the image she saw there were so blanched, the lips so firmly compressed, the brow so rigid, the face so hard and stern, that she started back with sudden dismay at a visage so old and haggard. The air seemed to grow close, and there was such a heaviness now at her heart that she staggered, clutching wildly at the nearest support, and bringing down the case of geological specimens—stones, skeleton, and all—bruising herself severely by falling upon them. She did not faint, but before she could rise both her servants were knocking at the door in great alarm to know what had happened. She left them to collect the treasures which hitherto no hand but her own had been allowed to touch, and arrayed herself, scarcely knowing what she did, and started out for a walk.

She had not gone so far since the long walk with the professor, and tea was waiting when she returned. Her little brother had already climbed into his chair and was waiting very impatiently. He checked his clamor suddenly when she appeared, looked long and earnestly in her face, tried to steady his manly little lip and keep back the rising tears, but soon began to cry aloud. "Josie don't care for little brother, or she would not walk so far off, and look so tired and so sorry," was the only articulate form of his grief.

"Yes, Josie does love little brother, and will make him happy," she said, impulsively clasping him in her arms and finding relief at last in mingling her tears with his. "But Josie is all alone now, and little brother must love her too."

The little fellow was greatly astonished at this sudden burst of tenderness, and still more so when his sister did not call Kate as was her wont, but took him up to bed herself, and sat at his bedside till he fell asleep.

Sunday came, and again Miss Newell found herself listening to the crispy accents of the German professor, whose turn it chanced to be to officiate in the college chapel. He was so skeptical, and withal so dry and philosophical, that he was far from popular. But for once he had left his too critical methods and chosen a large, sympathetic theme. He spoke of the corn of wheat falling into the ground and dying that it might bring forth much fruit, and of the blessings that attended self-sacrifice.

"We are seldom called upon," the speaker said, "to die for a good cause as thousands have been in the past. Ours is the harder duty of *living* daily and hourly for those objects which are dearer than life. The Christ of our day would have toiled to the weary end of a long life. When the heart and the mind have once made the great surrender to those objects which are higher and larger and more glorious than they, there comes a sweetness, a strength, and a light, unknown before. To live for self is suicide of all that is best in us. Look at the faith of one-fourth of the whole race, that annihilation, absolute and complete, is the supreme good to be always toiled and prayed for. For them, this hidden secret sense, that urges them to 'some unknown good,' is strong enough to be followed against the current of every other known motive, wealth, fame, power, or happiness, here or hereafter. The great lesson is, that man's use to men is all, his credit with them nothing."

Miss Newell followed the speaker intently. As she walked slowly home she felt in her breast a sentiment of restfulness and peace, that had been a stranger there for many a day, and which so transfused her very slumbers that night that she awoke in the morning with a strong sense that something unremembered had just faded from her soul too transcendently sweet to be ever thought or felt again, and some days passed before the old bitterness gradually began to return.

Meanwhile the professor had been expecting an angry reply, but two weeks passed and he heard nothing. At length he learned that Miss Newell had gone to the city very soon after the date of his note. "She is with Mrs. Elmore," he said to himself, "and will, doubtless, find in her circle suitors more to her mind, who will gladly fall at her feet and offer far higher and more congenial stations than I can ever hope for. She is likely enough already ashamed of her flitting interest in me, associated as it was with an ill-judged avowal, which must, upon mature reflection, injure her self-respect as deeply as my perhaps too harsh reply must have humiliated her pride. The village gossips, then, are right. Mrs. Elmore *is* an intriguing, mercenary match-maker, who has acquired a morbid, almost insane, passion for trafficking in affection, and Miss Newell is heartless enough deliberately to place herself in such hands, because the time has come when she feels the need of a home."

With such thoughts the professor applied himself with renewed energy to the work of his chosen field,

while spring passed and the busy season of commencement came on apace. Mrs. Elmore had now returned alone to her summer-home, while Miss Newell's house still remained closed and billeted "For sale."

One day in glancing over the morning papers in the college reading-room, Professor Moors noticed the following advertisement:

"Miss Josephine Newell's Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies will be opened in the fall on the completion of the new buildings, to all who pass the required examination. A full corps of competent instructors has been engaged, who will arrange a new advanced and thorough course. Many special city privileges have been secured for the pupils, and the endowment is such that free tuition is offered for the first year. The patronage of all who desire a higher culture for women is respectfully solicited."

His interest was at once so strongly aroused by what he read that he hastily determined, though not without many misgivings, to call on Mrs. Elmore and learn more about it. As he waited in her parlor he reflected that he must be wary and not rouse any suspicion by displaying more than an educator's interest in a new scheme. He would bring it in incidentally. Besides, if she suspected any curiosity on his part, it would be like her to refuse to gratify it.

But such thoughts were cut short as she entered the room and began abruptly: "What have you Springtown people been doing to drive Miss Newell away? I left her remarkably happy and contented, and on my return I find that she has fled away as if in a panic, without a single adieu to her friends here, and has embarked all her property in a new-fangled educational scheme. I always thought she had too level a business head to run any such risk. I must find out more about it."

"You have not seen her, then, in the city?" he asked.

"No, indeed!" she replied. "I heard of her enterprise, but she did not call, and, of course, I could not run after her."

"I suppose she will make a veritable Lady Psyche or an Ida," said the professor, who, although he felt that he was being watched, could not repress a slight inflection of contempt.

"That can hardly be known till some admirer has courage enough to woo her," said Mrs. Elmore, so innocently that Professor Moors felt that his curiosity had not betrayed him, and he might further indulge with safety.

"I do not think," she added, very gravely, "that she will ever become a regular man-hater. She has too much sentiment and sense. Besides, she has chosen for herself the department of romantic fiction! She says, I am told, that her school is designed to make women first, ladies afterward."

"But," he asked, "you do not think she can succeed with her new method, and quite without experience, too?"

"I think she will use up all her substance and die in the attempt rather than fail," said Mrs. Elmore, warmly. "You do not know her. When she has once set her mind upon an object, obstacles seem only to rouse her into new action. Perseverance is the chief trait of her character. So no measure of success would surprise me."

"The higher education of woman," said the professor, abstractedly, "is certainly an object worthy the devotion of the wisest and best, but she will need to husband all her resources to effect any reforms in the direction I presume she intends."

"She will *learn* lessons of more value than any she will be able to *teach* others," Mrs. Elmore replied. "I think she will be changed herself in her work far more than she will change the inveterate prejudices she must encounter where she is."

The professor was heartily glad to find himself so far mistaken in his judgment of Miss Newell, and now could not avoid a vague suspicion of a possible cause for her sudden enterprise which he did not allow himself to entertain, and reproached himself for even fancying.

A year passed away, and brought to Professor Moors all the weary, uneventful round of duties which fill up a teacher's life so often with only faint-heartedness and petty, oppressive care. But he succeeded at last, with a purer ambition and a more resolute will than ever before, in so absorbing himself in the work of his chosen field that a fresh and generous enthusiasm, hitherto unfelt, was opening new sources of conscious power and enjoyment. He became more and more firmly wedded to his daily tasks. His teaching was so successful, and the recognition of his contributions to his chosen department was so general and hearty, and his judgment on all educational matters so mature and well informed, that the trustees at their annual meeting, though not without much opposition from the older members of the board on account of his youth, at last voted to confer on him the newly-vacated position of vice-president, which, on account of the age and infirmity of the president, was the virtual head of the college.

Meanwhile, with her helpless mother and little brother, Miss Newell had taken up her abode in the bustling little city of Ashton, near to the scene of her newly-chosen labors. Here her crotchety, petulant old grandmother had for years dwelt alone in her own house with her servants, not far from the residence of her son's family. She had promised to reward one after another of her relatives by a generous remembrance in her will, if they would live with her; and several of them had made the attempt, but she was so absolute and exacting, and so bad-tempered, that they had all left her to a solitude which she had slowly come to enjoy, till now the gathering infirmities of years had brought a growing sense of helplessness. She had always abused Josie's mother—now as a soft-hearted, weak-minded thing, whom her son was impulsive enough to marry out of sheer pity; now as a wily, scheming upstart, who had woven her subtile charms about her husband's heart with a cunning inspired by ambition, not by love. Still Josie had always been her favorite grandchild. The old lady now felt selfishly glad that she

did not seem disposed to marry, and glad that her new enterprise had brought her, even with her detested invalid mother, to be an inmate of the same house with her.

Miss Newell found herself living in a new world. It was not the ideal life her fancy had so often painted. It was so crowded with occupations that she had little time at first to indulge in feelings of either joy or regret. Her heart beat high with aspiration and hope. If love was denied her, she was about to find more than it could give in a new mission broad as philanthropy itself, and high and noble as a purely unselfish devotion could make it. She was surprised at her own executive energy and dispatch. The buildings rose rapidly. The design, the arrangement of rooms and grounds, all was her own. She figured out every night an approximate estimate of the expenses of the day in labor and material, interested prominent citizens to subscribe for a scholarship and prize fund, and found time to visit many other institutions large and small, and to gain some insight into methods of instruction and administration, besides devoting a stated portion of each day to special preparation in her own line of teaching. The city council had been induced to remit her municipal taxes for the first year, and even the school board were at first disposed to make friendly advances.

At last all things were ready, and the institute was thrown open to students. Three-quarters of the large bevy of young ladies who presented themselves succeeded in passing the required examination, the standard of which, though it was held ostentatiously high in the prospectus, it was thought best quietly to lower, like a leaping-pole in a circus-ring, which is ducked dexterously down under the feet of the clumsiest athlete, and then instantly raised higher than ever. All the exercises of dedication and inauguration were postponed till the end of the academical year, and a sort of scholastic quiet gradually began to pervade the premises. All the while, with rare administrative tact, Miss Newell was at work collecting and investing funds, animating her band of teachers with her own spirit, personally soliciting patronage, and everywhere directing improvements, so that she found time for but three hours per week of actual class-room work.

But now one of those strange and startling tragedies of domestic life, which often seem too sudden and phenomenal for the uses of fiction, came like a stunning volcanic explosion, which scatters its scorching *débris* over newly-mown but fertile and reblooming acres. Miss Newell's mother had once been a woman of much intelligence and breadth of sympathy, but affliction, confirmed moodiness, and fancied neglect, had slowly led her from easy-going, liberal views upon religious matters first to absolute and implicit faith in the letter of Scripture, and then to a sterner and severer subjection of her reason to the captious logic of mediæval interpretations. The good women of the Presbyterian Church in Springtown, who had often held their sewing-circles at Miss Newell's for her mother's accommodation, were sometimes thrilled by the impassioned fervor with which her mother applied her favorite denunciatory texts to some of their commonly-sanctioned practices and amusements. The vigorous austerity of Puritanism was the form of life contemplated by the Bible *she* read. Her creed continued to grow narrow as her heart grew cold, till at length all her thoughts centred about the doctrine of the depravity of the human heart, and the awful hazard of eternal despair which encompasses every soul. She loved more and more the solitude of her own room. Her gloomy, brooding self-consciousness could be broken only momentarily by the society of friends or by riding abroad. At length the sense of impending doom of which she lost no opportunity to warn others with grim vehemence, as they gradually left her to her own musings, she began to feel for herself. When she was moved to Ashton she seemed brighter for a time, but at length shut herself up in her own room to escape the occasional outbursts of the temper of her mother-in-law, and would allow no one to enter save her children.

One evening, to celebrate the close of the winter's term, Miss Newell had prepared, with her grandmother's reluctant consent, to entertain a select number of her friends and patrons. The guests had assembled, and were chatting in the parlor, while in the dining-room Miss Newell was herself superintending the preparation of the table. Wine was standing upon the sideboard, and some one had struck up a merry air upon the old piano. Suddenly Miss Newell's mother appeared in the parlor doorway, and gazed about with a glance so fierce and frowning that to those who noted her she seemed like the sudden apparition of a horrible spectre. In an instant, and without a word, she hobbled unaided to the dining-room.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Miss Newell, in great astonishment, "how in the world did you get downstairs? We said nothing to you about it, because we feared it would distress you. You shall stay now, and have a seat here next to me."

"Josephine, Josephine!" cried her mother, aloud, her rancor against happiness roused almost to frenzy. "In there you have made me hear the sound of the dance. This you have made a room for gluttons and wine-bibbers," she continued, slowly and more loudly than before. "I have raised up children, and they have rebelled against me. You have brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Would to God that you had never been born!"

Mortified and really alarmed at the unusual violence of these exclamations, Miss Newell could only entreat her to calm herself, and speak lower.

"Never!" she shouted. "I speak the still small voice of conscience and of God—a voice you must hear again at the last great day. Help me to my room now," she added, a new and sudden purpose changing her voice and manner. "There you cannot hinder me from praying God to pluck your soul as a brand from the burning. Then I shall have finished my duty toward you."

She was aided up-stairs, and the company had

just taken their seats about the table, awkwardly trying to resume their tone after the embarrassing incident, when a heavy, falling sound was heard overhead. Instantly every face took on a look of terror, and, without a spoken word, the thrill of a nameless fear chilled every heart, and Miss Newell, her grandmother, and several of the more familiar guests, hastened to the invalid's room. It was locked, and there was no answer to their call. Miss Newell was the first to pass into an adjoining chamber, out upon an open porch, then into her mother's room. There, upon her knees, her body resting upon the sofa, lay her mother already dead, the blood streaming from a wound in her temple.

Miss Newell had come to feel an increased sense of safety in her solitary mode of life in keeping a tiny pistol, an old present from her brother, and scarcely larger than her little finger, in the drawer of the stand which stood at her bedside, and it was this her mother had used, holding it so close to her head that no report had been heard, and the entire charge had entered her brain. When the others entered the chamber of death, there sat Miss Newell upon the floor holding her mother's head in her lap, wiping away the oozing blood, and kissing the pale lips and upturned eyes whereon now rested a sweet, placid smile, such as in happier days, long and weary years ago, had shed joy upon her childhood. In the wild insanity of sudden grief, the daughter called the mother by every endearing name, while friends gathered around speechless and powerless to render aid or comfort. But it was only for a moment. The grandmother had made her way to the scene, and her lamentations were so abandoned and uncontrollable that Miss Newell, with a great effort at self-possession, at last led her away, to her own chamber, where a long, clinging embrace seemed to calm them both. Returning almost immediately to the dreadful scene of death, upon which strong men gazed an instant and then turned away, covering their eyes with their hands, Miss Newell was the first to remember that the law must be satisfied and a coroner's jury summoned, and she withdrew only when nothing more could be done.

When the verdict of the jury was made known, "Died from a wound inflicted by her own hand," the old lady's grief burst forth anew.

"Oh, deary me! deary me!" she wailed. "Just to think where them that kills themselves goes to! I shall meet all my kith and kin on the shining shore but her, and I drove her to it—I know I did! Oh, deary, deary me!"

Miss Newell listened some time to such exclamations, till all that was within her rose in rebellion even then in the hour of grief. "Hush, grandmother!" she said. "If Christ's love means anything, it means hope, and comfort, and help in this extremity; it must bring all that these words can possibly mean to us now—all that we can wish them to mean." Ever after that the two women seemed to grow nearer to each other in heart, and tried to inspire in each other comfort and good cheer, though each knew that the other passed solitary hours of silent grief.

For Miss Newell, too, a nameless horror seemed to pervade the house. Ghostly shapes flitted over her pillow at night. She fancied scowling, spectral faces peering in at the windows. She would start and turn suddenly about before her glass at night, imagining she saw vanishing and monstrous forms, and no effort of reason could banish the delusion.

Thus weeks wore away. Her school duties were performed more and more listlessly and mechanically; and at length, although spring was crowding all the pulses of natural life with its freshness and wondrous power and beauty, her cheeks continued to grow thin and pale.

At length her little brother fell sick, and suddenly, with the last melting snows of winter, his innocent spirit passed away. *Then* tears fell freely and brought actual relief. Then the house was swept of all its strange, haunting horrors. Then grandmother and granddaughter drew very near each other in mutual sympathy and love, and Miss Newell found herself warmed with a new affection toward the young, taking all her pupils into her heart more than ever before. And when the first year of her school closed, with the formal exercises of dedication, she sought rest, feeling that now she could give herself wholly, and without reserve or distraction, to her chosen work.

Autumn came again, but, in spite of her fresh hopes and purposes, Miss Newell experienced a shrinking reluctance to enter upon the duties of the opening term, which it required no small effort to overcome. The institute was full, and she busied herself at once in making such changes and introducing such new features as the experiences of the past year and her own summer musings had suggested. An extended course of art-study was introduced, which had been hitherto entirely excluded. Religious instruction was given on Sundays by each teacher in her own way, and all the pupils were required to attend, each where she wished. Alternate studies were provided for some of the severer branches. A fortnightly lecture-course, to which the town was invited, was planned for the benefit of the library. Miss Newell resigned many of the official duties she had previously executed, into other hands, that she might attend to the experiment of a Kindergarten which she had planned to hold in a neat new building at one extremity of her grounds—and also that she might have more time for self-culture.

But in all that she did or thought there was a subdued temper, born in part from a sense of loss and of fatigue, which she vainly tried to overcome by increased application. Superior to her sex in general as she fancied herself, she had, like most women—the strongest-minded, perhaps, least of all—little power distinctly to realize or analyze her own motives and emotions; else she would have come to know ere this that what had lately sustained and now subdued her was a love for Professor Moors, which, shallow and impulsive as it had been at first, was daily absorbing more and more of her whole being. She was little conscious of the depth and strength it had already acquired, still less of the futility of all the resources she sought against it. In every hour of repose, when

the inner chambers of her soul were opened, there was his image shrined in the holiest place, idealized now by absence, and deferred, almost hopeless longing. It was this idealization of her love that supported and perhaps saved her. It had awakened purer and deeper instincts, warmed her heart with truer social sympathies, and almost won its cause against old and still pleading ambitions before the tribunal of reason and judgment. Under all the weight of sorrow she had felt, far below all the bustle and noise of distracting cares and duties, against the current of all her conscious purposes, a new life was springing forth which already ministered peace and joy. It was a life so warm and glowing that it might one day melt all the ice of selfishness and distorted ideals, and proud reserve which had so long delayed the growth of more womanly sentiments. Professor Moors did not love her, she said to herself. Mrs. Elmore, in her officious zeal, had cruelly deceived her; and it was not so much, she was coming to believe, the change of circumstances which her brother's marriage had brought, as it was mortification mingled with desire to escape from a passion powerful only when it had been denied, that had made Springtown unendurable to her.

Love to him had suggested her present vocation, and it was sweet to feel that, impassable as was the gulf that separated her forever from him whose memory was now so fond, she was constantly drawing nearer to him in common sympathies, tastes, and pursuits; for how close are those who labor in the same spirit and for the same object! She read and reread his letter, so full of cutting reproach and stern rejection of all she could offer. The time at length came when she must confess to herself how utterly he had come to fill her heart. She was able to find some comfort in the thought that she was doing as he wished her to do whose destiny was to be shared with his. How much more of a helpmeet she might be to him now than before! But no, she never would deceive herself again for a moment. Every possibility in that direction must now be banished from her most secret thought absolutely and forever. What remained? They were both solitary, both laboring in the same field, and by mutual council and advice might perhaps be of great service to each other and to the cause to which they were both devoted. Friendship would be an inestimable boon. Perhaps it was a duty they owed to others if not to themselves. The purest feelings, she had read from Comte, were those formed by the highest duties. Such was the course of her often-disturbed thoughts for many days, till slowly all the currents of her soul set in one channel toward this one object. She felt the need of counsel. She would show Professor Moors, at least, that she harbored no resentment—that all her pride had been sacrificed; and so she wrote to him again, hastily and impulsively, as was her nature:

"DEAR SIR: I wish to acknowledge and express my deep regret for a note that I sent you many months ago. The blame was all mine, and would that I could offer something more than a tardy and cheap apology for any trouble it has caused you! I thought your reply cruel. I was mistaken. It was just—yes, kind. Bitter as it then seemed, I owe to it I know not how much good that has since come to me. I do not venture, in writing again, to seek any answer to my questions which you then passed by. That I have ceased to desire, but I wish to say that it would now be, to me at least, an advantage and a pleasure if such friendship and communication as our common interests and pursuits suggest might be established between us. This, however, by every consideration, is for you to say. Indeed, I should be so chiefly the gainer thereby that I half suspect my own motive in writing to be selfish and wrong. I beg leave to subscribe myself

"Your friend,

"JOSEPHINE NEWELL."

A postscript added an invitation to Professor Moors to deliver the opening lecture of a free course in Ashton before the girls of the "Newell Institute," on any subject that he deemed suitable.

The professor received this note in the midst of the duties and vexations of a new year and a new position, complicated and almost doubled as they were by the disorders of previous mismanagement and present inefficiency. He remembered the indomitable perseverance which Mrs. Elmore had described as the chief trait of Miss Newell's character. The latter, he reflected, had doubtless thought, as he had, of the material advantages which might accrue from any association of their interests. Perhaps, also, other experiences, with which eligible old bachelors are only too familiar, had led him, as it does so many, to suspect matrimonial devices to be lurking under every act and word of all marriageable women. At any rate, he scribbled only a hasty and ill-considered reply:

"I do not believe in Platonic love. As a man of business, however, I can accede to both your propositions, provided only that I can put you down for such exercises as I see fit—at a 'Teachers' Institute' I have planned here soon after the date of the lecture."

Miss Newell pondered long and sadly. All the old grief was fresh again in her heart. Could she appear as a public speaker? How strange, with the views she had heard him express, that he should ask it! Yet she had often wished for such an opportunity as this. But could she curb all her old pride and appear in Springtown, before the staring townsfolk she had always looked down upon, as a common teacher among teachers, and there make, perhaps, the worst appearance of any? What would Mrs. Elmore think, and, above all, how could she stand before Professor Moors again, who was always so calmly balanced and possessed, so hypercritical, as she fancied? Perhaps he wished only to study and experiment with her. No, he could not be so utterly unfeeling. At any rate, she would go, and so it was arranged.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

I.

RAIN set in early that day; a merciless wind as well as the steadily-falling water kept us indoors from nine o'clock in the morning. Twilight found us, a group of rather gloomy girls, clustered about the schoolroom fire, trying to warm and enliven our senses as well as our bodies. The last day of the term—for most of us the last day of school-life—and the wide, vague, wonderful to-morrow! Something of it seemed already in the faces the firelight paled and shone upon. Long shadows fell back of the group. I, lying at one end of the rug, while a monotonous conversation went on among the girls, watched the various faces, full of queer conjectures as to the future links in the lives breaking up suddenly, dissolving that strangely sympathetic bond formed by school associations.

A girl at my left—Kitty Tone—began to shiver.

"I wish Olga Herminlide would stop walking up and down," she whispered in my ear.

I had heard the sweep of Olga's black drapery, and been half sleepily conscious of her tall figure as it seemed to wave to and fro along the quiet schoolroom. When Kitty spoke, I lifted myself up to look at Olga with the ready fascination the girl inspired. She had paused, with a certain swaying, irresolute movement common to her, and had seated herself somewhat apart, her hands locked beneath her chin, her elbows resting on her knees, her face directly in the fitful glare of the wood-fire. A pale face it was; the brow of marble whiteness; the hair dull black, and worn in heavy coils about her head. Whatever charm the face possessed lay in the eyes, and these fascinated only by their peculiar intensity of expression. Ordinarily calm and nerveless, Olga Herminlide's repressed enthusiasms, power, singular influence, found expression in her eyes—their magnetic faculty being one of the well-known influences of our daily life—and in spite of Olga's indifference this gave her a certain authoritative air in the circle. The lines of her mouth had an upward tendency, which, in singular contrast to her habitual dreamy solemnity, gave an impression of a mirthless, uncomfortable, and half-mocking smile. The girls were half afraid, half distrustful of her, yet no one in the six months of her stay at school could complain of a word or look. The leading facts of her history were well known, and calculated to give her an air of romance. Her mother had been of Russian parentage—an actress of some celebrity. Olga was born in Moscow, and would return there when this school-term was ended. A wealthy relative had provided for her, since her mother's death in America, and now promised her a comfortable home. After a fashion, we had become friends. My wholesome New England nature found a pleasant companionship in her dreamy, speculative tendencies. I believe now that my imagination was more powerfully influenced than my will or inclination, but at all events we had some subtile bond of sympathy. I, full of the enjoyments of youth—love of all the trifles and vanities which usually occupy schoolgirls out of class—admired Olga's absolute indifference to them. I never saw her wear any finery, or allow the dull black she invariably wore to be relieved by any touch of color. In music, poetry, declamation, she vented any love of the æsthetic she possessed; but even here she fell slightly below my ideal, tragedy in all three arts being her preference, while the tenderer points in any of them appealed only to her when there was a half-despairing pathos which, young and ardent as I was, I could not enjoy.

On this evening, our future lives were speculated upon with the tinge of romantic interest common to schoolgirls. I looked at Olga. She was smiling to herself, turning upon her finger a curious ring she always wore.

"Now," cried Kitty, springing up, "Olga looks precisely ready to tell us some horrid story, and I won't listen."

"Not at all," said Olga, calmly. "I was wondering only if the girl who wore this ring ages ago, in Pompeii, felt as we do in any way, or minded my wearing it. Sometimes I fancy, do you know, she comes in the night and tries it on? It was undoubtedly her wedding-ring. It shall be mine too!"

"Olga!" cried healthy, blooming little Kitty, turning pale. "How dreadful you are! I never feel like a nineteenth-century American while you are near me."

Kitty sprang up, and the group dispersed. Olga and I remained by the fire. We both enjoyed the common influences of the day, the pattering raindrops, the flicker of the firelight.

"Olga," I said at length, "do sing something for me."

She rose, I remember, as if it was the very expression her mood required. I lay still upon the rug, while she went over to the jingling old piano, touching the keys lightly. Presently her song began—a wild, Russian air, mournful, weird, pathetic. I listened for an instant, and then sprang up, going quickly toward her, and laying my hands upon her shoulders.

"Don't!" I exclaimed. "I can't listen to it!"

She dropped her hands, turning wearily toward me. We sat together after that almost in silence, until the bell sounded for our last meal together. Something fixed the day with mournful intensity in my mind. Before daybreak the next morning, Olga Herminlide and I parted forever. I never heard from or of her; after one or two fruitless attempts, I abandoned all effort to learn her fate. Gradually in the busy whirl of my life my school-days became a shadowy part of memory. New lines cast in the old places made their marks fainter, and with disap-

pointment, weariness in my life, I schooled myself into looking always to the future, never to the past.

II.

FIVE years later, on a quiet April afternoon, I was being driven rapidly along a country road on my way to a new life—that of governess in a family of whom I knew nothing except by correspondence. I had found myself alone in the world, and penniless—too common a story to need repetition of details. Suffice it to say, through the kindness of a friend I had obtained what promised to be a delightful position. I was to teach music and drawing to a young lady who lived with her maiden aunts in Berkshire County. The family was an old-established one, and I was told represented wealth, and culture, and refinement. Yet the prospect was not wholly inviting. These were mere outlines, and my imagination filled up the details uncomfortably. My mood, I fear, was a weary one, and I determined to shake it off by enjoyment of the country. The road seemed to wind in and out of a lovely region. We were not far from Great Barrington. The line of hills was beyond me, blue in the mist with which the day was closing in, and, it being April, some faint odors of the spring-time seemed to fill the air. As I looked out of the carriage-window, I saw a man coming down the road, beating the bits of grass or stone from his feet with a cane. Against the evening light his figure stood out very clearly, and at once impressed me familiarly—a tall, thin man, with a dark face, bent so that I could only see the beard and heavy black mustache—but at sight of the carriage he stopped and put up his hand. My driver pulled up his horses, and the man came near the window. I remember being quickly impressed with the characteristics of his face—the restlessness in the eyes—the fixed calm about the mouth and chin; it was a face which might in youth have been coarse and disagreeable, but the lines of care or middle age had brought a softening, refining influence, and there was a certain power of fascination about it, which made me forget its first repulsive expression. He looked at the coachman and at me.

"I beg your pardon," he said to us both, in a very low, deliberate voice, which also had its charm. "But is that gateway Miss Newton's?"

My driver nodded oracularly, and, with the characteristic aversion of his part of the country to a definite answer, said:

"Well—yes, it is."

The stranger beat the ground a moment longer with his stick, and then bowed respectfully to me.

"Thanks," he said, calmly, and we drove on. I had the curiosity to look out after him, and saw his tall, slight figure striding on, as sharp an outline against the western light as before.

We now entered the gateway, and in my interest I forgot the rencontre. In a moment I was on the threshold of my new home—a large, rambling house, half brick, half framework; with irregularly-set windows; unexpected curves and angles; one side facing the sunlight, the other sheltered from it by projectlng eaves and a long, glass-covered balcony, which I saw would be luxuriant with vines in summer-time. A pleasant-faced girl admitted me, and I was quickly ushered into a large room where the gloom of the twilight seemed quite dispelled by the cheerful glow of a wood-fire and wax-candles. Two ladies rose to meet me, and the elder one held out her hand with that undemonstrative air of cordiality which is so thoroughly New England. The younger one, a woman of about forty, I judged, smiled and nodded good-humoredly.

"Miss Mayo, I believe," said the elder one, in a voice which seemed part of the warm, bright influence of the room. "We are very glad to see you." She motioned me to a seat by the fire. "Before going to your room," she went on, with quite a confidential tone, "would you mind going up to Leonor's room? She hurt her ankle the other day, and has been compelled to stay up-stairs, which is a great privation to such a vigorous girl, and she is most impatient to see you."

"We hope she will take to you," said the younger sister. "There is *so* much in instantaneous affinities."

I began to fear too much intellectual comprehension might be demanded of me, but discovered later that the younger Miss Craig tried to express whatever author she was reading. At this time she was in a cheerful little puzzle of mind over Emerson.

I expressed my willingness to go immediately to Miss Newton's room, and the maid was summoned to take me to her. We went up a pretty, old-fashioned staircase, with shallow steps, and windows at intervals — some of the panes being stained glass, through which a stream of sunset color made its way. We crossed the hall, and there the girl opened a door, explaining that she would tell Miss Newton. My first impression, upon entering the room, was of its rose-colored light and warmth. It was not the cheerfulness of the open fire—the soft hangings of chintz, the innumerable flowers which adorned every nook and corner—but there seemed to be a special atmosphere of brightness and rosy tint throughout the room which penetrated even the shadows cast by the closing day. No candles were lit as yet, and still there was no gloom in the deepening twilight. While I was looking at the many luxuries of the room, I heard a rustle from an inner apartment, divided from this by a dark-blue silk *portière*. In an instant the curtain was drawn back, and with a half-shy movement Miss Newton came into the room. Looking back, I can see her now in this setting of what seemed to my travel-weary eyes and spirits, picturesque splendor; and her loveliness, which I grew to know so perfectly in every detail, flashed upon me like the sight of some face and figure we have seen only in pictures or our fancy. She was holding back the blue curtain against which her figure in its white-cashmere gown was relieved — a girl of eighteen, perhaps, with a tender, womanly face, made beautiful by the serenity of the brow and eyes, the dimpled sweetness of the mouth and chin. Her hair was a perfect golden shade, untouched by

any brown tones; the eyes a clear sapphire blue; the brows and lashes themselves a gold color, if anything a trifle fairer than the hair. Her complexion had the vivid warmth of youth and perfect health, while the rounded symmetry of her form, the arm from which the sleeve of her wrapper fell back, showed a *physique* in splendid keeping with her beauty of feature. I have never seen a thoroughly blond woman so completely typify glorious good health and development. Although scarcely above the medium height, her whole air and bearing were naturally vigorous and full-toned; a certain languor now in her movements, I could see, was only the effect of seclusion, for any idea of illness or drooping seemed absurdly incongruous with such a splendid young creature.

"Pray excuse my sending for you in this way," she said, in a rich, clear voice. She held out both her hands, and, when I took them, looked at me steadily for an instant. "Ah!" she said, slowly, a delicious smile parting her lips and bringing a dimple into her cheek. "I am sure we shall be friends."

"I hope so with all my heart," I rejoined, laughing. "But we must test each other thoroughly."

"But I always believe in my impulses," said Miss Newton. "My fancies are taken on the instant. And now, dear Miss Mayo," she added, "pray take off your things and come back and have tea with me."

I did so, and on my return found Leonor still in the outer room, but dressed in an exquisite creamy-white silk gown, with some strings of amber on her neck and arms. A shawl of white cashmere, embroidered in gold hung down upon the chair. There was a positive luxury in even looking at her as she sat before the fire, her slippered feet resting on the fender, her hands busied among some roses she was making into a garland. I could hardly realize she was in truth the daughter of a Massachusetts mill-owner, and that my duty was to instruct her! I felt the necessity of becoming an artist or poet, to paint her or set her into tuneful verse, and transport her to Venice where her surroundings might be in keeping with the sort of golden splendor she suggested.

I stood quite still, looking at her, and she slowly raised her eyes.

"Am I *very* pretty?" she said, calmly.

"You know you are beautiful," I answered, laughing. "But I don't mean to spoil you, my dear. I doubt not you get flattery enough."

She bent her head thoughtfully a moment.

"Well, really, Miss Mayo," she said, again lifting her eyes, "there is only one human being's flattery I truly care for—and—" She broke off laughing, and with her eyes dancing. "I only have *one* little secret, and I must not tell it you at once. I must preserve a slight air of mystery to make myself interesting."

I might have told her she had betrayed it in her heightened color; the sudden, ineffably sweet shyness which seized her when she had spoken. The door opened now upon our tea-tray, and we had a cozy little supper; and, even in discussing the commonplaces of my journey, I was surprised by Miss Newton's evident observation and brilliancy. Everything seemed to interest her in a healthy *young* way, which was enchanting. After tea she desired me to ring the bell. When I did so, she asked me to look critically at her dress.

"Do you like me in white and gold?" she said, somewhat imperiously.

"I have never seen you in much else," I answered. "It is very pretty, but rather fanciful."

"Oh, but it is for a special occasion," she said. "And I hastened to change it just for the benefit of your opinion. I expected you to be startled when you entered."

The dress had a long, flowing train and curious mediæval sleeves; her hair hung unbound, like a golden bath of sunshine upon her shoulders, and was caught by a white-satin ribbon at the back. The effect, with the pale-amber beads upon her neck and arms, was singularly picturesque.

"I *am* startled," I answered.

The maid appearing at this moment, Leonor turned to her with a slight embarrassment:

"Has Captain Dale come, Mary?"

"Yes, miss."

"Well, where is he?"

"Singing, miss."

Leonor's face clouded.

"Singing!" she exclaimed. "And I not to hear him! Open the doors, Mary."

The maid calmly obeyed, and then we heard the strains of a clear barytone voice from the drawing-room. The air was familiar enough—a melody of Gounod's, with an exquisite pathos which the voice expressed. Gradually the smile which had dazzled me before broke over Leonor's face.

"Is it not charming?" she said, with the prettiest little air of possession in the voice. We stood listening until the song ended. Then she turned to the maid:

"Where are my aunts, Mary?"

"They have just stepped over to Mrs. Thurston's a moment, miss."

"I am *sure* I can go down with help," Leonor said, eagerly. "I want Roger to see my dress to-night. You can both help me." She turned to me with a plaintive little appeal in her eyes which I could not resist. "You know," she went on, with some increase of color, "I am to have my portrait done, and my cousin Roger is arranging the costume. Come, shall we go down?"

It seemed quite prudent, for her ankle was very strong; and so we went out, the maid and I giving her occasional help. How pretty she looked going down the dark-wood staircase, the creamy folds of her gown slipping over it, her young head catching the last touch of color lingering about the oriel-windows!

The music had begun again in the drawing-room, and we stopped a moment at the door. At the farther end of the room a young man was seated at the piano. He rose suddenly as we entered. I took

one glance at the tall, brown-bearded young fellow, the manly, handsome face, the light-hearted smile on lips and eyes, and then Roger Dale and I clasped hands! With all my familiarity with the name, I had not recognized it as that of my old playfellow—the son of my father's dearest friend, Major Dale. Of course, some words of explanation followed. To find Roger established here as Miss Newton's second-cousin, and—I suspected—lover, seemed at once to define my position with a certain content I had not looked for, and in the next five minutes my friendship with her seemed to become fixed. I read Roger's story instantly in his face. In the old days I had been his willing confidante. He made no effort to conceal his present interest, but looked at me with the anxious air to which I had always responded, as I did now, by an expression of sympathy and comprehension.

"And now for my dress!" exclaimed Leonor, whose pallor had returned a little. She had been lighting the candles. They glowed softly on her figure and gentle face, half shyly raised to his.

"Will it do, Roger?" she asked, timidly.

A proud, happy look came swiftly into Roger's handsome face; he put his hands lightly upon her shoulders.

"Do!" he said, with a tender air.—"What do you think, Agnes? Is it not beautiful?"

He turned to me, I fancied with something of regret in his face.

"I love my cousin," he said, reverently, "with all my heart. God knows how I have tried to make myself worthy of her; but it was her father's wish that we should not be engaged, or rather acknowledged, lovers, until she is twenty-one, and so there is a year yet, and all the world may come in pursuit of my princess."

Leonor just touched his arm caressingly with her cheek.

"But nobody is coming, dear Roger," she said, gayly. She looked at him with a sweet, frank smile; all the womanliness of her beauty seemed to me strengthened, ennobled, purified, by this man's strong love for her. "Here come my aunts," she went on, a little quickly. "Now, Agnes—I must call you so, you know—now for our explanations and introductions."

The door opened on the cheerful little ladies. Leonor advanced with an air of mock dignity; she courtesied, sweeping the ground with her rich silk gracefully.

"Allow me to present Miss Mayo, dear Aunt Jane and Aunt Bella, over again, as Roger's oldest and best friend." Her eyes danced; she looked enchantingly lovely. The aunts, evidently, admired her profoundly, and seemed much amused by her dramatic airs. Miss Jane took my hand again most kindly; we stood a little apart. The quiet little woman looked at me with a matter-of-fact gravity for an instant.

"Then you know how it is between Leonor and Roger," she said, in an undertone. "We can't encourage it as yet. My brother was a man of excellent judgment, and we *always* regard his will as law—but I am glad you are not a stranger any longer."

We passed a charming evening. When I went to my room it was with the most delicious sense of comfort in my new surroundings, but I almost feared, on awakening, to find Leonor—her gold and white costume, the splendor of her beauty, her luxurious surroundings—all a dream of fairy tale or romance; but her voice, gayly singing as I passed her doorway, reassured me, and Roger, coming in to breakfast, with his hands full of damask roses, was a decided reality.

III.

A FORTNIGHT made me thoroughly acquainted with my new life and my fascinating pupil. Our days were passed delightfully; we had music and reading during the mornings. In the afternoon, Roger and Leonor rode out or walked, while I usually accompanied the cheerful aunts, enjoying Miss Jane's downright good sense, and Miss Bella's little superficial interests in questions of the day. Newton was a quiet place, sleepy and dignified, with an exclusive little society, of which Leonor was the star. The girl had a rare magnetism in her very presence. She was the incarnation of good health and spirits; of life and glorious, happy youth. Whether it was from the deep content of her love, or the natural buoyancy of her nature, she affected me with the same happiness I find in spring sunshine, or the first opening of summer flowers. Her intellectual appreciations were so keen that I often wondered how in her tranquil, luxurious atmosphere her mind had developed with such vigor. Her æsthetic intuitions were wonderful; color, light, her own beauty, were enjoyed by her with a simple artistic sense that reveled in their effectiveness. I have never seen a mind or nature so susceptible to influences. When we played, certain conditions in our surroundings had to be consulted—wide-open windows, dancing sunlight, the tender thrill of the May mornings, affecting her to a rare degree, just as any gloom in the atmosphere or dullness in the company completely set her out of harmony. These seemed at first caprices, but, as I knew her better, I realized them as the natural expressions of a keenly-sensitive organization, which, crowned by the most perfect, tender womanliness, made her seem more lovable every hour of the day. Her world was in Roger's eyes; her approbation in his voice. She was keenly alive to a variation in his manner toward her, and demanded, woman-like, constant admiration, thought, appreciation, from him. But she repaid his love in full—the whole strength and passion of her nature were lavished upon him. Never have I seen love so sublimely sentimental and intellectual at once. She penetrated the subtilest depths of his mind, the rarest as well as the commonest needs of his nature; and even the little tender words or looks which passed between them gained a noble, elevating character from the perfect sympathy of their moral and intellectual nature.

Going into the garden one morning, I found Roger Dale enjoying the mild serenity of the spring

sunshine, with his handsome young head uncovered, and whistling "La Donna è mobile" with an air of great satisfaction. An upper window was presently flung open, and Leonor's head appeared among the young vines, the sunlight dancing among the gold threads of her hair and on her white dress. She wore white commonly, as most women do colors, relieving it by bits of damask or pale blue.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, looking down upon us. "What is in the air this morning, Agnes?"

"Mozart," I answered, laughing; "shall I come in and play?"

"Would you mind taking my piano down among the primroses, Roger?" she said, putting out her hands and clasping them idly on the window-ledge; "and we'll play 'Don Giovanni' to you."

We stood still looking up, and Roger began an undertone of quotation:

> "'Being your slave, what should I do but tend
> Upon the hours and times of your desire?'"

She smiled softly.

"Did Shakespeare feel the beauty of such a morning when he wrote that sonnet, Agnes? Come in. We must have Mozart—"

> "'I have no precious time at all to spend,'"

Roger was going on, when there was a movement across the hedge-row in the lane. Leonor's gaze suddenly turned from her lover's uplifted face. Looking around, I saw a man making his way up the main road—the thin, pale-complexioned person whom I had encountered that first evening. He turned a bend in the road and disappeared. We all watched him in silence.

"There he is," I said to Leonor, with a little shiver of disgust.

"Did you know," she whispered gayly down to Roger, "Agnes came here in the character of Jane Eyre? She met Rochester!"

Then she graphically related the little incident.

"But don't you know," said Roger, when we were in Leonor's sitting-room, "that this man is the Anglo-German who brought letters of introduction to Mrs. Thurston? If we call there to-day, we shall no doubt meet him. He is a great scientist."

Somehow the sight of the man had jarred upon our harmony. Even Mozart did not bring back the poetic atmosphere we had left. We jingled away at the minuets and sonatas—Roger listening and reading alternately. Suddenly Leonor's hands fell with a little tremulous movement. She looked at Roger with a curious, wistful gaze, at which he quickly laid his book aside. He was sitting in the deep window-seat, and she went over, kneeling beside him with a singular earnestness in her face. She touched his cheek very gently with her hand.

"Are you well, Roger?" she said, in a low voice. He looked, I remember thinking, splendidly strong and handsome.

"Very well, dear."

There was a pause, and she looked down in constrained silence.

"And do I look strong and healthy, and likely to live a long time, do you think?"

He smiled, framing her face gently in his hands.

"Likely to live a hundred years, my love!"

She drew back, putting her hands to her heart, and then holding them out to him.

"Why do I feel afraid?" she said, with her peculiar, sweet smile. "There is no touch of weakness anywhere; and yet, O Roger, I am so afraid something may come between us!"

I had never seen a touch of nervousness about her before; nor had he, I think, for he stood up with an anxious air, taking her in his arms compassionately as he might a tired child.

"My little girl," he said, in his kind, cheerful voice, "nothing will happen. You are tired or ill. Come, dear, let us have some more music."

But Leonor would not play. She sat down near me, while I went over some of the sonatas. But I presently perceived she was not listening.

.

We reached Mrs. Thurston's house about four o'clock. It was a quiet, old-fashioned, red-brick mansion embowered in trees, with cool gardens in summer-time, where even now we could hear the splash of a fountain. In-doors everything was oak and crimson, with touches of gray color, and a sober, home-like warmth which made its way into your senses as soon as you stood within the doorway. Mrs. Thurston and her daughters were in the drawing-room. The rector's family were placidly seated about, and the man who had stopped my first progress to Newton stood looking toward the door from his station by the mantel. He was an uncomfortable surprise. Leonor involuntarily touched my arm as we entered, and half drew back. The stranger moved away, sauntering into another room, while Mrs. Thurston rustled forward, greeting us with effusive cordiality; and then, having, as I could see, some one of importance on her mind, glanced over her shoulder toward the spot the stranger had quit.

"Do sit down, dear Miss Mayo," she said to me, smiling cordially. She was always hurrying me into seats everywhere like an invalid. Leonor had gone over to the sofa, where, with her usual unconscious grace, she sat like an old-time picture—her yellowish-white muslins and laces—her golden hair, relieved against the deep-crimson background—her lovely face turned so that the man just within the little anteroom could see it plainly.

Mrs. Thurston now brought him forward.

"My dear Miss Newton," she said, earnestly, "allow me to present Mr. Lemark."

Mr. Lemark bowed quietly, and took a seat beside her, whence he turned to me a gravely-smiling face in which the pleasant characteristics seemed even fewer. Happily, I thought, we need not remain long, but Mrs. Thurston came up, saying in a voice for the general company:

"We were just discussing spiritualism, as you came in.—Are you fond of it, Miss Newton?"

Leonor's sapphire eyes opened in a sort of amused wonder.

"I don't believe in it, Mrs. Thurston," she said, smiling.

"What do you think it is?" said Mr. Lemark, in the slow, quiet tone which gave commonplace remarks an air of intensity.

Roger, usually so indifferent, seemed irritated singularly.

"There may be some unknown influence at work," he said, quickly. "My idea is, that one-half we see or hear is humbug, the rest due to some magnetic cause another generation will comprehend."

Mr. Lemark looked at him with an air of half-contemptuous criticism.

"There is such a subtile force in this magnetic power," he said, calmly, and turning his eyes back to Leonor, in whose face a quick interest glowed, "that some can, some cannot, exert it; some can be influenced in a way others would resist."

"And how," said Leonor, half timidly, "can it be defined?"

Lemark waved his hands with a deprecating movement.

"Impossible," he said. "How is it you feel any force—is it with the power of definition?" He looked toward me.—"Miss Mayo is, I should think, a born clairvoyant."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed, with an involuntary shiver. He rose and came over near me.

"I should like," he went on, glancing at Mrs. Thurston, "to make a trial of the will-power with this young lady."

Mrs. Thurston began to flatter admiringly.

"Oh, you know," she said, quickly, "we have been so entertained by Mr. Lemark's *willing!* Have you ever seen it done?" She conciliated Roger's disagreeable silence by a sweet look. "One person *wills* another to do a certain thing; he does not know what it is, but all the rest of the company are in the secret; and then, by concentrating the mind and the will, the person is made to do the action."

"I think it would be better understood by a trial," said Lemark, pleasantly.—"May I make an effort with you, Miss Mayo?"

Like a sudden flash, my old school-days came back. I remembered Olga Herminlide's exercise of this will-power. Again I could see the sleepy old schoolroom; its high row of windows; its flickering firelight; and Olga, in her black dress, willing me to move about here and there at her command. Something confused my manner, the old memories seemed to gain sudden sharpness. I looked up, to see Lemark standing before me with polite expectancy.

"You cannot will me," I said, smiling. "But you may try."

To my surprise, and Roger's equally, Leonor arose with a little, childlike hesitation.

"May I try?" she said, earnestly.

Lemark turned swiftly.

"Certainly," he said, with a nervous sort of eagerness. Combined with the man's calm deliberation was an undercurrent of restlessness or nervousness. When people walked past quickly, he looked about as if expecting some one or something. The creaking of the window-panes a moment before made him, absorbed in calm scrutiny of Leonor as he had been, shiver perceptibly.

Mrs. Thurston and all the party seemed enchanted by Leonor's request. She glided out of the room with one glance—a pretty, confiding one—at Roger, and while her action was very determined, I could hear the sweep of her light muslins up and down the hall.

Lemark remained buried in thought for a moment.

"Does she sing?" he said, lifting his head suddenly.

"Yes, indeed," came from several.

"Good! Now I shall will her to walk three times toward the piano, and then seat herself and sing."

He went to the door, opening it, with his momentary excitement vanished.

Leonor had seated herself in one of the hall-windows. How many times later I thought of the beautiful serenity in her face, which the dying sunlight touched; the happy smile, the quick, vigorous movement with which she arose to answer the summons!

She came in smiling, with some bewilderment. Lemark had instructed us to preserve dead silence. Not a word was spoken; the vines budding into life outside a window near me waved to and fro, casting playful shadows on the room. There was otherwise no movement anywhere about us. Lemark held out his hands, fixing Leonor with a rigid sort of gaze. Her eyes met his; their pretty lids drooped slowly until she closed them like one falling into silent sleep; then, with a tremulous movement, she extended both her hands, lightly laying the tips of her fingers upon his. There was a certain dramatic impressiveness in the scene—in the way in which we waited breathlessly for the result; and for the time I quite forgot the disagreeable impression made upon me by Lemark. His face, thin and sallow-hued as it was, glowed with a new look of intensity. Some force within him, dominating over the grosser nature of the man, made it for the moment less repulsive to me. For an instant no step was taken—it might be that he could even insensibly guide her footsteps; but when she had gone forward a little space, he withdrew his hands, moving only as she moved, making way for her slow, somnambulistic sort of progress about the room. The piano was at the farther end of the long room; it stood open; a page of music fluttered on it, and other sheets lay scattered temptingly about. Among them lay a favorite song of Leonor's from "Don Giovanni." This, I fancied, if any, she would sing. Three times following the circle prescribed for her, but *in no outward way* guided by him, she walked toward the piano, and then lifted her face with closed eyes toward him. He fixed her solemnly as before with his gaze, and a slight movement of his lips was visible. Leonor's face had grown white as her dress—it drooped again—slowly she seated herself at the piano. Lemark

followed, holding up a warning hand to command our silence. He bent down a little nearer to her, but said nothing. She moved her fingers aimlessly toward the keys, and then, slowly, with a low, clear voice, began to sing. We had all risen involuntarily —but the air, the strange melody she sang, burst upon me like a dreadful spectre. It was Olga Herminlide's desolate Russian song, which was the most painful, pathetic memory I had of her. As she sang, half exclamations escaped Roger's lips. For a moment Lemark listened, and then suddenly looked around at us. The man's face was ashy pale.

The phrase ended. Leonor opened her eyes, looked about with trembling, reviving color, and a smile of bewilderment upon her face, then stretched out her hand to me.

"Where have I been?" she said, with a little, nervous laugh.

Every one now began talking at once, with the jarring eagerness consequent upon the strained silence. Lemark had disappeared into the anteroom.

"You obeyed singularly," I said. "But where, Leonor, did you learn that song?"

"What song?"

"That Russian song."

"But I sang no Russian song, Agnes dear," she returned, in an odd sort of alarm. "Oh, I wish," she whispered, "we might go home! I am so nervous. I thought I was dreaming."

"Of what, dear?"

"I fancied myself in a long schoolroom—do you know? You sat by the fire, and I thought you said to me to sing for you. And so I sat down at a piano at one end of the room and sang, and you came behind me and said: 'Don't; I can't listen to it!"

I caught her hand.

"My dear Leonor," I began. I was about to tell her of that last day at school; and then fear of exciting her already over-wrought nerves prevented me. Her cheeks were burning, and my own brain began to feel dazed. I looked about for Roger. He was discussing the question of the will-power somewhat hotly with Lemark, Mrs. Thurston hovering about with mediation in her smile.

"*Do* will me," she was urging. Lemark, a little contemptuously, consented. Again the preparations were made. Mrs. Thurston was to take up a book and read aloud. Leonor watched eagerly. The amiable little lady entered, fluttered and half bashful; but, when Mr. Lemark looked at her, she burst out laughing, sobered down again; then, with efforts at gravity, said:

"Dear me! what *is* it you want me to do?" and, stumbling about, she kept up a running fire of remarks like "Am I to sing?" "I wonder if I'm to sit down!" until Lemark, withdrawing his fingers, said, politely:

"It won't do, madam. You see, the mind must be concentrated—fixed. Absorption is necessary. In your present mood, nothing could be done."

She laughingly resigned the idea, and then I hastened our adieux. Lemark, with much solicitude, inquired if Leonor felt exhausted. She smiled languidly.

"Yes," she answered, "but it was certainly an interesting experience."

"Interesting!" exclaimed Roger, when we were going home. "Look at that poor child's white face! The loss of mental force and electricity is terrible! What a useless strain upon the nerves!"

IV.

A WAKEFUL night of reflection decided me to say nothing to Mr. Lemark—or, indeed, any of them—of Leonor's curious experience, and, if possible, to laugh her out of the thought of it. My impressions of the stranger, well introduced as he was, were most uncomfortable, and in no degree enlivened by the sense I had of some former association with him. Carefully as I reviewed my life, however, there seemed no scene or place in which he had had a part; yet even in the darkness, after I had closed my eyes to try and sleep, I could feel the impression of his whole manner, interwoven curiously with some past experience, and what was a natural result of the day, when toward morning a light sleep came to my weary eyes. Olga and the old school-times were vividly before me. Daylight, however, dispels much more than darkness, and I went quite cheerfully to the breakfast-room, where Miss Jane Craig met me with dismayed looks and an open telegram.

"It's from your uncle in Virginia!" cried Leonor, hurrying forward. "He is ill, and wants you at once. We opened it, fearing bad news."

A sudden dread of leaving came over me; but we had at once to decide upon my journey. It must be taken that night. Roger joined us soon after breakfast, and listened with an air of great disappointment to the news. As soon as we were by chance alone, he bitterly deplored it.

"O Agnes!" he exclaimed, "in three weeks I have to sail for my six months' stay abroad, and, if you should not return—"

He grew gloomier every instant.

"My dear Roger," I said, trying to laugh, "what do you fear? One would fancy Leonor was going to fly away."

He strode over to the window, and stood looking out in dejected silence.

"Roger," I said, "is it impossible to make your engagement definite?"

"Quite," he rejoined, quickly; "but do not fancy I doubt her, Agnes: only"—he came nearer to me, laying his hand impressively upon my arm—"if anything *seems* to be going wrong, I rely upon *you* to send for me, and to try and *keep her for me*."

While I packed my trunk, Leonor sat in my room, talking about Roger; and, as I looked at her, so beautiful, so glorified by her love for him, any momentary doubts I might have had vanished. When I was driving away at dark, she came to the carriage-window, holding her sweet young face to mine for a last kiss-good-by. Roger gently drew her toward him. Thus I saw them in the twilight of the spring evening, standing among the early

blossoms of the garden; and, in spite of his gloominess, as I drove away I could not but feel comforted.

My uncle's illness was a desperate one, and night and day for a month I had little chance of outward interest assisting me. Leonor wrote regularly and cheerfully, bemoaning Roger's absence, though it would seem bright with hope of their engagement on his return. The letters were a sort of journal of her life, detailing events so clearly and graphically that the sense of separation was lost, and as well any feeling of a change in her manner or conduct. I was sitting one evening alone, thinking of the strange bond, indefinite yet binding, between Roger and Leonor, when a letter was put into my hands from her. It opened, as usual, with the account of the household; then it broke off, and was continued at midnight.

"Dear Agnes," it went on, with evident agitation, "how I wish that you were here! I feel so strangely, so unlike myself. I will own to you that Mr. Lemark's influence over me—we see him constantly, you know—is disagreeable, yet simply wonderful. When I am with him, I am conscious of a separate sort of existence, as it were. It affects me painfully, yet powerfully. More than this, I believe *he loves me!* He is a most singular person. Do you remember the day he 'willed' me at the Thurstons'? In a lesser degree he seems to be always exercising this magnetic control. Yesterday I sat reading in the library. The windows were open. I was enjoying from within the delicious fragrance of those June roses Roger brought me a year ago. Yet I had no inclination to move or lay aside my book. Suddenly an irresistible impulse seized me. I rose, went directly to the garden, and down the main path to the summer-house. There sat Mr. Lemark, placidly enjoying a cigar. He threw it away, and smilingly held out his hand. I felt stupid, dazed, bewildered; I cannot tell how.

"'When did you come?' I said. 'A few moments ago,' he answered, dusting a seat for me, which I took half mechanically. I seem with him to have no power of will or resistance. 'I wanted you to come out here,' he added, laughing, 'and so *willed* you to do it.' Was it not remarkable? Yet I could only smile faintly, finding it impossible to remonstrate. Dear Agnes, do not think me morbid, but come to me when you can."

The letter fell from my hand, and, as if the whole history was ended, I saw how wise were Roger's fears. His solemn charge rang like a cry in my ears. Acutely sensitive to certain influences as we both knew Leonor's nature to be, who could see the end of this horrid man's power? I had read of such things. Observation, experience even, had taught me a great deal, and, in the face of the phenomena I had myself witnessed, how could I doubt the man's magnetic force? My resolution was taken instantly. My uncle's convalescent state was pronounced, and I had only been lingering from a sense of affectionate companionship being pleasant for him. By morning I had started for Newton, and the afternoon of the second day saw me driving up the well-known road. It was just one year since my first coming to Newton, and, unlike that evening, a heavy rain was falling. No one was expecting me, but I was surprised to find the house quite deserted. Miss Jane and Miss Arabella were at a neighbor's, the maid Mary informed me; and Miss Leonor and Mr. Lemark had driven in the morning to Stockbridge.

It was now five o'clock, and, seeing my forlorn condition of wet and fatigue, Mary insisted on bringing a cup of tea to my room. While I drank it she chatted good-naturedly, but, at mention of Lemark, her face fell.

"Indeed, miss," she whispered, confidentially, "it's easy seeing how things is turning—*I've* no call to speak, but it's not what I hoped for my precious lamb!"

Nothing more definite could be extracted from Mary but that morning, noon, and night, Lemark was with them, and the aunts seemed delighted with him. When Mary went away with my tray, I lay down upon my comfortable lounge to sleep. The firelight (for the evening was chill enough) danced about cheerfully on the wall. My lounge was at the upper end of the room, facing it, and, watching the glow and flicker, I fell into a sleep. A strange confusion filled my dreams, but no definite knowledge of them came of it. I awoke with something of a start, or that consciousness we have when another presence is about us. The firelight, only, filled the room. The twilight had closed in. For a moment when I opened my eyes, I fancied it was the rain beating on the windows which had awakened me. Then, as I raised myself upon my arm, I saw that I was not alone. In the glow of the wood-fire which illumined all the space about it, I saw the figure of a woman in a long, black dress, which fell in regular, stiff folds about her. She was seated in the arm-chair I had last seen Leonor occupying; her elbows rested upon her knees, her chin was supported by her hands. She looked with solemn intentness into the fire, which cast a lurid glare about her face. That face, pale almost to sallowness, with the marble brow, and framework of heavy black hair, I recognized suddenly with a shock which made me dumb with fear. No need to look at the long, white fingers locked together beneath the chin; no need to see the curious upward lines of the lips which gave the effect of a mirthless smile. I *knew* I was in the presence of *Olga Herminlide!* I made no attempt even at conjecture; I tried to speak—my very tongue was powerless; for an instant my breath seemed to leave me. I remember that the figure slowly rose with Olga's peculiar swaying movement, that the face was turned toward me; I saw her slowly approaching through the shadows: one effort I made to scream, and then unconsciousness came to my relief. I knew later that my swoon was only momentary. I revived to hear my name tenderly spoken by Leonor—to find her bending over me in a pretty, gray dress, with her eyes shining on me in the darkness.

"My dear Agnes," she cried, joyfully, "I feared you were going into a real faint. You are tired out, dear, after your journey."

I suppose I stared at her wildly, for she added, quickly :

"What made you scream in your sleep?"

"I was not sleeping, Leonor," I exclaimed.

"Oh, but you were," she returned, kissing me affectionately ; "I have been waiting half an hour for you to awake."

I caught her arm.

"Where, Leonor?"

"By the fire, dear. What is the matter, Agnes?"

"Leonor," I cried out, sitting upright and looking at her with a sense of utter bewilderment, "you were not sitting *there* before the fire?"

"But I was," protested Leonor, going back to the arm-chair.

I felt as if I were going mad.

"Sit down again," I exclaimed, "*just as you were.*"

She did so at once, resting her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands. The firelight danced about her gray dress, the soft laces in her neck, the pretty, blooming face, and golden braids of hair—alike in attitude, utterly unlike in every other particular, to the figure I had seen! I sank back in bewildered horror.

"Well!" exclaimed Leonor, standing up, "now what were you dreaming, you dear old goose?"

I shook my head and tried to laugh. Not for worlds would I have told her what I fancied I had seen. She returned to my sofa and knelt down at my side, laying her cheek softly against my face. A heavy, long-drawn sigh escaped her, and presently I felt that she was weeping. In an instant I had her in my arms, where I let her weep for a moment in silence.

"My dearest," I whispered, "I have come back because I thought you needed me. What is it?" She drew back and, with a little, shamefaced air, wiped her eyes, and protested, half laughing, that it was all nervousness.

"Because I've wanted you so much, you old dear," she said, looking tenderly up into my face. "There, now, dress for tea ; Aunt Jane will be dying to hear all your news, and just which of your uncle's symptoms appeared first."

While I dressed, no further allusion was made to her feelings. We did not speak of Roger until, as we were going down the hall on one of the staircase landings, I turned to Leonor.

"And *l'absent*," I said, smiling, "how is he?"

"Roger?" she said, calmly. "Very well ; he is not coming home for another six months."

We were in the dining-room in a moment, and there I had to recount my visit, of which I had written meagrely. Miss Jane's cheerful little commonplaces were an admirable balance for my somewhat unnatural state of mind. Leonor I tried to watch critically. There was, I saw at once, a change : the lines of the girl's face were thinner, her eyes had lost their peaceful beauty, which had in it a divine tenderness if Roger looked at her. They sparkled now with a feverish glow ; underlying all her gayety was a strained eagerness to seem her old self, which affected me more sorrowfully than the languor which came over her later in the evening.

I was quite prepared for Mr. Lemark's coming, and he appeared about nine o'clock. The aunts welcomed him with quite a flutter of hospitality ; Leonor held out her hand, mechanically greeted him, and resumed her seat by me. I saw at once his disappointment in finding me, and I observed, also, the slight restlessness of manner which, contrasted with his impressive mode of speech, was even more marked than ever.

"We have missed you very much, Miss Mayo," he said, as he was leaving ; "you and I must get to be friends. We have *so* much in common." He turned from me to Leonor, who lifted troubled, watchful eyes to return his glance.—"We will drive to-morrow, Miss Leonor?" he said, slowly.

"Yes," she answered, smiling. He turned then for more formal adieux to the aunts. Miss Bella was evidently pleased by his notice of her little whims and theories ; Miss Jane had knitted away with her usual peaceful smile, too matter-of-fact to notice any subtiler influences at work in the circle ; but I had read everything in that evening hour ; my conjectures were verified : Roger was becoming a memory only, under the spell of this man!

I went to my room trying to determine some solution of the question, and also to see, if possible, why Olga Herminlide should seem to be an association with my present knowledge of Lemark. Was my brain diseased, I wondered. All conjectures tortured me, and at last, driven to a state of desperation, I determined to try and discover Olga's fate. I wrote a hasty letter to my old schoolmistress, desiring to know anything she had ever learned of Olga, and then, before I could sleep, I wrote a few lines to Roger.

"If you can come home," I said, after speaking of my belief that Lemark was trying to win Leonor, "do so at once. The man exercises some fatal influence over her. I can hardly say how it began, but I *know* it exists. The girl is not herself."

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After breakfast, I went to Leonor's sitting-room for our morning practice. She was standing dejectedly in one of the windows. Remembering the impression of light and vigor she had once given me, I could not but be pained by her dull looks, the sombre dress she wore in no way recalling the splendor of the first costume with which she had tried to "startle" me. How I longed to speak to her of the changes I saw in her manner and feeling! Yet something held me silent—we played rather mechanically.

I fancied Leonor was waiting for something or some one. It came at last—a slow, peculiar tread, which brought back by force of contrast, and with a painful rush of feeling, Roger's eager, boyish step. Leonor let fall her hands ; she sat silent, expectantly. Mr. Lemark knocked at the partly-open door. Leonor stood up as he came in, and quietly held out her hand. Whatever lingering hope I felt that my fears were groundless died at that instant.

In her face I read dumb submission—in his the consciousness of power and triumph.

"Are you going out this morning?" he said, holding her hand. He had bowed smiling to me.

"If you like," she said, slowly, her eyes still upon his face. I had risen from the piano; I stood some distance from them, in an angle of light, which threw them half in shadow. I think, eagerly as I watched my dear girl, I must have moved my eyes an instant, and yet I *know* I saw the dreadful change creep into her face. With her hand in his, her beautiful eyes uplifted, the shadow came—the livid hue—the dead-looking black bands of hair—the mocking lips! A wild dream seemed upon me. I tried to move—to speak. I distinctly *saw the form and features of Olga Herminlide before me in the space I knew Leonor's presence filled!* I remember putting out my hand with a trembling gesture, and then I saw her move back; the sunlight seemed to inclose her—the delusion, vision, call it what you will, was gone. I hardly know how I left them, or gained my own room, where I sat some time, trying to reason myself into calm. Was I becoming mad—I, whose imagination had never had a touch of anything in the least degree morbid or unwholesome? I sat quite still, I think half an hour, and then Leonor's voice outside roused me. She came in, looking pretty, and quite like herself, in her riding-dress.

"I am going to ride, dear Agnes," she said; "and at five o'clock we are all to take tea at Mr. Lemark's house. I am going to lunch at Mrs. Thurston's; and will you meet me, with Aunt Jane, at his place?"

"I don't want to go," I said, with a nervous attempt to laugh; "I don't like your Mr. Lemark."

"Do you not?" said Leonor, laying her little gloved hand tenderly on my arm, and looking at me with wistful, loving eyes. My own filled with involuntary tears as I thought if it were Roger, with his honest glance, who could return that gaze!

"Agnes," she half whispered, "do I seem strange to you in any way? I feel—" She broke off, suddenly, with a passionate gesture, turning from me, and then back as impulsively. "Think the best of anything I seem," she added, "and come, will you not, for my sake?"

I promised, feeling I was guarding Roger's interests best by keeping near her; but I determined, if the thing were possible, to settle this question of the association with Olga Herminlide before matters took more definite shape.

The house Lemark had purchased and renovated was an old-fashioned, rambling edifice, which we had looked upon as rather a damp abode, it being shut off from the road by thickly-planted trees. How sunlight was possible in summer I could not imagine. At this season, the verdure thickening, some misty rays penetrated the trees; but the light was wan at best, and the place made me shudder as we drove up the avenue to the doorway. Lights gleamed within the red-curtained windows. We were admitted into a wide hall, and Mr. Lemark appeared very quickly, leading us into the drawing-room, where Leonor sat with an anxious air of waiting for us, and Mrs. Thurston and her family party were disposed about. I felt that I only in that company disliked our host. Mrs. Thurston hung upon his words, and watched him with a sort of adoration in her gaze. His affability was certainly marked, and, had it been our first meeting, I think I should have found him very good company. Tea was brought in by his old housekeeper. Mr. Lemark was to make it.

"Russian tea," he said, looking, I fancied, with some anxiety at me. "Everything is to be Russian to-night." The servant had produced a huge *samovar*, an article new to us, in which the tea was to be made; presently charcoal-fumes arose. We all gathered around, watching the manufacture—Lemark explaining it all in his deliberate, state-executioner voice. I remember that Leonor only hung back. The light was fitful, and Lemark had placed two or three candles on the table, thus concentrating the glow about his *samovar*. He, in the midst of our group, was talking fluently, we bending over him. He had lifted the inner part of the *samovar* up to our gaze. For some reason I raised my eyes to search for Leonor. At the side of the room, almost in darkness, against the heavy-curtained window, she stood—Leonor! Good Heavens! Looking at the tall figure, the set face, regarding us with stony composure, I beheld again the spectral change! Not Leonor who watched us! In the distance, with a deadly, icy fixedness, *I saw Olga Herminlide before me!* Straining my eyes, feeling conjecture as to the reality of the change wildly cast to the winds by this third appearance, I was about to move forward, when suddenly the noise of a crash aroused me. The *samovar* had fallen from Lemark's hands. One or two of the lights were extinguished. In the confusion I heard my darling's voice, and felt her soft hand in mine.

"What made you look at me so, Agnes?" she whispered. She gave an hysterical little laugh. "I felt so strangely."

I felt that, if this continued, myr eason would desert me. I almost sank into a chair, Leonor still beside me. The candles were being relit. Above the glow I saw Lemark's pale eyes peering about for me.

"Will you have a cup of my tea, Miss Mayo?" he said, above his *samovar*. I made some sort of answer. My hand trembled as I put it out to take the cup from his hand.

"I fear I frightened you," he said, in a meaning voice, and looking at me intently—"you turned so pale."

"I grew faint," I answered, weakly. I felt ready to weep with nervousness, being convinced some disease was growing on my mind or body.

"You looked toward the window," he went on. "Was any one there?"

"Only Leonor," I answered.

He paused reflectively.

"Only Leonor," he repeated, half to himself, and moved away. The servant now appeared with

trays of cake and some supper delicacies. Everybody seemed enchanted with our host and his hospitalities. When the things were carried away, he drew aside the curtains which led into an inner room, and invited us to inspect his curiosities. Leonor and I both went up to a small *chiffonnier*, before which Lemark placed chairs, saying he had various relics and souvenirs here for us to see. Drawer after drawer was opened. The fantastic taste of the man was evident in this collection. All manner of curious things, Oriental symbols, odd bits of stone with hieroglyphics, jewels, beads, objects in amber quaintly cut, were displayed, and in my interest my nervousness began to pass away. I was turning over a heap of odd things in a drawer while our host talked to Leonor, when I came upon a ring, a curious, heavy, leaden-looking band, with three stripes of dull gold, set with one stone—a pale-yellow stone, with a quivering light, which, as I held it up, seemed to throb and pulsate like a living thing. As I looked at it, I could scarcely repress a cry of surprise. Surely this ring I had seen last upon no other hand than Olga Herminlide's! I interrupted Mr. Lemark eagerly, holding out the ring.

"Has this a history?" I exclaimed.

His color changed, and he took it in his hand.

"Where did you find it?" he asked, almost angrily. "I did not know it was there." He paused, his composure returning. "No," he said, deliberately, "it has no history except that it is a Pompeian relic."

Leonor had got it in her pretty fingers, and was examining it curiously.

"Oh, how delightful!" she exclaimed. "How much I should like to wear it!"

"Pray keep it, Miss Newton," he said, politely.

To my surprise, Leonor slipped it on her finger, and turned to him a sweet, grateful glance. I tried to force myself to speak at once of Olga, but could not. I felt I could endure the man's presence no longer. At the first opportunity I encouraged Miss Jane to leave. I was glad to be near her. Her downright, matter-of-fact atmosphere had a most comforting effect. We all departed together. Yet Mr. Lemark had some words in private with Leonor. She was flushed and silent during our homeward drive. I had been a few moments only in my room when her knock sounded lightly. She came in, and somewhat wearily sat down before my fire. Something impelled me to speak at once.

"Leonor," I exclaimed, trying to soften the bitterness rising in my heart, "you no longer love Roger Dale."

She looked at me with a singular, wistful perplexity in her lovely eyes.

"No," she said, quite slowly, the words seeming to force themselves from her lips—"no; I no longer love Roger Dale."

The dead silence which fell between us seemed to me to stretch out with an expression of its own—a cry of anguish to her absent lover. I could see him standing before me, saying in his tender, manly voice, "Keep her *for me*, Agnes!" In an instant his desolate future rose before me, and for a moment I dared not trust myself to speak, but knelt down, taking her cold little hands in mine.

"Leonor," I said, very gently, "when Roger went away he left me a solemn trust—it was to keep you for him."

She smiled, stroking my cheek with her hand—the hand weighted with Olga's ring.

"You cannot, dear," she answered. "Besides, I am not worth it. If Roger came back, he would not love me. How can we fight destiny? I am carried on by it. I cannot resist it!"

The ungodly reasoning of this man already working!

"And you *love him?*"

She did not seem to feel the reproach in my tone. Her eyes were sadly bent upon the fire.

"Love him? How do I know what I do or feel? Did it seem to you that I loved my cousin Roger?"

She turned her troubled eyes toward me with the simple look of a child within them.

"As utterly as any woman ever loved on earth!"

She passed her hand across her brow in perplexity.

"Well, it is not the same now, certainly. Do you know, Agnes, when Mr. Lemark spoke to me of it, I said 'Yes' to him, and my voice sounded strange and unnatural? When I talk to him sometimes, I feel inclined to ask myself, 'Is this Leonor Newton?' I say things I never thought of before. There come moments when I feel driven—impelled on by some force I cannot resist, yet which I do not understand."

She rose, and I felt her shudder painfully. Oh, if *only* Roger could return! How could I speak of my vague, foolish-seeming fears?—my feeling, instinctive, yet no less sure, that in some way Olga Herminlide's life cast a shadow across Leonor's; that in some way this man, who had forced her to promise herself in marriage to him, was connected with Olga's past?

She left me presently, and before I slept I had vented my desperate feelings in a detailed letter to Roger. The morning mail also carried a note to him in Leonor's hand. The blow had, indeed, fallen!

V.

For some singular reason Lemark ordained that the engagement was to be kept a secret from the Newton public. It became an accepted fact in a few days in our household, and, if my somewhat disordered condition of mind needed a check, it certainly received it in the calm, even commonplace, familiarity with which the aunts treated the subject. I bemoaned Roger to them openly, but Miss Bella was the ally of Lemark, and Miss Jane was generally resigned to any decision of Leonor's. As for Leonor herself, no bride-elect ever looked less hopeful or content. The very lines of her face seemed to be in shadow—not a trace of spontaneous joyousness was left. Her gayety, such as it was, seemed feverish and unnatural; and, as the weeks went on, the snow-storms, coming early, seemed to close us in

and spread a white pall about the country for my poor girl's bridal day.

The marriage was fixed for December 10th. There seemed to be no practical solution of the problem—no way out of the difficulty save in Roger's return, and to this I looked with the hopefulness which despair sometimes creates or forces upon us lest we grow blind and weak, waiting for events which seem to mean only anguish and annihilation. I determined, if it were possible, to cast out every other thought from my mind; and, indeed, the intense tranquillity of the household made it easy to fall into a passive, stagnated sort of mood. We worked, read, sewed, as usual, in these days, the increasing dullness in the weather restricting the out-door variations in our life, and confining us to a closer circle, in which, however, Lemark's hateful presence dominated, shutting out the frank sweetness which had hitherto marked my intercourse with my poor Leonor. He rarely left her; read with her or near her; hovering perpetually between us; seducing her imagination, I believed, more than her will, by his curious power, which, as she seemed to *expect it*, was rarely resisted. I look back and find the measured tread of Time almost unmarked for weeks. I can recall trifles—the look of the snowy gardens, the beating of the rain upon our windows, the sight of Leonor's thin, watchful face, the sweep of her dress as she used to pace to and fro in the gallery, while I often sat by the open fire in the hall—but of distinctive memories I have few. Weeks must have passed, when one morning seems sharply defined. We were thus: I reading; Leonor, with the passive air common to her, sat with folded hands upon her work; Lemark was looking over the magazines on the hall-table; then the morning mail was brought in. I seized the bag. Lemark looked up quickly, observant, as usual, of even ordinary actions.

"Letters, Miss Mayo?" he said, quickly.

"Yes," I answered, handing two to Leonor, and with a tumultuous beating at my heart at sight of one from Roger. "The very letter I wanted." A sudden impulse seized me. "I wanted another, however, from my old schoolmistress. I wrote inquiring the fate of an old friend—*Olga Herminlide!*"

I said the name deliberately. He was standing cruelly exposed to the glare of the morning light. No sound passed his lips, and yet no sound could have given the impression of icy horror which his look conveyed. Our eyes met defiantly.

"Olga Herminlide," I went on, calmly; "I have always wanted to know more of her. I shall probably hear in a day or two."

A ghastly smile came into the man's face.

"It is pleasant to keep up old associations."

His voice was unnatural—clear, distinct, but hushed almost into a whisper. Leonor rose now, and was somewhat wearily making her way to the staircase. He stopped her.

"I am going home now," he said, quietly. I knew a perfect storm was raging under this outward calm, and felt a momentary thrill of triumph. "Possibly I shall not return to-day again." He held out his hand, and she, as usual, laid her fingers within it; he stopped a moment as she went up the stairs. What was in his face? hardly the exultation common when he seemed to feel his mastery. Something had crept into his expression as he stood watching her slow, weary progress up the steps. He seemed unconscious of my presence, and made his way from the house without speaking to or noticing me in any way. Once alone, I nervously tore open Roger's letter.

"Dear Agnes," it ran, "if it be within your power, do not allow this marriage to go on. I hope to reach Newton December 8th. At four o'clock that day, I think I shall be with you. In haste,

"Yours, R. D."

Short as it was, it contained quite enough to reassure me. It was now December 7th.

Early the next day, the few friends who were invited for the wedding came, and the household was full of the subued air of festivity and restlessness common before such an event as we expected. The next morning dawned pale and misty as December mornings will, and by ten o'clock a leaden sky was overhead. Lemark did not appear, and I spent most of the morning with Leonor in her room, our conversation being the desultory, disjointed sort of talk which is always the result of any strain upon the mind or nerves. I remember how idly we wondered if the chrysanthemums would come up early in the gardens. A dozen times I longed to tell her Roger was returning, yet she seemed so utterly unlike herself, that my lips closed painfully upon the subject. My nervousness heightened as the day wore on, with no sign of Roger. What if another day should dawn and he were to come too late! The dreadful idea took possession of me, and made every moment a new agony; and, at last, unable to control myself in Leonor's presence, I went down into the hallway where the Misses Newton, of Worcester, were chatting amiably before the fire. The gay voices, pretty groupings, the light rise and fall of laughter, jarred upon me painfully, but in some way they made my apprehensions and fears seem for the moment theatrical. A long tea-table was being spread at the farther end of the hall—as the dining-room was undergoing some alterations. Miss Arabella was hovering about—Miss Jane being in her room, making some of those final preparations which to me were full of a silent, tragic meaning.

"Dear Miss Mayo," cried out Jenny Newton, standing up—a tall, pretty figure in the firelight—"how unlike a wedding-guest you look!"

"Do I?" I said, trying to laugh. I began to wonder vaguely if reason was going with my courage. "My head is aching—I am not well."

"And my cousin Leonor is like a shadow," said Alice Brooks, another guest. "I declare I never came into such a dispiriting household."

We stood about a moment in silence; the night was closing in; every movement or sound, outside or

in, reached me with a vibration of hope which fell painfully as no sign from Roger came. Tea was served; a dozen people sat down; the gayety in voice and manner rising. I faced the gallery, where I suddenly caught sight of Mary, whose face had a warning look in it. I rose at once and went over to the staircase, which she descended quickly, putting a note into my hands. I could hardly repress a cry of joy as I read the words:

"I am at the gardener's house. Will you come at once? ROGER."

I scarcely know how I found myself, carelessly cloaked and hooded, walking down the garden-path. But one thought filled me. Every feeling of dread or pain merged into the one great thought that Roger was come home! I pushed open good Mrs. Larkin's door. The sitting-room fire burned brightly; the clock ticked away with regular indifference to fate or circumstance. No one seemed about, but, as I stood irresolutely on the threshold, my name was called—Roger stood before me! For an instant I gave way to foolish weeping—the tension had been too strong. Roger stood in sympathizing silence for a moment, before speaking, and, oh, how gratefully the sound of his voice fell upon my ears!

"My dear Agnes," he was saying, hurriedly, "your letters and Leonor's, announcing this engagement, came together; hers was one little line of farewell; yours, thank Heaven! was in detail, and from it I learned how to trace this man's career!"

He stopped, and I implored him to go on. He took my hand, looking searchingly down into my face.

"Agnes," he said, quickly, "there is no time to be lost. I dare not wait to tell you all I have learned. We must *go to him at once!*" I shrank back in horror, but it was only momentary; a great wave of relief swept across my heart, for Roger's voice and look seemed encouragement to anything.

"I will go, Roger," I answered, quickly. He said no more, but pressed my hand, and we set out at once upon the road. It was a short cut across the fields to Lemark's house. To this day, years later, I can recall the darkening look of things: the sombre falling of the twilight; our silence, which was like the supremest expression of anxiety and dread. Afar down the gray fields we saw the trees encircling his house; leafless as the branches were, they still shut it in with that look of cold security which always filled my imagination uncomfortably. It was only at the gateway Roger spoke again: "I ask of you, Agnes," he said, "only to remain beside me to bear witness to what I say. Do not be surprised by who may be there."

In a moment we were at the doorway—admitted by the old woman who served Lemark. We made our way at once to the drawing-room I had not seen since that hateful night. A dull fire glowed upon the hearth. Candles were lighted with an ostentatious air of hospitality. Lemark stood himself evidently waiting to receive us. Miss Jane and Mrs. Thurston sat together facing the door. Happily for myself, I was entirely above being shocked by any such small surprises. I remember now how Lemark's astonishment seemed of no earthly consequence to me. I think I barely noticed his greeting of me.

"Mr. Dale!" he had exclaimed, on seeing Roger, and for once the mark of indifference fell from his face. Roger bowed abruptly, and passed over to Miss Jane and Mrs. Thurston. From them he turned, glaring at us all.

"Time is so short and precious," he said, quickly. "I have none to lose.—I must beg, Mr. Lemark, that you will listen in silence to what I have to say."

A sudden contraction of the man's fingers was the only outward sign of any fear he may have felt. He looked the polite, attentive host.

"I have come," Roger went on, "to break up this marriage. Listen to me, sir!" He turned to the two frightened women, who had risen involuntarily.—"Do not be alarmed. Mr. Lemark will understand me when I say I have been to Lyons—have traced his forgery—his flight—and have put my present knowledge of his whereabouts in the hands of an eminent French detective!"

Lemark's whole frame vibrated to the touch, yet he did not speak. I think he moved forward, and then back, but his eyes were fixed steadily upon Roger's pale face.

"There is more than this," Roger went on again, looking at us all. "In Lyons I learned how his marriage with some Russian woman, whose imagination and weak will he had entirely reduced by his pretended power of clairvoyance, ended with her sudden, suspicious death. A convicted forger—a well-known impostor—I ask of you all whether this marriage shall go on?"

Mrs. Thurston was weeping hysterically. Lemark had tried vainly to smile or speak. I have never seen anything more dreadful than the icy look which settled about the lines of his mouth and eyes.

"In twelve hours," Roger went on, calmly, "Monsieur Tautorre, of the French service, will be here. I need not add that this man's name, which he would have given Leonor, is an assumed one. Mr. Lemark has been well known in England and France as the clairvoyant physician Dr. Leroux."

The dead silence may have lasted an hour, or only ten seconds, for all I know. Lemark—I still call him so—made an effort to speak again, addressing Roger in a strange, dull tone.

"I must ask you, Mr. Dale," he said, quietly, "to wait here for an hour or two. I shall have more to say."

He moved toward the door, looking back once with something strangely uncertain in his glance at us all, and then noiselessly made his way from the room.

Why we all sat quietly when he left I know not. Miss Jane, after a little while, began to pace the floor; then, begging of Mrs. Thurston to cease cry-

ing, she stopped before Roger, and insisted upon knowing every detail of what he knew or had heard of Lemark. For once the tranquil little woman was lifted out of her matter-of-fact atmosphere. Yet, I have always ascribed it to her calm influence that we, happily, lost all sense of any element but plain reality in the scene we had gone through. A dramatic power was impossible while she was so earnest a listener. Roger slowly recounted his painful story. Suddenly Miss Jane turned to me; she was weeping quietly.

"Dear Agnes," she said, in a broken voice, "you must go home at once and break it to Leonor. —Roger, will you take her?—Let us wait here. I *must* see that man again."

I insisted upon going alone. In a moment more I was running across the fields. Never shall I forget how the sights and sounds of festivity in the house to which I returned fell upon me. Some ordinary topic was being lightly, gayly discussed. I made my way quickly to Leonor's room. There was only the firelight to show me her dear figure seated in its glow. I hastened toward her, and fell upon my knees, where I, grown so weak and foolish, began to weep silently.

"Leonor," I said, at length, "if anything broke off your wedding with Lemark how would you feel?"

A cry of half-hopeful meaning broke from her lips.

"Agnes!" she cried out, nervously.

"Oh, my dear child," I went on, "you must not marry him. He is unworthy of one look from you. It must be all ended, dear. Some one has come to Newton who will tell it you better than I ever can." I paused, frightened by her calm; but there was a positive triumph in her face. I was sitting beside her now. She looked at me with solemn intentness while I tried to tell the story. After a fashion I made her understand it, but she only grew deathly white, and let her head fall upon my shoulder like one stunned past the power of feeling. For some time we remained thus, and then a dear, familiar step sounded in the hall. A hand was laid upon the door—it opened gently, and Roger stood still upon the threshold.

Our poor Leonor had risen at the sound, and stood now gazing forward like some one in a dream. Some tremulous movement she made, reaching out her hand, which fell heavily to her side. The gentle pathos in this entreaty touched poor Roger suddenly, and he came forward, forgetful of all but his great love, and caught her in his arms.

"My poor darling," he said, tenderly, "you *cannot* have forgotten me!"

What was there in the power of this man's great faith and love for her? It mastered everything. Leonor's head sank upon his breast; she put her hand in his like a tired child.

"Dear Roger," she said, quietly, "have you come home at last?"

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I encountered Miss Jane upon the staircase. She was coming up excitedly. I was conscious of a background of agitated people; the sound of eager, disjointed words and exclamations. Something of the catastrophe had reached the wedding company.

"Have you heard?" said Miss Jane, grown positively tragic; "the man has run away! We waited for him. An hour passed, and, when Roger went to seek him, he found him gone—a few lines left to desire us not to trace him." Miss Jane stopped a moment. "We never appreciated Roger rightly," she added, with a look of remorse.

"It is all right now," I said, feebly. "The man's spell is at an end."

.

Ten years have gone since that dreadful night. The wild fever, which for weeks kept Leonor at death's door, the horror of the detectives' search for Lemark, the excitement which spread like wildfire through the country, and the man's final death in his prison, mark that winter as the most terrible I ever can experience. Only here and there events gain clearness in the confused tragedy of the recollection. Happily for my poor child, when she fought her way back to life, the worst was over, and with the philosophy of an American town the *furor* had passed away when she came back to consciousness of the details of a daily life. There was a thrill of summer in the air when we all went abroad; Roger had come to her at once. She seemed to have forgotten her disloyalty to him. It passed like a dream with his return and her illness. During her weary convalescence, she seemed to know no comfort except in his presence; but it was in Rome, among new scenes, that her old vigor quite returned, and there one April day they, too, were married. I had been years married myself. Leonor was one summer visiting me in Paris, with her little boy, when one morning, sitting in the garden at Versailles, we began to talk of Newton.

"Agnes," she said, at length, "I knew you believed Lemark had been married to an old friend of yours. In going over the few books or things he left, did you and Roger find any allusion to it?"

I was so thankful to see how dim a horror it had grown by her perfect calm and unrestraint.

"Very little," I answered, "but enough to support *my* idea—a scrap of a letter signed Olga, a book with 'From your wife, Olga H. L.' The closest investigation showed only he *had* been married, and his wife was dead."

Roger was coming down one of the leafy avenues. Leonor rose with her usual joyful movement to greet him.

"Dear Roger," she said, quickly, "we were talking of Newton."

He looked eagerly at me. To Roger only I had confided the story of the strange appearances of Olga Herminlide, but we had resolved never to speak of them to his wife.

"We were only touching on old times," I said. "There is nothing to be gained by it, however."

Leonor smiled.

"There is much," she said, tenderly, "faith and trust renewed in you, dear."

She looked at her husband with the old, sweet confidence, and then went over to her little boy, who called from beneath the trees. Roger lingered a moment.

"Strange, Agnes," he said, "with all our search, to know so little of that man's life! I wanted him to escape that night to save her added suffering. I have always believed he committed suicide."

I think it was almost the last time we spoke of it. The subject baffled me. Gradually it has slipped back into the past. Even at Newton it seems a dreamy time. Yet it has brought us three very near each other. I look up now to see my husband and Roger together, and Leonor, under the wide-spreading old trees—her still blooming beauty younger, fresher, more radiant, it seems to me, if that were possible, than on the long-ago evening I came to her first—and then her sweet, gay laugh rings out. . . . My pen falls with a widening, devouter sense of thanksgiving.

VOICES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

V.

A FEW days after this incident, it befell me to have another experience of the Abbey—such an experience as I doubt whether any one will have again. I saw it in the dark ages! In order to take the reader with me, I must revive the circumstances.

It was during this summer that the whole population of England were wrought up into a prodigious excitement over the visit of the Shah of Persia. Exactly what the bewildered British mind thought it saw, would be difficult to tell, but it was very clear that every notion and tradition concerning the East, which had been floating about in these isles of the West for some hundreds of years, awoke to surround, with an astonishing interest, the appearance of this gorgeous barbarian. As I received the full charge of the prestige which had gathered behind him, it seemed to be made up of the entire historical Persian Empire, stretching from the Mediterranean Sea to the Chinese Wall, and sweeping back into the earliest Biblical annals, even before "Persia" properly was. I am not sure that it stopped even there in some imaginations, and did not take in the garden of Eden also, because "paradise" is Persian for something of that kind. Such a vague and absurd medley was never known before of Biblical associations, Oriental fables, and classical memories: Cyrus, Cambyses, and Darius; Xenophon's Anabasis, Belshazzar's feast, and Daniel in the lions' den; Ahasuerus, Esther, Mordecai, Haman, and Xerxes the Great; the glories of Shushan and the ruins of Persepolis; Alexander, Genghis Khan, and Timour the Tartar; Haroun-al-Raschid, and the Arabian Nights; astrologers, alchemists, and fire-worshipers; peris, paradise, and all the rest of "Lalla Rookh," in one great and glorious jumble.

The immediate exciting cause which had started into fusion this extraordinary compound of latent impressions was the baseless report, spread abroad by the newspapers, that the shah had come to admire and adopt the civilization of the West. But, once started, the glow was kept up by considerations of a political character among a few, a spirit of commercial speculation among others, and especially by the dazzling glory with which the monarch himself burst out of the horizon, and made the circuit of the British heavens over the heads of the bovine population before his *fez* went out in a fizz, which it did. But while the excitement lasted—and it lasted until he had recrossed the Channel—it was as irresistible as it was phenomenal. The shah appeared everywhere, and the people thronged him with insatiable curiosity. The queen entertained him; the nobles *fêted* him with Oriental splendor; photographs of him, blazing with diamonds, were for sale in every shop; apocryphal stories were told of his delightful, barbaric ways. At the queen's table he had flung a piece of meat over his shoulder because he didn't fancy it. At a nobleman's banquet, where hanging lights, flashing jewels, and beautiful women, turned a park into a paradise, the Prince of Persia had whispered to the Prince of Wales, "If I had a subject as rich as this, I would cut off his head!" to which the prince had whispered in return, "I would, you know, but there are too many of them!"

I came upon this interesting potentate several times in his rapid flights hither and thither. Groups of his attendants were often to be found in the shops, looking, even now, after all the changes the race had undergone, enough like the children of Israel at a passing glance to be taken for them—quite enough to account for Queen Esther's easy concealment of her nationality from the offended lord of Vashti. The shah himself was personally a conspicuous figure among his retinue, even when not to be distinguished by his dress. Such a life as he had known would have made his aspect extraordinary anywhere. Unlimited power over the lives and property of his subjects, freedom from responsibility to any mortal man in his dominions, the habit of following the bent of his own will without a thought of hesitation or self-control, of indulging every propensity to sensuality or cruelty, of breathing the daily flattery of those who watched every expression of his countenance to anticipate his caprices or to avoid the consequences of his irritation—all this, capped with the titles "King of kings" and "Shadow of God," was somewhat calculated to have a moulding effect upon the physiognomy of the Shah of Persia, or upon any other face of clay. It is needless to say that the face of Nasr-ed-Din was a bad one. His eyes were terrible and of Plutonic blackness, his lips thick with

sensuality and savage with self-will; otherwise it was a handsome face, regular in feature and not without a certain insolent dignity.

Here was a presence for civilized England to go crazy over, at this particular date of the Christian era! He would have found himself more at home, and perhaps been less surprising to the people, if he had only happened in five or six hundred years earlier. As it was, to those who knew, the very sight of him brought up a curious savor of the middle ages. He was fresh from a land where alchemy was still studied, and the philosopher's stone sought, where the sun went round the earth and the planets presided over the destinies of mankind, where astrologers were consulted and horoscopes drawn, where manuscripts were copied and illuminated, and the printing-press was unknown—a land for which Columbus had lived in vain, because it had the Indies at its door. This is a fair description of Persia until a very recent period.

One day, as I was wending my way toward the Abbey, I heard an unusual stir behind me; and a string of the queen's carriages, all scarlet and gold, crammed with Orientals, dashed past in the direction of the familiar towers.

> "Allah illa Allah!
> Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
> And light your shrines! and chant your ziraleets!"

There goes the shah! In the name of all that is inappropriate and, at this moment, inconvenient, what new thing under the sun is this? No hope of entrance now to those of the Christian faith!—

> "One of that saintly, murderous brood,
> To carnage and the Koran given,"

has the right of way. With no expectation as yet of anything but an hour's exile on the curb, I still pressed on, curious to witness the contact of this delicately-nurtured creature, from "the delightful province of the sun," with the gray old structure, which had fought its way through six centuries of London fog and smoke. The royal carriages drew up before the great western front. I arrived just in time to see the portals flung open and the egress of half a dozen officials—I did not see the Dean among them—in crimson robes, to give a cordial welcome to his horrid torrid majesty. The gloomy pile frowned darkly down on its visitor from the Tomb of Cyrus and the Forty Pillars of Istahktr, as if to say, "Let him keep to his holy Koom and Mecca's dim arcades!" But the shah—who had never yet seen an unflattering countenance—with a languor born of balmy airs and silken bowers, slowly unwound himself from the encircling arms of the queen's cushions, and committed himself without suspicion to the deadly embrace of the Abbey. So little did he appear to know where he was going, that he omitted to say his "New England Primer:"

> "Xerxes did die,
> And so must I!"

Now made I good time for the northern entrance, but not before I had caught a glimpse of the crimson dignitaries (no doubt they were vergers) engaged in profound *salams*, straight out from the hips, making red right-angles of themselves before him. The "dark ages" seemed to be coming down in those low obeisances, and added new zest to my desire to get inside and see the whole barbaric cloud roll in.

By the time I had "gone round to the other door," its gates were closed, and a squad of policemen in their Parthian helmets were already breasting the onset of an excited crowd. It was Solomon's Porch, and now the seal of Solomon was upon it. But the magic opportunity instantly presented itself, and I got in! The wish was strong. Was Prince Houssein's carpet a Persian one? Or was it that Aladdin's old lamp was a brazen one?

The distant Nave was full of unwonted light from its open doors. Ahasuerus was just coming in.

> "Land of the sun! what foot invades
> *Thy* pagods or thy pillared shades,
> Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
> Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?"

"Bismi'llah!" exclaimed the shah, staring round at the white statues. "Do you Christians worship idols?"

The reader will wonder how it happened that I heard so well at such a distance, unless I suggest, in this age which is familiar with the noisy foot-fall of a fly, and the loud clang made by a fallen pin, that my brain just then was full of microphonic power under the electric conditions in which I stood: I caught the more subtile vibrations of the incident as it pervaded the air, and a meaning became audible that could not have fallen on the world's coarser ear.

Here was I in the Abbey—that sensitive symbol of the time—fresh from the sight of those all-surrendering genuflections before the hero of the hour, with the Oriental barbarian now in full view, emerging through the mediæval arch, looking bewildered—as the dead past might well look at such a sudden vision of the living present where it was least expected—yet claiming the rites of entertainment from custodians whose homage outside had been the earnest of an entire acquiescence within. It was to be Arabic and Mozarabic over again; and pantomime only would it have all been to me, had I not listened with my eyes and heard as much as I saw: power, rank, wealth, pretense, a spurious prestige, making their raid through the complacent and compliant Church! Hence, therefore, out of the widely-flaring phonographic mouth of my memory, as I release what, it would seem, then stored itself away, come these fragments of what occurred:

"Bismi'llah! Do you Christians worship idols?"

"O Light of the East!" replied a dignitary (doubtless a verger), "we worship not wood and stone, but we bow down our necks to thee, King of kings!"

"What are these, then?" said the shah.

"These are Persic pillars, O Prince of Persia! statesmen, poets, warriors, philosophers, upon whose towering forms this temple rears its dome!"

"Statesmen! What are statesmen?" said the shah.

"Men who offer their heads to our gracious queen, O sovereign lord!"

"Good!" said the shah. "And poets! Where are your poets? Where are the warm brethren of Firdusi and Nisami, and Hafiz and Saadi?"

"They're yonder, O king! But our poets are cold—Chaucer, Spenser—"

"Bah!" said the shah. "Where's Feramorz?"

"Feramorz is no more! Would he were here, O Prince of Cashmere!"

"Bring Milor-byron!" cried the shah.

"O Friend of the Giaour, 'tis not in power!"

"Why?" said the shah.

"When the hand of Azrael touched him, and the halls of Eblis received him, we lost him, O king!"

"Ah!" said the shah. "Show me your soldiers."

While they were on the way to the kneeling knights and cross-legged Crusaders, the interpreter unluckily pointed to the monument of Sir James Outram, who, with three hundred English soldiers, had given chase to ten thousand of the shah's troops, about fifteen years before. The shah scowled. The vergers turned pale.

"Ha!" roared the shah. "Outram! Curse the soles of his feet! Bring the bowstring for him who sent bullets after the sons of the Prophet!"

"O serene highness! Pardon! He breathes no more. He lies at thy feet. The wild warriors who fought the Moslem for the Sepulchre are also at thy feet! We are all at thy feet!"

Having enough of the soldiers, he passed on till the monument of Newton arrested his still offended eye.

"Who's this?" said the shah.

"Our great astrologer, O Light of the Sky!"

"Where is he?" said the shah.

"At thy feet, O shah!"

"Where?" looking down.

"Among the stars, O Shah of shahs!"

A blander expression began to gather on his face, when he came upon the statue of Wilberforce.

"Who's that?" said the shah.

"A philanthropist, O king!"

"What's a philanthropist?" said the shah.

"Joy of the Earth! one who loves his fellowmen."

"Abou ben Adhem be hanged!" said the shah.

"And what's this?" said the shah.

"The grave of old Parr, O glorious shah! He found the elixir of life!"

"Joy of my liver!" exclaimed the shah.

"He saw ten mighty kings."

"Bah!" said the shah.

"Yonder is Watt, O shah! who summoned the genii from the waters and turned iron into gold!"

"Whiz! whiz! pshst! pshst!" went the shah. "Him I will see. Bring him to me!"

"He cannot move. He sits a giant among the kings, O King of kings!"

"Where are your kings?" said the shah.

"They sleep behind that holy veil, O Shadow of Allah! Charles, the King of the Amorites; Mary, who smote off the heads of her enemies, and burned others in the fire—"

"And Henry?" eagerly interrupted the shah—"Henry in his harem of queens?"

"Ichabod!" said the verger, looking downcast and blank. "Once by him, and now in him, shorn of our glory! Nothing of him, and only one queen of them all, O shah! and she has her head. But come hither, O lord of life! Enter the caverns of death! Little worthy are they of thee! Only too few are here of those who have disturbed the peace of kings: some courtiers stabbed, some nobles poisoned, two princes smothered, only one queen beheaded!"

"Bismi'llah!" said the shah.

And so the potentate swept by me into the Sacrarium, on his way to the Chapels of the Kings, and there, with these very eyes, I saw the clouds of the dark ages fully descended: the "King of kings" and the "Shadow of God" looking down on the Altar in Westminster Abbey!

VI.

THE temptation to indulge in this vein, when such a pertinent occasion presented itself, was hardly to be resisted, and the occasion was pertinent only when the Abbey was thought of in a typical character as representing and epitomizing the Church at large. In such a view it comes in vicariously to bear an imputation which in reality it does not in the least deserve. Nothing could be more alien to it than any such disposition to yield to the unhealthy influences which press upon the Church, to accommodate itself to circumstances that are incongruous with its purpose, to retreat into ecclesiastical mediævalism or any other form of spiritual darkness. Probably no other exponent of the great organism of Christianity is more thoroughly furnished with every element of moral and intellectual independence, and certainly no other at this moment stands forth so prominently in understanding and accepting the issues of the nineteenth century, entering into its enlightenment and taking part in its progress. Its historical position gives it a vantage in this respect, which makes it especially powerful and influential, for it grasps the advancing situation with the wisdom of ages, and because so instinctively, as well as intelligently conservative, is felt to be the most impressive mouth-piece of the time. Originating in the middle ages, it has emerged from them into this bright, consummate age. It has drawn into itself the strength of every generation in which it has lifted its head. Its interior life is ringed like an oak with every cycle it has passed through, and it stands as an oak in the strength which only such a centuried growth can give. Time is its power; the past, the present, and the future, its sphere. And were the characteristic office of the Christian Church, as an organism of ages, to be sought for as concentrated in any one place, it might be sought for, as it will be found, here.

I desired a background that would throw into strongest relief the actual relation of Westminster Abbey to the present time, and it was for this reason, more than for any other, that I availed myself of the grotesque deductions suggested by the foregoing incident. The two remaining personal experiences which I now record will be found to open, under their respective occasions for further describing the Abbey, the ulterior reference and symbolic bearing which, from the beginning of this paper, I have constantly had in view.

Once, when attending a Sunday service, it was my good fortune to be placed in what was considered the best position from which both to hear the preacher and to receive a full impression of the Abbey in all other respects. Where I sat was its centre of gravity, so to speak. Hereabout would have been its fulcrum, on which it would have been evenly balanced if bodily lifted up.

In front of me, about two hundred and fifty feet distant, is the western door of the Nave. Behind me, about two hundred and fifty feet distant, is the eastern extremity of Henry VII.'s Chapel. These measurements are near enough for the present description. On the right hand and on the left are the Transepts, extending one hundred feet each way. Immediately before me, say one hundred feet off, is the screen which indicates the end of the Choir; in it is a door leading into the Nave, and upon it stands the organ. Immediately behind me is the farther recess of the Chancel with the altar, and the alabaster and mosaic reredos, which separates it from the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. Above me is the vaulted roof of stone one hundred feet from the pavement.

The reader will bear in mind that the Choir occupies the heart of the edifice, the intersection of the cross, and that it is made, as I have already said, a complete church in itself, by the great oaken screen which incloses it on three sides. A broad tesselated alley runs down in front of me to the door leading into the Nave, and on either side of it, laterally, the massive oaken pews ascend bank-like to the topmost row, which is overhung by a canopy. The choristers sit midway down the alley in the two lower tiers, and are divided into two choirs facing one another across the intermediate space. Here is the musical heart of the service, and in the response of one choir to the other, throughout, is the rapid pulsation which fills it with movement, spirit, and life.

The pulpit is close by on my right hand at this end of the alley; the seat of the Dean on my left, down at the other end. From two opposite desks in front the officiating clergy conduct the service.

I am careful to give these details, that the reader who has never seen the Abbey, or any foreign cathedral, may have the material exponents of the scene vividly before him, as the base of that which I would now have grow upon his imagination.

It will be seen that my point of view commands not only the whole grand interior, and the ceremonial spectacle of the service, but also, what is an immense element in the contemplation, the majestic relation of one to the other.

Now, if there were no royal chapels in the rear, the eastern sun would at this moment be pouring its symbolic light over the Chancel and the Choir. I mention this because, in sitting here, I am consciously inclosed by a fabric of symbolism which rapidly melts into the reality and summons it near. I see that great spiritual structure whose Altar is the Life of Christ, whose Sacrarium is the Apostolic Age, whose Choir is the Primitive Church, whose Transepts are the arms of its first extension, whose Nave its growth into the historic Church. I do not now see the work of the eras which wrought exaggeration or distortion, when the Virgin was worshiped, when the saints were celebrated, and when temporal powers intruded. I see only that which was built on the ground-plan of the cross, the simplest, purest, most elementary form of Christianity: its foundations laid in a mystic principle deep in the heart of man and Nature; its superstructure true to the design of God.

In the hush of the vast vacuities of the Abbey, the rustling of the rapidly-assembling congregation has been unheard, and now the whole area of the Choir and Transepts is occupied by a dense crowd. The organ, from its lofty midway place, rolls forth its preliminary peal. The empty Nave behind receives the generous flood of sound upon its ringing pavements and echoing vaults. It is like sunlight pouring into the waste of space. But the same tones rolling hitherward, and breaking like continuous waves upon this living shore, are the outward signal of a waiting tide of worship now ready to swell in the heart of the silent multitude.

I so describe it because it *is* worship. Few realize, as they sit here, that there is still another Abbey present, fellow with this interior, which can animate it like a living soul. It is the Liturgy of the Church of England, a structure, in many parts more ancient and venerable than this, more full of meaning because articulate, but at this moment silent, waiting for these notes to rouse it like a quickened spirit, and make it visible. When this invisible Abbey of worship springs and spreads into this visible Abbey of art, till it fills and equals it everywhere in one sublime coincidence of form, then, for the first time, the one utters the other, and both unite in that higher than earthly speech which the heart can feel but can never frame.—The symbol is about me still. I dream of the ideal Church.

The door from the Nave opens, and the white-robed procession enters—the choristers and the clergy preceding the Dean. The surplice of white linen is common to all, and is only worn to conceal the varying fashion of the secular dress, for the simple purpose of uniformity, and of harmony with the decorum of the service and the place. The clergy wear, besides, the red-lined academic hood, drooping behind from the shoulders, which associates them with one of the ancient universities, and announces them as competent in learning and training for their high vocation. There is no weak spectacular at-

tempt at dramatic effect in this entrance; no choral hymn sounding afar and drawing nearer. They enter and take their places, that is all. What you see is the very minimum of form that may be consistent with dignity and reverence.

You will now hear the ritual as it is rendered nowhere else, because nowhere else is there a Westminster Abbey. Aside from that, it is very much what you will hear in all the cathedrals and chief churches of England. The liturgy will move forward in a close phalanx of alternate prayer and praise, with no break or jar in the lock-step of its choral march: each prayer is made praise by the resounding "Amen!" each chant, anthem, and hymn, made prayer by the fervor of its utterance. You feel the massive grandeur of its movement as you do the steady tread of armed men. You go with it as part of it. Your heart beats to its victorious step. The service is a tradition of ages, the Abbey is a tradition of ages, and you are borne on as in the march of ages. As I say, the structure has waited for the liturgy to give it voice: the liturgy has been mute until it has been sounded through this instrument, and what you hear, therefore, is the prolonged trumpet-note of the Church militant.—I still see the symbol—I still dream the ideal.

Heard on one occasion this is perfect. Heard again, after a long interval, it is still perfect. But heard all round the year—even with the variations which are allowed and appointed—in stereotyped reiteration, from Sunday to Sunday, and even from day to day, and some parts of it morning, afternoon, and evening, in this it is a departure from what is the great secret of its excellence—namely, its adaptation to human nature. No heart that beats can remain soft and susceptible under the induration of constant usage. Here is the one thing in which it foils itself, and on account of which it has failed to become the universal mode of public prayer. It shuts itself up in its perfection for one occasion, and therefore remains deficient for all occasions. If the power of a liturgical service consists in its density and comprehensiveness of expression, and intensity of rendering, its weakness may lie in lack of variety. If the wisdom of a prescribed form consists in its infallible guidance during such a momentous act as prayer, in its protection of the people from the accidents or peculiarities of another's brain, in its inspiration of the heart without taxing the mind, its folly begins in an attachment to single modes because they are traditional, in a fear to allow liberty of discretion, in a neglect of all that would give spontaneity to devotion, alertness to the attention, specific adaptability to particular times and emergencies. This is the poverty of pagan worship—as it were a whirling cylinder graven with prayers—unworthy of that wealth of feeling and utterance which belongs to such a faith as Christianity.

While it remains so palpably and reasonably beyond the reach of general appreciation, and even of adequate effectiveness among those accustomed to it, and is sure to continue so; while no attempt is made to construct a ritual on the magnificent scale that is possible, and of which the present one is predictive, and may be embryonic, there would seem to be a faithlessness prevailing to the first and paramount duty of the Church. That great organism would appear to be seeking dignity at the expense of efficiency, to be wrapping itself up in its old habit of monastic reserve, and turning its worship into an altar-service with its back to the necessities of the people.

From one essential fact see the whole. In concentrating the attention upon one feature, I am implying a similar condition of things in the entire body. The liturgy is the robe of the Church, its characteristic presentment of itself. I see the symbol; I dream the ideal still. Sitting here on the chancel-steps of the great Abbey I see the whole structure of the Church through this its typical medium even as I can see the Abbey through this vibrating air; and I know that, just as this building rose to its perfection through ages of accretion, so must the Church; and I know also that, just as this service has turned for ages within the limits of this Choir, so does the Church linger and satisfy itself too much in the contemplation of its primitive antiquity, in the assurance that it is near the light from the East, and, in doing so, it is forgetting its empire in the West, its work in the Nave. It gyrates on its axis here; it prophesies in a circle; gyromancy is its bane. The Choir will not lose its occupation if that symbolic partition of a half-built edifice is taken away, and those symbolic arches, frozen in their leap so long ago, spring into being; if those piers, latent in concealed foundations—as it were, underground—grow up to receive them as they light, to spring again; and so the cross becomes complete, with its western portals opened.

The disposition of the Church is centripetal—self-contemplative. This may be concentrative. But the duty of the Church is centrifugal—executive. This alone is creative. The same law holds in the spiritual as in the material. There must be an orbit as well as an axis, or there is no universe possible in one case or universal Church possible in the other. And, when you think of giving an orbit to the Church, you think of it as going round the sun and receiving its eastern light in that way, variously, to the blooming of every part—not in sitting still, under a mediæval impression that the sun rises and sets in the Church as it is.

But the service is over, and a group of vergers, headed by one bearing a truncheon, are going down to the seat of the Dean. As he comes up the passage with them to the pulpit, I have time to think that this man, who has brushed the dust of ages from these monuments, and opened forgotten chambers in this Abbey, and rescued from oblivion the vanishing memorials of its past; who has shown an enthusiasm in its cause unsurpassed by any previous abbot or dean; who keeps open the western door, and bids the multitude come in; who has taken hold of the issues of the time in a way that has thrilled all liberal men; who teaches broad truth, and looks for others to teach it; who would build the New Cloisters that would honor future fame; who holds to the

past with such fidelity, and greets the future with such generosity—I have time to think that he prays for the extension of the historic structure, that he would rejoice in the increase of that organic power which would reach all sorts and conditions of men.

As I see him coming toward me, up the long reach of the alley, again I think of the great procession of abbots and deans through the eight hundred years behind him, some of whom now lie under this mosaic pavement at my back, most of whom sleep all around here; men who were present in this place at the coronation of every sovereign from the Conqueror to Victoria; who (including himself) witnessed every burial here from Edward the Confessor to Livingstone the explorer; Gislebert, who saw Westminster Hall building; Wenlock, who received the Stone of Scone, which rests behind that screen, from Edward I.; Langton, William of Colchester, Islip, and Bradford, who beheld this Abbey as it grew and put out its branches like a spreading oak; Esteney, who watched Caxton at his press in the Almonry; and Benson, last abbot and first dean, who turned the old Chapter-House into a record-office, which, under Stanley, has been restored, and revived in the realm as the "cradle of representative and constitutional government, of parliament, legislative chambers, and congress, throughout the world." All these, and twenty-four more, out of the fifty-four, are within sound of his footsteps as he comes—and what echoes of history they give forth behind him!

As he mounts that pulpit-stair, and his eloquent voice is heard, I bethink me also of the great preachers whose tones have resounded under these very arches in the ears of past generations—of Coverdale and Cramner, Beveridge and Fuller, Howe and Owen, Williams and Horseley; of the scholars and divines, too, whose memory lingers where so much of their lives was spent — of Atterbury and Wharton, sleeping at the end of the Nave; of Usher, in one of the chapels near; of Casaubon, Camden, and Barrow, in the South Transept; of South, under this marble pavement.

All now mute in death, but the ever-living voice of Truth will continue to speak from dean to dean, from preacher to preacher, from scholar to scholar. All now mute in death, yet all still speaking in this age-long Trumpet of influence and fame, filled with the undying breath of the great and good, which shall open wider and wider its vast mouth as the area of Anglo-Saxon civilization extends, and utter notes deeper and deeper as it is blown under the grander inspiration of the times to come.

Hear him who now stands in that pulpit:

"What is yet in store for the Abbey none can say. Much, assuredly, remains to be done to place it on a level with the increasing demands of the human mind, with the changing wants of the English people, with the never-ending 'enlargement of the Church,' for which every member of the Chapter is on his installation pledged to labor.

"It is the natural centre of religious life and truth. . . . It is the peculiar home of the entire Anglo-Saxon race, on the other side of the Atlantic no less than on this. It is endeared both to the conforming and to the non-conforming members of the National Church. It combines the full glories of Mediæval and of Protestant England. It is of all our purely ecclesiastical institutions the one which most easily lends itself to union and reconciliation, and is with most difficulty turned to party or polemical uses. . . .

"Not surely in vain did the architects of successive generations raise this consecrated edifice in its vast and delicate proportions, more keenly appreciated in this our day than in any other since it first was built; designed, if ever were any forms on earth, to lift the soul heavenward to things unseen. Not surely in vain has our English language grown to meet the highest ends of devotion with a force which the rude native dialect and barbaric Latin of the Confessor's age could never attain. Not surely for idle waste has a whole world of sacred music been created, which no ear of Norman or Plantagenet ever heard, nor skill of Saxon harper or Celtic minstrel ever conceived. Not surely for nothing has the knowledge of the will of God almost steadily increased, century by century, through the better understanding of the Bible, of history, and of Nature. Not in vain, surely, has the heart of man kept its freshness while the world has been waxing old, and the most restless and inquiring intellects clung to the belief that the 'Everlasting arms are still beneath us,' and that 'prayer is the potent inner supplement of a noble outward life.' Here, if anywhere, the Christian worship of England may labor to meet both the strength and the weakness of succeeding ages, to inspire new meaning into ancient forms, and embrace within itself each rising aspiration after all greatness, human and divine.

"So considered, so used, the Abbey of Westminster may become more and more a witness to that one Sovereign Good, to that one Supreme Truth." [1]

VII.

Does the Abbey speak only of death? That is certainly the first impression we receive when we hear it described, and when we enter it for the first time. This is so much the prevailing impression that some people who visit it are even surprised when they hear a live service in it, and living truth from some great preacher. The past, the dead, the utterly departed, are the ideas which are apt to crowd upon one's mind. And yet there is one general aspect, which, if the mind seizes upon it, gives a singular contradiction to this feeling. This is the almost universal animation of the monuments. If death lies in sad and sober reality in the graves and vaults beneath the pavement, the energy of the Christian faith has peopled the area above with figures full of life.

The monuments of every age, though varying widely in style and taste with the change from one period to another, yet agree in this lively representation of the quick above the dead. Even the cross-legged recumbent knight of six hundred years ago, if his eyes are closed, is only sleeping, or, if his palms are placed together, is in silent prayer. In walking among the tombs you find the commemorated dead in every natural attitude—some reclining with their heads on their elbows, others kneeling; some are sit-

[1] "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," p. 577.

ting, some standing, some gesticulating. Here and there may be one who is dying, but others are in the act of escaping from death, some even struggling with it, and coming forth victoriously from its mighty grasp.

In the celebrated monument to Sir Francis Vere, beneath which he seems to be sleeping, four kneeling knights bear up a slab upon which his armor is laid, and the face of one of them is so life-like, as he looks at you with parted lips, that Roubiliac is said to have once whispered: "Hush! hush! he vill speak presently." Shakespeare leans in Poets' Corner, musing of "cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces"—"the baseless fabric of this vision." Händel is looking up, with an exquisitely-chiseled ear, in rapt attention to an angel playing upon a harp. Addison is in his dressing-gown stepping from his parlor into his garden. Garrick is throwing aside a curtain with a theatrical air. So everywhere you may happen to cast your eyes. Lady Walpole, as the figure of "Modesty," stands in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Mrs. Siddons looks the "Tragic Muse;" Kemble is in the character of "Cato." James Watt, a gigantic figure in one of the chapels, is engaged with a pair of compasses, forming designs. Sir Isaac Newton, in the Nave, is lying with his arm on some heavy folios, and pointing to a scroll. Earl Stanhope, on the other side, also recumbent, is reclining upon his arm. Craggs, in one chapel, is leaning on an urn. The Duchess of Somerset, in another, is gazing up at a group of cherubim. The Baron of Kinsale is reposing under a canopy. So is Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Admiral Tyrrell is rising from the sea. General Hargrave is struggling from the tomb, while Time is engaged in breaking the darts of death over his knee. On Sheffield's monument Time is bearing away his children. The Norris family are in attitudes of prayer, one of them gazing cheerfully upward. Sir G. L. Staunton is expounding the law to an East Indian. Sir R. Pecksall and his two daughters have risen from their couches to fall on their knees. Lord Russell is reclining with his face toward the spectator, but his daughter is seated erect in a chair, pointing to a skull at her feet. Lord Burleigh, an aged man, is down on his knees in his robes of state, with his family near in splendid attire. Dr. South is recumbent in his robes. Dr. Busby, with a pen in his hand, seems to be criticising his own epitaph. Sir George Hollis stands erect, in the costume of a Roman general. Fox is on a mattress in the arms of Liberty, with Peace reclining on his knee, and an emancipated slave close by. Lord Mansfield is presiding in court, with Justice and Wisdom on either hand. Canning is making an oration in the North Transept. The Earl of Chatham is gesticulating near the door. William Pitt, in the robes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is speaking with great animation at the end of the Nave. Wilberforce lounges back in a chair, with one leg crossed over the other. The figure of Fame is very active everywhere. Even Death itself makes a terrific intrusion upon the scene by bursting out from behind the folding doors at the base of a well-known monument, and aiming his dart at one of the affrighted figures above it.

I give these examples in such number as much for their curious interest and variety as for their descriptive effect in suggesting the universal aspect of life in the Abbey. When it is open at night and partially illuminated, the uncertain mingling of light and darkness makes the effect almost spectral. At the time when it was customary for funerals to take place at or near midnight, and the procession into the recesses of the mausoleum was accompanied by flickering torches, the scene must have been indescribably strange.

The period has passed by for such weird occasions of heightening the illusion of life, in the act of adding still another to the number of the departed, but in its stead, when the old Abbey is now lit up for Divine Service, it is like the putting on the garments of one which is itself rising from the dead. When, on a Sunday evening, you see the great windows of its Nave in the blaze of the gaslight, you feel that a new era has dawned indeed upon the Church of England. The symbolic meaning of the ancient structure is consummated before your eyes at last. The Choir, with its eastern sun, is now in the darkness; the Nave, which has seen that sun go down, opens its great western door to bid it farewell, and to welcome the unveiling of eternity in the dark abysses of infinitude, in the light of the stars. The witnessing Church has ended. The working Church has begun. The vastness of its great appointment is now before it. Its duty to God in faith and worship having been done, now its duty to Him in active humanity is also to be done. Now, all the light and warmth which have been pouring into it from the past shall overflow into the great area of the future, and the world shall feel that the Church does not exist by authority alone, and expend itself in sentiment alone, but that in these it has been only preparing itself to accomplish the immeasurable practical end before it.

My closing recollection of Westminster Abbey is of one of these "Special Services." Even without recurrence to the sentiment which I have connected with them, they are of great interest in themselves. You may expect to see a multitude filling the spacious Nave, and to hear a distinguished preacher, who is not only in ecclesiastical relation to the Church of England, but in full affinity also with all the enlightened movement of the time. They have been called "The People's Preachers." On this evening Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol, the translator of Plato, and one of the foremost thinkers of the day, was to be heard from the marble pulpit which had been placed there to commemorate the beginning of these services. That pulpit stands "within a truncheon's length" of Sir Isaac Newton's grave. The man who disentangled the universe, and showed on what a simple principle its order moves, who dissolved superstition out of the skies, is sleeping almost under the elbow of the man who is to proclaim with rational, philosophic clearness that simple solvent for all the complexities and mysteries

of human life which a greater than Newton has revealed.

I entered the edifice to find it already crowded, but was so fortunate as to secure a seat facing the pulpit, which fronts diagonally across the Nave. I had a cumulative sense, all through the evening, of sitting at the opposite pole to all my previous impressions. Every successive incident, as it turned out, added to the feeling which I had brought with me.

The gas, which wreathed each of the mighty piers, threw its powerful light full upon the faces of the assembled multitude, but it failed to disperse the darkness which still hung nebulously under the vaulted roof one hundred feet above the pavement. You could see it also throwing gleams of illumination, uncertainly and strangely, here in single rays, there in sheaves of light, into the vast recesses of the east. The Choir, the Transepts, the Chancel, and the Chapels, were lost in a denser and denser darkness as they receded from where we sat. Here and there a marble group or a single figure seemed to crouch back in the gloom like natives of the desert haunting the outskirts of an encampment which had been pitched in their waste and solitude. As this grew upon the imagination, and one realized what tracts of time had been filled by those who now inhabited that darkness, the material boundaries, which now we could scarcely see, appeared to melt into the spaces of an illimitable horizon, where no star shone to guide the eye and to tell where heaven blended with the earth. It was impossible to shut out the sense of the close proximity of the dead, and, with them, of the past. The old monastic occupation of the place brought with it that *eerie* feeling which De Quincey somewhere speaks of as thrilling the Arab caravan when the pealing of phantom convent-bells—bells which were first rung in the Crusades—is heard in the deep night where no convent now exists. Why not also the trumpets of phantom armies, the notes of phantom music, the voices of phantom orators, the voiceless speech of phantom poesy and song? If ever the sea-shell murmur of the daylight in this place might grow into a distant moan of the eternal ocean, it might in this silence, which is now so profound, and blended with the dark, as to seem to be both heard and felt.

Around this chance and passing crowd of ordinary lives was the fixed, unchanging assemblage of those with whose names history had rung for so many hundred years—those who had moulded the very institutes which hold this nation together, who had given this generation its thought, its feeling, its principles, and filled it with this high consciousness in science and literature, in the Church and state. They are *here:* are they unheeding? Do their names survive, does their influence live, do their souls penetrate this hour as their bodies penetrate the soil below; and yet is there no presence here at all of that which drank this very life from its first sparkling wave to these its very dregs? Have they gone down from the pomp of time—down from rank and reputation, from ceremonial and pageant, from care, sorrow, and labor, from all this material scene, into the great bosom of reality and truth, and into the abyss of the Great Secret, into the light of eternity and the vision of God, to look no longer into the dark of time, to feel no longer the presence of their fellow-men?

Now came the stir of the clergy and choristers entering and taking their places, and the organ above them, which this morning had poured its volume of choral song over this empty Nave, began to pour the song of this service into the vacant, tenebrious Choir and over the pale congregation in the dark. Did Händel hear? Did Purcell understand? Did the dead organists underneath the Choir feel the vibration of these once-familiar tones, and was there anything there to awake in responsive consciousness?

As in the morning, so in the evening, the service never fell from the full note of its highest grandeur. Every prayer was winged with the same sublime, prolonged "Amen!" Hardly a moment breathed but it was filled with that loud, and deep, and glorious refrain—the appointed echo and affirmation of the soul's address to God on the part of the people.

It occurred to me to wonder if the people knew all that it was given them to render when that single word swelled from their united throats at the signal of the organ. I wondered whether they knew that it was the voice of the ages uttering itself in their midst, the very word, letter for letter, the very sound, the very articulation which had been heard in the Hebrew choir, which comes floating down among the voices of the prophets of the Old Testament, the very name of Him who was Faithful and True, the solemn formula with which He began his teaching—"Verily, verily"—the appointed, the understood response, sounded first in the Pentateuch, and resounding higher and higher, till, in the Apocalypse, lost to the human ear in ascending hence—the echo of earth to heaven. I wondered whether they realized how sublimely they were engaged at every return of that oft-recurring note. If they did not, there were those near by in the dark who now knew what it was to sing the great "'Tis True! 'tis True! O Be It So," to the will and truth of God.

Before the close of the final hymn the preacher appeared in the pulpit, with his black Oxford gown, bringing the atmosphere of the Oxford cloisters with him. What would he say? What would it be naturally uppermost for one to say whose life was not spent in the pulpit routine; who only occasionally stood on a rostrum like this; who lived in the academic grove, with the past whispering its wisdom and the present its problems? There was a fitness in such a man to the place and to the occasion. Would there be an equal fitness in his utterance now, to the Church and to the Age?

Just then the hymn rolled into its final "Amen," and a great silence awaited the opening words of the preacher: a stillness as of death in the ruddy congregation on his right, gathered in the core of the light; the stillness of death itself among the pale congregation on his left, filling the area of the dark.

I looked at the one, breathing the ephemeral breath of earth, even as this crowd of gaslights were breathing the breath which throbbed from the centre of the metropolis; and I thought of the other, quenched, as these lights will shortly be—breathless, flameless here, but drawing their life from the seat of all light in the other world—and then Jowett spoke:

"In an age like this, magnificent with so many far-reaching issues of thought and action, so solemnly poised on the purpose of the Creator, so anxiously seeking the truth; when the Church has so much to do, and we see its leaders expending their strength upon subordinate and secondary things, and their time upon schemes of imposing unity; in talking, organizing, and repairing to no real end; even, here and there, descending to questions of incense, and candles, and postures, and ornaments, the fashion of a robe, even the cut of a coat — the Church absorbed in such as these, and admiring itself!—is it not time that we gave some attention to—GOD?"

This was the utterance—the thought, not its vesture—which came in its startling, searching meaning—obvious, natural, simple, but how terribly true!—ringing on the heart of the time like the stroke of a battle-axe on the breastplate of a skeleton in armor! It rang under these ancient arches far and near. It rang through the light and through the dark. It rang in the ears of the living, and over the tombs of the dead. The Abbey gave it back in a deep reverberation. The multitude gave it back in a deeper respiration. My own heart rebounded with a note that was already awake with the spirit of the place and the scene of the hour.—

Is it that I have since dreamed? Is it the vision which comes, from memories revived, to the sleeper on his bed—memories stored away in that mysterious sensorium within the brain, and which rise in the deep hours of the night and shape themselves with such reality that afterward we cannot tell whether their combination was actual or not? Did this scene thus revisit me, and now, in the looking back, do I curdle both the dream and reality in one, and, in the dense foreshortening of the perspective, do they appear as one?—

The whole Abbey was awake!

> "The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead"

were moving in the dark! I felt the presence of past ages as of living years; I heard the distant kings and queens astir; I heard the throng of nobles, ecclesiastics, soldiers, philosophers, authors, statesmen, as they gathered and grouped themselves together. I could see what I saw not, and hear what I heard not; but I felt the dead were there and alive again. There was—

> ". . . . a kind
> Of sympathy between us, as if they
> Had lost a part of death to come to me,
> And I the half of life to sit by them—
> We were in an existence all apart
> From heaven and earth."

And I heard Jowett's voice speaking—speaking as in the distance—speaking as we sometimes hear the voice of the living when we are in a waking dream—"Is it not time that we gave some attention to—God?" And in that "dead waist and middle of the night" I heard that same "Amen!" "Amen!" which had come down in the living voice of the dead Hebrew tongue—the voice of the Spirit for ages in the secret heart of the Church of God, which near by we hear in the burst of sonorous choirs—I heard it in the distant chanting about the Throne:

> "Yield yourselves unto God,
> As those that are alive
> From the Dead!" "AMEN!" "AMEN!"

AT YOUR GATE.

MY darling! my darling! my darling!
Do you know how I want you to-night?
The wind passes, moaning and snarling
Like some evil ghost on its flight—
On the wet street your lamp's gleam shines redly,
You are sitting alone—did you start
As I spoke?—did you guess at this deadly
Chill pain in my heart?

Out here, where the dull rain is falling,
Just once—just a moment—I wait;
Did you hear the sad voice that was calling
Your name as I paused by the gate?
It was just a mere breath—ah! I know, dear,
Not even Love's ears could have heard;
But, oh! I was hungering so, dear,
For one little word.

Do you think I am ever without you?—
Ever lose for an instant your face,
Or the spell that breathes alway about you,
Or your subtile, ineffable grace?
Why, even to-night, put away, dear,
From the light of your eyes though I stand,
I feel as I linger and pray, dear,
The touch of your hand.

Once again with its wonted caressing
It soothes my deep wound like a balm;
Once again with an exquisite blessing
It hushes my grief into calm;
And all the dear charm of your presence,
My darling, is with me again,
And takes, like some mystical essence,
The sting from my pain.

Ah me! for a word that could move you
Like a whisper of magical art!
I love you! I love you! I love you!
There is no other word in my heart.
Will your eyes that were loving still love me?
Will your heart, once so tender, forgive?
Ah! darling, stoop down from above me
And tell me to live.

A VOYAGE WITH THE VOYAGEURS.

I.

INFINITELY picturesque was the starting of the boat-brigade for the Mission of the White Dog and beyond. Far down on the sandy beach, below the eyrie upon which was perched a Hudson's Bay Company's post—a veritable mediæval castle transplanted to the bluffs of the Northwest—lay the eight boats composing it. Just then they were in holiday apparel, and decorated for departure: small red flags; streaming ribbons, gaudy ensigns, and the spreading antlers of moose and elk, appeared everywhere above the square packages of freight. Congregated upon the beach, attired in their bravest apparel, and accompanied by wives and sweethearts, who had come to wish them a final *bon voyage*, were the seventy or more half-breed and Indian *voyageurs* who constituted their crews.

The crowd ran the gamut of color from the deep copper of the aboriginal to the pure white of the Caucasian. Many of the women were clearly of unmingled Indian blood. Tall and angular, long masses of straight black hair fell on their backs; blue-and-white cotton gowns, shapeless, stayless, uncrinolined, displayed the flatness of their unprojecting figures. Some wore a gaudy handkerchief on the head; the married also bound one across the bosom.

The half-castes were of better form, many of them being quite handsome. Smaller in figure, they were at once better rounded, and more lithe and willowy. Theirs was the rich, dark beauty of the creole type. It was not, however, their comeliness of feature that impressed the traveler; it was their grace—that supple shapeliness, that *sveltesse*, for which the English tongue has no word. A comely half-breed woman's figure impresses one as a startling realization of the Greek ideal of grace—a statue by Phidias animated and garbed—a living Venus of flushed bronze. Beauty of feature with them is, perhaps, not a common gift; but, when one does find it, he straightway dreams of Titian, and Veronese, and Tintoretto.

The *voyageurs* themselves, if Indian, were generally young men, heavy-set, copper-colored, and highly ornamented; their black hair greased and plaited into small braids, from which depended bright-colored ribbons and feathers. About their thick necks were broad bands of wampum, from which hung suspended over the throat huge silver medals. These medals were not the rewards of valuable service, however, but may be purchased at any company's store. Their capotes were open at the throat, and revealed broad, uncovered chests, corded with muscles. In place of the customary variegated sash, they wore broad leather belts, in which were slung their fire-bags, beaded and quilted, serving upon occasion as pocket-books.

voyageur were half-breed, however, he ve the medium height, with lithe, active frame, enough of the aboriginal to impart suppleness, and sufficient of the white to add a certain solidity of frame lacking in the savage. His features, too, were regular to a fault; complexion nut-brown, eyes black, and long black hair hanging down in a straight mass over his shoulders. He wore a tasseled cap, and was also *en capote*, but of fine blue cloth ornamented with two rows of silver-gilt buttons; variegated sash and moccasins, of course.

As a rule, the *voyageurs* are of French extraction, descendants of the trappers and traders of the old fur-companies, though by long intermarriage the blood of four nationalities mingles in their veins. Their grandfathers have been French-Canadians, their grandmothers Crow squaws; English, and Cree, and Ojibway, have contributed to their descent on the mother's side. This mixture has produced, in most instances, a genial, good-humored, and handsome fellow; although, as a class, with some cleverness and cheerfulness, their faces generally betray a certain moodiness of temper, and lack the frank and honest respectability stamped upon countenances more purely Anglo-Saxon. Swarthy in complexion, with dark hair and eyes, their features are generally good and aquiline in character; and, although sometimes coarse, are invariably well-proportioned. Physically, they are a fine race; tall, straight, and well-proportioned, lightly formed but strong, and extremely active and enduring. Of more supple build, as a rule, than the Indian, they combine his endurance and readiness of resource with the greater muscular strength and perseverance of the white man.

In disposition they are a merry, light-hearted race, recklessly generous, hospitable, and extravagant. When idle, they spend much of their time in singing, dancing, and gossiping from house to house, getting drunk upon the slightest occasion; and, when the *voyageur* drinks, he does it, as he says, *comme il faut*—that is, until he obtains the desired happiness of complete intoxication. Vanity is his besetting sin, and he will deprive himself and his family of the common necessaries of life to become the envied possessor of any gewgaw that may happen to attract his fancy. Intensely superstitious, and a firm believer in dreams, omens, and warnings, he is an apt disciple of the Romish faith. Completely under the influence of his priest, in most respects, and observing the outward forms of his religion with great regularity, he is yet grossly immoral, often dishonest, and generally untrustworthy. No sense of duty seems to actuate his daily life; for, though the word *devoir* is often on the lips of this semi-Frenchman, the principle of *devoir* is not so strong in his heart as are the impulses of passion and caprice. But little aptitude for continuous labor, moreover, belongs to his constitution. No man will labor more cheerfully and gallantly at the severe toil pertinent to his calling; but these efforts are of short duration, and, when they are ended, his chief

desire is to do nothing but eat, drink, smoke, and be merry, all of them acts in which he greatly excels.

The ceremony of taking a wife, by which this mercurial race sprang into existence, in the old days of the fur-trade, cannot be regarded, in the light of the present days, as one much encumbered with social and religious preliminaries. If it failed in literally fulfilling the condition of force implied in the word "taking," it usually developed into a question of barter. When the French-Canadian wanted a wife, he took a horse, a gun, some cloth or beads, and, repairing to the lodge of his red brother in the wilderness, purchased the heart and hand of the squaw he desired of her stern parent. If she didn't love after "these presents," the lodge-poles were always handy to enforce that degree of obedience necessary to domestic tranquillity. This custom, by-the-way, has by no means fallen into desuetude, but is still in vogue along the border.

As a class, the *voyageurs* rank very low in the country. Their priests profess to have a certain influence over them, but confess that their flock is disreputable, and not to be relied upon in the faithful performance of a contract. As a consequence, it sometimes happens that the crews of a boat-brigade mutiny during the voyage and return home. This evil, it is true, might be obviated were it not for the system of advancing wages for the trip, necessary in dealing with the class of which, for the most part, the crews are composed. But, unfortunately, on the *voyageurs'* return from the regular summer trips, they do not betake themselves to any special modes of industry, but vary seasons of hunting and fishing with longer intervals of total idleness. Toward mid-winter a steady perseverance in this mode of life brings themselves, and their equally improvident families, to a condition closely allied to starvation. When the books are opened at the company's offices for the enrollment of men to serve in the trips of the ensuing season, a general rush of the needy crowd takes place. Upon their acceptance and enrollment, a small advance is made; and afterward, at stated intervals before the commencement of the voyage, further sums are paid. Toward spring, however, when the difficulty of obtaining food lessens in some degree, the men assume a higher tone, and demand larger sums in advance—threatening that, if their demands are not complied with, they will not proceed upon the voyage at all. Counter-threats of imprisonment are superciliously smiled away with the remark that the time will be more easily passed in durance than in labor. The result is that, when the day of embarkation arrives, some of the enrolled men do not appear, while those who do have already received half their wages. Once on the voyage, their wives and families draw as frequently as possible upon the amount "still coming to them," so that the sum forfeited by mutiny and breach of contract is insufficient to restrain the men from a premature return. The continuance of this system has been caused by the necessities of the men, whom it preserves from absolute starvation, and the undoubted fact that the laborious nature of the service renders it difficult, if not impossible, to secure men in the spring, when many other opportunities exist of gaining a livelihood in less trying channels.

II.

It is customary to distribute a small quantity of rum among the men immediately before starting, and this, together with the probably considerable amount previously surreptitiously obtained, materially increased the hilarity and excitement of our departure. The Pierres became more gratuitously profuse in their farewells, and returned again and again to clasp the hands of the crowd, and claim every one as a brother; the Antoines, violently gesticulative, declaimed with cheerful irrelevance some old *chanson* about the glory of their ancestors; while the Baptistes hung, limply lachrymose, upon the necks of their best friends, murmuring maudlin sentiment in their receptive ears. Here and there, sober, and with an air of great importance, stalked a sturdy steersman, getting his men well in hand and having an eye to the lading of his particular boat. Busy clerks and voluble porters varied with laughing, chatting women, in augmenting the babel of sound.

All things being at last ready, the boat of the guide swung into the stream, followed closely by the others in single file. Vociferous cheers greeted us from the well-lined banks, and the wild boat-songs of the *voyageurs*, sung in full chorus, began—a weird but pleasing melody. Steadily the oars were plied, and regularly the beat and rhythm of oar-lock and song resounded, until, sweeping round a projecting promontory, fort and friends were lost to view.

The lower course of the Red River of the North presents, for the last thirty miles, a picture of grand simplicity—and, it must be confessed, monotony—which, magnificent as it appears at first, wearies the eye and tires the mind at last. Flowing, like all other prairie-streams, deep below the surface of the plain, there is nothing to be seen but the dead calm of an unruffled, mirror-like sheet of water glaring in the sun, and, as far as the eye can reach, two walls of dark-green foliage, with the dark-blue firmament above them. In the foreground, slender stems of cottonwood and gigantic oaks, with long festoons of moss hanging from their aged limbs, dip down into the turbid floods. No hill breaks the finely-indented line of foliage, which everywhere bounds the horizon; only here and there a half-breed's hut, or the *tepee* of a child of the prairie and stream, peeps out of the green. Happily, the novelty of a first voyage by boat-brigade was sufficient to engross the attention of the traveler, and attract his thoughts from the panorama offered by Nature to the vignette of northern boat-life embraced within the limits occupied by the eight boats speeding their way down the centre of the broad stream.

The comparatively limited season during which water transportation is available in the north, the nature of the cargoes to be transported, and the channels through which they must pass, render the strictly summer months a season of much bustle and activity. The loss of a few days in the departure of

boats destined for the interior may deprive some important district of the means of traffic for the ensuing year, and necessitate the holding over of immense stocks of goods, to the serious derangement of trade, and a heavy curtailment of the annual profits. The matter of transportation, then, is one of vital importance to the fur-company, and is conducted with a care and system devoted, perhaps, to no other branch of a trade in which a close attention to details and routine are distinguishing features. Though the actual duties of freighting occupy but about four months in the year, yet the preparation pertinent to its perfect performance engrosses to a great extent the remaining eight. The result is a system so perfect that over the long courses traversed by the boat-brigades their arrival may be calculated upon almost to the hour; and the anxious trader may ascend his lookout-post with the certainty of seeing sweeping round the nearest point the well-laden boats, with swarthy crews bending low to their oars, and singing their weird *chansons* in time to the measured stroke.

The freighting-season begins about the first week in June, when the ice has disappeared from the rivers, and the spring supplies of merchandise destined for the interior have reached the depot forts. At that period the advance brigade of seven or eight boats leaves Fort Garry—now the principal point of forwarding in the service—followed a week after by yet another. This interval is allowed in order to prevent the meeting of the boats at any post, thereby creating undue bustle and confusion. These boats tend north and northwest toward Methy Portage and York Factory, there to meet other brigades from the remote arctic districts, to whom they deliver their cargoes, receiving in exchange the furs brought down from the interior posts—the proceeds of the year's trade. When this exchange is effected, each brigade retraces its course. The time occupied by the longest trip—that of Methy Portage, the height of land from which the waters flow into Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean—is about four months. Numerous shorter trips are also made, and the whole country is alive during this season with advancing and returning boats.

The peculiar nature of the transportation service of the company necessitates certain conditions in freight, boats and boatmen pertaining to it, not elsewhere to be found. The entire water-carriage of the country is performed by means of what are technically called "inland boats," of three and a half tons' burden, and requiring nine men as crew. Of the shape of the ordinary whale-boat, they carry a small mast, unstepped at will, upon which, in crossing lakes, should the wind prove favorable, a square sail is set. A small platform or deck covers the stern of the vessel, upon which is seated the steersman, using at times the ordinary lever-rudder; again a long sweep, with one stroke of which the direction of the craft is radically changed. The steersman is captain of the vessel, the eight men under him being ranged as "middle-men," or rowers. A number of these boats constitute a brigade, over which a guide, skilled in the intricacies of current and coast, is placed, and who may be regarded as the commodore of the fleet. His duty is to guide the brigade through dangerous waters, to support the authority of the steersmen, and to transact the business of the brigade at the stations touched *en route*. The position is an important one when properly filled, and is generally held by the same person until advancing years necessitate its relinquishment.

III.

RAPIDLY we sped down the waters of the turbid stream, and monotonously echoed the loud "ough!" of the *voyageurs* as they rose from their seats with each stroke of the oar, only to sink back again with a sudden jar as the broad blades left the water. Stately swans looking thoughtfully into the stream, tall cranes standing motionless on one leg, and ducks of every hue disappearing behind the foliage screening the mouth of some creek or coolie, were the only living things to be seen. The landscape was monotonously splendid, and the hours passed in unvarying succession. Ten minutes in every hour were allowed the hardy *voyageurs* for rest; the long oars were lifted from the flood, from every fire-bag came pipes and tobacco, and the bark of the gray willow, mingled in equal proportion with the Indian weed, lent its fragrance to the morning air. After such pleasant interlude the paddles were plied with renewed vigor, and soon the woods disappeared; and the banks, which gradually sank to a lower level, became covered with the long, reedy grass marking the delta of the stream. Farther on, even the semblance of vegetation afforded by the reeds ceased abruptly, leaving naught but a sandy bar submerged at high tide, and the waters of an immense lake extending northward out of sight—a lake which stretched away into unseen places, and on whose waters a fervid June sun was playing strange freaks of mirage and inverted shore-land.

Upon the sand-bar at the outlet of the main channel our boats were run along-shore, and preparations ensued for the mid-day meal. Generally speaking, while voyaging, it is only allowable to put ashore for breakfast, a cold dinner being taken in the boats; but, as no *voyageur* could be expected to labor in his holiday-apparel, a halt was necessary before setting out upon the lake. The low beach yielded ample store of driftwood, the relics of many a northern gale, and of this a fire was lighted, and the dinner-apparatus arranged in the stern-sheets of the boat. The functions of the *chef*, limited to the preparation of pemmican in some palatable way, were simple enough. For trip-men pemmican is the unalterable bill-of-fare. It is the favorite food of the half-breed and Indian *voyageurs*, and is nearly altogether composed of buffalo-meat. The fresh meat is first cut into thin slices, then dried over a fire or in the sun, after which it is beaten into a thick, flaky substance. In this state it is placed in a bag, manufactured from the raw-hide of the animal, and the pulpy mass soldered down by melted fat poured over it, the proportions of fat and pounded meat being about equal. The best pemmican usually has sugar and service-

berries added to it, and in this state is considered very delicious.

Pemmican tastes like nothing else in the world, but is very satisfying and nutritive. It may be prepared in many ways, and, to the unaccustomed traveler, it is a matter of difficulty to decide which method is the least objectionable. There is *rubeiboo*, and *richot*, and pemmican plain, and pemmican raw, the former being the method most in vogue with the trip-men. *Rubeiboo* consists solely of pemmican and flour boiled into a sort of thick soup. Though not a delicate dish, it is, nevertheless, very nutritious, and the *voyageurs* are extremely fond of it. *Richot*, however, a composition of the same materials, but fried instead of boiled, meets the requirements of the civilized palate more nearly than any other. It is extremely rich food, and a very little of it will suffice for an ordinary man.

As to the consumption of tea by the *voyageurs*, it is simply enormous. The company's annual importation of that article for the northern department alone amounts to over one hundred thousand pounds. The delay which would be occasioned, were the desires of the men with reference to tea-drinking to be indulged, renders guides and steersmen peremptory in opposing the ever-renewed proposition that the boat should be hauled-to and the kettle put on the fire whenever an inviting promontory extends itself along the route.

After dinner the *voyageurs* doffed the holiday-garments in which the start had been made, appearing thereafter in traveling-costume. This change made, the *ensemble* of the crews became rougher, but more picturesque. Corduroy trousers, tied at the knee with beadwork garters, incased their limbs; capotes were discarded, and striped shirts open in front, with cotton handkerchiefs tied sailor-fashion round their swarthy necks, took their place; a scarlet sash encircled the waist of each, while moose-skin moccasins defended their feet. Their head-dresses were as various as fanciful—some trusted to their thickly-matted hair to guard them from sun and rain; some wore caps of coarse cloth, others colored handkerchiefs twisted turban-fashion round their heads; while one or two sported tall, black hats covered so plenteously with tassels and feathers as to be scarcely recognizable. They were a wild yet handsome set of men, as they lay or stood in careless attitudes round the fires, puffing clouds of smoke from their ever-burning pipes.

At the command of the guide, however, they fell to readjusting the cargoes of the boats for the passage of the lake, and the portages immediately beyond. For on the waters traversed by these brigades navigation is seriously interrupted by rapids, waterfalls, and cataracts, to surmount which the boats with their cargoes have to be landed and carried round the obstruction, to be relaunched at the nearest practicable point. Again, it occurs that a height of land is reached, across which the boats and cargoes must be dragged in order to descend the opposite stream. In either event the process is technically known as "making a portage," and constitutes the hardest feature of the *voyageur's* labor.

It is owing to the vast amount of handling, necessitated by the numerous portages intervening between the depot-forts and even the nearest inland districts, that the packing of merchandise becomes a matter of so much importance. The standard weight of each package used in the fur-trade is one hundred pounds, and each boat is supposed capable of containing seventy-five "inland pieces," as such packages are called. It is the method of reckoning tonnage in the country. The facility with which such pieces are handled by the muscular trip-men is very remarkable—a boat being loaded by its crew in five minutes, and presenting a neat, orderly appearance upon completion of the operation.

In crossing a portage each *voyageur* is supposed to be equal to the task of carrying two inland pieces upon his back. These loads are carried in such a manner as to allow the whole strength of the body to be put into the work. A broad leather band, called a "portage-strap," is placed round the forehead, the ends of which strap, passing back over the shoulders, support the pieces which, thus carried, lie along the spine from the small of the back to the crown of the head. When fully loaded, the *voyageur* stands with his body bent forward, and, with one hand steadying the pieces, he trots nimbly away over the steep and rock-strewed portage, his bare or moccasined feet enabling him to pass briskly over the slippery rocks in places where boots would inevitably send both trip-man and load feet-foremost to the bottom. In the frequent unloading of the vessel the task of raising the pieces and placing them upon the backs of the muscular *voyageurs* devolves upon the steersman, and the process of raising seventy-five pieces of one hundred pounds' weight from a position below the feet to a level with the shoulders demands a greater amount of muscle than is possessed by the average man.

IV.

WINNIPEG, like all other great lakes, is liable to be visited with sudden storms, which, taking a boat by surprise while in the process of making a long traverse, might be attended with fatal consequences. The coasts, generally speaking, offer only a limited number of harbors for small boats, but those fortunately within a few hours' sail of each other. In the event of a boat being overtaken by a sudden tempest, it is sometimes necessary to make for the nearest land and "beach" her, carrying herself and cargo ashore by main force over a considerable length of breaker-washed shore. It was for this reason, perhaps, that our guide marched solemnly to and fro upon the shingle, curiously examining, with twisted neck and upturned eye, the signs of the weather, and presenting, with his long, blue capote and cautious gait, a somewhat quaint and antiquated spectacle. Having, after some difficulty, satisfied himself that the weather would hold good until we could reach the nearest harbor, he recalled the crews—who had scattered along-shore smoking their pipes—and loosed

from shore. The lake, as changeful as the ocean, was in its very calmest mood; not a wave, not a ripple, on its surface; not a breath of breeze to aid the untiring paddles. The guide held his course far out into the glassy waste, leaving behind the marshy headlands which marked the river's delta. The point at which we had dined became speedily undistinguishable among the low line of, apparently, exactly similar localities ranging along the low shore.

A long, low point, reaching out from the south shore of the lake, was faintly visible in the horizon, and toward it our guide steered. The traveler, comfortably seated upon the deck of the boat, indulged alternately in reading and smoking; the whole style of progress being more like the realization of a scene from "Télémaque" or the "Æneid" than a sober business voyage undertaken in the interests of a trading company of the present age.

The red sun sank into the lake, warning us to seek the shore and camp for the night, as we neared the point toward which we steered. A deep, sandy bay, with a high background of woods and rocks, seemed to invite us to its solitude. The boats were moored in a recess of the bank, or drawn bodily up on the beach; sails brought ashore and roofs extemporized as protection against possible storms. Driftwood was again collected, and active preparations for the evening meal ensued. Each boat's crew had a fire to itself, over which were placed gypsy-like tripods, from which huge tin kettles depended; while above them hovered numerous volunteer cooks, who were employed stirring their contents with persevering industry. The curling wreaths of smoke formed a black cloud among the numerous fleecy ones arising from the steaming kettles, while all around, in every imaginable attitude, sat, stood, and reclined the sunburned, savage-looking *voyageurs*, chatting, laughing, and smoking, in perfect happiness.

Meanwhile, the bedding of the traveler, after being untied from its protecting oil-cloth, was spread upon the ground. "Bedding" consists of, say, three blankets and a pillow. The former are folded lengthwise, and arranged on the oil-cloth which, when camp is struck in the morning, is so rolled about them as to form a compact, portable bundle, when properly corded, practically impervious to weather.

All occupations ceased at the call of the cooks, and the crews gathered round the camp-fire with their scant supply of tin-ware. The bill-of-fare was limited, as before, to pemmican and tea. As the brigade penetrates the interior, wild-fowl become abundant, and the stews more savory and fragrant. Supper over, half a dozen huge log-fires are lighted round about, casting a ruddy glow upon the surrounding foliage, and the wild, uncouth figures of the *voyageurs*, with their long, dark hair hanging in luxuriant masses over their bronzed faces. They warm themselves in the cheerful glow, smoking and chatting with much carelessness and good-humor of the day's adventures—or, rather, of what are regarded as such—unusual good or ill luck at hunting or fishing, the casual meeting of some aboriginal canoe, or the sight of some lone Indian's leather lodge. Only the dense swarms of mosquitoes, which set in immediately after sunset, remind the traveler that he is not realizing a scene from tropical life.

To be appreciated, the pain and inconvenience caused by the attacks of these insects must be felt. They swarm in the woods and marshes, and, after lying in the shade of the bushes during the heat of the day, come abroad in the cool of the evening and make night hideous where no grateful breeze blows for the protection of the traveler. They form, in fact, the principal drawback to the pleasure of summer travel in the north. The *voyageur*, after working hard through the long, hot day, simply spreads the single blanket he is allowed to carry on the ground, and, with no other covering than the starry firmament above him, sleeps undisturbed till dawn, only occasionally brushing off, as if by way of diversion, the most obtrusive of the little fiends. But the more refined and less case-hardened traveler suffers severely. In vain are trousers tied tightly about the ankles, and coat-sleeves at the wrist, while mosquito-veils surround the head. The enemy finds his way in single file through apertures unseen by human eyes, and bites without mercy; while his personal escape is secured by the impossibility of hunting him up without making way for the surrounding hosts of his *confrères*. For the victim, feeding under such circumstances is no easy matter. Independent of the loss of appetite occasioned by the nature of the malady, the veil must be removed to obtain access to the mouth, and the hands must be uncovered to work knife, fork, and spoon. Sleep is also to be obtained only for a few short, feverish moments at long intervals. Any attempt to gain repose by concealing one's self beneath the blankets is in vain; and long before sleep can come the baffled experimenter is compelled to emerge, half smothered, to breathe the sultry air.

The traveler can, however, often have an awning fitted up over the stern-sheets of the boat and sleep on board. By this arrangement, and in the event of a favorable breeze blowing at daybreak, the crews can pursue their journey without disturbing him. On the other hand, the traveler is often called upon to give up the boat to the men during the night, so that they may be further removed from the mosquitoes and better prepared for work on the ensuing day, when the passenger may make up for the night's sleeplessness. Under this system, then, the steersman occupies the stern-sheets, while the crew, by arranging the mast and oars lengthwise over the boat, and stretching oil-cloths over the framework so formed, turn the vessel into one long, snug tent, in which they can rest in comfort. This device is called a "tanley," the word being corrupted from the French *tendre-le*.

V.

In the early morning, before the mists had risen from the waters, the loud "Lève! lève! lève!" of the guide roused the camp. Five minutes sufficed to finish the traveler's toilet, tie up his blankets, and embark. The prows of the boat-brigade swung into

the lake, and the day's voyage began. Usually a short sail is made until a favorable camping-spot is reached, when the boats are again beached, and breakfast prepared. Then succeeds a renewed plying of the oars, or, if the wind prove favorable, the sails are set and the little fleet glides smoothly on its way. When the wind is fair and the weather fine, boats make very long traverses, keeping so far out that, about the middle of the run, neither the point from which they started nor the one toward which they are steering is visible. In calm weather, however, when the oars are used, it is usual to keep closer in-shore and make shorter traverses. The pursuit of game and wild-fowl, daily indulged in, tends to vary the monotony of the voyage. Occasionally the breeding-places of the latter are found, in which event the crews lay in a stock of eggs and young birds sufficient for the trip. Again, returning boats are encountered, and a short season devoted to the exchange of news and compliments.

The wind springing up, the guide ordered all sail set, and stood far out into the middle of the lake. The boats of the brigade proving very unequal sailors, from difference in build and unequal lading, the white sails soon lost all semblance of line, and straggled over the placid waters of the lake, each upon its own tack. Nor did they meet again until we entered the mouth of the Winnipeg River, shortly after mid-day, and prepared to force its twenty-seven portages, the first of which began but eight miles above the company's fort, at its delta.

The Winnipeg River, with twice the volume of water the Rhine pours forth, descends three hundred and sixty feet in a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. This descent is not effected by a continuous decline, but by a series of terraces at irregular distances from each other, thus forming innumerable lakes and wide-expanding reaches, bound together by rapids and perpendicular falls of varying altitudes. It was over this broken pathway of rock and stream, of terrace and lagoon, that the course of the boat-brigade now lay. To describe the forcing of one barrier is only to iterate that of the one preceding or following it.

Passing through lonely lakes and island-studded bays, there sounds ahead the rush and roar of falling water; and, rounding some pine-clad island or projecting bluff, a tumbling mass of foam and spray, studded with rocks and bordered with dark-green shores, bars the way. Above the falls nothing can be seen; below, the waters boil in angry surge for a moment, then leap away in maddened flight, threatening to toss the well-laden boats like corks upon their sweeping surface. But against this boiling, rushing flood comes the craft and skill of the intrepid *voyageurs*. They advance upon the fall as if it were an equally subtle enemy with themselves; they steal upon it before it is aware.

The immense volume of water after its wild leap lingers a moment in the huge caldron at the foot of the fall; then, escaping from the circling eddies and whirlpools, sweeps away in rushing flood into the calmer waters below. But this mighty rush in mid-stream produces a counter-current alongshore, which, taking an opposite turn, sweeps back nearly, if not quite, to the foot of the fall. Into this back-current the stealthy *voyageurs* steer their well-laden boat. On one side the rocky bank towers overhead, slender pine and fir trees finding precarious foothold in its crevices; on the other, ofttimes but a yard from the advancing boat, sweeps the mad rush of the central current. Up the back-current goes the boat, driven cautiously by its oarsmen, until, just in advance of its bow, appears the whirlpool in which it ends, at the foot of the fall. To enter that revolving mass of waters is to be wrecked in a twinkling; to turn into the broad current of the mid-stream is, apparently, to be swept away in a moment of time. What next?

For a moment there is no paddling, the bowsman and steersman alone keeping the boat in position as she rapidly drifts into the whirlpool. Among the crew not a word is spoken; but every man is at his utmost tension, and awaiting the instant which shall call every nerve, muscle, and intelligence, into play. Now the supreme moment has come; for on one side begins the mighty rush of the mid-current, and on the other circle and twist the green, hollowing curves of the angry whirlpool, revolving round its axis of air with a mighty strength that would overturn and suck down the stanch whale-boat in the twinkling of an eye. Just as the prow touches the angry curves, a quick shout is given by the bowsman, and the boat shoots full into the centre of the rushing stream, driven by the united efforts of the crew, supplemented by extra oarsmen from the other boats. The men work for their very lives, and the boat breasts across the stream full in the very face of the fall. The waters foam and dash around her; the mad waves leap over the gunwale; the *voyageurs* shout as they dash their oars like lightning into the flood; and the traveler holds his breath amid this war of man against Nature. But the struggle seems useless. Man can effect naught against such a torrent; the boat is close against the rocks, and is driven down despite the rapid strokes of the oarsmen. For an instant she pauses, as if gathering strength for her mad flight down the mid-current. The dead strength of the rushing flood seems to have prevailed, when lo! the whole thing is done. A dexterous twist of the oars, and the boat floats suddenly beneath a little rocky isle in mid-stream, at the foot of the fall. The portage landing is over this rock, while a few yards out on either side the mighty flood sweeps on its headlong course. A *voyageur* leaps out on the wet, slippery rock, and holds the boat in place while the others get out. The cool fellows laugh as they survey the torrent they have just defeated, then turn to carry the freight piece by piece up the rocky stairway, and deposit it upon the flat landing ten feet above. That accomplished, the boat is dragged over, and relaunched upon the very lip of the fall.

But slightly different was the ascent of many of the rapids encountered from time to time. Upon arriving at one, advantage was taken of the back-

water near the banks, to run up as far as the eddy would permit; then the bowsman rose in his seat and craned his neck forward to take a look before attempting the passage. Signaling the route he intended to pursue to the steersman, the boat was at once shot into the chaos of boiling waters that rushed swiftly by. At first it was swept downward with the speed of an arrow, while the mad flood threatened to swamp it in a moment. To the traveler, unaccustomed to such perilous navigation, it seemed utter folly to attempt the ascent; but a moment more revealed the plan, and brought the stanch craft into a temporary harbor. Right in the middle of the central current a huge rock rose above the surface, while from its base a long eddy ran, like the gradually-lessening tail of a comet, for nearly a score of yards. It was just opposite this rock that the *voyageurs* had entered the rapid, and for which they paddled with all their might. The current, sweeping them down, brought the boat just to the extreme point of the eddy by the time mid-stream was reached, and a few vigorous strokes of the oars floated it quietly in the lee of the rock. A minute's rest, and the bowsman selected another rock a few yards higher up, and a great deal to one side. Another rush was made, and the second haven reached. In this way, yard for yard, the boat-brigade ascended for miles, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot; again, as a favoring bay or curve presented a long stretch of smooth water, advancing more rapidly.

In rapids where the strength of the current forbade the use of oars, progress was made by means of the tracking-line. Tracking, as it is called, is dreadfully harassing work. Half the crew go ashore, and drag the boat slowly along, while the other half go asleep. After an hour's walk, the others then take their turn, and so on alternately during the entire day. As the banks about the rapids were generally high, and very precipitous, the *voyageurs* had to scramble along, now close to the water's edge, again high up the bank, on ledges where they could hardly find a footing, and where they resembled flies on a wall. The banks, too, composed of soft clay and mud, increased the labor of hauling; but the light-hearted *voyageurs* seemed to think nothing of it, and laughed and joked as they toiled along, playing tricks upon each other, and plunging occasionally up to the waist in mud and water, with a reckless carelessness all their own.

So, day after day, the boat-brigade journeyed on: through island-studded bays, over long reaches of limpid water whose placid surface not a ripple stirred, over turbid floods thick with the ooze of muddy banks, breasting fierce rapids, climbing thundering waterfalls; sometimes making a fair day's travel; again, after a day of weary toil, bivouacking almost within sight of last night's camp-fire.

One day the traveler became aware of an undue excitement and bustle among the swarthy crews of the brigade. The pointed prows were turned shoreward, and ran upon a pebbly beach, affording easy access to the limpid water, and facing the warm rays of the sun. The *voyageurs* brought forth all the soiled clothing worn upon the journey, and a general scrubbing took place. Soon the bushes in the vicinity, the branches of trees, and the flat rocks, bore plentiful burdens of gaudy apparel waving in the breeze to dry. Copious baths were next administered to their persons, capped by each man donning the bravest garments of his outfit. Ribbons were braided in their hair, flashy sashes encircled their waists, and moccasins of bewildering beadwork incased their feet. Then, with a dash and wild chorus of boat-song, the oars were plied with quickly-measured stroke. Soon the sharp point of a headland was turned, and the Mission of the White Dog appeared, perched upon the precipitous banks of the stream. It was the end of the traveler's voyage: a few huts, a company's trading-store, a few Indians, and an aroma of decaying fish, which, amalgamating with the slight mist from the river, surrounded the traveler's head like an aureole.

THE MINSTREL-TREE.

MAJESTIC sovereign of his fadeless kind,
Hill-born, hill-nurtured, lo! our minstrel-tree,
Swept by the breeze, or mightier winds from sea,
Chants through the sunshine clear, the vapors blind!
Forever, to all moods of heaven resigned,
He makes ineffable music! to our ears
Now grand as trumpet-calls from knightly years,
Now sweet as memories of a loving mind!

O woodland bard! heart-open to all skies,
Thy resonant branches and thy leaves that sing
Have seemed to mock me in their gentlest sway;
Thy rhythms survive for ages—mine, a day.
Yon heaven (thy Muse), through thee, O forest-king!
Breathes epic storms and south winds' lyrical sighs!

A BIT OF NATURE.

A STORY IN TWENTY-THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

OVERTURES TO AN OBDURATE OIL-STRIKER.

THERE was a council in the Herbert family. Mr. Herbert explained to his wife and son that the chances in law, so far, appeared to be against them. Mrs. Herbert thought it was a great pity that her husband had not accepted Potter's proposition to divide the property. To which Mr. Herbert responded that he had been misled by his attorney as to the strength of his case, but he added that it might not be too late to do it then. Mrs. Herbert thought an effort should be made to learn if Mr. Potter was still inclined to accept half, and drop the suit then.

"In that way," said she, "we should be sure, at least, of a handsome competency. At present we live in a dreadful uncertainty."

Mr. Herbert agreed with her, and he thought that their son, from his previous acquaintance with Mr. Potter, would be a useful agent in opening the negotiation. The young man showed little alacrity in accepting the charge, but obedience to parental wishes was one of the well-bred rules of this family, and he prepared to call on Mr. Potter.

"This is a delicate matter," said Mr. Herbert, senior, "and will require some diplomatic skill, Richard. As you know the daughter, I believe you might in some way make her useful in bringing about the result we hope for."

"It is useless to think of that," answered Richard, "for the daughter is absent—has been gone for several months. Besides, I should be unable to exercise any influence over the mind of Miss Potter if she were here."

"But the breaking of the engagement between you and Edith may change matters," suggested Mrs. Herbert, naïvely.

"By-the-way," said Mr. Herbert, "that was a wise course in both you and Edith. I am heartily glad you are well out of it. But, to come back to the Potters, when does Miss Potter return?"

"I do not know, father."

"Why, I thought you stood on good ground with them, and were familiar with their affairs."

"My footing, as you see, is not solid; and it will be less so, I fear, when I shall have made this visit to Mr. Potter."

"Why so, Richard?"

"Mr. Potter is not aware that I am your son, and, ever since his visit to this house, he has borne an unfriendly feeling toward you, which has increased as the lawsuit has progressed. Altogether, the mission you have confided to me is unpleasant, but I shall endeavor to obey you."

The maternal hand here sought his, to thank him.

Richard sought the lodgings of Mr. Potter, which were hard by those of Walters. He found him at home, before a table over which legal documents were scattered, and which he had been scanning through his large, silver-rimmed spectacles, the dog being seated in one corner.

"Ah! it's you, Richard," said he, looking up with a cheerful face. "You're quite a stranger. Take a seat, and just wait one moment until I get down to the foot of this page, so as not to lose my place."

And, while Richard sat for a few minutes, Potter concentrated all his intelligence on the legal document before him, his lips moving as he read each word. When through with it, Richard said:

"I hope you are well, sir?"

"Never was better, my boy. Everything is goin' on beautiful, and Barker is hopeful. We have peppered old Tom Herbert pretty well, and will soon give him some more—confound him!"

"Please do not speak of him disrespectfully before me," said Richard.

"Why shouldn't I? Is he a friend of yours?"

"More than that."

"Cousin, perhaps?"

"Nearer than that."

"He's your uncle, I s'pose?"

"No, sir; he is my father."

This was what a playwright would call a "situation."

"The deuce he is! Why did you never tell me this before?" asked Potter.

"Because I was afraid it might disturb the good relations between us."

"Well, I think your notion of it was about right, for I can have no friendship for the son of Tom Herbert."

"I have no desire to thrust my friendship on any one," said Richard, not without dignity.

"Have you come here to tell me anything else than that, young man?" said he, angrily.

"Yes, I have come here in behalf of my father to make a proposition to you," said Richard, nerving himself for the unpleasant task.

The usually cheerful lines in Potter's face hardened as he waited.

"My father thought that further litigation, trouble, and expense, might be stopped if you were willing to enter into an amicable arrangement with him. Nothing, as yet, is decided, and it is still difficult to know what the final result will be if the suit continues. As the value of the estate is considerable, he thought it might be divided into two parts, each one of which would represent a fair capital—that is, in a word, if you would be willing to accept half of it, my father is ready to give it. You made an offer like this, I believe, when you came to the city."

"I did, and which your father declined, and in a way that set me again' him. He tried to sit down

on me—he took me for a soft, unresistin' countryman who could be shook off and discouraged by a few grand words. The plan was too thin. I was almost ordered out of the house—I could not have been worse treated if I had been a lackey who had been caught carryin' off the spoons."

"Well," said Richard, "leaving his treatment of you aside, are you inclined to accept his proposition? I am satisfied that you will have nothing to complain of as to the way you will henceforth be received in my father's house, and I am sure you will get on with him smoothly."

"It is too late. When he refused to listen to me in his grand, scornful way, I told him if I ever got the whip-hand of him, there would be no let up."

"This rashness you may live to regret—more, perhaps, on account of another than yourself."

At this allusion to his daughter, Potter winced a moment, but quickly hardened again.

"That has nothing to do with this business—and, if it has, it concerns me alone, and is none of your business."

"Then you run the risk of all or nothing?" asked Richard.

"The whole loaf or none."

Saying this, Potter rose to his feet, and added:

"And, now, I never want to hear from you or your father again. It's no use comin' round me, with any more proposals; for here, and now, I decline them flat. After this, you'll understand that your room is better than your company in my house!"

The dog, comprehending there was a rupture, naturally took the side of his master, and echoed his words with a growl. Stung by the injustice of his treatment, Richard abruptly departed, without salutation on either side.

Before entering the lodgings of Potter, Richard had indulged the hope of learning where Daisy was, but, as may be inferred from the character of the interview described, any question relating to her would have been discouraged, and brusquely. He naturally felt a disappointment at the way in which his father's offer had been received, but he also felt another at not obtaining any news of Daisy. And, as he went home to report the failure of his mission, the second disappointment formed the undercurrent of his thoughts.

He described to mother and father his interview with Potter.

"The gratification of bringing me down, as he calls it, is strong in a man like him," said Mr. Herbert, "but it will probably soon spend itself, and then he may be more tractable. This is his first victory: he has reduced me to the terms which he offered and which he now declines, but in a few days this will pass, and then we shall hear from him."

"Father, I am persuaded that you are mistaken. One of his most striking characteristics is his obstinacy. He will never relent."

"Put a beggar on horseback—we know what becomes of him," observed Mrs. Herbert.

After Richard retired, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert resumed the subject.

"It looks as if we were going to be vanquished in the courts, but why could we not transfer the contest to another field?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

In response to his inquiry, she explained. Potter's affections were centred in his only daughter Daisy. From what they had heard, she seemed to regard their son with a friendly eye. If she was presentable, or could be made so, why not make a match between her and Richard? He was then eligible—being fortunately relieved from his engagement with Edith. He was generally considered an attractive man by the young women. Could they not stimulate him to try his influence with Miss Potter? If, in a word, he could induce the young woman to marry him, that would bring Potter round, and the money in litigation would not go out of the family. Mr. Herbert shared his wife's views, and it was at once determined to speak to Richard on the subject.

This was done at the earliest occasion, by father and mother. The conversation was begun by a sort of homily from Mr. Herbert, on the importance of being well settled in life, although doing so might sometimes appear to run counter to the promptings of the heart; that when the material life was assured, the intellectual and spiritual one had much more room for development; that marriage should be based on common-sense, and not on romantic and often evanescent attachments.

"What if you should not like her at first?" said Mr. Herbert, in conclusion; "it will come by-and-by. You, as a practical young man, will regard it in the light which you did when you arranged an amiable separation with Edith, whom I suppose you were much attached to, and possibly are still."

"I had a reason for that," said Richard.

"Oh, we understand that," said Mr. Herbert. "You naturally understood how infeasible it would have been for you to marry a person in her circumstances."

"It was not that, father."

"What was it, then?"

"It was because my affections were engaged elsewhere."

"What! are you in the Romeo business?" asked Mr. Herbert, somewhat cynically.

"If you have a mind to call it that—I suppose it is true."

"Richard, I gave you credit for more self-control than that," said Mr. Herbert, gravely. "Recollect, you owe something to your parents as well as yourself. We have reared you to the best of our ability; we have given you a position in the world. Nothing has been denied to you. It is now your duty to try and do something for us before the catastrophe which is impending."

"I appreciate the extent of my obligations to you, sir," said Richard, nervously, "and am prepared to be guided by you."

"Very well, my son; we desire you to strengthen our position by a marriage."

"With whom?"

"Miss Daisy Potter."

"Why—it is she I love; she for whom I broke with Edith—" said Richard, rapidly, and then stopped as if he had said too much.

"Ah! in that case," said Mr. Herbert, "there is no harm done."

"I am glad to hear that it is not another," added Mrs. Herbert.

Richard began with a constrained manner to say:

"I should be glad to obey your wishes — to waive the indelicacy of a proceeding in which a ruined man tries to secure a fortune by marriage—but there is an obstacle in the way. It is matter of doubt if Daisy Potter would accept me were I to propose to her."

"That seems very improbable, Richard, considering the success you have always had with the young women," said Mrs. Herbert, whose maternal pride was quickened. "You are altogether too modest, and that is because you are in love. From what I myself have heard, I am satisfied that she is deeply interested in you. It could hardly be otherwise."

"She is not an ordinary country girl such as you believe her to be," said the son.

"I know that she could not be an ordinary one, or you would not have honored her with your attentions," said the mother.

"She is my superior," continued Richard.

"Well, suppose she is? That has nothing to do with the success of your suit. A man who has been betrothed to an elegant, beautiful girl like Edith Purdy can surely win the heart of an unsophisticated one from the wilds of Western Pennsylvania."

"It is possible you are right," said Richard, taking heart of grace.

Next day Richard sought for the abode of Daisy. He had never returned to the lodgings of Walters since the latter had spoken to him so severely, and he determined that he would not ask *him*. Besides, Walters might not know any more about it than he did himself. The last of the summer months passed, and he learned nothing. Autumn came, and still he knew nothing. Yet he often haunted Twenty-third Street, where the Barkers lived, in the hope of seeing her. He felt certain that she, at least, had not returned to the Barkers, or he would have seen her, for he passed before the house several times every day. The enigma of his life was the whereabouts of Daisy. Night and day he marveled over her disappearance and continued absence; night and day he asked himself the question why she had been sent away.

In consequence of the lawsuit, Mrs. Barker and his mother had ceased to salute each other. If the old relations had existed between them, he might have inquired of her, but it was then out of the question. Yet Mrs. Barker continued to bow to him in the street in a distant manner, and thus did not wholly identify him with the struggle going on between Barker and his father. But her reserve showed that it was to be simply a bowing acquaintanceship, and nothing more.

As winter approached, he occasionally saw Mrs. Barker at the opera, but he never dared to enter her box. Yet he lingered in corners and places where he could look at her, for he felt she was the one connecting link between him and Daisy, since her father had broken with him.

CHAPTER XV.

DISAPPOINTMENT OF A WAITING-MAID.

ONE day, much to the surprise of Richard, he received an invitation from Mrs. Barker to a reception. He concluded it was either sent by mistake, or to show that the sender could rise above the animosities engendered by the case of Potter *versus* Herbert. He thought this might possibly be some indication of a thaw on the part of Mrs. Barker; but, on repairing to her house on the afternoon named for her reception, she treated him with that reserve which showed plainly that the lines were to be preserved—thus far and no farther. He left the crowd of men and women in the drawing-rooms and went into the hall, where he met a servant of the house. He asked her where Mathilde was, and she replied that she was in her room on the third story.

"I suppose she passes her time looking out into the street?" said he, carelessly.

"No, sir; she doesn't, for her room is not on the street."

He could not ask any further questions without arousing suspicion, and the servant passed on. Presently, when he saw his opportunity, he stole upstairs to the third story, and knocked at one of the first back-room doors. No response came. He went on to the other and knocked there, to which a voice of unmistakable accent answered, "Come een."

He hurried in, somewhat pale and excited, and stood before the astonished Mathilde.

"Heavens! what is this?" exclaimed she. "What you want? Go way! Ah! I see—it is Mistair Reechard."

She recovered herself in the recognition. The flurried man before her directed her thoughts in another channel. He had, doubtless, come for a romantic purpose. He was afraid of being discovered. He had stolen like a fugitive to her room to make his tender avowal. He had braved the dangers of gossip from servants and guests, determined to see her—to offer her his heart. How delicious! It reminded her of her own *patrie*, where such scenes were not uncommon. And as these thoughts went through her mind, she smiled and blushed.

"Mathilde, you will excuse me coming to your room in this unceremonious fashion?"

"Speak not of it, Mistair Reechard."

"I wish to have some talk with you."

"What about?" asked she, archly.

"Something that I desire much to know."

Mathilde probably thought that propriety required her to cast her eyes on the floor, which she did. With her gaze thus fixed, she awaited the ar-

dent declaration which was doubtless burning in the masculine bosom before her. Richard must have here caught the drift of her thoughts, for he disabused her at once of the tender motive which she attributed to him.

"I want to talk to you about Miss Potter, Mathilde."

Her eyes quickly raised to his. This was not her Almavira, and the disappointment was plain.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, with a shrug—the Gallic one.

"The fact is," said he, endeavoring to assume an indifferent manner, "Mrs. Barker being very much occupied with her guests, I thought I would just come up and ask *you* about Miss Potter."

She was too polite to tell him he was trying to deceive her, and she said, as if she believed him:

"You do me honor, Mistair Reechard."

"Is she in good health? You know she is a great friend of mine—or, rather, I am a great friend of hers."

"She was in very good health the last time we heard from her. You like her very much?" asked she.

"Very much, Mathilde."

"I like her, too. Mistair Waltair like her very much, too."

This was the feminine stab for the disappointment he had caused her.

She asks about Mistair Waltair in her letters," continued she.

"Does she never speak of me?"

"Not in the letters that I 'ave see."

"Is that true?" asked he, with a faltering voice.

"Ah, I do not see all her letters," said she, relenting at the sight of his dejection. "Ah! I forgot. There *was* a little postscript in which she asked if you were in good health."

"Thanks, Mathilde, thanks for that word."

"It was in a letter to me. She writes to me, you know—she is not proud."

"Would it be too indiscreet in me to ask to see it, Mathilde?"

"I show you the postscript—no more."

She produced the letter, and, as his eyes dwelt on the two lines concerning himself, they were suffused with tears.

"You love her like that? And yet it is so long ago! You have time to forget and love once, twice more."

"I never can love any one but her, Mathilde. My heart and soul are centred in her."

"Ah! it is what we call the *grande passion*."

Mathilde would not tell him where Daisy was. He besought her in vain. Mrs. Barker had instructed her to maintain a strict silence on the subject. He employed cajolery, but without effect.

"Once for all, Mistair Reechard, I will not tell you. If it was my secret, I do not say, but it is another's. Come, now, you talk about something else. You still flirt with Mees Edith, eh?"

This drove him from her presence, and, as he descended the stairway, he determined to ask Mrs. Barker. There was still a crowd of people in the drawing-rooms. The hostess was standing against a piece of drapery hanging by a column, which was the dividing-line between the front and back rooms. Edith happened to be on the other side of the drapery, in close proximity to Mrs. Barker, but invisible to her and those who spoke to her.

Richard overcame his repugnance to speak to one who had practised a well-calculated reserve, and approached. After two or three remarks on indifferent subjects, he made an allusion to Daisy, which, it was clear, Mrs. Barker did not encourage. Still hopeful, he blundered on, saying:

"By-the-way, Mrs. Barker, would you be good enough to give me Miss Potter's address? I wish to send a package to her."

"You must apply to her father," coldly responded Mrs. Barker; "he is the proper person to furnish such information—if he chooses to do so."

Richard bowed and withdrew, feeling the rebuke; and, at the same moment, an expression came over the face of Edith which indicated surprise, as she stood on the other side of the drapery. The 0 had been telling her of some fashionable incident, to which she said from time to time, "Remarkable!" "Indeed!" and the other commentaries usual on such occasions, while her ear was drinking each word of what Richard was saying to Mrs. Barker.

Richard left Mrs. Barker's house somewhat disconcerted, but not discouraged. On his way home, the question still pursued him, as it did before he ascended to Mathilde's room, and, after some reflection, he resolved to go and see Walters.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE day following the reception of Mrs. Barker Mrs. Sarah Jane Thompson ascended to the lodgings of Walters with his coffee and roll on a snow-white, napkin-covered tray, and found him still in bed.

"I think you are rather late this morning, Mr. Walters," said she, somewhat sternly.

"Yes, I am rather, Mrs. Thompson. Please leave the coffee, and I shall take it as soon as I get up."

"And have it cold, eh? You know, Mr. Walters, it must be hot or it is worth nothing. It's well you've got some one to look after you, or I'm blessed if you wouldn't be drinkin' it cold every day. It 'ud be just like you. I s'pose you was up late last night?"

He admitted that he had been.

"And why don't you keep more reg'lar hours, Mr. Walters? You're old enough to know that, I'm sure. If there wasn't some one with her eye on you, I s'pose you'd be comin' home at daylight in the mornin' like a night-roisterer."

He mildly objected to this statement, which implied that he had been out—he had been in, but had not retired as soon as he might have done.

"Oh, it's the books and papers that did it, then! I think you can find time enough to look at 'em in the daytime without a-ruinin' your eyes over 'em at night, Mr. Walters."

Mr. Walters made no reply to this suggestion. Mrs. Thompson, having thus silenced him, asked if she should bring the coffee, hot, in half an hour.

"If you please, Mrs. Thompson."

At the expiration of the half-hour she found him at his table, glowing comfortably from the bath, in an easy chamber-robe, occupied in reading several letters which had arrived by the morning mail. As he sipped his coffee and ate his roll he glanced over a couple of morning papers—that is, read them as a journalist, learning everything they contained, yet reading nothing.

Then he spread his writing-paper before him, and began the work of the day, which was an article on Evolution, and became absorbed in the geological records on the subject. He examined the group of lizards back to the Permian epoch, found in the strata lying beyond the coal, and showed the probabilities in favor of missing links between birds and reptiles, and those against. And, during the progress of his work, he made designs of extraordinary paleontological creatures, which caused Mrs. Thompson to open her eyes with wonder when she visited his room.

At the end of two or three hours his article, with its deduction, was finished.

Potter entered, and his eyes at once fastened on the drawings of fossil remains lying on the table, about which an explanation had to be made, not altogether satisfactory to the listener.

"Now, what is that there?" said Potter, pointing to one of them.

"That is a bird about six feet high which lived in what is called the later Cretaceous epoch—a magnified diver, only this one had teeth, and the diver has not. Scientific people call this big, reptilish bird the *Hesperonis regalis*."

"Hold there, John Walters; that will do for this morning. You might as well talk gibberish to me at once—I would understand it just as well."

Saying which he took down his clay-pipe from the rack, sat down to smoke, crossed his leg, and the cheerful expression came into his face as he said:

"Well, I've got a letter from her this mornin'."

"Daisy?" asked Walters, quickly, with a brightening face.

"What other young woman would write to me? Why, Daisy, of course. Would you like to see it?"

"Certainly I would, unless there is something in it she would not like me to see."

"John Walters, we know each other. There is the letter; you can read every word in it, and nobody will be the worse for it."

Walters read it attentively, and with evident pleasure, Potter occupying himself with watching his countenance as he did so. The reader's face was clouded a moment; it was when he read some reference to Richard—a kind word to be spoken to him on her behalf. Then he read on to the end, and, handing back the letter, observed:

"I am glad she is in such good health and spirits. She is evidently improving in every way. It is a second home for her."

"And look at that letter," said Potter, with paternal pride. "I don't mean the handwrite, which is very well in its way, but any silly girl can learn to do *that*. I mean the style of the letter. Now, you're a literary character, and you ought to appreciate that, for it's in your line. I doubt if you could do it much better yourself, John Walters."

"I could not do it as well, Mr. Potter."

"Come, now, I don't go so far as that."

"Yet it is true. It breathes innocence and goodness; it is full of the buoyancy of youth. To feel as she does is a great boon. You are especially blessed in having such a daughter."

"John Walters, you've got eyes that can see."

"She still takes a lively interest in Richard," observed Walters, with as much indifference as he could assume.

"Ah, you marked that!" said Potter, changing in tone and manner. "That part she might have left out, for it's thrown away. The son of old Tom Herbert shall not hear anything that she writes about him. I shall see to that. I allowed him to come round my daughter too freely, but I didn't know then. It sha'n't take place again, that I promise you."

"But it is not right for you to break with the son because you are at enmity with his father," said Walters, impelled by a sense of justice.

"It's the same breed."

"You have not the right to judge the son by the father, whatever your opinion may be of the father."

"I tell you, John Walters, they are a bad lot. They are grand and scornful when they believe themselves to be strong, and, when they feel themselves weakenin', they are ready to eat humble pie!"

"What makes you believe so?"

"It's as plain as the nose on your face. Now that Richard feels the suit is goin' against him—through his father—he comes sidlin' round me to get near Daisy to make a match. That's what I call playin' a sneakin' game. They were as stiff as dried hickory in the beginning, and now they are as supple as switches. If I had declined an offer in the way that old Tom Herbert did to me, I would have fought the fight out to the last, and not gone to compromisin' after the first knock-down."

"I am unable to say what Mr. Herbert's projects may be, but I know his son well enough to believe that he is not actuated by the motives which you impute to him," spoke up Walters, in defense of the absent.

The discussion was continued some minutes, but Potter obstinately adhered to his opinion of Richard as he had expressed it, notwithstanding Walters's efforts to dislodge it.

"S'pose we let up on that subject, for you are

certainly wastin' your wind on me, and I expect I am on you," said Potter, consulting his watch. "I must leave you."

"Take another pipe."

"Haven't time. Barker will be wantin' to see me, or I want to see him, which comes to the same thing."

"How is the case getting on?"

"Beautiful—beautiful! It's as good as a play, and will be a sight more profitable when we get to the end of it; there will be gnashin' of teeth in a certain quarter, I tell *you*."

After Potter went away, Walters fell to musing on the letter of Daisy—of the life she was leading among the people she described, of the beneficial influences by which she was surrounded, and of the studies she was pursuing. And, as he thought of all this, he sighed. He filled his pipe again, as he said to himself that his sorry destiny was to be alone. While he was in this mood, Mrs. Thompson entered to say that Mr. Richard Herbert asked to see him. She was requested to show him up.

Richard entered with a feeling of restraint. Walters held out his hand to him and asked him to be seated. Richard grasped his hand with effusion.

"Walters," said he, "I have known you a long time, and I prize your friendship above that of other men. I am persuaded that you will not withdraw it from me, as long as I behave like a man. Am I not right?"

"You are."

"I have come to make you a confession. I have come to tell you of my affection for Daisy Potter."

At this Walters grew a shade paler, but he said:

"Well, Richard?"

"I already loved her down in the Hollow. I told her of it then, before I had any idea of the trouble that was then brewing between her father and mine. She did not say that she reciprocated my attachment, but her manner gave me ground for hope. On my return to the city, hoping to win her, I sought every means to become released from my engagement with Edith Purdy—that is, every means that an honorable man may employ. I sought in vain, until, by a happy train of circumstances, Miss Purdy herself brought about the result I prayed for, by betrothing herself to another. Since then, the estrangement between her father and mine thrust us apart. I did not have an opportunity of renewing my suit."

"And you believe she is attached to you?" asked Walters, with a stifled sigh.

"I do."

"Well, there is something else, I suppose?"

"There is. I have come to ask of you a great favor."

"What is it?"

"The address of Daisy."

"For what purpose?"

"I wish to go to her."

"It is thousands of miles from here."

"That makes no difference."

Walters was silent. He arose and walked up and down the room. He was probably thinking of the mutual attachment which doubtless existed between these two young people. They appeared to be made for each other. It was unworthy of him to consult his own feelings when their happiness was probably at stake. He would stifle the cravings of his own unsatisfied heart; he would raise the obstacle which appeared to be in their way. And he sat down and wrote the address and handed it to him.

Many words of thanks came to the lips of Richard, but Walters interrupted them with—

"Leave me now, Richard; I wish to be alone."

When he had gone, Walters with a troubled face started out and walked through the upper part of the city until he reached the woods and the fields. He continued to walk as for a wager, and it was well past midnight when he returned to his lodgings.

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Before embarking in the steamer for Liverpool, Richard went to say good-by to Walters. He found him in his monkish apartment, as usual, occupied in writing.

"I have been so selfishly absorbed in my own troubles," said Richard, "that I have neglected to inform myself about yours. Have you had any news of Alice, your wife, yet?"

"None," said Walters, as a shadow passed over his face. "I believe she is still somewhere in Europe."

"Do you desire me to make any inquiries?"

"No."

"Can I be of service to you in *any* way?"

"No, thank you."

And then Walters, disinclined to talk any more, hurried him off with a hand-pressure and a good-by.

There was one woman who wept tears of disappointment over the departure for England. It was Edith Purdy.

CHAPTER XVII.

OVER THE SEA.

It was in the latter part of winter that Richard reached English soil. He had been there before, but now it wore a different aspect. His eyes dwelt on each passing object with a new pleasure. He was in London, where he only remained a few hours, in such haste was he to reach the end of his journey. He went by railway to Reading, where he took a fly and sped through the country with the rapidity with which this vehicle is usually driven—through that country from which Nature never entirely removes her summer mantle. He noted the well-conditioned road over which he was bowled so rapidly, the fat beeves by the way-side, the wagoners in smocks, and the fields of plenteous crops. It was a blessed land. This was the upper current of his thoughts; the lower one may easily be divined.

They passed through one or two small villages, and were reaching their destination, which was an-

other small village a mile ahead. In a few minutes they entered it, and he was driven to an inn called the Star and Garter, which was the only house of the kind in the place.

When the mind is absorbed the little irrelevant circumstances are noted with singular distinctness. Richard observed how the cabman tipped his hat when he gave him a gratuity, how he hitched his horse, and the accent with which he called the people in the inn; observed the smile of the bar-maid who came to the door, the sanded floor behind her, and a couple of men sitting over their beer.

He had been but a few minutes in the house, when he asked the bar-maid, or rather hostess, how far it was to Hazelwood Rectory.

"It's only a short bit," said she; "something under a mile."

"Do you know the rector, Mr. Saint Vincent?"

"Ay, that I do; and a better man doesn't wear the cloth."

"He is well known in the neighborhood?"

"We knows him as well as we does the town-pump."

"Do you know if he and his family are at home?"

"No, they been't. They went up to Lunun yesterday, for a day or two."

"Do you know when they will be back?"

"I don't know, but I think they'll be back to-morrow or next day. The rector never stays away long."

It was on his lips to ask about Daisy, but he bethought himself that this was not the place to ask for such information, and he put a curb on his curiosity.

It was evening. After taking some refreshment, he started in the direction of the rectory, as it had been described to him. He recognized the place as soon as he came near it. As the twilight gathered around him, the lines of Gray came to his mind:

> "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
> Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings call the distant folds."

He leaned over the fence and looked through the trees at the old stone rectory, which was the dwelling-place of Daisy. She had only been there for something over a year, and it seemed to him as if it had been thrice that time. She had doubtless often walked over the road on which he stood, had sat under the trees before his eyes. There were no lights in the house. She could not be there. She was with the rector's family in London. He would await her return. Still, he hung about the place, which exercised a new charm over him. At the door of a cottage not far off he saw a woman sitting. He approached and bade her good-evening. He said to her that he understood the rector's family were absent. She knew them all well, and they were very kind to poor people like herself. Did she know the young woman who was staying with them?"

"The young lady from over the sea, Miss Potter?"

"The same."

"Oh, yes," said she, brightening; "she's been in this cottage a dozen times, when the children were sick, to bring 'em nice food and comfort 'em. She's a rare good un, is that Miss Potter. And what a beauty! Ay, and what a rider, too! She followed the 'ounds once 'ere in the neighbrud, and all the men was amazed at the way she cleared the fences and the ditches. They all fell to admirin' her after that. But she wouldn't follow the 'ounds any more, for they say as the rector doesn't think it right for a young lady to do so. They say as he never said a word to her about it, but, as soon as she knew his ideas, she stopped of her own accord. But she often goes out a-ridin', with Simpson a-followin' of her."

He was informed, on his asking, that Simpson was a groom.

"I often see her go by 'ere, and she do manage her brute to perfection. She wur made to sit a-horseback, that be certain."

Taking advantage of the communicative spirit of the woman, he asked about the family of the rector. He learned that it consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Saint Vincent, a son of twenty-one, and a daughter of about the same age as Daisy. A vague uneasiness took possession of Richard as soon as he heard there was a young man in the house; he was, however, somewhat relieved when told that young Saint Vincent passed nearly all his time at Oxford preparing for a fellowship. Then he came back to Daisy and asked if she had any intimate friends outside of the rector's family — in a word, he asked, with a blush, if there was any one who paid her particular attention.

"Yes," answered she, "there be Sir Thomas Rogers as goes to the rectory pretty often, and everybody knows what takes him there. Ever since the day of the 'unt he's been comin' about her. They say as she was a perfect pictur' that day, and I'm not surprised that Sir Thomas should 'a' run after her ever since."

Here, again, Richard was possessed of an unpleasant feeling. What kind of a man was this Sir Thomas Rogers? Was he in love with her, and did she encourage him? These were questions which perplexed him as he took leave of the woman at the cottage-door and returned toward the inn.

The next day he waited impatiently for the return of the rector's family, he having learned that Mr. Saint Vincent had sent orders to have his break ready for them at the railway-station. The train was to arrive at the same hour at which he had arrived the previous day. He could not remain quiet, for he was burning with the fever of expectation, and so he walked through the country in the neighborhood, and for an hour before the expected arrival he was back in the village, where he consulted his watch every five minutes.

The time was past. He stood out in front of the inn, looking up the road in the direction they were to come. At last he descried a team coming over the hill. It was a break—it must be the rector's. It came swiftly down the road. As it came near, to

his dismay, he discovered that there was no one in it besides the driver. He drove up to the Star and Garter, where he stopped a few minutes to say a word to the hostess. It was the rector's man John who drove. Richard approached. By way of introducing the subject, the hostess said to John:

"Here is a gentleman as wants to see the rector."

"I thought you went to meet him and his family at the station?" said Richard, without preamble.

"So I did," said John; "but I got a telegram at the station sayin' as he was goin' to stay a few days longer in Lunun."

These words fell on the heart of Richard like lead; then he asked:

"Can you give me his address in London?"

"I can't, for a very good reason, sir—I don't know it."

"Can you give me an idea of the quarter of the town where he is, or direct me to some one there who knows his address?"

John knew nothing. Not a single ray of light could be elicited from him. Then Richard resolved, without further reflection, to return to London by the first train. He thought first he would go to the Langham; then he recollected that that was the home of his countrymen in London.

Feeling as he did then, it would have been irksome to meet any of his friends, and he went to the Charing Cross. Then he sat about his search for Mr. Saint Vincent. He sought in the places most frequented by clergymen. Two days passed in this fruitless search. The third day he bethought him of Mudie's Library, and he went there. One of the clerks informed him that Mr. Saint Vincent had been in several days before to order some books down to his house.

"Can you give me his address in London?" asked Richard.

"I will see."

And in a few minutes the clerk produced the longed-for number and street. It was an hotel in the West End. Richard repaired to it as fast as a hansom cab could take him. With a quick step he entered the office and asked if Mr. Saint Vincent was in, and he stood in breathless expectation for the response.

"He has gone away," said the clerk; "left us day before yesterday."

"Where has he gone?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps some one else in the office may know."

The clerk inquired. No one knew.

"If you could find the cabman who drove him and his family away," said Richard, "I might at least learn the name of the railway-station to which they went."

The clerk said there were so many cabmen, that it was next to impossible.

Richard went out of the hotel with a heavy heart. In all probability, he thought, Mr. Saint Vincent had returned to his home, and he determined to go over the road on which he had gone back and forth a few days before. In due time he reached the village situated near the rectory, and drove up to the Star and Garter. The hostess was on the threshold, looking as if she had been standing there since his previous visit. He asked her if Mr. Saint Vincent had returned.

"No, sir," answered she; "but he is coming tomorrow, in the morning. John was down here today, and got a message to go with the break to the station at nine o'clock. So, this time, I think you'll not miss him."

He had to wait until the next day, as he did before. Early in the morning he saw John driving the break through the village on his way to the station. About the time he was expected to return, Richard stood out in front of the inn to watch for him. Soon he saw a vehicle coming over the hill, which proved, as it drew near, to be the break. He saw that it was occupied, and his heart bounded within him as he noted the fact. As it came down the road he saw that it contained, besides the driver, a man and two women.

Presently, the vehicle came rolling down the road into the village, and was about being driven past the Star and Garter, when the hostess raised her hand as a signal for it to stop.

"Mr. Saint Vincent," said she, pointing to Richard, "here's a gentleman as wants to see you."

Richard was standing by, dumb with astonishment, for he had discovered that Daisy was not in the break!

Mr. Saint Vincent waited a moment, and, as Richard continued to remain silent, he asked him:

"Do you desire to see me, sir?"

"I do, Mr. Saint Vincent. I am a friend of Miss Potter. My name is Richard Herbert."

"Ah, indeed! Mr. Herbert, we know you by reputation. Will you get in, and go up to the rectory, where we can talk more at our ease?"

Richard mounted to a seat alongside of Mr. Saint Vincent, and was presented to Mrs. Saint Vincent and her daughter. When they reached the rectory, Richard, unable to contain himself any longer, said:

"I must express my surprise at not finding Miss Potter with you. I have come to see her, as you must have surmised. You doubtless left her in London?"

"No; we left her in Liverpool, or rather aboard the ship."

"Do you mean to say she has left the country?"

"Yes; didn't you know? Her father, having won his suit, wrote for her to return. She is now on her way home, with two of our friends—Sir Thomas Rogers and Mrs. Eliott."

At this news Richard became a picture of dejection.

"Daisy spoke of you several times," said Mrs. Saint Vincent, endeavoring to rally him from his disappointment; but the endeavor was ineffectual. He arose, and said he must return to London. He was pressed to remain at least for dinner. He declined, saying that he was obliged to return to Lon-

don as soon as possible. Finding that he could not induce him to remain, Mr. Saint Vincent sent him in a dog-cart with John to the railway-station. Here he walked up and down, waiting for the train, which was behind time. The half-hour passed in this way was long. A few days before this station and its surroundings wore a cheerful aspect, but he now saw with other eyes, and he looked out on the night for the expected train with marks of impatience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RAILWAY DISASTER.

At last the head-light of the locomotive was seen in the distance, and presently threw its broad shaft of illumination over the group of passengers standing on the platform, and the trunks reposing on a truck. The train being behind time, passengers were hurried to their places, and it was in motion again in a minute. The guard had thrust Richard into a compartment whose only occupant was a woman. At first he was so possessed by his own reflections that he hardly observed her, but in a few minutes his eyes rested on her mechanically, as she sat opposite, and he became conscious that his neighbor was a woman of thirty or more, prematurely old, but bearing traces of former beauty; not very well dressed, but still wearing some of the finery of other days, such as a diamond ring and a conspicuous watch-chain. At length his mind wandered away from his own disappointment, and he found himself wondering what the station of life might be of the woman before him.

A little act of politeness on his part—shutting a window—broke the ice. She, like him, was on her way to London. She did not show an inclination to talk until he mentioned incidentally something about America, when she asked if he had been there. On learning that his home was in New York, she manifested more interest, and asked several questions, which showed a knowledge of his city.

As they sat thus, their thoughts were far removed from fear of accident. The train was going at something more than its usual speed, to make up for lost time. The guard had passed their window a few minutes before, with some jocular allusion on his lips. Richard was gratifying his companion's curiosity with a description of New York. It was like the calm before the storm. At intervals the moon came out from behind the clouds, and whitened the quickly-passing landscape. Within, the lamp was burning brightly. The woman sat in a corner seat, with her back to the locomotive, and Richard sat opposite. He was striving to forget his disappointment in talking of extraneous subjects, and in trying to take at least a passing interest in his traveling-companion. As regarded disaster, her mind was as free from apprehension as his own, and she occasionally nodded, or asked a question, as he went on.

Their conversation was interrupted by a shout—a long, despairing, shrieking shout, which probably came from the fireman or the engineer. This was quickly followed by a concussion and a smash. And as it came, the silvered grass and trees suddenly changed into blackness, the faithless moon hiding behind the clouds, as if afraid to contemplate the disaster.

All was confusion. The steam was still escaping from the locomotive, and the only light was the lurid glare of the fire still burning in its furnace. There were fierce and tender words, shouts and groans, along the dark outline of the wrecked train.

Then the moon, as if ashamed of her flight at such a moment, came furtively out of the clouds, and lighted up the scene, rendering the pallid faces of the sufferers more pallid still. The gigantic serpent, with a head of fire, which had so quickly swept around the curves, over the plain, and down the valley, was mangled and still.

The locomotive, luggage-van, and four of the carriages, were thrown from the track on an almost level piece of ground. The uninjured immediately set to work to rescue the sufferers from the four carriages. Three men and two women were taken out, dead, and carried to one of two cottages which were in the neighborhood of the catastrophe. The carriage in which Richard and his companion sat was one of those thrown from the track, turning quite over in the crash. They were taken out of the *débris* as soon as the searchers could find them. They were both injured, and she was insensible. They were conveyed to the other cottage, a few yards farther on, and placed in adjoining rooms. A surgeon was sent for, and in an hour he was standing over the woman, who had returned to consciousness. She exhibited passive fortitude as the surgeon took her hand and spoke a word of cheer. She had received internal injuries, which he could not then pronounce upon.

The surgeon next examined Richard, and discovered that one of his ribs was broken. He was bruised in other parts of the body. The fractured rib was set as soon as possible, and the patient was commanded to remain in the cottage for three weeks at least. He tried to resign himself to the surgeon's dictum, and it required all the philosophy at his command.

He learned that the woman who had been in the same compartment was in a worse condition than himself. During periods of her suffering he could hear the moans through the partition. After a time she became easier, but the physician said that the case was not more hopeful then than it was at first.

In a fortnight Richard began to get about, and to assist his companion in her wants. At the end of the third week he knew that her mind was in a worse condition than her body. She talked of a good life she had once led, of the happiness she found in it, and of her eternal regrets for having abandoned it. He did not venture to question her about this malady of the soul, for it was perhaps an inviolable secret, that concerned others as well as herself.

As fellow-patients in the same cottage, a certain degree of sympathy was established between them, and Richard passed several hours with her each day.

He having followed the surgeon out, after one of his visits, the latter told him that she was sinking, and could live but a day or two longer.

"I questioned her about her mental preoccupation just now, but she remains reticent."

"Nothing can be done for her then, doctor?"

"Nothing. Has she said anything to you about her friends or relations?"

"Not a word. It is sad that she should die in loneliness."

The surgeon gave a professional shrug, and went away. Richard returned to the bedside of the woman.

"You are aware that your case is very grave?" said he, as he sat down alongside.

"I feel that it is so—I know that I am on my death-bed."

"There is, perhaps, some friend you would like to see?"

"There is one I fain would see, but he is too far away—thousands of miles."

"But here in England—London, for instance, where you were going—there is, doubtless, some one?"

"There is, but I do not want to see him. He that I would like to see is in the land from which you came. I would like to go on my knees before him, and tell him what a miserable creature I have been—tell him how nobly he behaved toward me, and how unworthy I was of his affection."

"As to the person in London, perhaps you may change your mind?" said Richard.

"No—no. He was my associate in wrong-doing, and the hour for repentance has come—if it be not too late. My death will serve a better purpose than my life; it will deliver a man from married bondage."

"May I ask who he is?"

"His name is John Walters."

"Then you are his wife Alice?"

"How do you know that?"

"I am the friend of Walters. He told me the story of his married life."

At this a faint blush passed over the face of the moribund, as she said:

"Then you know of my disgrace—of my flight with Collins."

"Does he still live?"

"He does—in London."

"It was he whom you did not wish to see?"

She made an affirmative sign. She appeared to be much exhausted from this conversation, and Richard did not attempt to renew it. The next day, when he entered her room, she said to him in a low, weak voice, as he sat alongside:

"The end is drawing near." Then she added, pointing to a satchel, "Please bring me that."

He did so, and opened it for her. She searched in a pocket of it, and produced an antique locket. On opening, he found that it contained, on one side, a miniature of Walters, and, on the other, one of the woman beside him, or rather what she had been in her youth.

"When you go back, give him that. It will be the sign of freedom," said she. "When you give it to him, tell him of my regrets and my remorse." After a pause she continued: "It is hard to die without having a single friend at my bedside with whom I have had ties—it is hard to die alone in a strange land. I should like to have breathed my last in my native village, in the home of my innocent childhood. I should like to have had his pardon before I go away—I think he would have granted it had he seen how sorry I am, and how I have wept over my fault."

"I am persuaded that he would," said Richard, soothingly.

"I almost wish I had sent for Frank — Frank Collins, you know, who took me away from him," said she, as she approached the unknown shore. "He is still attached to me—he would be sorry if he knew I was dying. Poor Frank! Do you really think it is too late to see him? Alas! I'm afraid it is. I must die alone."

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Two days afterward the remains of the erring Alice were buried in a little country churchyard, about half a mile from where she died. A hurried service was read by the curate, and the grave was filled with the same dispatch. The only one who hung over the newly-made grave was Richard. The restless woman, who in her brief experience had known the thrill of joy and the pain of despair, slept at last in the companionship of the unknown and simple folk of a village churchyard who had kept

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN OF THE PEARL OF THE HOLLOW.

THE day of Potter's victory was memorable. He ran to Walters's lodgings, after having dispatched a letter to his daughter to hasten her departure. The light of a conqueror shone from his eyes, and his speech was lightsome. Indeed, Mrs. Thompson was inclined to think that he had been taking a drop too much, as he chucked her under the chin and told her she was looking spry. On reaching the lodgings of Walters, he smashed his horny fist down on the table as he said:

"Well, I thought I'd win—and I have! John Walters, don't you want to borrow some money? I'm your man."

Walters did not want to borrow money.

"Shall I build you a house? Shall I put up a statue of you in the park? Will you have a sarcofygus? Shall I buy you a seat in Congress?"

Walters was not tempted.

"It will be a sad blow to the Herberts," observed Walters.

"Of course it will—I meant it to be. We couldn't both win, could we?"

"How does Mr. Herbert take it?"

"All that I know is, that he is goin' to vacate the house on Madison Square on sight, and I know that I'm goin' to take possession."

"It is natural," said Walters, "as the property is no longer his, that he should want to get out of it as soon as possible."

"I'm goin' to have it ready for Daisy as soon as she comes. She shall go right in and be mistress of it, just as Mrs. Herbert was. And recollect, John Walters, there will always be a knife and fork laid for you in that house. We shall have everything of the best. You shall have sparrow-grass in January, if you want it."

"Are you going to charge yourself with the furnishing of the house?" asked Walters.

"That's what I propose to do."

"I advise you to get Mrs. Barker to assist you, if she will do so."

"Well, I expect it would be better to have Mrs. Barker to superintend. But I shall begin right away. I'm sharp on a bargain—old peddler, you know."

The next day Potter induced Mrs. Barker to go to his new home in Madison Square to lend her aid. The first striking object which met her eyes was a dog-kennel of magnificent description in the hall! On being questioned, Mr. Potter thought that the place of Jerk, as policeman of the house, was near the door; where, too, he would be within easy reach of the home-circle, when he felt like joining it.

"That must be taken into the yard," said Mrs. Barker, peremptorily, and Mr. Potter did not dare to offer an objection.

The bookcases in the library were filled with highly-colored gilt volumes, many of them children's story-books. There were objects of eccentricity in other parts of the house. Mrs. Barker told Mr. Potter his way of furnishing was absurd, and that, if she was to have anything to do with organizing the establishment, she must have complete control, on which Potter resigned the sceptre.

Meantime the ship which bore his greatest treasure was coming over the sea, and in due time passed Sandy Hook, of which he was advised. He ordered round his equipage, and drove down to the steamer's pier, accompanied by Jerk, the animal sitting in the carriage with his master. He stationed the vehicle at a convenient place, and walked out to the edge of the pier to watch for the arrival of the steamer. At length the vessel appeared, and, Mr. Potter thought, moved very slowly up to the landing. His sight was not as good as it once was, and he could not recognize his own, as some of other people about him recognized theirs. His eyes passed along the row of passengers leaning over the ship's side. The paternal heart beat quickly. Perhaps she was not there—she might be sick! His eyes had passed lightly over one person who persistently waved her handkerchief. He looked again—it was she—his Daisy! His face beamed with radiance, his eyes were dimmed with moisture, and he was obliged to wipe them before he could see anything more. There he stood an indefinite and weary time waiting for the gangway to be put out. At last it was done, and he ran up to the deck, where he found her waiting for him, radiant with expectation. He took her in his arms, and held her there. He released her, and they looked into each other's faces with an expression that showed that this was a moment worth living for.

"Daisy, pet, you are changed."

"Do you think so, father? It's the costume, perhaps?"

"No, it's not the clothes altogether—it's you, Daisy. But you'll always be the same to me, pet."

And they fell to asking about each other's health and happiness, and were content, for the time, to be satisfied on these points. After the first moments of expansion, she said:

"Father, I have some friends here. I must present you to them."

Saying which she approached an unmistakably English man and woman near by.

"Mrs. Eliott," said she to the woman, "this is my father.—Father, Sir Thomas Rogers, who has been kind to me in England."

"Mrs. Eliott, I welcome you to the soil of freedom—and Sir Thomas Rogers also," said Mr. Potter, in his characteristic manner.

In a few minutes father and daughter were released from Mrs. Eliott and Rogers, and they hurried off the ship.

"Where are you going to take me, father?"

"I'm goin' to take you home."

Jerk was found sitting in the carriage. His gravity gave way before the unexpected joy of meeting his mistress, and his face was as gladsome as her own. She looked at the well-appointed carriage, and said:

"What a fine equipage, father!"

"It *is* a good deal of an improvement on the peddler's wagon. It's yours, pet—I bought it for you. That is, I bought the horses, and Mrs. Barker did the rest for me," added he, looking up at the straight-backed, well-clad footman and coachman.

"Yet I doubt if I shall ever feel as happy in it as I did in the peddler's wagon, father."

"Everything has its time. I'm sure you would not find much happiness in the peddler's wagon now, Daisy."

"I hardly know. At least let me live in the pleasant illusion that I would."

"You see, you've got beyond that. Now, I could go back to it naturally, for I struck ile too late in life to learn new tricks."

"Father," said she, laughing, "I expect that you will be like that retired tallow-chandler who had to have an amateur dip in his house from time to time. You will be obliged to make, once in a while, an amateur excursion in the wagon, with Jerk under the tar-pot."

There was further surprise in store for Daisy when she reached the house. They went through

it, Mr. Potter pointing out some particular features in which he had a hand, her apartment being reserved until the last. At times the buoyant Potter turned away from the household gods to contemplate his daughter and press her hand.

"If I had come straight to this from the peddler's wagon it would have appeared to me like a story of Aladdin," said she.

Mr. Potter did not know who Aladdin was, nor did he stop to inquire.

In the evening John Walters came in, and, as soon as Daisy saw him, she held out both hands; and, as her true face looked into his, its expression was reflected back. They said but little, for their hearts were full.

"John Walters, why didn't you come round sooner?" asked Potter.

"I wanted to give you time to say a good many things to each other, which you have doubtless said."

"Just like you," said Potter.

And then they sat around the fire, and passed the evening, during which there were many questions and answers. After the more personal matters were disposed of, the conversation drifted into channels of general interest. Walters was surprised at her acquaintance with the currents of the world's thought —surprised at her ease of manner, albeit there was the same absence of pretension which always belonged to her.

"I can hardly believe that this is the same Daisy that I knew in the Hollow," said Walters. "Some fairy has touched her with a magic wand."

"I have grown older," returned she, with a smile.

"It is something more than that."

"I trust you do not like me any less now than you did then?"

"I do not. I must confess, however, that I have been a little afraid of the effects of super-refined civilization. Loyalty, common-sense, and truthfulness, were some of the brightest gems of your character. I hope they will forever remain as untarnished as when you left us."

"John Walters, this sounds like preaching," observed Potter.

"I like it, father," said she. "He treats me as he would himself. I repeat that I like it, Mr. Walters, and I beg that you will always speak your mind, for I know—I feel the interest that you have always taken in me."

CHAPTER XX.

THE CHARMS OF "OUR SET."

Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Jones, with their respective daughters, naturally could not stand by and see an English baronet in the town without taking him in hand. To secure the English "nobleman" was their specialty. They had devoted their lives to it, with the ulterior matrimonial project in view, but somehow the nobleman had always escaped them, and their daughters remained unmarried. They were well aware that such a treasure was not to be had without a fair price, and they stood ready with dowry; but either this had not been sufficient, or their daughters had lacked in attractive qualities. Yet they were not discouraged, and each time the nobleman came from the ship a lively competition took place to secure him, at least socially, if not matrimonially.

Sir Thomas Rogers and Mrs. Eliott came into the town quietly, without letters to any one; but the Browns, Smiths, and Joneses, found them out as the hunter discovers his favorite game. They learned that they did not appear to know any one except a Miss Potter, *who was not in society*, and, when those dames pronounced these italicized words, a grave charge was implied. Having ascertained that Miss Purdy and Mrs. Herbert knew something of the person in question, they went to them in search of information.

Mrs. Brown was the first at the house of Miss Purdy. The usual preliminary questions were put and answered before the subject was reached. Who was Miss Potter? An obscure person from the wilds of Pennsylvania, whose father struck oil, and subsequently added to his means by winning a lawsuit. She was without family or connections.

"Without family or connections!" repeated Mrs. Brown, as if Miss Potter had assassinated her grandmother, or committed some other equally reprehensible act.

Mrs. Barker, who was hardly well established in the "set," had compromised whatever position she had by giving shelter to this young woman and her father when they first came to New York. But Barker gave himself a lift financially (which he was sadly in need of) by befriending these Potters.

"As you observe," said Mrs. Brown, "Mrs. Barker was not completely identified with 'our set,' but, considering that she is the only person who knows Miss Potter, and Miss Potter is the only person who knows Mrs. Eliott and Sir Thomas Rogers, I think it is a duty we owe to ourselves and these English people to rehabilitate Mrs. Barker, and give these foreigners an opportunity of seeing something of good society."

Miss Purdy, with a twinkle of malice in her eye, said she would hardly venture an opinion.

After the departure of Mrs. Brown, Edith surmised she would soon receive similar visits from Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, and the surmise proved correct. While the last of these visitors was talking to Miss Purdy, Mrs. Brown was restoring Mrs. Barker to grace with that insincere cordiality which was one of the characteristics of "our set."

"I hear you have a charming young friend who has just returned from Europe, Mrs. Barker?"

"To whom do you refer, Mrs. Brown?"

"Why, Miss Potter, of course."

"Yes, she is a friend of mine, and a very dear one, since I have come to know her."

"I understand she came over with Mrs. Eliott and Sir Thomas Rogers?"

"So I hear."

"You know Mrs. Eliott is the niece of the Earl of Noah, and that Sir Thomas is the grandson of Lord Bombeck, whose ancestor came over with William the Conqueror, and who was the original Bonbee of Normandy?"

"I was not aware of it," observed Mrs. Barker, with all the interest she could assume.

"I assure you it is so. I have all the English nobility on my tongue's end. By-the-way," continued Mrs. Brown, "I have an informal reception at my house day after to-morrow, and I should be glad if you would come."

Mrs. Barker was afraid a pressure of other engagements would prevent her from availing herself of the privilege, but Mrs. Brown insisted so heartily that she accepted.

"If you can induce Miss Potter to come with you I shall feel doubly obliged. Please tell her I shall be most happy to make her acquaintance."

"I shall give her your message," said Mrs. Barker.

Having thus accomplished her mission, Mrs. Brown retired. Soon after, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones naturally made their appearance with like motive, and no one would have supposed from their cordiality toward Mrs. Barker that there ever had been a cool interregnum in their social relations. On learning that Miss Potter would likely be at the reception of Mrs. Brown, they determined also to be there in order to make her acquaintance. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, preparatory to flight, yielded to the enjoyment of a little cackle. They hoped Mrs. Barker would not be such a stranger as she had been for some time past. She must really come and see them—the oftener the better.

On the day of the reception Mrs. Brown and her daughter, Miss Arabella, stood on guard near the main drawing-room door, in the conventional way that society has ordained, to receive guests. The rooms were filled with what Miss Arabella would have called the *fine fleur du pois*. Mrs. Barker came in rather late, and, after the usual compliments, the hostess asked her why she did not bring Miss Potter.

"She asks you to excuse her," answered Mrs. Barker; "she has returned home so recently that she cannot yet find the time to go anywhere."

These were pretty nearly the words which Daisy had used.

"Another time I hope she will allow herself to be persuaded," returned Mrs. Brown, with her reception smile.

Mrs. Brown was surprised, and, when Mrs. Barker moved away, she said to her daughter:

"We have thrown open the door of society to this young person, and she declines to enter. There are people who *have* some connections who have been knocking at that door all their lives, and it remained shut. And this person from the lower walks of life is indifferent about it. It's affectation."

"Perhaps she doesn't appreciate the privilege," observed Arabella.

"It may be that. Then we have been casting pearls—ahem! I suppose it must be the result of ignorance."

Mrs. Smith, aware of the futile effort of Mrs. Brown, approached Mrs. Barker to invite her to a musical *soirée* that she was going to give. She, of course, hoped that Mrs. Barker would bring her charming young friend, Miss Potter, with her. Mrs. Barker promised to do what she could.

"If it would not be presuming too much on her kindness, I should be glad to send invitations to her for her friends Mrs. Eliott and Sir Thomas Rogers," said Mrs. Smith.

"Do so," said Mrs. Barker; "I know she will consider it an act of kindness. Indeed, I am persuaded if she goes out now it will rather be for the amusement of her two English friends than for her own."

The musical evening came, and the English man and woman entered metropolitan society through the portals of Mrs. Smith's house, and the hostess and Miss Belinda, her daughter, were happy.

The change in Daisy to which Walters had referred was further apparent in evening-costume. Her attire resembled that of others, except that it was more simple. Her ears and fingers were still free from rings, and her hair was her own. She was natural in speech and movement. She did not smile when she was not pleased. She did not laugh when she was sad. She did not look interested in what was indifferent to her. In a word, her expression, her actions, and her words, were the interpreters of her heart. She was the embodiment of truth, hence her self-reliance, her self-respect, and her composure.

From a modest background of black coats Walters contemplated her as she sat in a chair over which the English baronet was leaning. As the eyes of Walters dwelt upon her, his memory probably went back to that other night when she appeared in Mrs. Barker's ball. She glanced at the group of which he formed a part, and saw him, when her face lighted up, and she beckoned to him with her fan. When he approached she said:

"I wish to make you acquainted with each other. —Sir Thomas, this is my oldest and best friend, Mr. John Walters.—Mr. Walters, this is Sir Thomas Rogers, who was kind to me in England."

"Oldest and best friend," repeated Sir Thomas. "Mr. Walters is a man with great privileges. Miss Potter has often spoken of you, Mr. Walters. As you know, she is not talkative, yet when she spoke of you she never tired of the subject."

"It is pleasant to know that our friends do not forget us," said Walters, in the gentle tone habitual with him.

"Mr. Walters," continued Sir Thomas, "I shall surprise you some day with my knowledge of your history—your shooting-excursions with Miss Potter, your joint efforts in the culinary department, and the rest of it, out in the Hollow."

"You see," said Daisy, brightly, "I have told him everything."

"Did you tell Sir Thomas what a poor shot I was compared to you, Daisy?"

"No reference was made to that, Mr. Walters," said Sir Thomas.

"But you are not a poor shot, John Walters," said Daisy.

"Yet I miss," said Walters, "and you never do, Daisy."

"But then I am rather remarkable," observed she, apologetically, to save Walters's reputation. "It's a small gift compared to some that you possess."

"I have but one advantage over you," said Sir Thomas to Walters; "I have already known you for some time. If you can reciprocate a little of the interest with which you have inspired me, I shall feel highly gratified, Mr. Walters."

"With such a bond of union between us," said Walters, looking at Daisy, "I doubt not we shall become good friends."

After some further conversation, Sir Thomas said:

"One of the bores of English life is the eternal talk about good families, good society, and all that sort of thing. Now, Miss Potter never talked to me of such things, and I am satisfied that you are not prone to do so."

"You had better not come to any hasty conclusions on that point," said Walters. "Human nature is much the same everywhere, and I fancy you will find some of my countrymen as much if not more given to what you refer than your people."

"But it's contrary to your institutions," said Sir Thomas, who, by-the-way, was a radical member of Parliament.

"The vain assumption of superiority through the act of some ancestor is not confined to aristocracies. It is as deeply rooted in republics as in monarchies," said Walters, philosophically.

Here a general bustle ensued in the placing of chairs for guests, to see as well as hear the performers. They were professional players. A musician of some note played cleverly on the violin, another on the flute. At the conclusion of each performance there was general applause, and then people were at liberty to talk for a time unreservedly. Mrs. Smith and Miss Belinda took advantage of the opportunity to "entertain" Sir Thomas, bearing him away almost bodily from the side of Daisy. The hostess presented him to Mrs. Brown and Miss Arabella, Mrs. Jones and Miss Anastasia, but before doing so she informed him that the Browns and Joneses were among the first families in the town. A shade passed over the face of the Englishman at this announcement. He was surrounded by the Smiths, Browns, and Joneses.

"We know you very well by reputation, Sir Thomas," began Mrs. Brown. "We, of course, know that you are a grandson of Lord Bombeck, whose ancestor was the Bon-bee of Normandy."

"What! do you know such things here?" said Sir Thomas.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Smith, with her good-society smile.

"You have a book of the British peerage?"

And six women unanimously lifted up their voices and said—

"Yes!"

"What! all of you?"

"All of us; we each have a separate copy."

He tried to find some excuse for escaping, but he was surrounded by the walls of good society.

"The name of your Norman ancestor has been corrupted," observed Mrs. Jones.

"The name may be," answered he, "but we have improved on him immensely in a moral way."

"How interesting!" cried Miss Belinda Smith.

"Old Bon-bee had a way of taking things that did not belong to him; his descendants only take them so far as they are sanctioned by legal authority. Not to put too fine a point on it, old Bon-bee was a thief."

"How unkind of you to speak so of your noble ancestry!" said Mrs. Brown.

"There was another interesting trait in his character," he continued. "It is hardly necessary to tell you, ladies, that in early days names found their origin in some personal characteristic. This forefather of mine was a heavy and gluttonous feeder, hence the name Bon-bee."

"Then you have not much reverence for the founder of your family?"

"On the contrary, I am ashamed of him, Miss Jones."

"This is a bit of clever satire," said Miss Belinda, admiringly.

"Worthy of Horace Walpole," added Miss Arabella.

Chorus: "He, he! ha, ha!"

"Sad wag," said Mrs. Brown, tapping him on the arm with her fan.

"He, he! ha, ha!"

Sir Thomas looked as if he wanted air and liberty. Then they asked him that question which the American woman "in society" considers her duty to ask all foreigners:

"What do you think of our ladies?"

"I have seen so few of them that I am not yet in a position to pronounce an opinion. However," added he, "I doubt not they are worthy of their reputation as beautiful women."

At which Miss Arabella, Miss Belinda, and Miss Anastasia, cast their eyes on the floor, as if the words contained a personal allusion.

When Sir Thomas rejoined Daisy, he said to her:

"From what I have heard since I left you, I am afraid the 'good-family-and-good-society' epidemic is worse here than at home."

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROPOSAL FROM A NOBLE QUARTER.

MRS. ELIOTT, and her nephew Sir Thomas Rogers, sat in their apartment at the hotel, she engaged with a piece of embroidery, and he with a book.

The volume was either not interesting, or he was not in a mood for reading, for he skipped through it in a way that would have grieved the author, had that person been present. At length he threw the book on the table, got up, walked up and down the room, then, finally, taking a stand before Mrs. Eliott, he said :

"Aunt, I've something on my mind."

"That's evident," said she, going on with her embroidery.

"Now, taking a bird's-eye view of your nephew, what do you think of him?" said he, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Physically, morally, or mentally?" asked she, looking up.

"Physically, for instance?"

"So-so—as men go."

"Expand, expand, aunt; you are too brief."

"You want to be complimented, Thomas?"

"The truth, without evasion."

"I have seen worse and better looking men."

"That's a generality, aunt—neither white, red, nor black."

"What would you have me say? That you are Praxiteles's idea of manly beauty?"

"Please don't jeer at thy nephew; it's not amiable."

"Pray, what are you driving at?"

"I want to know how you think this earthly tenement would strike the eye of a young woman."

"Daisy Potter, for instance?"

"Feminine sagacity in such things has always been remarkable. You have hit it, aunt."

"It does not require much in this case," said she. "I have seen you gravitating in that direction for some time."

"Suppose I were to ask her to be my wife, do you think she would have me?"

"I hope you do not intend to ask her."

"That I do, if I am persuaded that she would incline a willing ear."

"Do not forget who you are—and who she is, Thomas."

"Nor must you forget, aunt, that your nephew is without prejudice as regards family connections so long as they are honest."

"It would be more agreeable to your family for you to marry among our own people."

"But I propose to marry for my personal gratification, and not for that of my family. So I come back to the original question, aunt: do you think she would have me?"

"Lady Rogers ought to be a tempting morsel to the tongue of the young American woman, if reports be true," observed Mrs. Eliott, reflectively; "but I am not so sure about this one. Of course, the probabilities are that she would. The name of Lady Rogers is not to be had every day. There is one consolation: she is rich. That is what reconciles me in some measure to your asking."

"The bread-and-butter side of your mind is always uppermost, aunt."

"Do you intend to speak to her soon?"

"I propose to put the momentous question at once. The tender business will be under way in half an hour."

"I shall await the result with considerable curiosity," said she, resuming her embroidery.

"Remain here, aunt. I shall return immediately and let you know if your nephew woos in vain or not. On reflection," said he, "I think I will just have a word with the rugged parent, to see if the matrimonial project be feasible. If it is, I shall proceed at once. *A bientôt, ma chère tante.*"

He repaired to the residence of Potter, and found him in the library with his newspaper and the dog.

"I am glad to find you at home, Mr. Potter," said he, "for I desire your counsel in an important case."

Mr. Potter looked at him over his silver-rimmed spectacles in a non-committal fashion. The probabilities are, that he thought the visitor was out of money and wanted to borrow. When, however, he explained the object of his visit, the face of Potter relaxed, brightened, and finally glowed, like the sun freed from a cloud. Suddenly, as an old trader, he thought it well to cloak his rising gratification, for there might be some rude condition behind the baronet's proposition. He waited until his visitor was through, and found there was none. Still, he kept his tongue under restraint, for, as the citizen of a country where all are sovereigns, he had his dignity to support. He took off the spectacles, and twisted them round his rude forefinger by one of the ear-shafts, as he said :

"As far as I'm concerned, Sir Thomas, I'll be glad to have you as a son-in-law. But, you understand, I can't answer for her. You'll have to ask her. I know she's fond of you, but, whether it's the kind of fondness that leads up to the altar, I can't say for certain, but I think it is."

"Can I see her, Mr. Potter?"

"Certainly, Sir Thomas."

"Now?"

"Now, I s'pose—if you want to. You don't let the grass grow under your feet. I'll go and send her to you."

Saying which, Potter retired, leaving Sir Thomas alone. Having announced the visitor to his daughter, he felt the need of expansion, and he at once started off in quest of Walters, whom he found in the midst of his books and papers. Potter opened up like a morning-glory at the edge of day. His face wore the same exuberance as when he struck oil, or conquered Herbert. He soon reeled off from his tongue what was in his throat, and he was so overjoyed in doing it that he did not remark the trouble in the face of his listener. "Just think of it!" said this exuberant republican—"Lady Rogers! There's glory for you. An old peddler's daughter the wife of a nobleman! I'll own, John Walters, between you and me, I never dreamed of getting so far away from the peddler's wagon as this. I must go back and give them my blessing—that is, if Daisy don't put a spoke in his wheel. I don't mind telling you," went on Potter, with terrible candor,

"that I thought at one time she would have been a good wife for you, had you been a bachelor; but now, even if you were one, you wouldn't stand much chance alongside of a real baronet."

Thus did Mr. Potter innocently turn the poniard round in the ribs of his companion.

"Of course you'll want to hear how it turns out?" continued Mr. Potter. Walters signified that he would.

"I'll come right back and bring you the news, just as soon as I find out."

And with this Potter hurried off, leaving a man who, under his reserve, awaited the result with more anxiety than himself. The work of Walters was thrown aside, for that day at least.

Mrs. Eliott was not so devoured by curiosity in her waiting as to prevent her from continuing the embroidery-work. At length her nephew returned, when he was greeted with an inquiring—

"Well?"

"Well," said he, "Ariadne refuses the thread to Theseus which was to extricate him from the labyrinth of doubt and draw him into the sunlit regions of love."

"You don't mean to say that she refused you, Thomas?"

"That's about it."

"Well, I declare! I must say that I *am* surprised."

"So was I."

"What a douche!" observed the aunt.

"A snow-bath, *quoi!*"

"You will not be cast down over it, Thomas?"

"I think I shall contrive to survive the shock—eat with my usual appetite, and snore as soundly as ever."

It was with these lightsome words that he hid the wound, for he was a man under good discipline. Had he entered the foreign service of his country, he would doubtless have scaled to the diplomatic heights on which Metternich once stood. He started with a sturdy stick and took an Englishman's walk of eight or ten miles, and the probabilities are that he felt considerably better after it.

Before the offer of the heart had been made, the face of Potter beamed on Walters like a sunflower; after, when Potter returned to communicate the result, his face was dull and wilted.

"Well," said Walters, who accepted the news with surprising fortitude, "perhaps it's all for the best."

"There *was* a chance. Think of it—Lady Rogers!" said Potter, who could not get over it.

"Why did she refuse him?" asked Walters, endeavoring to console him with a clay-pipe.

"Because she cannot give her hand without her heart, she says."

"Brave girl! Why, you would not have her do it, would you, Mr. Potter?"

"No; but I think she might have given them both to Sir Thomas Rogers. I'm afraid she is romantic; and her head used to be so level."

"And she has given additional proof of her good sense to-day, Mr. Potter."

At this Potter looked at his companion, as if a new idea entered his head.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

It was not until the latter part of June that Richard returned to New York, and found his parents, despondent from defeat, in a modest house a little lower down in the town. They inquired with solicitude if he had entirely recovered from the railway-accident. He answered that he had. But they noted, the mother especially, that he was not in usual health. He asked with as much indifference as he could assume if the Potters were still in town.

"I suppose they are," said Mrs. Herbert. "I, who go nowhere now, occasionally hear of Miss Potter and her triumphs, and of that vulgar man—her father. Her existence certainly cannot be ignored—she keeps herself too well in view."

"Yet that is unlike her," said Richard; "at least unlike what she used to be."

"But the change of fortune has been so sudden that it has likely turned her head. What contributes chiefly to her *éclat*, though, I suppose, is the presence here of a couple of English people—Sir Thomas Rogers and Mrs. Eliott—who became her friends while she was in England. I am told this baronet passes much of his time in her society."

"And John Walters?" asked he.

"I hear that he continues to be the most intimate friend of father and daughter. As you know, your father and myself never fancied Mr. Walters."

When questioned as to his intentions, Richard became taciturn, or turned the conversation into other channels. He passed the evening of his arrival at home, probably from a sense of duty, for his mind was preoccupied, and once or twice he did not hear the remarks that were made to him.

The next day he repaired to the house which was once his home. As he approached the well-known stoop he could not help contrasting his present position to what it was when he first saw Daisy in the Hollow, and he thought how much better it would have been if his father had accepted Potter's offer. Had he done so, it would have facilitated his suit with Daisy. In the midst of these reflections he looked up at the house, and saw that it was closed—looked, in short, as if it was no longer inhabited. Seeing a servant in the basement, he asked if the Potters had gone away.

"Yes, sir," answered she. "They left yesterday."

"Where have they gone?"

"They have gone to Newport."

As Richard turned away, he said to himself that there was a fatality in his failure to meet Daisy, and inwardly railed at his bad fortune. He turned his steps in the direction of Twenty-third Street, and, as

he was passing the house of Mrs. Barker, he observed Mathilde getting into a carriage with some bundles and packages. She returned his salutation with her accustomed vivacity, and hoped he had made a *bon voyage*. He told her he wished to talk with her. She was on her way to the railway-station, but if he would ride up with her he was welcome. He got in at once, and, as they were driven away, asked whither she was traveling. She was sent on as the advance-guard of the Barker family to Newport.

"Then you will see Miss Potter?' said he, quickly.

"Ah! you still think about Mees Daisy?"

"More than ever. Tell me, Mathilde, what has been going on in my absence. Do you see her often?"

"Ah, yes; I see her much."

"Does she ever speak of me?"

"Ah, yes; I 'ave heard her speak of you two times."

"What did she say?"

"She said to Mistair Walters that it was pity she did not see you in Eengland, and that she missed you here. There!"

"Thank you, Mathilde—thank you."

"You need not thank me, Mistair Reechard. I think it useless for you to go on and make yourself sick, for I believe, although I am not sure, that she has her eyes somewhere else than on you. It is on my heart—I must tell it to you."

"What! do you think she loves Sir Thomas Rogers?"

"No; I think it is another."

"Do you mean Walters?"

"That is the man—your friend."

"He is her friend in something the same way. He cannot be anything more."

"Come, now, why not, Mistair Reechard?"

"He is like a brother or an uncle to her."

"*Nenni*. It is possible that I am mistake, but she does not look at him like a niece or a sister. Several times I 'ave seen her make soft eyes to him."

When he left Mathilde a cruel purpose hardened in his heart. Until then he had intended to tell Walters of the death of Alice, and to give him the antique locket which with her dying hand she had confided to him. Now, he thought that, if he told him of his wife's death, he would perhaps become a successful rival. His soul balanced between love and duty for a few minutes, and then, after a struggle, ranged itself on the side of love. It was decided. Walters should be tied hand and foot. All was fair in love and war. And, after all, it was only a delay that he intended to practise. He would tell him everything as soon as Daisy became pledged to him (Richard) for life.

Thus it was only an adjournment. In this way did he seek to justify himself, as men always do when they sin.

It was not long before Richard was also in Newport. The Smiths, Joneses, Browns, Sir Thomas Rogers, and Mrs. Eliott, were there, too. From his hotel-window he saw Walters as he walked past. His first impulse was to run out and speak to him, but he dared not when he thought of his project. He determined if possible to see Daisy before any one else. He learned that she and her father dwelt in a cottage not far off. Recollecting the injunction which the father addressed to him the last time he had seen him, not to enter his house, he hardly dared to present himself in their cottage. He decided to loiter around the neighborhood, and take his chances for finding her alone.

In the evening, when darkness hid his movements, he went in the direction of Potter's cottage. A passer-by pointed out the place to him. There was a little lawn before it well studded with trees and shrubbery. This was the garden of Eden. He hesitated a moment, and then jumped the fence, and moved stealthily behind the protecting shrubbery toward the house. He heard voices, and one was that of a woman. He recognized it as that of Daisy. Impelled by curiosity to hear what she said, with subtile steps he drew nearer, until he caught the sense of what was said. He looked through the branches of a tree, and saw Potter reposing in an easy-chair, with his daughter on a low stool beside him. She was lighting his pipe with a match as he puffed; this had been a familiar picture to Richard in the Hollow.

"Now, father," said she, "this is comfortable—this is what I like. Quiet, retired, and cozy—so much better than the rush of fashionable life."

"But then, you know, as Mrs. Barker says, people in our station of life have their duties toward society," said the father.

"I am afraid society is something of a Juggernaut, father. As to our station, riches have not changed us; take them away, and we are the simple, honest folk that we were in the Hollow."

"I s'pose I am, Daisy, but don't say that of yourself. You were a caterpillar down there, and now you're a butterfly. As Mrs. Barker says, accomplishments never sat better on any one than they do on you. You have beat them all at their own game."

"It is surprising, father, how your judgment is blurred when your daughter is concerned."

"Yet I'm reckoned a level-headed man."

"And you are, as I say, when it is not a question of myself."

"At any rate, you ought to be a happy girl now, for you have your own way with me in almost everything. Is there anything you want to make you happier, Daisy?"

"There is one thing that troubles me, father."

"What is that, pet?"

"I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of becoming rich, as we have done, by reducing others to comparative poverty."

"It was done accordin' to law. You can't go behind that. The law is right. As for me, I don't pretend to be more conscientious than justice itself. If everybody was like you, Daisy, there would be no use havin' court-houses. As to reducin' the Her-

berts to comparative poverty, that is an unsubstantial figger of speech that won't bear the test of facts. The Herberts are not by any means poor to-day. Tom Herbert has a competency, fortune, or whatever you like to call it, in his own right, which wasn't affected by the decision of the court."

"Are you quite sure, father?"

"Of course I am—Barker told me all about it."

"I am glad to know this, father—still, I cannot help wishing that there had been a division. Promise me, father, that, if ever the Herbert family come to want, you will assist them."

"What! old Tom Herbert, who's been a-badgerin' me all along?"

"Come, father, nothing less than that will tranquilize my conscience."

Here the witness behind the shrubbery saw that she took his hand. He did not withdraw it in the pause that followed. At length he said, with reluctance:

"Well, I'll see about it. There! I'll do anything in reason to make you happy, pet, even to giving old Herbert a lift—should he want it—as I would throw a bone to a dog."

It was with a swelling heart that the man concealed in the shrubbery heard this appeal in behalf of his family. He interpreted it as a confession of the deep interest she took in himself—an interest which she was obliged to disguise by speaking of him only through his family. This strengthened him in his resolution to open his heart the first time he found her alone.

At this point two men came forward, who had been sitting on the porch. He recognized one of them immediately as Walters; the other, by his conversation, soon revealed himself to be Sir Thomas Rogers.

"Well," said Potter to the two men, "there's been a good deal of talk up there on the porch. What's it all been about? Politics?"

"Although you belong to the country of the guessers," said the baronet, "you would not guess it in a lifetime."

"Well?" asked Potter.

"We were talking of the superiority of the clay-pipe of the old Romans as a conductor of water over the modern water-pipe."

"Well," said Potter, "that's just like John Walters."

Richard, afraid of discovery, hardly breathed in his hiding-place. As he advanced one of his feet, in order to screen himself more effectually from the view of the group before him, it broke a dry twig, the sound of which caused Potter to turn his head in the direction where he stood. This might not have aroused those from whom he was trying to conceal his presence had he not, in a few moments, given way to a cough that he was unable to stifle altogether. At this Potter jumped up and said:

"There is some one in the garden.—Where is Jerk, Daisy?"

"He must be shut up, or he would be with us, father."

As the three men moved forward, Richard stole stealthily back; and, as he did so, Potter went by him, and intercepted his retreat by the front.

"Spread ourselves out at the front of the grounds," said Potter, "and then we will move back toward the house and beat him up, whoever it is."

In pursuance of this direction, Richard heard them moving down to the road. Daisy had not left the spot where he had first seen her. She stood in a listening attitude while her friends were beating up the bushes from the front. Discovery was certain if he remained where he was. He looked at Daisy as she stood, beautiful and guileless, in the moonlight. He hesitated no longer, but passed quickly out from under the cover of the thick foliage into her presence, removing his hat, and raising his hand in a supplicating gesture. He was under a shaft of light from the moon, and, as she recognized him, she exclaimed:

"Richard Herbert! It was you, then?"

He bowed his head, as he stammered:

"I wanted to see you—but you remember your father forbade me his house."

"What explanation will you make when they approach?" asked she, quickly.

"Is it necessary—can you not allow me to escape?"

A sentiment of irresolution was depicted in her face. It was easy to fancy how anything like concealment was repugnant to her nature. But she heard the beating of the bushes as it came nearer, and she had to decide.

"Come, Mr. Herbert, follow me," said she, making up her mind.

And she took him round one side of the house, and let him out at a back-gate. As he lingered there a moment, he asked her if she would not make an appointment with him.

"I will not do that, Mr. Herbert," said she; "but, as I go to the sea-shore every day, you will have an opportunity to speak to me when you desire to do so."

"Good-night," said he, as he hurried away. She looked after him a moment as he walked down the road, then hastened back to the spot in front of the house where she had seen Richard. Her father was there. He asked her quickly:

"Well, did you see any one go by here?"

"I did, father."

"Why didn't you give the alarm? I suspect it's a burglar."

"It is not a burglar."

"How do you know that? I must give information to the police. You say you saw him. What did he look like? How did he escape? What direction did he take?"

Daisy made an effort, and said:

"He went out by the back-gate. I conducted him to it."

"Daisy, what is the meaning of this? You don't pretend to be the accomplice of burglars?"

"This man is not a burglar."

"In the name of common-sense, what and who is he, then?"

"Richard Herbert."

"Richard Herbert!" repeated he. "*He* is here, is he? What the deuce does he mean by prowling around my house at night? If I catch him at that trick again, I'll wring his neck for him!"

"You forbade him the house," continued she, "and he desired to see me—in memory of the past, I suppose—and he concealed himself behind that shrubbery."

"Daisy, when I ordered him out of my house, I meant it. I don't want old Tom Herbert's whelp anywhere about me. Just please understand that!"

Daisy laid her hand on his arm and said to him gently:

"Father, do not be vindictive—do not be cruel. You have already done the Herberts much harm, in which you had right on your side if you will; nevertheless, it was done by you. Let us not further grieve them by harsh treatment, but rather try to soften the asperities which have grown out of the loss of fortune. Remember what the good book says about charity, father, and we will be the happier for it."

At this point Walters and Sir Thomas came up, the latter asking:

"Well, did he go by here?"

"Yes," said Potter; "he escaped by the back-gate."

"Why didn't Miss Daisy give the alarm?" continued Sir Thomas.

"Ah!" said Potter, as if to dispose of the question, "she thought she'd give him another lease of his liberty to allow him to reform."

"Well," said the baronet, "as amateurs in the police line we have been egregious failures."

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAISY'S CHOICE.

ABOUT an hour before sunset, Daisy's footsteps moved toward the beach. The slanting orange rays fell over the western aspect and across the lazy sea. As she came, the indolent wave rolled inward, raised its head in swan-like curve, and prostrated itself at her feet. A soft wind swept back a straying tress from the bright face, that wore its habitually serene expression. As she neared the beach, she saw Richard coming from an opposite direction. She did not stop, nor turn aside, but pursued her way as before. She saluted him when she was near enough. He held out his hand, and she gave him hers, which he held for a moment in a way that is hardly employed in ordinary hand-shaking. She drew it back from the feverish pressure and walked on, he by her side.

At first he seemed to have lost the power of speech. He was like the longing sea-breeze which caressed her, and then, unspeaking, died. His eyes and his gesture bespoke his admiration. His emotion was ill suppressed, and she could not help observing it.

"You have been traveling," said she lightly, by way of cutting short the awkward pause.

"I have just returned. As soon as I learned you were here, I hastened hither."

"Where have you been traveling?" said she, as the amber glances of the sun played on her features.

"In England."

"It's a wholesome country, both to see and live in," said she, endeavoring to give the conversation an every-day tone.

"I have been in Berkshire."

"Where I dwelt? How odd!"

"It is not odd. Can you not divine why I went there, Daisy? I had but one purpose, and that was to see you. For you I crossed the sea—for you I sought in London and waited in Berkshire—for you I came back, and for you I am here. I have thought of you by day, and dreamed of you by night. For the last six months I have been tossed about in a sea of doubt. I do not speak of loss of fortune and bodily accidents—these I have met with; they are trifles compared with the oppressive doubt which still weighs down my heart. O Daisy, I can stand it no longer!"

The sympathetic nature of Daisy was touched. She thought probably of the injury which her father had caused to the Herbert family. In her exceeding uprightness she exaggerated it; she was pained, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Richard, I am indeed sorry," said she, looking at the sun-tinted waves which rolled in lazily at their feet.

"To me this hour is supreme, Daisy," said he, in a passionate tone, as she looked out vaguely across the sea. "It is fraught with happiness or misery. I love you. I have loved you from the time you saved my life. I have been vacillating because I have not been free. But now I am free. I am now poor and you are rich. But to me earthly treasure seems of little value at this moment, and I only wish that our positions were reversed, to prove to you that the wealth of your love is the only wealth that I desire."

"Richard," said she, falteringly, "I shall always be your friend."

"O Daisy," said he, catching her hand, "that is not enough. Be something more than my friend, I beseech you!"

He still clung to her hand as they neared a promontory, around which they were turning, when they suddenly came upon Walters, who was playing with a fisherman's child. She withdrew her hand from the feverish grasp of Richard, and gazed at Walters. Her face lighted up with a new radiance as she called to him. As he came toward her, she held out both her hands, which he folded in his own, and as he held them she felt the same sense of security which she had felt when he approached her in the midst of the strange faces of Mrs. Barker's house, and led her away from the cold isolation in

which she stood, into the genial companionship of his own warm, sincere nature. At this moment memory painted the picture of that scene more vividly and in brighter colors than it had ever done before. With more experience of the world, she now saw clearly to the bottom of the impulse which had guided him on that night. The same experience threw more light on the causes of Richard's haltings and hesitations of the same night. As her mind dwelt on this tableau of the past, Walters grew in spiritual stature. When she came within the circle of the atmosphere which he seemed to bear about with him, she was stimulated with subtile influences of an invigorating and spiritual nature. He showed a gentleness and solicitude, where she was concerned, which suggested to her a mother's gentle care, and yet she knew that there was behind it the strength and the courage of healthy manhood.

Richard looked at them as they stood together, crowned by the sinking sun with an aureole of golden splendor. The searching look which went from his face to theirs brought back a revelation. He turned to the brassy, indolent sea, rocking itself slowly to sleep at the close of day, to dispel what was thus revealed to him. His eyes traveled far out to the horizon, charged with masses of purple and cadmium, which, after moving hither and thither across the sky during the day, had settled on the edge of the water for evening repose.

He looked again at Walters and Daisy. They were so absorbed in each other that they had forgotten him. As her eyes dwelt caressingly on Walters, Richard felt that this was his answer. There was no longer any doubt, and he turned away to speak to the child with whom Walters had been playing, for he did not want to hear the tender words which passed between them. He walked away with the little one a few steps, to the water-line on the sand, and mechanically threw pebbles at the advancing waves, in which his child-companion joined with sportive glee at first, but, on noting Richard's face, stopped, saying :

"You only play with your hands—you don't play with your face. What's the matter, mister ?"

"Even this boy sees it," said he to himself, as he strove to mask his face.

"You don't play as well as Mr. Walters," continued the child, with the candor of his age. "I'd jus' as lief play with him as a boy."

"Everywhere *him*," thought Richard.

After their greetings, Walters bethought him of his forgetfulness, looked around in search of Richard, and seeing him engaged with the boy, left Daisy and went to him. Walters grasped his hand with the old-time friendship, and when Richard felt the grasp and looked into the frank, eager face before him, the desire to do him evil faded from his mind. The honest eyes awakened his dormant and better nature, and he realized how ignoble his project had been.

"I see it all," said he to Walters, as he returned the pressure of his hand and glanced at Daisy. "You were made for each other, and I have been justly punished. I have been malignant as well as presumptuous, but there is one reparation left to me. Now I see it clearly—you were made for each other."

At these words, and their repetition, the paleness of Walters was visible even through the amber tints of the evening sun. He looked wistfully at Daisy, and there was an expression of pain in his longing eyes. Richard saw what was passing in his mind, and he came to his relief, with these words :

"Alice is dead !"

"Dead !" exclaimed Walters, for a moment stunned by this abrupt announcement.

"I was with her when she died."

"Poor Alice !" said Walters, after a pause. These two words were the immortelles which he laid on her grave. They contained the pardon and the pity for which she longed during her last hours. Richard silently handed him the antique locket which he had received from the dying woman. He held it in his hand a few moments, to listen to the story which it told of another time, and then carefully placed it away in his pocket. It belonged to a dead past, but now there was a living present before him, and he turned his face in the direction of Daisy. Richard took his hand and walked back with him to where she was standing.

"I have been blind," said Richard, and then he bade them good-night, and walked sadly away along the shore where the waves sounded in his ears like a moan. As he turned his back to the sinking sun and went off alone, the united two returned in an opposite direction. The first departed toward a future as uncertain as the night settling on the waves, the second toward an after-life as bright and rosy as the crimson kiss of the sinking sun.

[THE END.]

MOUNTAIN-LAUREL.

(KALMIA.)

WHEN, pale and pure against the sombre green
Of spreading hemlocks and close-crowding pines,
In northern woods, thy moonlight beauty shines,
Thou seemst, O stately Kalmia, like a queen
Alien and sad, exiled, but not discrowned,
A wanderer from distant tropic lands,
But regal still, and bearing in thy hands
Caskets of pearl and rose, securely bound.
Fair fugitive, I would not be too bold,
Nor seek to probe thy hidden history ;
I pluck thy blossoms, not thy mystery :
Yet were I rich indeed with wealth untold
If, in some trusting hour, thou wouldst unfold
The wonders that those cunning caskets hold !

OTSEGO LEAVES.

III.

THE BIRD PRIMEVAL.

AN ancient tree of great height, a grand old column of the wilderness, stood rooted on a hillside, overlooking a highland lake. The tree was an elm. The lake lay in the heart of a forest of varied growth, where oak, maple, chestnut, elm, ash, hickory, were blended with the evergreen pine and fir. The same forest stretched in one unbroken canopy a hundred leagues to the eastward, where it met the Ocean. Toward the setting sun it seemed boundless to the few human beings who, at that remote period, wandered among its shadows. It was a vast wilderness, full of mysteries. And much of the mystery of that leafy wilderness can never be revealed to human ken.

History, as belonging to that period of the hemisphere, is a grand, grave, wild figure, gazing earnestly backward, with the reflection of a wonderful vision in its far-seeing eyes. How much could she tell us that we are longing to know, how many marvels could she unfold that we are craving to inquire into! But never a word shall she utter. Hers is a sublime vision, sweeping over a vast continent, and including a past of thousands of years. But she is mute—utterly mute—mute forever. Silence is her doom.

The history of a wilderness, if entirely accurate—the long record of a savage race, if strictly true—might indeed be of very high import to the civilized world of to-day. How much of practical truth, precious in its lessons, might be learned from those unwritten scrolls! But they are never to be read. All records north of Mexico, save a few dim outlines on the rock, have perished with the pictured roll of birch-bark.

Nevertheless, it is a glimpse into this vast wilderness that we are about to offer you, good reader. And we shall tell you nothing but what is true. Our little sketch shall be correct in its outlines at least. The red-man, and all the larger animals who haunted that region a thousand years ago, have passed away, have vanished almost entirely. But the trees of that grand forest, and the birds who haunted them, are here to-day. Yes, the trees, with the wild blossoms—tender, modest, fragrant, growing at their roots—and the birds haunting that vast world of branches, are nearly all that remain to us of that period of mysteries.

The ancient elm we have chosen to sketch for you had looked over the mountain-lake, and its setting of hill and forest, for three hundred years. The tall, gray column, perfectly erect, without a break in the line for seventy feet, and standing on a projecting knoll, commanded a view of half the lake and its closely-wooded shores. Those ancient trees of forest growth had a peculiar character: the stately column was generally bare of branch or twig, colored each with its own peculiar shade of gray, and marked here and there perchance with the scar left by a limb fallen perhaps a century earlier, or stained with slowly gathering patches of moss and lichen. The general tint, however, with the elm was a clear gray, the accident of scar or lichen scarcely showing at a little distance. And the lines in the bark, less deep and rugged than those of some other trees, ran upward with more of regularity and accurate tracery. Like all its comrades of the same age, all who had battled with storm and tempest for centuries, this old elm could show nothing of verdure, save a crown on its lofty summit. Strange that the elm, a tree so peculiarly graceful in the sweep of its branches, so luxuriant in delicate spray and foliage, and often, when growing in the freedom of lawn or meadow, partially feathered with verdure to the root, should have stood thus stern and bare when standing in the ancient forest. But the general character of the individual trees making up that vast wilderness was touched with something of a savage aspect, differing widely from the forest of civilization. The hand of man leaves its impress of culture even on the woods of a thickly-peopled country. In the ancient wilderness, the trees seemed to reflect something of the nature of the savage hunting within their shadows. The summits of all the mountains and highlands of the Northern Alleghanies were crowned at that period with a crest of evergreen pinnacles, formed by the towering growth of the white-pine, rising in stern array some fifty feet above the tallest oak and elm. There was something singularly wild in the expression of those tall and aged pines of the wilderness, unbending, and scantily clothed with whorls of short evergreen branches toward their summits. There were many such standing near the old elm, and rising far above it, but from its accidental position on the projecting knoll, and from the fact that a windrow had made a partial breach among the trees immediately below, a bird perched on its highest branch could look far away over wood and water.

Half the lofty crown of this aged elm had been torn away by a crashing storm of thunder and lightning some fifty summers earlier. Branch and twig had fallen, and a great rift had been made in the trunk for some twenty feet from the summit. The old elm was now a half-shattered ruin; the tuft of branches still coming into leaf in the spring sunshine was becoming more meagre with every passing summer. Gray stag-horns appeared among its fresh leaves, even when the wild-roses were in bloom. The highest of those gray and leafless branches was a lookout-station, well known to crow and blue-jay, born and bred, and passing their lives, in the adjoining forest. Many birds have a fancy for those high and naked limbs, whence they can look down at their leisure upon the lower world.

An experienced old crow now sat upon the

blighted bough, looking lazily over the forest, stretching far away north and south, and toward the setting sun. Not one human habitation could his dark hazel eye discover on the shores. Not a single faint column of smoke rose from the forest. Not a solitary skiff on the lake, which lay placid and smiling in the sunlight with a sweetness and freshness which would seem to belong to those limpid waters in the early awakening of spring, after their long winter's slumber. Hill and forest were clearly reflected in delicate tracery on that opal-like mirror, and at that moment the picture was one of varied shading—here a broad belt of dark evergreen, yonder a reach of light-gray tracery touched here and there with tender green or the red or yellowish tassels of the maples, or the snow-like bloom of the amelanchier and wild-plum. Many of the trees, however, were still thoroughly gray.

To the southward, and at no great distance, a young river flowed from the lake, and, winding onward with increase of breadth as it traveled over a long path to the Ocean, soon became one of the great water-arteries of the region. But human eye, when looking toward the south from the knoll, would have sought in vain to follow its track. The sharp-eyed crow saw nothing in that direction but interlacing bough and twig, either dark green or light gray. Even at that hour, when half the forest was still bare of leaf, not a single gleam of sunlight revealed the stream gliding silently beneath the forest-arch. And at no point, even on that bright spring morning, could human eye have penetrated to the leafy bed of the forest in looking down from the hill-side. The face of the earth was closely veiled. Opening in the forest there was none. Here and there a windrow had overthrown a group of the old trees; and there was one such, as we have said, immediately below the knoll, but there was nothing to be seen at that point but a wild, confused mass of prostrate giants of the forest or their upheaved roots, or shattered limbs. It was a record of some past tempest in singular contrast with the general aspect of the woods at that moment, so still and peaceful in the hopeful calm of early spring.

There was but little air playing among the gray branches or the tender, opening leaves. Even the mysterious murmurs among the old pines could scarcely be heard. Occasionally the note of a single bird rose from the forest. The old crow had come over the lake, with heavily-flapping wing, crying "Caw! caw!" as he alighted on the dead branch. But he was silent now. The solitary note of a red-breasted robin, or song-sparrow, or the tap of a woodpecker, might be heard perchance at intervals. There was a dreamy silence pervading the highland forest, even on that soft spring morning. The life and the movement of the land seemed at that moment to belong to the birds alone, as they flitted silently to and fro among the trees. There were, however, wild creatures, large and fierce, lying slumbering at that sunshiny hour in shallow cave, or dark ravine, or crouching among fallen timber.

About the old elm there was more of winged life and movement than elsewhere on the mountain-side, but it was a noiseless life. One by one small, dark birds of a dull-brown color came wheeling above the old crow, their long wings and short bodies darting through the air with wonderful rapidity, and with scarcely a vibration of the wings, whirling, diving, darting to and fro, and vanishing, as it were, one by one, each diving with a singular rapidity and precision into the heart of the old elm. That aged trunk was hollow for some fifty feet downward from the open rift above. At the height of a man from the root it would have required three stalwart savage hunters to embrace the trunk in its outward girth. Within, the hollow space, at its widest point, measured twice the length of a man's arm in diameter. The entire hollow column was crowded with those singular birds, and had been their summer-house for half a century. They were now building new nests or repairing those of earlier years. And busy workers they were, only occasionally soaring away into the upper air for an hour of play and pleasure, or in search of food. They rose far above the tallest pines in easy, graceful flight, rising, falling, darting to and fro with scarcely a vibration of the wings, and then, floating over the lake in airy dance, would seem at times to graze the waters. Never were they seen to alight for a brief rest, or to feed, or to sing, like other birds. Their ways were entirely different. They lived on the wing. And they were silent creatures: song they had none—their sole speech was a faint, twittering sound, heard occasionally. At the hour when the old crow had alighted on his favorite perch, few were abroad. It was in early morning and in the evening that these dusky people were most active. Many of them were now clinging, with their muscular feet and long and very sharp hooked claws, to the inner surface of the hollow trunk, using the strong shafts of their tails also for support, and, with their short, black bills for tools, were building the cradles for their young. After their fashion, these cradles were skillfully put together. They were made of slender twigs rudely interlaced, a sort of little basket, small and shallow, and the twigs were cemented together by a copious supply of gum or mucilage secreted in the stomachs of the little builders. These basket-nests had no lining whatever. They were secured to the inner surface of the tree by the cement of natural mucilage. If a twig was needed, the bird rose into the air and floated silently away, shooting swiftly to and fro, amusing himself perchance for a moment by a winged dance with some companion, but sure to return after a while with the needed bit of twig. And where, pray, did he find the tiny branch? Was it picked up while flying low over the bed of the forest? Have you ever seen this dull-colored but most active creature collect his building-materials? I trow not. Other birds, in forest or meadow, in garden or on lawn, are often seen gathering the materials out of which they build their nests. It is one of the pleasures of spring to watch them. Any day, early in the season, you may chance to see bluebird, phœbe, wren, alight on the

ground, and pick up a withered blade of grass, a tiny straw, a bit of string, or a hair from horse or cow, and fly away to secret haunts of their own. The robin is often very bold and very pertinacious in his quest for materials; he may be seen tugging away, for half an hour at a time, at some obstinate bit of twine which he has partially loosened from the flower-bed, and, if not successful, he will return again and again. If you step out when he is away, and cut the twine for him, he will be very much obliged to you, and he will be sure to carry it off. Both the sober robin and the brilliant oriole will carry away what would seem an inconvenient load for their bills on these occasions. An oriole has been known to carry off a good-sized skein of thread, and, moreover, weave it skillfully into its pendulous nest. And, a while ago, a robin built his nest very boldly, within sight and within reach, out of long, narrow cuttings of wall-paper, which had been thrown into the rubbish-barrel after papering a room; he seemed to take pride in the use of this new material, for he so arranged it that many of these long streamers were left floating from beneath his nest all summer. And it was but the other day I sat watching another robin daintily collecting, one by one, quite a little sheaf of fine, short shreds of withered grass; the skill with which he picked up one, without dropping the others, was amusing, and he carried them all off in his bill, at the same time giving me a look half saucy, half shy, as he flew away. Occasionally, if you are resting quietly in the woods some early spring-day, you may chance to see a pretty and rare sight: a humming-bird poised with quivering wing before an odd-looking object, a rather uncouth, brown, woolly ball, uncouth now, but soon to unfold into the graceful frond of fern; little ruby-throat will pluck off a scrap of this brown, woolly down of the fern and carry it away to help line his nest. But if you see this you are in luck—it is a rare sight, for ruby-throat is very sly and mysterious at building-time. And unless you are a favored mortal, you are not likely to see a swallow gathering his little fagot of twigs—the sole materials of his nest. Do the birds then gather them from the bed of the forest? Do they pick them up while skimming over the water? Do the swifts find these twigs in the clouds? Who can tell? They are wonderful creatures. They are at home in the sky—they feed, and dance, and play, and twitter, and swim, in the air—the earth they *never* touch! From the moment they break the shell, and have learned to ply their wings, to the last spark of life, they belong to the trees and the air solely. This gleaning of twigs for building becomes, therefore, a mystery to common mortals. The old crow, however, shall solve the riddle for you. He has seen this little brown creature peering round among the trees until he finds a small dead twig suited to his purpose, but still attached to the parent-branch; this he seizes with his feet—feet utterly useless for walking, but strong with muscular power, and armed with claws admirable for clinging—and with these strong feet and sharp claws the bird succeeds in breaking the twig, which is borne swiftly away to the new nest, placed in position, and well secured by the cement from his own bill.

More than half a hundred of these rude basket-nests made up the nursery in the old elm. The building was not a long process. Eggs then appeared in each—four pretty little white eggs. It would seem as if those dusky creatures should lay brown or speckled eggs. But it is not so. The eggs were white. And ere long out of those white shells came a small multitude of uncouth fledglings, blind as bats, and not a little bat-like in aspect. And great was now the din within the old tree, when the little creatures opened their short bills for food: to and fro, high and low, the parent-birds now glided through the air in quest of the insect game required by their family. Little fathers and mothers, a hundred or more, knew no rest; repose was vanished from the heart of the riven elm. The old crow had no peace; he was often driven away from his perch by the sheer force of numbers rushing to and fro. The birds never attacked him, for they are harmless, peaceable creatures, and, though somewhat timid and shy, would yet appear to have such confidence in their own powers of wing that they will often dart dangerously near a deadly enemy. The crow was an enemy. We must confess the fact. He would greatly have enjoyed a feast of those white eggs. Do not blame him; you like an egg for breakfast yourself, do you not? And he would gladly have dined off a few of the young ones also; another point of resemblance between crow and man, although you would doubtless have preferred something more plump than those scrawny cousins to the bats, and you would scarcely have eaten them *au naturel*, as the crow was sure to do whenever he had a chance. Probably one object of his frequent visits to the dead limb of that old elm was to watch for a chance to pick up a bird now and then. He had an old wife—your crow is a sensible creature, he knows the value of a life-long companionship, he mates for life—and a nest full of dark children in the neighborhood. He must seek provision for them. Very seldom was he successful, however, and only in the case of some careless young one. The older birds defied him by their marvelous swiftness.

At this period of hatching and feeding, there was a perpetual din—a dull murmur heard from within the hollow tree. These most silent of birds, silent and songless in voice, noiseless in flight, now produced a strange, mysterious sound, the effect of the unceasing movement of the anxious, little winged parents, watching and feeding their nurslings. Their activity seemed to redouble at this moment. Scarcely a minute passed when food was not brought in by some one of the birds. They flew far and wide in quest of it, and yet were at home again in a trice. One of the attractions of the old elm, in the eyes of the bird-colony, was its nearness to the lake below; they loved to float over the water, drinking as they flew, and their choicest insect-game was found

hovering over the lake and river, in little dancing flocks. For a clumsy bear it might have been perhaps a fifteen minutes' walk down the wild, steep hill-side to the shore. But in a few seconds the swift was there, disporting himself joyously. At favorable moments in the early morning, at evening hours, and in cloudy, showery days, he met there many companions of his own kind whirling in graceful maze to and fro. And other feathered creatures were afloat on the water. Ducks of many feathers were swimming, rising, falling, in little parties of their own, among them lovely wood-ducks, nesting in trees overhanging the lake.

There were reaches of the shore where the limpid waters were shallow, rolling over a clean bottom of pebbles, and here white, branchless trunks of ancient trees could plainly be seen lying where they had fallen headlong into the lake, weakened by centuries of age, or laid low by the tempest. Other fallen giants of the old forest, still branching at their summits, and touched here and there with verdure, had also dropped from the bank, but were only partially submerged, though reaching, perhaps, thirty feet into the lake; on these half-submerged wrecks of trees young saplings had grown up, vines and creepers clung to them, and a few wild-flowers bloomed among the moss, on the half-decayed trunks, the whole forming a fantastic little point stretching out from the shore here and there. It was near one of these leafy points that the swallows frequently saw a few noble birds floating grandly to and fro, entirely white in plumage, silent, majestic in movement, with long, graceful necks, and black bills. They were swans, whose nests lay in a marshy spot on the shore. Seldom on the wing, the beautiful forms of those brilliant white birds often gleamed in the sunlight on the blue water. And there were other great water-fowl still larger than the swan, with white plumage tinged with pinkish red, frequently in sight near a low point on the western shore, where they had their nests; they were heavy and uncouth in movement, bearing a large bill and great pouch beneath it; these were the large white pelicans, rarely in flight, often in drowsy sleep on the water.

Nor was it only feathered creatures that the swallows saw in their flight over the lake. Often they flitted over the heads of the graceful deer, or the large elk, lapping the water in morning and evening hours. Not unfrequently the tall, dark, ungainly moose was there also, uprooting the water-lilies, or feeding daintily on the buds of the wild-roses growing along the shore. With a colony of beavers also they were on visiting terms, so far, at least, as making flying calls to the beaver-town at a point on the opposite shore. These primeval swallows saw, indeed, many sights which your civilized modern eyes shall never behold.

Nay, they saw more than most creatures haunting the shores of the same forest-lake. They were on the wing more than most birds. The sun found them hovering over the water when he arose above the eastern hill, and he left them there when, after the long summer day, he dropped slowly to the westward. There was scarcely an hour in the night when a few of those anxious father and mother birds were not roving over the water, hunting among the night-moths great and small. There was feeding going on in the old elm, more or less, all through the night. A dull, rumbling sound like distant thunder was often heard in the darkness, as well as in daylight hours, from within the riven tree. Many a graceful deer, passing near the elm, would suddenly pause in listening attitude, startled by that mysterious sound. Was it a pack of wolves in pursuit? Perchance, indeed, the cruel wolves were not far away, and were rushing on the track of the stag as he leaped through the wood, seeking the lake-shore. The ungainly bear, who had wintered in a cave not far to the southward, would also pause to listen in his night wandering, near the hollow tree, and perchance he would paw the trunk in inquiring wonder. The wily panther, coming and going on errands of his own, haunting the cliffs to the northward, would hear the rumbling from the heart of the old tree, and crawl with stealthy movement, and glaring, cruel eye, to the root of the great elm to listen. Strange, is it not, that birds who have so little voice, whose only speech is a faint twitter, whose airy flight is so easy, so noiseless, should thus produce this subdued roar within an old tree? It was the constant movement of the parent-birds feeding their young, coming and going through the hollow column which sheltered their flock, that produced the busy murmur.

And this movement, whether under sunshine or moonlight, went on through the midsummer weeks. There were two sets of little white eggs laid in many of those rude basket-nests; two broods of odd little fledglings clinging to the inner surface of the tree. But ere long the whole nursery, elder and younger birds, was afloat in the air, the flock being nearly quadrupled in numbers since the arrival of the parent-birds in the spring. Then came a general holiday—a merry, joyous, dancing time. They were abroad all day in idle pleasuring, high, high in the air, far above the grandest pines, low over the lake, where they now saw the young, blue-gray cygnets swimming about their proud mother, and the odd, ash-colored young pelicans, with those uncouth bills and pouches.

During the day the great elm was now deserted. Old Crow came back to his favorite perch unmolested. But at night, about sunset, the whole swallow-flock would whirl and flutter about the riven tree, and then vanish within to roost for the night.

The weather was still very warm. The later summer flowers were coming into bloom. The berries were ripening in the woods. The air was full of insect-life. The whole forest was richly green. At this very period of the season, when the luxuriant affluence of summer was still unfading, there came an evening when the old crow sat preening his feathers on the blighted branch in perfect solitude. Not a single swallow returned! The old riven elm was deserted. The movement and murmur

within the giant trunk had utterly ceased! And whither, pray, had the swallows gone? They were sailing through the air far to the southward, feeding on choice insect-game as they floated over immense tracts of forest, made up of trees grand and ancient, but somewhat differing from those about the highland lake where these swift creatures had been hatched. They passed over the valleys of broad rivers. Here and there they beheld bands of savage men tricked out in feathers and paint. They saw the wary hunter armed with bow and arrow. They heard the war-whoop. They reached a vast gulf of a silent Ocean. They soared over a sailless sea. They beheld a fleet of gay canoes. They reached a low, watery region, and here they met millions of their kind. Here, also, they saw men of a semi-civilized race—men who built temples and palaces of stone; men alike in color, in stature, in many personal details, yet differing widely in habits and modes of life from the few wild hunters which visited the home-lake of the swifts.

And why, then, had they left that remote highland lake at a moment when its shores were still in their full summer glory, when the sun was still brilliant and warm, when the air was teeming with insect-life? Why had they traveled over half a continent to reach that low, hot country? That is indeed a mystery which neither crow nor writer can solve. The crow, indeed, may have thought their flight a folly, for he passed all his life, summer and winter, on the shores of that forest-lake. There was no month in the year when he had not perched on that dead limb of the riven elm. Nevertheless, the active swifts had, no doubt, very good reasons of their own for their long flight to the southward. And now the old gray column of the wilderness stood lonely and deserted—a ruined tower, abandoned by the hundreds of winged creatures born within its sheltering walls.

A thousand summers, good reader, have come and gone since that period. A thousand generations of those dusky little birds have fluttered over the same lake. And the latest of those thousand generations is with us to-day, still floating over tree and water. But if you look for them in the woods you will look in vain—you will not find them. They no longer haunt the forest. Not one shall you find building a basket-nest in a hollow tree! The village grown up on the lake-shore is now their home. They are weaving their airy dance this evening over your own roof; they are dropping one by one into your own chimneys!

FRENCH WRITERS AND ARTISTS.

III.

EDOUARD MANET.

FROM the ridiculous to the sublime there are so many steps, it is not at all obvious why any one bent on attaining the latter should choose to pass through the former. Yet this was done by the Lake school of English poets, and, with far greater perversity, the same thing has been done by the sensational-realistic school of French painters, whose acknowledged coryphæus is Edouard Manet.

Manet was a pupil of Thomas Couture, famous for his "Romains de la Décadence." Under this master of eminent ability and severe classical taste, he studied with peculiar diligence, it is said, during six years; but, excepting the merest mechanical processes of art, he seems to have derived nothing from his instruction. The first of his works which had any success, "Le Buveur d'Absinthe," has hardly a trace of the manner of Couture, but a great many indications of what might be expected from himself. And it is fair to suppose that it was the originality of his subsequent works—a quality more offensive at that time than any magnitude of fault—which for three years caused their exclusion from the Salon. At length, in 1863, the exclusiveness of a false conservatism in art suggested to the sufferers by it a very practical but somewhat grotesque remedy—that of the Salon des Refusés—a sort of art-refuge for the destitute; and it was here that Manet exhibited his "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," a work that amazed the artistic world as much as it scandalized the public. In this picture we have two young men in ordinary citizen-costume, and two young women in no costumes at all, breakfasting in an open meadow, whose verdure has no perspective. Considered as a whole, it would be absurd to call this work realistic; for it portrays not the actual—barely the possible. Assuredly it is not a thing of common experience to see two young men together in such a situation; and, as for the nude figures, what is to be thought of them? If they are intended for ladies of a very objectionable class, there is nothing characteristic in the representation; if not, there is nothing that bars the assumption—*ἅμα δὲ κιθῶνι ἐκδυομένῳ συνεκδύεται καὶ τὴν αἰδῶ γυνή*. As a composition, the work is simply a monstrosity in art, and as such it was considered by the public. But, if people laughed, they crowded to look; for the unmistakable impress of power was in the picture. The genius of Manet was not to be extinguished by a puff of ridicule or the cold blast of a critique. Ridicule that would have annihilated almost any one else only served to bring him into notice, and Manet, until then hardly known, might have truly said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous!"

Manet has great effects of color, but seems to think that perspective does not belong to the true province of art. The assumption is convenient, but dangerous. Another eccentric genius may find out that color, and even shading, are mere accessories,

not strictly necessary to sensation pictures. There is no reason to suppose that the vein is worked out; and if any one, in despair of surpassing Manet, should simply reverse his idea, and exhibit two well-dressed young ladies breakfasting in a meadow with two young men in a state of nudity, with the advantage of such a subject, how much artistic detail might he pass over!

The faults of Manet are so plain and palpable, every dabbler in art-criticism can enumerate them, and give excellent reasons why this, that, and the other thing, should not be. But to hit upon a tolerably near definition of the specific power by which Manet has won for himself—as unquestionably he has done—a foremost place among modern French painters, and to show that such definition is a fair approximation to the truth, this is an undertaking of more difficulty. The commonplaces of art-literature have no tolerably direct application to him; "The Correggiecity of Correggio" will not do here. He must be judged of on other principles.

Weird emotionalism is, I think, the true characteristic of his genius in its best mood; witness those wonderful *eaux fortes* illustrations of the one immortal work, "Unum sed Corvum," of Edgar Allan Poe. Shadowings rather than illustrations would be the appropriate name for these mystical pictures. They resemble nothing so much as the shadows cast on a lamplit wall by a cut card. They are not representations of anything known and tangible, but of such as are begotten of nightmare, or flit before the waking eye of distempered fancy. The drawing is true, not to Nature, but to a distortion of it in a refracting medium. The outlines are blurred, the lights confused; there is a massive unreality, a black semblance of something, "bird or devil;" abstraction taking shape, form vanishing to abstraction, shadow begetting shadow, light born of darkness and rushing into it. There is neither whole nor detail; we see only irregular masses, the hobgoblin forms that we trace in the glowing embers on the hearth, or in a thunder-cloud shot through by the sun. Foreground and background are crowded on the eye, or disappear altogether. What seems at first a huge stain of ink develops into a grotesque likeness of something which, even as we gaze, becomes an ink-stain again. Contemplating these strange adumbrations, these wildly-broken lights — illustrative, indeed, of the poem, but absolutely typical of the brain that conceived it—we are more apt to think of a magician than of an artist; what are art and criticism to Erebus and madness, and the end of all? Never had a poet such a commentator, and never, perhaps, was there a poem worthy to be so translated. So perfect, indeed, is the translation from the language of the ear to the language of the eye, that Manet may be thought to have discovered a curious metaphysical correlation—to have demonstrated practically that the poetry of words is transmutable into exact equivalents of the poetry of art. It is true that art has no past or future tense; but words, mere sounds, have no other graphic power than that which they obtain from the laws of associated ideas; and if art cannot coördinate things past, present, and to come, it can at least present one of the categories in a way most marvelously suggestive of the other two. But it may be objected, "If we had not read the poem, what should we understand of the illustration?" The objection hardly amounts to saying that, if the poem were written in cipher, it would be unintelligible to all who had not the key.

In all this it is plain there is nothing realistic; all is essentially, preëminently emotional and idealistic. Yet it is easy to show that realism of a certain kind is at once the strength and the bane of Manet's genius.

They who undertake the agreeable task of deciding annually whether an artist's labor for the year shall be productive or comparatively useless, had now become more tolerant of originality, and in 1864-'65 Manet exhibited several pictures: "Le Christ et les Anges," "Un Combat de Taureaux," "Le Christ insulté par les Soldats." Together with the last of these, he exhibited a picture called "Olympia," representing a nude female figure caressing a hideous black cat; a negress is introduced for more contrast. The principal figure is a portrait of a dramatic celebrity.

What object there can be in representing nude figures, not intended for nor considered as types of ideal perfection but as portraits, it would be hard to say. If this be realism, and if all is good that is realistic, there can be no reason why the principle should not be carried further. The inside of the body is far more curious than the outside. A realistic representation of the processes of digestion, and of many other interesting things in connection with the internal structure, is quite within the scope of M. Manet's genius. But this, he would tell us, belongs not to art but to science. And we tell him that his nudities have nothing in common with the primary and ultimate objects of all art worthy of the name: they do not enlarge our conception of the beautiful; they degrade it — who cares to know whether an actress has corns on her feet or not—whether her limbs fall away too much, or have the articulations too large or too small? His realism, totally misplaced, gives no impulse to the imagination other than that which is communicated by all erotic pictures; it tells us nothing that we did not know, suggests nothing that we would give a cent to think about; it gives a kind of shock similar to but ineffably weaker than that which would be caused by the reality, and that is all. But the true, alike in painting, in sculpture, and in literature, is the direct opposite of all this.

Manet's audacious innovations — or, rather, the astonishing success of these—was the *causa causans* of the realistic-absurd school, of which Manet cannot properly be considered the head; he has been far surpassed by others. I was particularly struck by one example of the style of the new school: it was the picture of a lady fresh from her tub and dumb-bells, and in a state of perfect nudity, walking on her hands with her heels in the air, as her cus-

tomary morning exercise. M. Manet expressed himself much scandalized by this picture; but since, according to all maxims of that school, the art was higher in proportion to the elevation of the lady's heels, I could not help thinking that vexation at finding himself so far outdone by his imitators was at the bottom of his disapprobation. It has been pretended that there must be some justification for these extravagances, because many who have adopted them have passed through the schools and learned all that can be taught. It is quite possible they may have learned all that they are fitted to comprehend; but their practice argues gross ignorance or worse. For those broad principles of human nature that underlie all genuine art, and secure its immortality, they have substituted others—the principles of catch-penny, buffoonery, and indecency. They will have their day and be forgotten. But to return to Manet.

Though still very young as an artist, he has produced so many pictures, all characterized in a greater or less degree by his double manner, whether single or combined, it is not easy to select any one as specially characteristic. Perhaps the shooting of Maximilian by the Mexicans is as typical as any other. Here the realism of Manet has its true field, and the emotionalism of his genius is only restrained by it within due bounds. His love of fierce contrasts, his skill in representing that intermingling of the grotesque with the tragic, never absent from the tragedy of real life and seldom from its comedy; that strange anastomosis of opposite currents of human feeling so uttterly incomprehensible as a matter of art to all before Shakespeare, except perhaps Homer; his instinctive skill in managing secondary effects, *more suo* and very little in accordance with received canons—in short, some of the highest qualities of his genius, and nothing that is repulsive in it, are exemplified in this picture. The unfortunate emperor, livid and colic-struck with terror, awaits, with such fortitude as poor humanity summons to itself in such moments, the instant for the platoon to fire. The grotesque awkwardness of the rabble soldiery is another touch of Nature added to the group, and the whole picture may be considered as another example of that absolute translation of things heard into things seen, whereof mention has already been made. This, of course, is to be understood of the spirit of the work; for simply to copy the details as we have all heard or read of them would be more within the reach of the ordinary artist than this is beyond it—nay, more within the range of his practical skill than within that of Manet.

His habitual neglect of many of the received canons—possibly mere conventionalisms—of the schools, and especially his carelessness of perspective, has led to an undervaluing of his set compositions as compared with his detached pieces. Many connoisseurs, who would be lavish in their praise of his "Beer-Drinker," with face radiant from the inspiring draught and body full of sap and vigor—a veritable anti-temperance protest—would turn away with indifference from his "Canotiers d'Argenteuil," standing out most unharmoniously from a sky of crudest blue. But it has already been said that no great connoisseurship is needed to point out his technical faults and worse than these.

It remains but to give a sketch of the artist himself. Manet belongs essentially to the world of fashion and what is called good society. He has not a trace of that Bohemianism which is perhaps the normal condition of all that paint and of all that write. There seems to be something antagonistic between "good society" and that which makes society good. But Manet is exceptional: he belongs to the very good—the perfectly well-dressed philosophers who from the steps of the Café Tortoni moralize on the degradation of the crowd passing below. His countenance is peculiarly open and striking; but that which specially attracts attention is the sardonic smile that is seldom absent. The relation between a successful artist of our day and the Mephistopheles of Goethe is not very obvious to remark; but a well-bred contempt of everything and everybody, whether worse than one's self or better, has always been of right and privilege to the artistic and literary tribe. Heaven forbid that I should say anything to revoke that privilege in doubt!

THE HOMESTEAD LAWN.

IT stretches from the homestead's door,
Wavy, with trees in pillared throngs,
And grass with bushes scattered o'er,
Alive in spring with sounding songs.

Here lifts the fir its graceful bell,
The birch with leaf of tattered edge,
The maple with its domy swell,
And pine that plumes one bordering ledge.

A wooden fabric holds the wheel
Where glide the buckets brimmed with lymph
Whose round, walled depths, far down, reveal
The features of the prisoned nymph.

A slender corn-crib perks beside,
Filled with a golden glow of maize;
Beneath a covert yawns, where hide
Turkey and duck in rainy days.

A horse-block seems to guard the gate—
The gate that by a pendant swings;
Thence leads a path of powdered slate,
Where lilacs spread, each side, their wings.

The homestead rises in a nook;
Back, a big, bubbly oven shows;
From its curb roof, twin dormers look;
Its door two-leaved, with window-rows.

A lean-to lengthens out the flank,
Where red arms plunge in spangling suds,
Where poultry hangs in yellow rank,
And wooden shelves bright stone-ware studs.

Next stands a wood-pile, tinder-dry,
With massive logs of oak and birch
Hollowed in lurking nooks where pry
Carlo and Puss in gliding search.

The cross-limbed saw-buck dots the gold
Of the fine grains the sawyer makes
Where juts the shed, when storms withhold
The strength that ploughs, or reaps, or rakes.

Upon the lawn the pigeons light;
Marches the cock with kingly crest;
Partlet essays a screaming flight;
And chicks fight, dashing breast to breast.

Now Carlo, wiggling, chafes his back,
Gives vigorous shake when up he springs;
Puss hides her round head in a sack,
Frees it, and swift a circle swings.

Pleasant the lawn in April rain,
That spectrum of the coming Spring!
We almost scent and see the train
Of buds that breathe and birds that sing.

And pleasant, too, in fluttering white,
When bland and damp the gray air snows;
It seems you almost catch a sight
Of what will come when Winter goes.

Such was the homestead lawn I knew
When life smiled flowering to the boy;
And memory, frequent, turns its view
To this loved scene of early joy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN'S high reputation in American letters has suffered, we think, from his intemperate paper in the last *North American Review.* Mr. Parkman's historic works are noted for their brilliant and picturesque style, for their research and learning, and for their judicial and impartial spirit. It is a matter of regret that this latter quality should have failed him in the discussion of a contemporary question. He is of opinion that universal suffrage is a failure; but, instead of dispassionately analyzing the subject, showing by distinct evidence how and wherefore it is a failure, he contents himself with the arbitrary assertion, vehemently repeating it in different forms, under different guises, and with numerous variations of intemperate spleen—manifesting the spirit of an angry partisan rather than that of an impartial critic. The temper of his paper, as well as the conclusions at which he arrives, are in marked contrast to the utterance of Gladstone and other eminent men of England, who have just discussed in a "Symposium" the question, "Is the Popular Judgment in Politics more just than that of the Higher Orders?" This debate comes very timely in connection with Mr. Parkman's article, and should be read by everybody infected by the theory, now very general in certain circles, that republican institutions, having been tried, have proved wanting.

We cannot attempt, in the brief space at command here, to follow Mr. Parkman through his various assertions—for arguments we can scarcely call them. He does not, to our mind, in a single instance even indicate how the evils he complains of have arisen from universal suffrage. That there are great evils in our political administration no one can deny, but they are such evils as have been conspicuously manifested under every other form of government the world has ever known, and in nearly every instance when they have been modified or corrected the reform has been brought about notably by popular influence, by the higher place attained in administration by the commons, by the extension of suffrage, and the enfranchisement of the people. The only governments in the history of the world that have approached pure ideals have been republics; monarchs and aristocracies have invariably ruled with gross injustice; and corruption has been as rank in imperial France, in despotic Russia, in monarchical England, as it was in New York under the vulgar and infamous sway of Tweed and his fellow-conspirators. The world has, indeed, been most wretchedly misgoverned; it is heart-sickening to read the record of injustice, oppression, and misguided ambition, which mark its eras. The upper classes have been at the helm of affairs; they have instigated the policy of nations; they have directed their wars, guided their diplomacy, framed and administered their laws—with what result? A thousand warnings, and not one example! We affirm that the kings, princes, statesmen, rulers of all kinds, that have in the past stood at the head of nations, have not sent down to us one righteous principle of government, one philosophical axiom of administration, one formula that evinces real knowledge of the true principles of government, or the slightest evidence that they understood the just limits and the rightful powers of authority. Government itself has been the one tremendous failure of the past; and thus we need not mourn over the few evils that have arisen from universal suffrage, in face of the evidence that nearly all forms of government have existed mainly to misrule and oppress, and that the disorders and usurpations of authority have been arrested only by the interposition of the people. Let any one, for an example, read the history of the Irish Establishment, as so effectively told in the recent pages of Lecky, and see what huge injustice, what appalling wrong, a selfish ruling class can inflict! The rulers of the world have always showed themselves to be ignorant, wrong-headed, selfish, unjust, without the slightest notion of the just limitations of the authority which they have wielded. The history of

law is the history of injustice; and the forces that have from time to time arisen to remove this injustice have uniformly sprung from the people — from those who now in America exercise that universal suffrage which some of us tremble at. This is strikingly set forth by Mr. Hutton in the "Symposium" to which we have referred.

In America certain evils have arisen which are attributed to universal suffrage. A corrupt civil service is one; corrupt legislation is another; gross maladministration of affairs, principally in cities, is another. Undeniably these evils do exist; but that they are products of universal suffrage is largely an assumption; while the fact that they cause so much alarm, and evoke so much discussion and reprobation, is proof that they are evils of the surface, and that the people are struggling to throw them off. The great majority of the people are not dishonest, nor debased, nor unintelligent; they are deeply concerned in the stability of our institutions; and although they are likely to make mistakes in the selection of their leaders, and know no more about the philosophy of government than kings and lords do, yet their instincts are rarely on the whole wrong, and they will be sure in the end to find means to remedy at least the grosser political evils of the time—evils which we believe the upper classes to be far more distinctly responsible for than the body of the people. We are cursed with a large speculative class, sets of schemers and manipulators who are perpetually struggling to secure governmental aid in their various designs and devices for making money, and who are for the most part drawn from the moneyed ranks; these are the people who fill the lobbies of our Legislatures, and cook bills to serve their purposes. This evil is sure to continue just so long as our State Legislatures are permitted to legislate on special subjects. The exclusion of a vast range of subjects of this kind from legislation in New York has already done much good. Another of our curses is the selfish indifference and political ignorance of the so-called upper classes, who rarely exhibit the least zeal or activity in affairs, except when some selfish purpose is in view, and who never, in any instance, evince a whit more knowledge of affairs than the rabble whose suffrage they consider so dangerous. No political leadership and no wise political utterance comes from this class. New York is a misgoverned city, but never in any instance have its citizens of wealth and culture united in any wise method to secure a better administration of affairs. There have been numerous reform organizations, but not one of them has grasped the conditions, or contributed anything more than confusion to our councils. All that our so-called municipal reformers ever attempt or care about is to cut down civic expenses. They have but one cry—"Reduce the taxes!" That all the details of the city government are neglected; that we are tied up in old-fashioned and worn-out methods; that the welfare of the city is wickedly sacrificed to slothfulness and ignorance; that the city it susceptible of being developed into a truly grand metropolis — these things are nothing to them; their idea of reform is to save money—not by wise and economic use of money, but by simply leaving undone the thousand things that so imperatively need to be done. It was this indifference, aided by the blundering of reform organizations, and also by the conflict for supremacy in municipal affairs between the State and the city, that threw New York into the hands of Tweed. To this day our better people have shown no capacity in dealing with political problems, and, never having discovered the truth of the axiom that "method is master of the masters," have done nothing toward securing that improved order of administration which alone can bring about permanent improvement.

But this subject is much too large for treatment in a brief editorial. An analysis of how current political evils have arisen would be a civic history of the country. And should this analysis demonstrate the responsibility of universal suffrage for these evils, it is pertinent to ask what the effect would be were it possible to prescribe limits to the suffrage. Is it at all likely that we would better matters by creating a discontented class in our midst, by giving the communists real excuse for their being, by putting into the hands of demagogues genuine material for the manipulation of the mob? It is undoubtedly true that universal suffrage, like all mundane things, brings penalties with its compensations; but we may be assured that the evils of ignorant suffrage are much less than would be those that would arise from a discontented, turbulent, and an incendiary, disenfranchised multitude.

THE sheets of the last number of the JOURNAL were in the hands of the binder when the death of Mr. George S. Appleton occurred, and the editor was thus compelled to postpone to the present issue the utterance of those comments which the event naturally prompted. The editor wishes here to separate himself from the magazine which he conducts, and which, by its title, is so identified with the house that publishes it, and to speak solely for himself, and in his individual capacity.

Mr. GEORGE S. APPLETON was the third of the four brothers who succeeded the founder of the business, his death being the first in the second generation, which had remained intact for a period of thirty years. Mr. Appleton—or, as he was known by those associated with him, Mr. George—was a man of more than usual culture in the direction of modern languages and Continental literature, and he had a certain catholic sympathy with all forms of inquisitive speculation, although steadfastly adhering to his own conservative faith. He was a man whose acquirements were greater than was usually supposed, and he was also one whose nature those who casually met him scarcely fathomed. Under an exterior that to some persons seemed cold and distant, there was a heart full of concern for all who enjoyed his friendship, and of watchful interest in the welfare of those connected with him. He was more deeply religious in the best sense of the word than many imagined; while his profound sympathy for the beautiful and good things of the world he revealed only to a few, for he shrank from everything that looked like ostentation of sentiment or

parade of feeling. It was necessary for this reason to know him well in order to understand him. The writer speaks with confidence here because he was fortunate in enjoying his kindly fellowship, and had many evidences of his true nature.

As a business-man, Mr. George Appleton was fond of large and striking enterprises. The Cyclopædia and "Picturesque America," which latter remains the most ambitious pictorial work of the century, were specially to his liking; and he brooded over many other projects of the most ambitious character, some of which only insuperable difficulties prevented him from carrying out. Only a few months before his death he had matured a scheme which would have given the public a work of unique and imposing character, but the eminent author upon whom he had depended found it necessary to postpone his part of the task. This taste for great schemes made him less accessible to numerous projects of a minor nature with which every publisher is beset, and doubtless caused frequent disappointment to authors prone to overrate the importance of their productions. It is perhaps not out of the way to say here that the attitude of publisher and author invariably involves a different estimate of the chance of any work with the public; the one being rendered cautious by long and costly experience, and the other being animated by that hope which is so often wholly delusive. It may be said that the only people who are confident of the success of a book are those who have neither as authors nor publishers tested the public inclinations, and it is only publishers who are aware how many qualities must be combined in order to arrest the attention of the busy world. "Oh, I know it will succeed!" exclaims every young person who has written a book; and yet not one manuscript out of a hundred ever gets into type, and not one out of ten of those that are printed justifies this confident prediction. Mr. Appleton sometimes yielded to the solicitation of these aspirants, but perhaps in no case did the result vary from his predictions. Publishing ought to be included among the learned professions; for it requires a learning as thorough, a judgment as sound, a sagacity as acute, a skill as difficult of attainment, and resources as varied, as do any of the professions. It is easier, indeed, to become a successful lawyer or doctor than a successful publisher; and this rare, this peculiar, this indefinable judgment, Mr. George Appleton possessed to an eminent degree. The great business of the Messrs. Appleton necessarily moves on; new books will appear which he had planned, new enterprises which he had conceived will come to fruition, and, though unseen by the public, the influence of his mind will project far into the future of the house; but much further than this there will penetrate the influence of his character and his good works; and never so long as memory lasts will those who cherished his friendship forget the well-springs of his kindness.

An English paper pathetically laments the decadence, or rather extinction, of the old London coffee-houses. In the English cities, the "public-'ouse" has taken the place of the ancient, cozy inn, with its sanded floor, its half-open stalls, its blazing fires, and its long clay-pipes, provided gratis to the guests with a pennyworth of tobacco; while luxuriously-furnished club-houses have usurped the place, as the rendezvous of wit, rank, and politics, of the famously snug coffee-rooms, where once the revelry of soul, as well as of "the frolic wine," resounded between grimy walls and upon well-worn wooden benches. The life of the coffee-houses which flourished in the reign of good Anne and her successors, is, indeed, delightful to read of as described by those who were a part of it, and who have preserved the memory of it in still celebrated books. The resorts of this kind which nestled conveniently in Russell Street, but a step from Covent Garden and Drury Lane, were famous for their comforts, and for the feasts of wit which were nightly partaken of in their homely precincts; and three of them, as we know, became world-famous—Tom's, Will's, and Button's. With what gusto does Defoe talk of Tom's, with its lusty good cheer! "Here," he says, "there is playing at picket and the best conversation, till midnight. You will see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom, as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home." There was a sort of democracy about the gatherings at Tom's, where Knights of the Garter found themselves cheek by jowl with Grub Street lampooners and theatrical utility-men, which, despite the usually more rigid observances of social rank in those days, was a striking contrast to the individual isolation of the modern club. Dryden himself, if we may believe his poetic heir, Pope, made Will's the popular resort it became. The stately author of "Achitophel" spent his mornings at home writing, then he dined quietly with his family, and always repaired to Will's to talk and hear the gossip of the town in the evening. Dr. Johnson relates that "he had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in the winter, and was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer chair." The death of its great patron deprived Will's of its popularity as a resort for wits—which was transferred to the yet more famous Button's, brought into vogue by the gentle and genial Addison. Button had been Addison's body-servant, and the poet and politician set him up finely in business. There, on a sanded floor, in a low-studded room lit by tallow-candles, and provided with ample coffee, tobacco, brandy, and port, the *bons convives* of Anne's reign—Addison, Swift, honest Dick Steele, and the rest—met nightly in their ruffles, buckles, and cocked-hats, to discuss indifferently the politics, the scandals, the philosophy, and the literature, of that stirring time. Now, the English literary celebrity most often keeps himself as much apart from public places of good cheer as royalty itself. It is a lucky chance if one happens to catch a glimpse of Tennyson, with his slouch hat down over his eyes, wandering solitary and shy in Paternoster Row. Dickens and Forster hid themselves in an unfrequented restaurant at the West End. Swinburne, Froude, and other notabilities, may be seen now and then poring over heavy tomes in the big reading-room of the British Museum; many lit-

erary men, like Carlyle, Ruskin, and Charles Reade, are hermit-like, and are rarely seen outside their own houses. There is, perhaps, less jealousy and hostility among great English writers nowadays than in the era of pugnacious Dick Steele and the ferocious Dean of St. Patrick's; but there is also far less social intimacy. The modern "coffee-stall," which one meets everywhere in London, forms a wretched comparison with the famous old-time resorts. "Its proprietor," says the paper to which we have referred, "commences business between one and two in the morning, and concludes at or about six, when the public-houses are open. His stock-in-trade is a barrow, covered with a sort of pent-house, by way of protection against bad weather." It is, in short, a street-corner affair, for the refreshment of unfortunates whose necessities oblige them to be abroad in the small hours. Yet, while the lament of the London journal as to coffee-houses is true, it is still possible to find, in odd London nooks, snug inns which have the air, and whose good cheer has the flavor, of the olden time. One does not meet with Drydens or Addisons in them, but he does see English character *en déshabillé*, with its brusqueness, frankness, and hearty good-humor; while in the country you may still find hostelries a century or two old, perfectly preserved, and holding stoutly to all their traditional customs and comforts.

ELEVATED railways being new facts in our metropolitan civilization, they have necessarily brought with them a number of new experiences, not all of which are wholly agreeable. Among other surprising things they have developed is an unprecedented sensitiveness to *noise* on the part of those citizens who live near them. Were we accustomed in this turbulent city to suppress all noises in our comings and goings not absolutely necessary, then the denunciations of the concussions that salute us from the elevated track would not be a matter of wonder. But our people have always shown themselves indifferent to any clang or clamor that anybody at his pleasure has seen fit to make. They endure with stolid unconcern the hideous discords of an army of organ-grinders; they permit ten thousand itinerant venders to utter their trade-calls in discordant and rasping cries that pierce to the marrow of every sensitive ear; they tolerate pavements over the irregularities of which every vehicle rattles with a distracting clatter; they utter no complaints at the bells that all day long jingle on the necks of the car-horses; and they permit junk-men to perambulate the streets with hand-carts garnished with every variety of cow-bell which a perverse industry can bring together. Concert of action might abate some of the noises to which all are subjected, if anybody really cared whether they are abated or not—as, for instances: every sleeper in a given square must listen each morning to the distinct cries of thirty lusty-throated milkmen, whereas it would be entirely practicable to have all the milk for the houses of a square supplied by the same dealer; then, a tired sleeper, who longs for his morning nap, and the invalid tossing on his feverish bed, must be stunned with the deafening thunder of thirty or more ponderous ice-carts, when all the time it is entirely practicable to limit one of these elephantine vehicles to each square. These are but a part of the noises that have no good excuse for their being. It is perhaps impossible to escape the persecution of badly-played pianos, or to suppress amateur singers whose quavers ascend to an astonished heaven, or to wipe out of existence caterwauling cats, and dogs who "bay deep-mouthed" discord the night long, or to extinguish small boys with ear-piercing trumpets, or to compel generally among the thoughtless multitude a regard for the nerves and rights of other people. But at least there are some noises that can be suppressed; and we heartily wish some philanthropic Bergh would organize a "Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises," the duty of which should be to drive the organ-grinders into the sea; to compel venders to imitate French example, and utter their calls with a musical intonation, if it be necessary to tolerate the class at all; which would make it a penal offense to blow a small trumpet, a big trumpet, or any trumpet; which would fine every one who rang a bell out of time; which would insist that our streets shall be smoothly paved, as a health measure—quiet, or an approach to quiet, being impossible so long as every vehicle must bounce in and out of cavities and over bowlders. There would be many wholly idle and some vicious noises to suppress; and, after the society had adequately put down all unnecessary commotion, then it would be time to see how far that which is necessary could be modified, and the elevated railways taken in hand.

A NOTABLE scene was enacted a few weeks ago in that ancient and odd-looking edifice, in Paris, which is still occasionally spoken of by elderly Frenchmen as the "Palais Mazarin," but which the unreminiscent mass know only as the "Institut." A brilliant gathering of the intellect and beauty of the capital had assembled in the principal hall to witness the formal reception of two newly-chosen Academic "Immortals." One of these was the most eminent of living French historians, M. Henri Martin, who had been very happily elected to fill the vacant chair of a still greater historian, Thiers; the other was the French writer who has produced a deeper literary impression on his age and country than any other, Victor Hugo alone excepted. That the author of the "Vie de Jésus" should sit in the Academy beside Bishop Dupanloup would have seemed, ten years ago, impossible; but even the bitterest opponents of M. Ernest Renan must now be agreed that the matchless style and force of his pen entitle him to the highest formal distinction that can be attained by a literary Frenchman. The most striking fact regarding the French Academy is not so much its astonishing vitality as its growth in tolerance and breadth of view. Proud of calling itself a "Republic of Letters," it has passed unscathed, and almost uninterrupted, through the many convulsions, the eleven different dynasties and forms of government which have succeeded each other in France during the past century; renewing its youth by the constant acquisition of fresh blood, pursuing steadily the collaboration of a colossal dictionary even through the din of *coups d'état*, barri-

cades, and sieges, and holding its sage and stately conclaves amid the wildest tempests of controversy and the fiercest conflicts of faith and opinion.

We may, perhaps, doubt the great value of the French Academy to French learning and literature; to the foreign eye, this august body seems rather pompous, pedantic, and pretentious; it wears rather the aspect of a curious historical relic than of a great moving and living force. That it should take relays of forty eminent and erudite gentlemen a hundred years to reach the letter L in the composition of a dictionary of a language rather versatile and expressive than verbose, gives the impression that the Immortals are more inclined to rest on their laurels, after penetrating the doors of the Palais Mazarin, than seek new ones there. Yet the Academy has at least the same practical utility that is served by prettily-bound volumes of "Mrs. Hemans's Poems" and "Gulliver's Travels" in the schools. A seat on one of its far-famed "fauteuils" is a reward of merit. It stirs the ambition of scholar, novelist, historian, and poet; it appears at the summit of a career, as the "valedictory" does to the ardent Greek-conjugating freshman, as the two stars of a general do to the plodding private, and as the awe-inspiring bench to the rustic lawyer doomed at first to minor cases of trespass. The failure to get a "fauteuil" killed poor Théophile Gautier; and has at the least made a soured cynic of many a *littérateur* before him. It is as proud a thing for a Frenchman to be an Academician as for an English noble to wear the Garter; and never was there a period when the Academic distinction was more prized than now. In the last century the Academy, while it had some great names, such as Voltaire and D'Alembert, fell into considerable disrepute, because the literary jealousies of the time often inspired the Immortals to leave real genius out in the cold, while they admitted humdrum professors of the Sorbonne and provincial abbés who had made temporary "hits" with their homilies. Later, in the time of Louis Philippe, elections were pretty much confined to Orleanist *doctrinaires*, and the Academy became a sort of retreat for second as well as first class writers in favor at the palace of the citizen king. Now, however, the Academy seems to have become in truth and practice, as well as in boast, a literary republic. Not only does Renan call Dupanloup "colleague," but Sardou and the younger Dumas sit side by side with Littré and Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, and Victor Hugo finds himself the neighbor of the Duke d'Aumale and Emile Ollivier. Some great writers, like Hippolyte Taine and Edmond About, still await admission to the Palais Mazarin; Prosper Mérimée was taken, while Jules Michelet was left. Yet the French Academy of to-day, considering the inevitable and often bitter rivalries among men of letters, is a remarkable representation and reflection of every branch of French literature —of its fiction, poetry, history, belles-lettres, theology, and philosophy.

Extravagance in living has always been a favorite theme with social philanthropists. Books have been written, lectures delivered, homilies preached, maxims invented, novels and allegories imagined, and dramas enacted, illustrating the folly of the spendthrift and the wisdom of the thrifty, from time immemorial. Mankind is engaged, it would seem, in a foot-race to get money, and then in a horse-race to spend it. We climb the ascent which leads to riches with slow and painful steps; and run swiftly down the other side, to find ourselves crushed at the bottom. It is doubtful, however, whether the excellent sages and lovers of their kind who write and talk of thriftlessness ever make any actual converts. People are amused with moral-teaching plays and novels, if they have also incident, character, and sparkle; the lecturer on economic reform pleases in proportion as he is epigrammatic, humorous, or antithetical; the use of prudence-inculcating proverbs—"A stitch in time saves nine," "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," and so on —is mainly to serve as an admonitory text to somebody else. But who ever heard of a man or woman who was suddenly converted from extravagance to economy, by reading or hearing even the most eloquent exhortation? Bootless, also, seems the oft-repeated ontroversy as to which sex is the most reckless in expenditure; and amid the din of contending disputants, the fairest conclusion seems to be that extravagance is sexless. On the one hand, we have touching pictures of the husband drudging at his counting-room or office through the long day, and returning weary at night to his paper and his bed, while the wife floats about among the shops, ordering this or that luxury of dress, taking bounteous lunches at fashionable restaurants, and whiling away the afternoon at matinée concerts. On the other, we hear of the husband lounging at his club, smoking thirty-cent cigars, and dining at costly *tables-d'hôte*, while the wife is slaving herself at home with absorbing efforts to make him comfortable when, sated with exterior distractions, he sees fit to return to the domestic hearth. Really, it is the individual, and not the sex, that is selfish and extravagant. We may add, in spite of, and in protestation against, the charges of extravagance often made against the community, and the reiterated assertion that extravagance is the typical vice of this age and country, that it is the rare exception and not the rule, the vice of the few and not of the mass. At each great defalcation, at each gigantic failure, a cry of grief and anger is raised in many quarters at the degeneracy and spendthrift recklessness of the times. But the very sensation and excitement caused by such events show how rare and remarkable they are, when compared with the honesty and thrift of the many. A few speculators and embezzlers are hastily taken as types of the character of the people; honesty and thrift, however, give no occasion for startling, big-lettered head-lines, and sensational investigations. Carlyle's noble simile of the oak, which lives and grows in silence for a hundred years, and is only noted when with a crash it falls, is of wide application. There are few people in the world more thrifty and saving, more timid to spend, more careful to accumulate, than American farmers; the vast mass of artisans and laboring people, of clerks and employés of city stores, are prudent, and save

from their modest earnings for the "rainy day" that they recognize as a possibility of the future, or to make homes more comfortable, or to give the children a better start in life. We need only the evidence of the schedules of our savings-banks to prove that the charge of extravagance leveled against the people as a whole is unfounded. It may be safely asserted that an immense majority of Americans live within their incomes. These habits of economy have, no doubt, become yet more fixed by the trials and tribulations of the "hard times" through which we have been passing. They have enabled the great mass to pass through this period of dullness with far more patience and less actual want; and they have impressed those who have once been reckless that the thrift which the farmer and the artisan exemplify is the policy of wisdom and foresight.

Books of the Day.

IN her long career as a writer of fiction, Miss Mulock has told many a sad and moving story, but in all her previous works there is no tale so touching, so pathetic, so heart-wringing, yet so inspiring withal, as that of John Martin, schoolmaster and poet.[1] This time, too, it is with no fictitious or imaginary woes that she has to deal, but one of those records of real life which make us feel that truth is indeed not only stranger but infinitely more moving than fiction. But who was John Martin? the reader will naturally ask at the outset; and in asking the question he touches unconsciously upon what is perhaps the most tragic feature of the career about which he is to learn, for it was the aim, the hope, the ambition, the one persistent aspiration of John Martin's life to make himself an honorable and honored name in English literature. That he should have died so utterly unknown that his name is currently taken as the title of a work of fiction, and that any mention of him has to be accompanied by an explanation, would have been regarded by himself as the supreme catastrophe of an experience which contained little else than sorrow and suffering and disappointment.

John Martin was born not quite thirty-two years ago, of poor parents, in that horrible East End of London, where "human nature," as Miss Mulock says, "has sunk to the level—below the level—of brute beasts." By his own unassisted and but slightly encouraged efforts, he raised himself from social deeps at the contemplation of which Central African savages would shrink back with disgust, to a position in which, though he reaped but few of the fruits of his unwearying toil and lofty endeavor, he was recognized and esteemed as a scholar and a gentleman by the few—alas! too few—who knew him as he really was. At the age of twenty-one, having then, in spite of feeble health, become master of a charity school at Wapping, he was introduced by a mutual acquaintance to Miss Mulock. He had already begun to write verses, had already made up his mind to be a "poet," and it was chiefly in the hope of finding recognition and encouragement in this capacity that he had allowed himself to be drawn from his customary seclusion. Miss Mulock was favorably impressed with the youth, not so much with his verses (which she thought slightly of) as with the lad himself and what little she knew of his history. From this time, on the few and widely-separated occasions when he appealed to her judgment, she acted as his literary adviser and critic, urging him always, in spite of obvious improvement as the years went on, to continue his study and practice, and not encounter the perils of publication until he had achieved something which would *compel* public recognition. Her advice appears to have been kindly and sympathetic, and as judicious as it could be when she knew so little of his condition and circumstances: only long afterward did she learn how extremely little this was, and how much his patient submission to her successive verdicts had cost him. Finally, after a long interval of unbroken silence, she heard that his health had given way under the strain of his toilsome and solitary schoolmaster's work; and, even while engaged in planning an easier arrangement for his future, was summoned to his death-bed in that squalid East End, which he had struggled so hard to escape, and where she arrived half an hour too late—in the death as in the life of John Martin, everything seems to have come just a little too late! He died on the 13th of October, 1876, aged twenty-nine years.

At the same time that she was informed that Martin was dying, Miss Mulock was told that his one distress was the thought of his unpublished manuscript—that he had to "die and make no sign," leave no record behind of what he felt was in him, and of which, had he lived long enough, he might have given proof to the world. She wrote at once, promising that if it would be any comfort to him, he might be told that she would take charge of all his papers and do her best with them; and when, on that last melancholy errand of consolation, she entered the chamber in which he had just breathed his last, she found the little pile of manuscript on a chair beside his body, where he had kept it lovingly in view to the close. Hence this "*legacy*, strange and sad—most sad because it is a legacy; because no result of it, whether good or ill, can affect the bequeather, no voice of blame or praise, respect or pity, reach the ear that,

> 'Filled with dust,
> Hears little of the false or just.'"

Of the papers thus confided to Miss Mulock, much the larger part compose a "Journal," covering the period from 1872 to 1876, and affording the most complete—in fact, almost the only—record of John Martin's life. Aside from it and the story of her own relations with him, as outlined in a preceding paragraph, Miss Mulock has added but little to our knowledge of Martin, part of what she could have added being withheld—though it would have placed his character and life in a still more heroic and tender light—because of a promise to some one in whom she recognized the right to exact it. Though meagre, however, and though it leaves us almost completely in the dark as to the earlier and formative period of his career, the record is most touching, most sad, and yet most inspiring, as will always be the record of a brave and righteous soul struggling with adversity. Much more decidedly than his poetry, the prose of the Journal gives one the impression that Martin's unfaltering confidence in himself, and faith in his vocation to literature,

[1] A Legacy: Being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet. Written and edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 294.

would have been justified had he had the opportunity. It is always clear, firm, precise, forceful, and expressive; the instrument of a reflecting and well-stored mind, of a pure and feeling heart, of a lively imagination, and of a keen if undisciplined faculty of observation. He would almost certainly have succeeded as a magazine-writer, for there are several essays and sketches in the Journal which, even in their rough state, almost any editor would have been glad to accept; but to be a poet was the object of his ambition, and success in any other department even of literature would probably have been regarded by him as little better than failure.

At the end of the "Memoir" Miss Mulock has grouped the best of those poems on which the author built such high hopes; and in reading them one is driven sadly and reluctantly to the conclusion that, like many other "poets" whose wrecks strew oblivion's treacherous sea, John Martin mistook sensibility to *im*pression for power of *ex*pression. There are musical lines in them, elevated thoughts and pleasing sentiments, occasionally an original and daring image, or an ingenious fancy; but there is not a single "piece" which could be truly characterized as a finished and artistic poem, and we are sure that Miss Mulock was right in thinking that a simple volume of "Poems by John Martin," composed of these and such as these, would only have brought disappointment and mortification to the author. "His life was the poem," as Miss Mulock says, "not his writing;" and this public and touching record of it will probably do more to perpetuate his name than anything he would have accomplished even had he lived to fulfill the undoubted promise of his youth. "And here," as Emerson would say, "enters the great law of compensation."

Of the nineteen papers contained in Dr. James Freeman Clarke's "Memorial and Biographical Sketches,"[1] the majority deal with men who have been more or less prominent in the Unitarian communion; but the viewpoint from which their lives are surveyed is not dogmatic or denominational, and the qualities brought out and dwelt upon are those which distinguished them as men rather than as Unitarians. The thing which interests Dr. Clarke in the career and achievements of any man is the *character* to which they testify; and if he can delineate that faithfully and vividly, he cares very little for the ordinary biographical details. Of dates and surface facts and the external events which mark off the successive stages of a life, he makes very sparing use; but he rarely fails to impart a vivid and abiding impression of the essential personality of any man whom he undertakes to portray, and of those vital principles of faith and conduct which distinguish him from his fellows.

The longest and most satisfactory of the sketches is that of John A. Andrew, the famous "War-Governor" of Massachusetts, who was for many years an active and influential member of Dr. Clarke's church. With him Dr. Clarke enjoyed a long and intimate friendship, and his affectionate and discriminating memoir conveys a clearer idea of the man himself as distinguished from the official than can be obtained from any other source. The sketch of Charles Sumner is equally appreciative, but is too brief to have a similar effect upon the reader. It is a tribute rather than a delineation, and is such a discourse as one would naturally deliver at the grave of a public man to an audience of admiring and sympathetic friends. The sketches of Theodore Parker and William Ellery Channing portray two of the most brilliant thinkers and preachers that New England has produced, and are very favorable examples of Dr. Clarke's method and style. That of Parker is best, chiefly because it is longest, but partly because of the salient, almost aggressive, personality of the man, which attracts curiosity and compels attention. The paper on Dr. Howe is a picturesque summary of a character and career made up of curiously contrasted qualities and enthusiasms; that on Susan Dimock, the brilliant young surgeon and physician, cut off at the threshold of a great and useful career, is unsatisfactory because too brief and general. The papers entitled "George Keats," "Robert J. Breckenridge," "George Denison Prentice," and "Junius Brutus Booth, the Elder: An Incident in his Life," reproduce phases of Dr. Clarke's Western experiences when, as a young man, he held the pastorate of a church in Louisville, Kentucky. These form a connected group, and constitute the most strictly entertaining portion of the book —that on "Prentice and Kentucky Forty Years ago" being especially pictorial and animated. The most labored and, on the whole, the least satisfactory paper is one on Shakespeare, which was delivered as an address before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society on the tercentenary celebration of the birth of Shakespeare, April 23, 1864. It is painstaking, and shows considerable acquaintance with the Shakespeare literature, but it is conventional and cold, and seems to indicate on its face that the subject was not congenial. The paper on Rousseau is much better as a literary performance, and is highly creditable to Dr. Clarke's liberality of opinion and sentiment. It is one of the best short sketches of Rousseau's character, career, and writings, that have yet appeared, and was written, as the author says, because he has "long desired to utter a protest against the widespread opinion, held by the Christian public, of his [Rousseau's] infidelity in opinion and his immorality of character." Other sketches, not previously mentioned, are of James Freeman, Dr. Walter Channing, Ezra Stiles Gannett, Samuel Joseph May, Washington, General William Hull, who was Dr. Clarke's grandfather, and "The Heroes of One Country Town" (West Roxbury, Massachusetts).

The style of Dr. Clarke has not that polished precision and epigrammatic point at which essayists usually aim —on the contrary, it is easy, simple, and unpretentious in the extreme; yet it is never slovenly, and it possesses the prime quality of readableness. One may open the book anywhere, and the perusal of the first paragraph on which the eye happens to fall will be very apt to carry the reader on to the end of the paper.

A stout volume of four hundred and twenty pages, solidly printed in small type, is apt to present a rather intimidating appearance to summer idlers, even when it bears so reassuring a title as "Bits of Travel at Home,"[1] and is known to be written by H. H.; but, as the reader soon discovers, it does not require a consecutive perusal, but can be taken in morsels to suit the appetite and the state of the thermometer. In other words, Mrs. Hunt's book consists of a number of independent articles varied in subject and in length, and related to each other only by the fact that they describe places of interest which may be included in those "tours" which travelers delight in planning, even if they seldom carry them out according to programme. The articles are grouped in three divisions, entitled "California," "New England," and "Colorado." In the first division there are sixteen

[1] Memorial and Biographical Sketches. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 434.

[1] Bits of Travel at Home. By H. H., author of "Bits of Travel," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 420.

papers describing the "railway-voyage" across the continent, visits to Salt Lake City and San Francisco, excursions to the Geysers, Santa Cruz, Lake Tahoe, and the Big Trees, and a week spent in viewing the wonders in and about Yosemite. The section devoted to New England, which was introduced apparently to hold scraps that otherwise eluded classification, contains four brief papers, of which the best is "A Glimpse of Country Winter in New Hampshire," and the most entertaining, "A Morning in a Vermont Graveyard." The section on Colorado comprises eighteen papers, forming together a nearly complete guide to the more accessible places of interest in what the late Mr. Bowles called the Switzerland of America. This Colorado section is much the freshest and most characteristic, and was evidently written *con amore*. Often and enthusiastically as the scenic beauties of Colorado have been described, Mrs. Hunt has found something wholly new and fascinating to tell in such articles as "A Symphony in Yellow and Red," "The Procession of Flowers," and "A Calendar of Sunrises in Colorado," which, indeed, have more the effect of painted pictures than of mere verbal descriptions. The things which most attract Mrs. Hunt's attention are the very things which most travelers and visitors completely overlook, and for this reason her accounts, even of the usual and customary excursions and points of interest, are never commonplace or hackneyed. One secret of her freshness is, that she treats everything from the subjective or individual standpoint, interweaving descriptions of objects and external Nature with those personal incidents and feelings and experiences which, as it were, specialize and impart a distinctive flavor to the whole. The easy, natural, effortless air with which Mrs. Hunt does this is, perhaps, her greatest achievement, as it is certainly her most characteristic quality as a writer; and by means of it she holds the attention of readers who would otherwise be apt to tire of so much minute and detailed description. Graphic and animated as her verbal pictures always are, too many of them inevitably confuse the memory and fatigue the attention; and almost the only fault of H. H. as a descriptive writer is that her own perception of minute differences is so acute that she forgets how few possess it, and how difficult it is to translate even broad general effects of color into words, much less shades, tints, and subtile combinations. What words can do in indicating these color-effects she certainly accomplishes, but the reader who attempts to peruse, consecutively, two or three of her chapters, will be apt to feel that in her enthusiasm she attempts the impossible.

Too high praise can hardly be bestowed upon the numerous little episodes in which she reproduces a dialogue or sketches a character. These have a dramatic flavor and a life-likeness about them which make one suspect that H. H. has mistaken her vocation, in confining herself in her prose to description and didactics, and in her poetry to psychological analysis. Her eye for character seems sure, and she limns it with the firm touch of a master.

SINCE Lord Dufferin's charming "Letters from High Latitudes," there has appeared no such delightful record of an ocean-voyage as Mrs. Brassey's "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam."[1] In point of size, Mrs. Brassey's book bears about the same relation to Lord Dufferin's as the voyage which it describes bore to the brief cruise of the latter in arctic waters; but, if it is larger, it is not more pretentious, and both books are characterized by the same freshness of subject and alertness of observation, the same picturesqueness of treatment, and the same unstudied simplicity of style. Starting from Chatham, England, on July 1, 1876, the Sunbeam, with the entire Brassey family, three friends, three servants, and a crew of thirty-one on board, entered upon her voyage of circumnavigation by a sail southward to Madeira, Teneriffe, and Cape de Verde Islands; thence across the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro; thence to the river Plate; thence around the South American Continent through the Straits of Magellan to Chili; from Valparaiso a long stretch across the Pacific to Tahiti and the South Sea Islands; thence to the Sandwich Islands, where something of a stay was made; from Honolulu, another long course across "measureless seas" to Japan and China; thence homeward bound *via* Singapore, Ceylon, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean, to England again—a total distance of thirty-four thousand eight hundred and sixty-one miles (as per log-book) accomplished in a period of exactly eleven months. At every stopping-place excursions were made to the principal local points of interest, everything and everybody worth seeing was visited, and by reason of Sir Thomas Brassey's wide reputation and high social position at home, many places and persons were accessible to them which strangers ordinarily cannot see or reach. It would be impossible, indeed, to imagine such a voyage being made under more favorable conditions; and Mrs. Brassey's record of it bears testimony not only to her perseverance and industry, but to her unusual cultivation and brightness of mind, to her quickness of observation and retentiveness of memory, to the keenness of her aptitude for the picturesque and the characteristic, and to her mastery of a style whose graphic simplicity renders superfluous her husband's prefatory apology for its lack of "the practised skill of a professional writer." She tells us just what we want to know; balancing general descriptions with those personal incidents and details which add so greatly to the attractiveness and *vraisemblance* of a narrative, yet never descending to the tedious minutiæ which are only too apt to intrude themselves into a journal. Next to the pleasure and instructiveness of making such a voyage must be ranked the satisfaction of reading such an account of it; and while Mrs. Brassey's book will receive a permanent place among the best literature of travel, its repose on the library-shelf will be broken, we venture to think, by more frequent reperusals than the majority of our so-called favorites usually obtain.

The volume contains a number of serviceable woodcuts, chiefly after the drawings of the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, one of the passengers, and an excellent colored map or chart showing the course of the Sunbeam "around the world."

[1] Around the World in the Yacht "Sunbeam:" Our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months. By Mrs. Brassey. With Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 470.

THE demand for good reading, brief as to length, and presented in compact and portable shape, is one of the most unmistakable signs of the times in the literary world; and in prompt recognition of it the Messrs. Appleton have begun the publication of a "New Handy-Volume Series," designed to include brilliant novelettes, short stories and romances, sketches of adventure and travel, humor in all its protean forms of literary expression, historic, literary, and society monographs, in short, "works of every variety of theme, from old authors as well as new, and attractive to students as well as general readers." The style in which the Series is issued aims primarily at cheapness; but in neatness, and elegance,

and convenience, it surpasses anything of the kind that has been hitherto attempted, being of a size which easily adapts itself to the pocket, yet large enough to admit of bold, handsome, and readable type, while the tasteful paper cover alone is a perpetual invitation to the eye. In price, the volumes range from fifteen to thirty cents, according to the quantity of reading-matter contained in each; but even the shortest will contain all that one would ordinarily care to undertake at a sitting, while the largest will be an adequate provision against the longest day of summer leisure.

With the first two issues in the Series, readers of the JOURNAL are already familiar; but Mrs. Edwardes's "Jet" [1] has a charm which does not fade on reperusal, and many who have enjoyed it in serial form will be ready, perhaps, to read it again in its present complete and attractive shape. "A Struggle," [2] by Barnet Phillips, is also reproduced from the pages of the JOURNAL, where it attracted more attention than is usually accorded to a story that appears without the appendage of a famous name. It is a strong, vivid, and artistic composition, and delineates with fidelity and dramatic force some characteristic incidents of the Franco-German War. "Misericordia," [3] by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, is too sad, perhaps, for perfect enjoyment, but it contains some very skillful character-drawing, and fascinates the attention from beginning to end. The story hinges upon the same tragic incident which George Eliot made use of in "Daniel Deronda"—the convenient drowning of an obnoxious husband—but the method of treatment is totally different, and it must be confessed that Mrs. Linton's is much the more powerful and effective. Mrs. Linton is always strong in tracing through human life the inexorable logic of crime, and in no previous story has she done more rounded and artistic work. The cynicism and contempt for mankind (and especially womankind) which are sure to crop out in her writings, are repressed by the limitation of space under which she wrote "Misericordia," and for the same reason we lose that sense of wasted and misapplied powers which one is apt to get from her longer novels. "Gordon Baldwin," [4] by Rudolph Lindau, is another gem, which appears for the first time in the Series, and with it is published "The Philosopher's Pendulum," which, issued originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been generally recognized as one of the very best short stories of recent times. To most readers it will suggest reminiscences of Poe; but, while it lacks Poe's ostentatious subtilty of analysis and lurid intensity of narrative, it exhibits an insight as profound, an art more refined, and an elevation of sentiment to which Poe was a stranger. "Gordon Baldwin" exhibits the same insight into character and the same skill in picturesque adjustment of surroundings, but, while not less interesting as a story, it is hardly so original and intense. Both stories, however, are of marked power and attractiveness, and will arouse expectations which, it is to be hoped, Mr. Lindau's future work will fulfill. Really good short stories are among the rarest achievements of literature. "The Fisherman of Auge," [1] by Katharine S. Macquoid, was written shortly after the author's masterpieee, "Patty," and is much superior both in freshness of interest and in carefulness of workmanship to her more recent stories. It is a picture of that Breton village-life which Mrs. Macquoid portrays so happily; and though probably the first attempt which she made in this field, remains incomparably the best. It is a singularly graceful and tender story, with an Arcadian simplicity about it which harmonizes well with what we know of the quaint but sturdy folk who inhabit the remoter coasts of Brittany and Normandy.

The above list includes the volumes already issued, but it will be rapidly enlarged, and, before this reaches the eye of the reader, probably as many more will invite his attention. Among the volumes announced as in preparation are the "Essays of Elia;" "The House of the Two Barbels," by André Theuriet; "Liquidated," by Rudolph Lindau; "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," by Julian Hawthorne; "L'Arrabiata and other Stories," by Paul Heyse; "Clytemnestra and other Stories," by the late Albert Webster; "Lights of the Old English Stage;" "The Goldsmith's Wife;" and monographs on the life and writings of Carlyle, Ruskin, and others.

THE implication in the title of Mr. Benjamin's "Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure," [2] which is distinctly affirmed in the preface, is hardly carried out in the book itself. One naturally looks in a *guide-book* for information comprehensive in scope, detailed in statement, and systematic in arrangement—for a work, in fact, the exact opposite in character to Mr. Benjamin's, which is simply a collection of magazine articles, describing in animated and picturesque but sketchy style personal visits to the principal islands in the Atlantic. Some of the deficiencies of the text, it is true, are remedied by an Appendix, containing brief memoranda on climate, sanitary conditions, and the conveniencies of living; but, notwithstanding the help thus afforded, the book will be more likely to satisfy the reader in search of entertainment than the tourist or invalid who addresses himself to it for practical information and guidance. The islands treated of are the Bahamas, the Azores, the Channel Islands, the Magdalen Islands, Madeira, Teneriffe, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, Belleisle-en-Mer, Prince Edward, Cape Breton, the Isles of Shoals, and the Isle of Wight—a list by no means complete, of course, since the greatest of the Atlantic islands (the West Indies) are altogether omitted. Of these, the chapter on Madeira is the best, containing, as it does, the results of several visits and a six months' residence; but that on the Channel Islands is excellent, and all are written in the graphic style of one who looks upon scenery and people with the trained eye of an artist. The artist faculty, too, has been serviceable in the selection and arrangement of the illustrations, which are copious and beautiful, and certainly not less informing than the text which they embellish.

[1] Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. No. 1. Jet: Her Face or her Fortune? By Mrs. Annie Edwardes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 227.

[2] Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. No. 2. A Struggle. By Barnet Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 163.

[3] Misericordia. A Story. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Appletons' Handy-Volume Series. No. 3. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 130.

[4] Gordon Baldwin, and The Philosopher's Pendulum. By Rudolph Lindau. Appletons' Handy-Volume Series. No. 4. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 163.

[1] The Fisherman of Auge. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Appletons' Handy-Volume Series. No. 5. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 131.

[2] The Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 274.

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"She gazed at him with steady incredulity in her dark eyes."

"*A Hidden Treasure.*"—*Page* 301.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

"THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS."

I.

SPURZHEIM undertook to map out the interior contents of the human head, and thus to assist in arriving at a diagnosis and analysis of mental phenomena and a better knowledge of that complex mystery called the intellect. Lavater, by a study of the surface-expressions of the human countenance, endeavored to add to our limited powers for reading character and distinguishing the passions; and hundreds of no less noted scientists and metaphysicians have devoted their lives to the elucidation of the baffling nature of man, composed of the trinity of heart, intellect, and soul, and tracing out the laws by which it exists and acts. But does it ever occur to those who revel in the multitudinous phases of the sea that, in its rolling, endless, but seemingly soulless and lifeless depths, we have a visible, physical type of man? Those restless, often unfathomable waters, full of beauty, sublimity, and tragedy, now soothing, now raging and treacherous, sublime in their capacities of power, surprising in their unexpected and relentless fury, attracting by their coquetry, passion, and the fascinations of boundless mystery, infinite in the variety and novelty of their phenomena, and evermore suggesting eternity—what are all these manifestations but reflections of man made in the image of God, whose powers are wonderful and infinitely various as those of the sea, and whose heritage is immortality?



MIRAGE.

How few there are who realize that the ocean is aught else than a raging mass of weltering waves lashed by storms, to be regarded only with dread, and avoided with aversion! How many gain from it but one or two one-sided impressions! To one the sea is always blue; somehow that idea early fixed itself in his mind, and he has never cared to observe further, and revise a first partial impression. To another it always looks green. Nothing more fairly indicates the exceedingly limited habits of observation of the average mind in matters out of its beat than the excessively meagre notions which many

have of the sea, even after repeated familiarity with it, as in the case of those who cannot plead the excuse of sea-sickness for their ignorance. How few there are who fully appreciate the matchless suggestiveness of that Homeric passage—"The innumerable smiles of the many-voiced sea!" That line only touches on the countless aspects of ocean, and yet it is the finest definition of the sea in the whole range of literature.

Take, for example, the question of color alluded to above: the sea is like a vast kaleidoscope representing in many combinations all the colors of the rainbow; it is not impossible to imagine that if one were at a sufficient height above the sea, and endowed with the condor's keenness of vision, the round disk of the sea might at once present all these hues to him as in a kaleidoscope; as things are, however, it is not often one sees more than two or three tints at once, except during a sunset of unusual magnificence, when the reflections are very varied. I remember a sunset during a calm preceding a storm, when the sky was festooned with the pomp and splendor of every variety of cloud; the hues and cloud-forms were nearly equally divided from zenith to horizon in four distinct types of form and color, and the corresponding reflections on the sullen swell of the sea were awful in their dread and varied magnificence. But if such scenes are rare, it is not at all uncommon to see half the ocean a deep purple toward one-half of the horizon, dark-viridian green in the opposite direction, especially toward evening or at early morning, and this regardless of reflections, at a time when the surface is so broken as to be filled with local color. And, after all, it is the local color more than the reflections which is meant when we speak of the color of water, although, in an artistic sense, both have a significance. At sea the color is not only a form of beauty conveying pleasure to the mind, but also has a use like everything beautiful in Nature. As a rule, light green indicates shoal water, the lighter the tint the more shallow the depth. The local color is ascertainable by looking down rather than on the surface. Dark-blue water is a sign of great depth—"off soundings," as goes the technical phrase. But, if one looks at blue water at a distance, it is then found to be a very dark green when analyzed and separated from the reflections, which it is sometimes very difficult to do, especially in gray, lowering weather, when the sea is found to give the impression of a sort of leaden purple-gray. But after very careful observation through a long, narrow tube, in order that no conflicting rays of light might disturb the vision, I am convinced that, even in the deepest water, the basal color is some tint of green. In the Bahamas, and among coral-islands in general, where the bottom is a white sand and the water of little depth, it is found to be of the most brilliant, exquisite green, ranging from emerald to the lightest tints of malachite. It is impossible to overstate the vividness of the colors in those waters, and almost as impossible to try to reproduce them on canvas; for, to one who has never seen them, the artist so daring as to reproduce those colors would be considered stark mad. The red is scarcely less vivid in the West India waters, being the complementary color of green, and, wherever a rock near the surface or a cloud-shadow obscures the green tint, red is immediately produced, and even the cloudless sky at mid-day is also a soft rose-color. By this means the sponge-fishermen and wreckers are able to navigate their sloops about through the most intricate reefs, which are indicated by purple patches as clearly as on a chart. The Bermudas present similar colors, but with less vividness.

About Madeira the sea when over ten fathoms is like molten turquoise, lovely beyond description, not only in the sea-caves, as in the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, but outside. The fish swimming in it seem to be of transparent blue, and the keel of a ship, seen with perfect distinctness, is like a solid mass of translucent cobalt.

The color of the water in the tropics seems to be shared also by the fish of those regions. The blue-fish, quite different from the fish of that name on the New England coast, looks as if carved out of ultramarine touched with burned sienna in parts, and the mouth fringed with carnation-tinted coral. The parrot-fish is of a scarlet as vivid as that of the birds in the forests of the neighboring shores; the mullet is brilliant brown and gold. In northern waters, on the contrary, we have the cod clad in quaker-gray, and the haddock, which still bears on its head the mark of St. Peter's holy thumb when he squeezed a piece of silver out of its mouth, wears a livery the color of the roaring surges which overwhelm our fishermen on the Georges and the Grand Banks.

The Red Sea is so called for a certain tawny tinge of its waters as well as for the red coral on its coast, but why the Black Sea should have that epithet it is difficult to say, unless on account of the scowling, thunderous appearance it presents in winter, when it is swept by disastrous storms. The sea on the southern coast of England is a peculiar light gray-green caused by the chalk-cliffs which are being constantly eroded and washed away by the ocean-billows. A very striking instance of water colored in this way is seen in Northumberland Strait, Gulf of St. Lawrence, especially after a storm. The soft, reddish shores of Prince Edward's Island are eaten away and absorbed by the sea, which thus assumes a rich coffee-color, very vivid, and, when glistening in the sun, and tinged here and there with reflections of the blue overhead, extraordinarily rich in tone, and strongly resembling polished syenite. It is well known that the Amazon dyes the sea for hundreds of miles beyond the land with the ochre-tinted silt it washes down from the pampas and the far-off mountains of Peru.

The warmth of the water in tropical latitudes seems to have the same effect on the monsters of the deep that the climate has on the temperament of man. The barracuda is savage and aggressive as a tiger, and the cruel voracity of the king of the Cannibal Islands is quite eclipsed by the horrible, treacherous, stealthy nature of that sea-pirate, the man-

eating shark. It is stated, and from what I have heard I am inclined to think it is true, that the shark prefers white men to negroes, and will only attack and eat the latter on rare occasions. An English frigate's crew on the edge of the Bahama Bank killed sixty of these monsters in one day's sport a few years ago, so numerous are they in those waters. This might have been a means taken by the British Government to revenge itself, as on some savage tribe regardless of diplomatic remonstrances and the courtesy of nations, for the liberty taken by the sharks with the crew of an English ship-of-war some years earlier. The Magpie schooner was cruising off Cuba for pirates when she was struck by an "ox-eye" squall—a wind coming without other warning than a small round cloud in a clear sky, rushing with the rapidity of a cannon-ball. She was over in an instant, and, to make a long story short, the whole crew but two were devoured by a school of sharks which were lying in wait. Gliding in among the horror-stricken crowd of seamen, they played with them for a while as a cat does with her prey. But the first taste of blood was like alcohol to a drunkard, and in a few moments only two of the crew survived in a boat which had floated off from the vessel as she went down. After they had been in the boat several days, parched, starved, and roasted by the tropic sun, a brig hove in sight, slowly passing two miles away with a very light morning air just filling the sails. As she did not seem to see the boat, one of the men jumped into the water and swam off to her. He was followed by two sharks, which kept him company the whole of that long, awful swim. But he scared them off by flapping his jacket—the shark is a great coward. Just as he was about to give up the race in despair, the man at the wheel looked over the rail and saw him. A boat was lowered, and he and his shipmate were saved. Nothing one sees at sea so sends an involuntary shudder through him as to see the edge of the dorsal fin of a shark floating like an upright spar on the surface of the water. You know at once that mischief is lurking there.

I saw a shark of a strange sort one day when we were a thousand miles from land. It had fallen a dead calm. There was not a sign of a breeze anywhere between the north and south poles, so far as we could tell. It was just the day for turtle, and, sure enough, we sighted a brace of them sleeping on the surface half a mile off. The starboard quarter-boat was lowered, and we went off and picked them up. After that, we caught three more, but a breeze springing up the boat was called in. When we were hoisting it up on the davits, it got a little jammed, and, through the clumsiness of the man who was minding the falls, it also caught under the channels and got a little strained. Well, the evening was as glorious a night as ever was seen on the North Atlantic, the moon at the full lighting up the sails that loomed up just like great ghosts against the stars, and the bark jogging along with a six-knot breeze just abeam.



ST. ELMO'S LIGHT.

The captain's wife was on deck, looking over the rail and enjoying the scene. Suddenly she called the officer of the watch and asked him if that was a shark under the quarter following the ship. He said it looked "mighty like a shark;" in fact, he thought it was some big fish or other. I looked over the side, and certainly there was something there that looked like a fish eighteen to twenty feet long, following the vessel as sharks often do, and vaguely seen near the surface in the light of the moon. The captain, who was below, was now sum-

moned. On looking over, he unequivocally pronounced it to be a shark, and a rouser at that, and called for a harpoon. To quiet the anxiety of his wife, he stood in-board as he balanced the murderous weapon to hurl it into the quivering flesh of the bloodthirsty monster.

"All ready!" said he to the men who were holding the line attached to the harpoon, to haul in the fish. "All ready, sir!" they replied, taking a firmer grasp of the line, as the harpoon was plunged with accurate aim into the shark. "I've got him!" cried the captain, with enthusiasm, and the men pulled with a vim, and fell flat on their backs as the line came home perfectly slack. They had not got him after all, and this was the reason—because there was no shark there to catch. It was nothing but the shadow of the quarter-boat which had been out after turtle that day. When it was hoisted up, you remember, it had been strained, and that made a small leak in two places on each side of the bilge near the stern, and through these holes the water in the boat dripped drop by drop in the boat's shadow, just about where the gills of the fish would have been, which only made the shadow seem more life-like. They did not get over laughing in the forecastle about that shark for some days.

Another terror of the deep is the many-armed prodigy called octopus, devil-fish, cuttle-fish, sepia, or squid, but the last name is generally applied to the smaller species, common in the Mediterranean, where it is dried and eaten. In the China seas sepia for painting is extracted from it; but the larger kind, called by old writers the kraken, has only recently come into prominence as a credible reality. Hakluyt's "Voyages" contain thrilling illustrations of the kraken reaching up its long arms into the rigging of ships, pulling them over or quietly helping itself to the terror-stricken crew; but these have been considered fabulous representations, and Victor Hugo's description of the wonderful devil-fish in "The Toilers of the Sea" has been accepted chiefly as an example of the exhaustless fecundity of that writer's



TWIN WATER-SPOUTS.

imagination rather than an actual creature. But within three or four years too many specimens of the cuttle-fish have been encountered, with a spread of thirty to sixty feet to the arms, to make this creature any longer the subject of legitimate laughter, especially as it has been found to have a spider-like way of creeping on its victim and drawing it down to its den at the bottom of the sea, as in the case of the poor Indian girl recently caught in the deadly embrace of an octopus near Vancouver's Island.



VAPOR ON WAVES PRODUCED BY ELECTRICITY.

I doubt not similar certainty will be reached regarding the vexed question about the sea-serpent. There is nothing more absurd than the incredulous levity of the popular mind concerning this mysterious serpent. What is there more impossible about a large water-snake than a large fish? There are small fishes and large fishes, small water-snakes, and why not large ones? What is an eel but a sea-serpent? and are there not water-snakes in every brook? Perhaps the large sea-serpent is a comparatively new creation evolved on the Darwinian theory; perhaps, like the whale, it changes its habitat, and has but recently become common in northern waters; or, as has been suggested, perhaps it is a deep-sea creature frightened to the surface by some great submarine convulsion. The witnesses to this monster have been so many and of so good a character for credibility that the laugh should really be against those who do not believe in the existence of the sea-serpent.

There is a kind of sea-snake seen sometimes which is not revealed to those who voyage in steamers; many are the ocean-phenomena which they lose, seen only by those who go in sailing-ships, for the steamer frightens away many sea-wonders. There are days in mid-ocean—and one need not go to the doldrums or horse-latitudes to find them—when day after day, week after week, the breezes are asleep, and the spirits of the storms having gone below to sport with the nereids, and Neptune and Amphitrite holding festal times in the sea-green caves of ocean, it seems as if there was nothing left but sea and sky, and insphered between them one solitary ship gazing at its own shadow, and held motionless as if paralyzed there forever on an enchanted sea, while the sun rises and sets in a cloudless sky, reflected on the oily surface of the sea as on a mirror of burnished gold. At night the moon, yellow and full, rises in the east as the sun goes down in the west, like an image of the sun, but throws no reflection from the horizon on the water, so absolutely smooth and glassy is the sea. Only, as one looks over the side of the ship in that appalling and seemingly eternal silence of the illimitable ocean, he sees three or four round balls of silver eerily quivering by the ship, when the moon is at the zenith, which look as if they were magic balls tossed up from the depths below by unseen tricksy sprites of the sea. Perchance there is another ship floating in company miles away, and gradually, by an agency that seems supernatural, she draws gradually nearer, although there is never a breath of air stirring. But this is explained from the simple fact that there are always unseen currents moving, and one ship will be more or less affected than another by them according to its draught or weight. It is at such a time that objects float by which one would never have suspected to exist in the sea—not only nautili and lovely Portuguese men-of-war and jelly-fish fringed with long crimson-and-purple hair, but algæ of a fairy-like grace that almost exceeds belief, and serpents six to eight feet long, transparent as if made of elastic glass, of a delicately-modulated pearly gray, striped and spotted with gem-like points of green, scarlet, and blue. It is like a revelation of an unseen world; and so it is, for the sea, much as it has been explored, is yet, like the human brain, full of wonders and mysteries yet unrevealed, hidden far, far down where no human eye has yet penetrated. From time to time a fresh discovery is made,

as in the case of the fish brought up by the Challenger Exploring Expedition off the coast of Portugal—a fish living at the bottom of the sea and kept together by the pressure of the water; when brought to the surface, it exploded to atoms.

After the calm has lasted almost beyond endurance, two or three faint, gauzy clouds in the southern board show that the still weather is at length drawing to a close. A line of deeper purple appears along the horizon. The skipper, who has been swearing blue murder during this long interval of enforced calm as the sails hung listlessly on the masts and the tar oozed out of the seams in the decks, gets up, takes a look all around the offing, spits over the side, goes below and takes another look at the barometer, carefully scrutinizes the quality of the whiskey in the bottom of his glass, takes another reef in his suspenders, looks again to windward, and says, this time, "I guess we are going to have a wind at last," and then roars from the quarter-deck, "Brace the yards!"

Toward nightfall the ship is going a "capful," with indications of more wind before morning, and the sun sets in a fiery-yellow glow of a brassy hue, meaning wind. About this time an unlucky dolphin is struck with the grains, a barbed instrument with three prongs, and, as he lies quivering and expiring on the deck, all the colors one sees in a pearl or an opal come and go on his shimmering side as if he had absorbed some of the glories amid which he had dwelt. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of a dying dolphin. This fish is a great enemy of the flying-fish. On a fine day they are often seen darting in the air like silver arrows chased by their ferocious enemy, and it is not uncommon for a school of flying-fish to be washed on board a passing ship in a gale.

Porpoises speeding southward are a further indication that the wind is going to blow from that quarter; there is no sign at sea surer than this. When porpoises play about a ship, gamboling this way and that without any special earnestness, it means nothing. But when they proceed unswervingly in a certain direction, as if bound on a mission, ten to one the wind will come from the point of the compass toward which they are going. Never shall I forget a multitude of porpoises I saw one breezy morning off Terceira. It seemed as if the deep had emptied itself of all the porpoises in the sea. There seemed to be more than twenty thousand of them—indeed, they appeared innumerable, impelled by a frantic glee, often leaping perpendicularly out of the water or flying from the crest of one wave to another, far as the eye could see to the extreme horizon, a vast, animated, exhilarated multitude. Near the same spot, under the lee of St. George, we sailed toward twilight into a flock of shear-waters roosting on the surface of the sea. They flew up by myriads as the ship sailed in among them, swaying in hundreds through the rigging and around us with the sound of thunder.

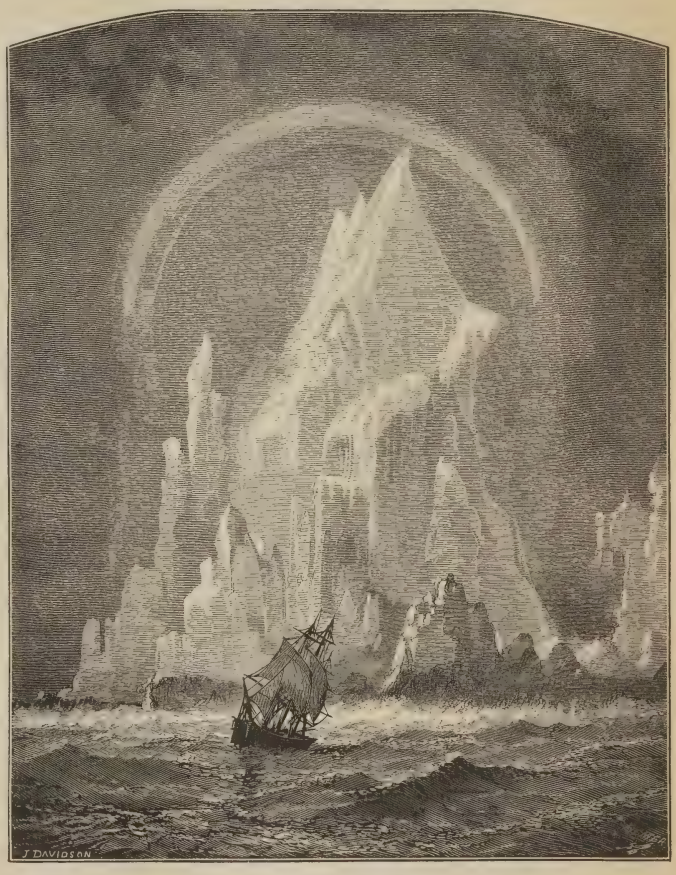
No part of the Atlantic is more interesting and prolific in the wonders of the sea than the Azores. They are the centre of the Atlantic storms, and there is scarcely an atmospheric phenomenon of the sea which may not be noticed there; and they afford an endless variety of studies in the matter of sea-scenery and ocean currents and convulsions. The inexhaustible diversity of the cloud-scenery of those islands I have never seen approached except at Madeira, combining the effects of sea and land clouds. At sea the impression of distance is conveyed as never on land, because no intervening hills or mountains intervene to interrupt the view of the most distant cloud-strata, and no clouds are so full of suggestive forms, of representations of dream-land, as those far-off, low-lying, vapory forms *couchant* along the dim offing, representing phantom towers and Oriental domes clustered on the edge of precipices flanked by ice-clad peaks and overhung by groves of palms. Off Rio I saw, one evening, in the sky, horsemen chasing a stag, and, as they faded away, a triumphal march of knights in gilded armor moved slowly and majestically westward; and, as the imperial hues of sunset shaded into gray, a funeral-procession appeared, noble senatorial forms draped in togas, and matrons veiling their drooping heads in the garb of mourners preceding a corpse borne to the tomb which arose in the distance. No effort of fancy was required to distinguish all these groups with perfect distinctness.

One of the finest effects at sea is mirage, which is confined to no part of the ocean, although the conditions which produce it do not always seem thoroughly explained by saying that it is due to refraction. To see the shore raised above the water and hovering mysteriously in the air reflected in another sea of its own, is a sight that the most threadbare familiarity can never make less wonderful. The Mediterranean abounds in the effects of mirage; it is an every-day sight to see the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the coast of Spain suspended several degrees above the blue waters of the sea. But mirage is also common on our coast, and especially in Long Island Sound in moist, foggy weather. The most singular form of this phenomenon is when ships are seen floating in the air. A remarkable instance of this is related of a ship that during the colonial period was expected from England. On a Sunday afternoon after a violent storm she was seen floating in the air, every spar represented so clearly that there was no question of the identity of the vessel thus painted in the clouds; but that was the last that was ever seen of the ill-fated ship.

One of the surest indications of a storm is what sailors call Cape Flyaway; that is, a cloud or clouds which look so like land as almost to deceive "the very elect" themselves. More or less common in all parts of the sea, we again find that this phenomenon is especially common in the Azores; and this has probably been one reason why the old navigators, who cruised about those waters in olden times, were continually discovering land, from which they were blown away by a storm, and were afterward unable to find it again, for the very good reason that "he must needs have optics keen who sees what is not to be seen."

Another forerunner of a storm is the water-spout, which is one of the most impressive and awe-inspiring sights at sea. The explanation of its being is simple enough. A whirlwind or gyrating current of air seizes the water as on land it snatches up sand or dust and whirls it up to the clouds, which thus receive some of their moisture of which they are composed. I saw a curious illustration of this once when sailing in a boat near the shore, the wind being about nor'-northwest, and the weather very dry. I observed a thread-like column of dust on the land skurrying toward the water—it was a small whirlwind: no sooner did it touch the water than the column turned as if by magic into water, coming with great rapidity toward the boat. I at once luffed and let go the sheet, and the water-spout passed within two or three yards off, and was perhaps three to four inches in diameter. But a real, live water-spout, that means mischief, is a sublime object, to be regarded with just apprehension by all sailors, for they are sometimes sufficiently large and violent to founder a ship. A cannon-ball brought to bear on one will, however, sometimes cause it to break. When there are several in a row, as I have repeatedly seen them in the Black Sea, where they are especially common, they look like a colonnade of majestic pillars supporting the sky. I never shall forget a magnificent water-spout that nearly overwhelmed us one gloomy twilight in the Gulf Stream. It was blowing very fresh about dusk, when the captain came out to take another look before supper. The man at the wheel was looking into the binnacle, and no one else had seen a huge water-spout, which the captain perceived as soon as he put his head above the companion-way. It was advancing with great velocity directly on a line with the ship and was alarmingly near. The captain sprang to the wheel, and, pushing the helmsman aside, put the helm down and kept away several points, and the water-spout passed just astern; another minute of delay and the brave little bark would have carried her crew to Davy Jones.

That night it blew great guns. The bark was only one hundred and sixty tons, and heavy laden, and it is a wonder she kept afloat. The second night, when the wind shifted into the northwest with terrific thunder and lightning, we had a cross-sea so mountainous and irregular that the decks were full of water half the time, and about midnight the vessel dove into a sea and buried herself to abaft the foremast; we did not expect her to rise from it, but when, after what seemed an age of suspense, she finally lifted her jib-boom again in the air, the water swashed in the gang-way, even with the top of the bulwarks, and set everything afloat from forecastle to the cabin. The following morning the gale broke, but a tremendous sea was still running, and as one huge wave boarded us I was completely lifted off the deck and carried over the rail; no one can ever tell exactly how things happen at such times, it is all so sudden; but while I was floating there a second's time, between the incoming and the refluent wave, as it were, the mate, who was by the fife-rail, swung off, holding on to a rope's end, and caught me in the nick of time.



LUNAR RAINBOW.

The Gulf Stream, whether off Hatteras or in the Roaring Forties, is probably the most capricious, treacherous, and phenomenal part of the Atlantic, the most trying to encounter, excepting possibly some of the regions in the vicinity of dangerous coasts. Nowhere else are the phosphorescent effects

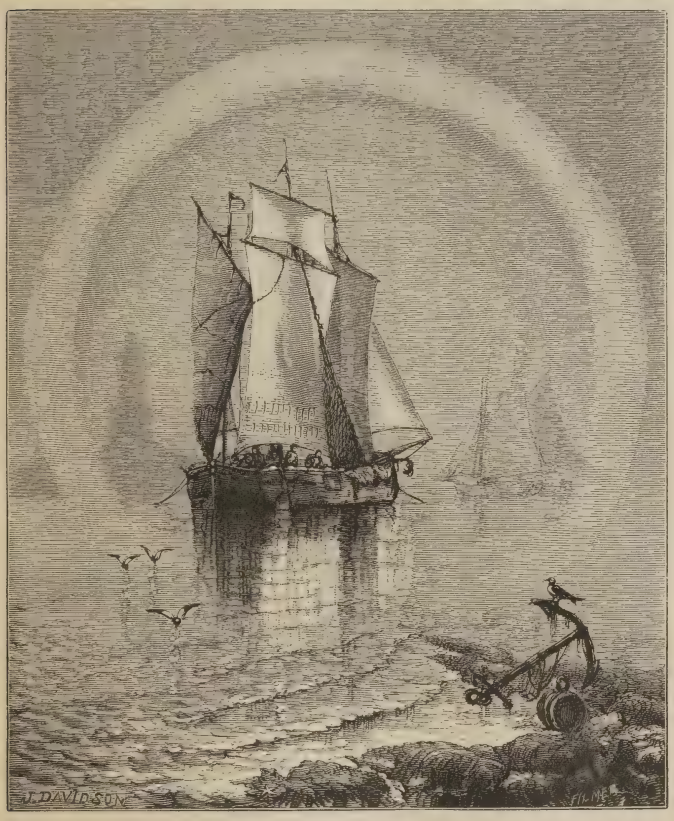
of the sea so distinct and beautiful, so full of the colors red, blue, and green. It is not infrequent, especially near the Florida Banks, to see the phosphorus rushing past the ship in a band of light so brilliant that one can easily read the time on his watch on the darkest nights, while the rudder is bathed in masses of prismatic flame, as the sparks meet and dash together in the ship's wake. In the North Atlantic, when the wave-crests flash like torches and emit an electric vapor that kindles the vast expanses of ocean with mysterious light, heavy weather may be expected within twenty-four hours. It is very remarkable how many of the glories and attractive effects of the sea are like barometric forecasts of the weather. The different tints of green in the sky at sunset, for example, indicate unerringly calms or storms, according to the tint.

The Gulf Stream is noted for its electrical phenomena. These are always far more common as a rule at sea than on land, and nothing can be more appalling than the periodical electrical storms of the tropics, especially in the Indian Ocean with the change of the monsoons, or equinoctial hurricanes of those latitudes. But for a continuous, chronic, inexhaustible supply of fireworks, the Gulf Stream has no rival. It brings them forth on the slightest occasion, and it is doubtful if ever a ship crossed that fierce-tempered current without seeing lightning. This is easily accounted for: the prevailing winds of the North Atlantic are southwest and northwest, except certain local winds near the English Channel, and the northeast trades blowing from Cape Finisterre to the Cape de Verds. When the southwest wind has been blowing awhile, it has a strong inclination to shift into the northwest, and the longer it blows the more it wants to get around, and the more sudden and violent is the change when it comes. Now, the meeting of the warm current of the southwest air with the cooler air from the northwest results in a discharge of electricity; and, although sometimes lightning is seen in the southwest for many hours before the wind changes, yet, when it does shift, it always does so with a tremendous rain and vivid lightning, often attended by what are called *corpos santos*, or St. Elmo's candles, electric lights which without any warning are seen suddenly perching on the end of every spar, producing a most mysterious and beautiful effect. They do not always come in heavy weather, although generally seen at such a time, and many seamen consider it a bad omen to have one shine on a man's face when he is aloft; but this superstition is wearing away. Another electrical phenomenon at sea is a round ball the size of a full moon, but brighter and redder, passing slowly from one cloud to another, sometimes succeeded by a terrific explosion of thunder. One is surprised that ships are not oftener struck by lightning, but, although the bolts sometimes fall in quick succession directly around the vessel, they are generally attracted by the water. I may mention here a remarkable flash of lightning that I saw once in a most unexpected manner. In the far distance was the constant flicker of forked lightning out of a dense curtain of cloud which the dusk of evening made all the blacker, and the roll of thunder was incessant, and, although very distant, gave an indescribable impression of vastness to sea and sky. All at once there came a flash which seemed to shoot out of every part of the heavens and to spring from every part of the horizon, bars of white light crossing and recrossing each other, interwoven into a network of ineffable glory, seeming to inclose and inlace the whole of the visible universe. Every one on board was blinded for some moments with the fervid splendor of the heavens. It is well known that there are two kinds of lightning—the red and the white—the latter darting with ten times the rapidity of the former, and far more dangerous. But the red lightning is far more common at sea than on land, and is oftener what is called sheet-lightning, pervading the whole sky with a lambent rose-color. I remember seeing it almost a deep purple one night in a gale off Hatteras. At another time, to the eastward of the Grand Banks, we had baffling winds for weeks, and the crew were becoming exhausted with the constant setting and furling of canvas and bracing and squaring the yards. Finally the captain came on deck one day, when they struck eight bells for noon, with a pair of old shoes in his hands. "Now," said he, "I'm going to throw these shoes over the quarter for a fair wind. What shall it be? Don't all speak at once!" Some one cried out, "A northeaster!" as the shoes went over the taffrail. After dinner I turned in and slept until they rang for four o'clock. When I came on deck there was a change in the weather, or rather a change of some sort was brewing. There seemed to be a battle in the sky: a more varied, confused, threatening, lowering array of tumultuous clouds, frantically driven this way and that by adverse currents of air, never was seen; but the wind was aloft far above us. Near the water there was only a little air stirring; the sea was swayed by a languid swell that seemed to be heaving up with increasing grandeur—but what most attracted my attention was the lightning which from some unseen laboratory swept in great sheets over the whole sky without coming from any particular quarter, and it was of a vivid rose-color, which seemed to render the dun hue of the clouds and the livid gray of the sea still more wild and impressive. And, sure enough, after the winds had met in a severe aërial conflict as to which should have the precedence, a steady gale finally came out of the northeast, but one not more than we could stand, and it took us right alongside of India Wharf, in Boston Harbor.

But the Gulf Stream, aside from the rough treatment it offers to those who navigate on its waters, and the more occult offices it performs in the amelioration of the climate of Northern Europe, possesses also the more obvious quality of softening the rigors of the sailor's life in mid-winter when he comes on the coast of North America and battles with the terrible northwesters which seem as if intended to drive away all who would land on our shores, and savagely turn the waves into ice as they break over the struggling ship. Of all the hardships which

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bristle through the mariner's career there seem to be none so severe as this of wind combined with intense cold succeeding rain and snow. Sky and sea seem alike pitiless, for it is generally with a clear sun-lit blue overhead that this fearful tempest of cold scourges the devoted ship, a sky cruel because beaming with the smiles of golden sunsets, and gemmed with the throbbing magnificence of argent constellations, while the mounting surges cover bow, bulwarks, decks, and rigging, with glittering ice that more and more overlades the foundering vessel with each succeeding wave, and so stiffens sails and cordage that the freezing crew find it impossible to work



FOG-BOW.

the ship. To stand on slippery foot-ropes in slippery boots and with stiffening fingers to reef and furl canvas studded with icicles in the teeth of a fierce, pelting wind—there is toil indeed, and perchance despair, which he who sits by the cozy fireside, with his slippers on and his rosy children about him, wots not of. Then it is that they put the helm up and bear away for the Gulf Stream. Its warmer water, its balmier air, thaw the ice, and once more bring warmth to the sailor's congealed blood and stiffened frame. The order in which the phenomena of a winter-storm on our coast succeed each other is forcibly put in the sea-saying, "First it snew, then it thew, then it blew, and then it friz."

The icebergs which come down from the north-pole and lie in wait for vessels crossing their path also find their grave in the Gulf Stream. Northward and eastward runs this fierce current, yet below it is a stealthy polar current gliding ever southward, and the mighty berg whose bottom reaches many fathoms down is seized by the lower current and borne against the Gulf Stream, until the heat of the upper current melts and disintegrates it, and allows it no longer to be a menace to the mariner—a siren indeed, the very embodiment of poetry in its splendor, but treacherous and remorseless as a fiend. Several times have I seen icebergs at sea, generally looming suddenly, startling and ghost-like, out of a dank fog, but once robed in imperial magnificence. It was the 4th of July, and the sky was without a cloud, but the air was cold and keen as winter, and we knew what it meant. As the sun arose the horizon was studded with glittering points like the serried spears of a great host; here and there a loftier mass flashed back the rays of the sun from some berg towering above the field-ice. There was nothing to be done but to keep on our course, for we were nearly surrounded by the ice, but we had a leading wind, a good top-gallant breeze, and felt our way without much difficulty through the broad channels. What lovely pale greens and blues were revealed in the caverns of the immense, cathedral-like icebergs into which the waves broke with a far-off, eerie boom, and how exquisite was the roseate blush which the icy pinnacles assumed when kissed by the setting sun! The full moon arose soon after and shone on the silvery bastions and towers of an iceberg scarcely half a mile from us, which was not less than four hundred feet above the sea and nearly four times the height of our masts. Next morning the polar fleet had disappeared in the southern board, and, on the whole, we were not sorry to part company with it.

But the Gulf Stream, if it dispels ice, is also responsible for a very disagreeable and dangerous amount of fog, which serves to make it far more difficult to avoid the ice, and adds greatly to the romance, and the vigilance required on the part of the navigator. With southerly winds, warmed by passing over the Gulf Stream, comes a damp, dripping, melancholy curtain of vapor where the sea is shallow, as on the Grand Banks or in the Vineyard

Sound. Without any apparent visible cause, suddenly the amorphous, almost opaque mist closes around the solitary ship and shuts it in, and isolates it from the rest of the world in its spectral folds. Then begins the dismal blast of the fog-horn on the ship's bow, lasting sometimes for days. It is a popular error to suppose that fog is always attended with absence of wind. I have often seen the reverse, there being sometimes a very stiff breeze of wind, and the fog all the time so dense that we could not see a ship's-length, although growing thinner overhead occasionally for half an hour, so that we could see the sun sufficiently to try getting an observation from an artificial horizon formed by a bucket of tar, swung so as to oscillate freely. A curious thing about a heavy fog on soundings is, that the swell immediately rises when the fog shuts in, even if the wind is light, and there is no better time to study or analyze the forms of certain kinds of waves than when a fog of moderate density effaces the innumerable lights and reflections which tend to take away from the individuality of waves on sunny days. Many interesting prismatic effects are produced by sea-fogs, such as fog-bows, and sun-dogs, or parhelia. The former are seen when the fog precedes clearing weather, and is somewhat thin. The parhelion also accompanies a cloudy sunrise or sunset, and is really a reflection of the sun in the clouds, like another sun, but less brilliant. Sometimes several are seen at once, but this is chiefly in polar seas.

One of the most poetical of fog-effects is when the mist lies low and the upper spars of neighboring ships or the topmost crags of the land are seen above, touched with the rosy flush of morning or silvered by the light of the rising moon, while below all is hushed and gray. It was a fog of this sort that enabled the famous old frigate Constitution to escape from the clutches of an English fleet during the War of 1812. She was anchored in the port of Lisbon; a heavy fog was lying low on the water, when Commodore Stewart saw above the fog the mast-heads and royals of three frigates moving up to an anchorage close to his ship. With a seaman's experienced eye, he recognized them at once as British ships, on the principle *ex pede Herculem*, and, although in a neutral port, was well aware that would be no obstacle to his capture when discovered. He acted without a moment's delay: sheeting home his topsails and slipping his cable, he glided past the enemy's ships in the fog; when the fog lifted, he was well past the fort of Belem and beyond their grasp.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE KING'S KISS.

I.

"HOW long," he asked, "will you remember this—
How long?" Then downward bent
His kingly head, and on her lips a kiss
Fell like a flame—a flame that sent
Through every vein
Love's joy and pain;
"How long," he asked, "will you remember this?"

II.

"How long?" She lifted from his breast a cheek
Red with her sacred love,
Yet when her redder lips essayed to speak,
And when her heart did move
To answer grave and sweet,
Somehow a smile unmeet
Broke waywardly across red lips and cheek.

III.

"How long, how long will I remember this?
Say *you*," she murmured low—
"Say you"—and while she trembled with her bliss,
That smile went to and fro
Across her flushing face,
And hid a graver grace—
"Say you, how long will you remember this?"

IV.

He bent above her in that moment's bliss,
He held her close and fast:
"How long, how long will I remember this?
Until I cross at last,
With failing, dying breath,
That river men call Death—
So long, so long, will I remember this!"

V.

But, when apart they stood, did he remember
His words that summer day?
Did he remember through the long December
The warmth and love of May,
The warmth, and love, and bliss,
The meaning of that kiss,
When kingdoms stood between—did he remember?

VI.

Ah! who can say for him? For her we know
The king's kiss was her crown;
For her we know no agony of woe,
No other smile or frown,
Could make her heart forswear
That summer morning there,
Beneath the forest-trees of Fontainebleau.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

I.

THE winds of March were still sweeping around the shoulders of the great hills, and rushing through the limitless forests that crown the highlands of North Carolina; but there was a breath of spring on the gusty air, the trees had put forth their buds, the streams sang a song of rejoicing that their fetters of ice were gone, and in the woods the arbutus bloomed, as a first herald of the wealth of flowers to come.

These things struck the observant eye of a stranger who was journeying slowly upward through one of the gaps in the mountain-chain which encircles this elevated region. It was a comparatively unfrequented road along which he was traveling, and its roughness made the ascent peculiarly labored and slow. A Jersey wagon, drawn by two mules, contained the traveler and his trunk, and a half-grown boy, who was driving him. The mules did all that could reasonably be expected of them, but, what with rocks and ruts unnumbered, and two feet of mud besides, their rate of progress was not great.

"How much farther have we to go?" asked the traveler, presently, after a long interval of silence.

"About eighteen miles," the driver replied.

"And do you expect to make eighteen miles before night?"

"Well, it ain't very likely. I don't think we'll git more than five miles further afore dark."

"A pleasant prospect! And is there any good house on the road where we can spend the night?"

"There's a house about five miles from here, if we can git there."

"There is no if in the matter—we *must* get there. Why, it is only four o'clock"—glancing at his watch—"do you mean to tell me that you can't travel five miles before dark?"

"Five miles in the mountains ain't like five miles anywhere else," observed the boy.

The gentleman by his side—a fair, graceful man of thirty three or four—had abundant cause to realize this in the course of the next two hours. The progress which they made was of the slowest possible description, and at six o'clock Larry (the driver) reported that they had gained exactly three miles. Mountains, both near and remote, bounded their vision on all sides; and behind the violet crest of a patriarchal peak the sun had gone down to his golden bed some time before.

"We've got about the wust piece of road we've had yit just ahead of us," Larry further remarked, by way of cheer. "I hate to go over it at the best of times; but it'll be a hard pull to git through it now."

"I'll relieve you of my weight," said his passenger, with the air of one prepared for the worst.

He sprang over the wheel into the muddy road as he spoke, and plodded along behind the wagon as it entered a narrow pass, where the deep, black mud was little better than a treacherous bog, and the road was made of deep descents and abrupt ascents. At one of these last, a shout of distress from Larry informed his passenger—who had taken to the shelving hill-side, and was now some distance ahead—that the threatened misfortune of a breakdown had at last occurred.

Retracing his steps, he found the wagon in a very bad plight; and Larry, half up to his knees in mud, taking the mules out.

"I don't know what we are goin' to do," said the latter, in a despairing tone. "We may splice things together so as to git out o' here, but it's a bad chance to go two miles further afore dark."

"Is there no house nearer than two miles?"

"There's one over the hill there—but it's the place of a widow, who won't never let nobody stop."

"At any rate, if you'll tell me how to get there, I'll go and ask her to let us stay. She must be uncommonly hard-hearted if she refuses when she learns our condition."

"There's no harm in trying, I s'pose," said Larry; but he was plainly not sanguine of success as he gave the direction.

The gentleman started off at a brisk pace, and, having emerged from the defile, followed a path which led around a projecting shoulder of one of the great hills. Winding farther and farther among the heights, it presently brought him to one of the small sheltered valleys which abound among the folds of the hills. Here a low, plain farmhouse stood, through the windows of which a cheerful glow of firelight shone.

As he entered the yard, a dog started up, and ran barking toward him; immediately upon which the door opened, and a child's voice said:

"Duke, be quiet! What is the matter?—Oh! do you want anything?"

The latter words were addressed to the stranger, whom she now perceived. He, on his part, saw by the light of the fire behind her the dainty figure of a little maid of eight or nine years, with a curl-crowned head.

"Yes," he replied. "I want to see the mistress of the house, and ask if a belated traveler cannot stay here to-night."

As he spoke, he saw on the wall of the room within the shadow of a woman's figure—a figure that suddenly started and clasped its hands at the sound of his voice. In what subtile things do memory and recognition dwell! The figure alone would probably have suggested no association to his mind, but the gesture of the clasped hands had something so familiar in it that his heart for an instant seemed to stand still. As if fascinated, his eyes remained on the shadow, which, in turn, was perfectly motion-

less, with the head bent in a listening attitude. Meanwhile, the child turned and said:

"Mamma, a man wants to know if he can stay here to-night."

The answer was so low that it was not audible to his ear, but in the shadow he saw the quick, nervous movement with which the head turned, and—was he dreaming, or did he know the outline of that profile?—while he still gazed at it, the child addressed him again:

"Mamma says no—you can't stay; but what is your name?"

He saw a quiver of suspense pass over the shadow as the childish tones asked the question, and he answered with clear distinctness:

"My name is Julian Thyrle."

Instantly—as the last words left his lips—the clasped hands were flung out into the air, and then the figure turned swiftly and was passing from the room.

There was no time to lose. It was a moment's work to put the astonished child aside and push open the door. A few quick strides carried him across the apartment, and he laid his hand on the retreating woman's shoulder.

"Helen," he said, "what reason have I ever given you to fly from me like this?"

She turned with a low cry, and they faced each other in the firelight — he inwardly agitated, but outwardly pale and calm; she quivering like a captured deer, with a mobile, passionate face, trembling lips, and large, dark eyes.

"How have you found me?" she asked. "I thought, I hoped, that nobody would ever find me again!"

"It is only by accident that I have found you," he replied. "When I approached this door, you were the last person on earth whom I should have expected to meet. But, though I saw only your shadow, I knew it for yours at once. My cousin! my dear cousin! don't tell me that you are sorry to see me—at last?"

He was holding both her hands, and, as he spoke, she looked up in his face with a gaze that touched his heart to its depths.

"Sorry!" she repeated. "I should be unworthy to live if I were sorry to see you, the truest friend I have ever had; but it is best that I should live as if I were dead—alone and unknown."

"It is *not* best," he said, "and so I will prove to you. I have been searching for you for months —searching vainly in all directions—and when I was thinking of you least, I walk in upon you in this remote spot—for which thank God!"

"Oh, thank him for something better than for finding me who have done you so much harm," she said, with a sudden burst of tears.

"I could thank him for nothing better," he said, quietly. "But you must compose yourself—try to believe that I have come not to disturb but to comfort you. You can give me hospitality to-night, can you not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with the air of one recalling the mind by an effort to common things. "There is a man here—an old farmer who takes charge of matters for me.—Meta, speak to Mr. Harris."

"Meta has not yet been introduced to her cousin," said Thyrle, bending to look at the child with eyes which were sad as well as kind just now.

The child in turn looked at him with curiosity.

"*Are* you my cousin?" she said. "I am glad of it."

"Glad enough to give me a kiss? Thank you. Now we will go and find Mr. Harris."

When these two people, whom chance had so strangely brought together, met again, it was very much as ordinary friends might have done. It was true that they did not exchange any of the greetings which long-parted relations usually reciprocate; but the presence of strangers may have accounted for this reticence, since it was only after supper that they were left alone.

Then the changes which time had wrought could not but occur forcibly to both, and as Thyrle's glance wandered over the room, with its humble appointments, and returned to the sad-faced, black-clad woman before him, he found it difficult to realize that this was indeed the same creature whom he had last seen glowing with beauty, among surroundings of wealth and luxury. She divined his thoughts readily, and her lips curved with a mournful smile.

"Do you feel as if it were retribution, Julian?" she asked. "*I* have felt so for a long time."

"I feel as if it were almost more than I can bear to see you like this, and to know what you have suffered," Thyrle answered. "Tell me how it is that I find you here."

"You find me here because it is the most remote spot to which I could go, and therefore the safest place for me to be in. Since I have been here I have felt for the first time a measure of peace. 'I am buried,' I have said to myself; 'in this wild region no one will ever think of seeking me—no one can chance to find me.' Yet see!—*you* have come to my door, and why may not that presence which I most dread on earth follow you?"

She trembled as she uttered the last words, and her dark eyes dilated as if from sudden fear. With the gesture which Thyrle had recognized, she lifted and clasped her pale, slender hands.

"Before *that* comes, may God grant that the hills may fall and cover Meta and me!" she said.

Thyrle leaned forward and laid his hand gently on hers.

"Do not fear," he said—and the very tone of his voice was reassuring. "I will stand between you and all annoyance from that which you dread. Helen, it would have been better if you had sought the protection of your friends at once, instead of burying yourself like this."

"My friends!" she repeated. "What friends had I? Who was there that would not have bidden me—as I felt that I ought to—reap what I had sowed?"

"You have surely forgotten your father."

"No, I did not forget. But what right had I to trouble my father after disregarding his wishes, and defying his commands?"

"He would have forgiven you if you had gone to him. He did forgive you before he died."

She turned her face toward him with a low cry.

"Before he died!" she repeated. "Do you mean to tell me that my father is *dead?* And I—I left him to die alone! O my God!" she cried, lifting her passionate hands again, and bursting into tumultuous sobs, "I have been a sinful creature, but this is punishment for all—all!"

Thyrle knew that there was nothing to be said until the storm of grief was spent, so he remained silent. At last, having in a measure regained control of herself, his cousin lifted her face.

"No doubt you wonder why I should weep," she said. "I wonder myself. Death can make no wider separation between us than my act had made already. Yet it is terrible to think of one whom we have wronged as gone forever beyond the reach of our repentance or regret; but I cannot think, I dare not think—" She broke off, as the sobs began again to rise. "I must not distress you more than I can help."

"There is no need to think of me," he said, in the gentle tone which had a tranquilizing effect upon her. "I am only anxious that you should believe that your father forgave you before he died, and that his last words were of you."

"I am grateful for it," she said, brokenly; "and grateful that you were with him to take the place that I left vacant—for, after all, he loved you best, and he was right to do so."

"You are mistaken," he said—"you were always mistaken in that. God knows how often I have reproached myself that I should have been one of the forces which drove you to the fatal step that has wrecked your life. If you had trusted me, Helen, I would have served you as your brother; and I feel that I owe you any reparation which it is in my power to make."

"You owe *me* a reparation—*you!*" she said. "Is this irony—or generosity beyond all bounds? I knew long ago that, if I had trusted you, my life would be a different thing from what it is! To look back and consider how little would have changed its whole meaning is the bitterest thing I have to bear. But I must not think—it is useless, hopeless, utterly wretched! Has it been long since my father died?"

"It has been nearly a year, and with his last breath he bade me find and care for you. Ever since then I have been seeking you; but my utmost efforts discovered no trace of you until to-day."

"And were you coming *here* in search of me?"

"No. I never dreamed of seeking you here. I have been sent to this region by a mining company to examine and test a gold-mine which is offered to them, and I am on my way to meet the owner of it."

"But I do not understand," she said. "Why should you need to work in this way, when my father's fortune—"

"Your father's fortune," he interposed, "belongs, as it should belong, to you—and you only. You have reaped a bitter harvest, my poor Helen, but I hope the worst is over, and peace, at least, is before you. Your husband is in Europe, a fugitive from justice, and cannot, if he wished to do so, trouble you again. There is no further need that you should bury yourself in these wilds. You can reënter the world to-morrow if you like, and take your old place in it."

She gazed at him, with steady incredulity in her dark eyes.

"You are kind—you are generous—but you cannot deceive me, Julian," she said. "If my father's fortune is mine, it is only so in the sense that you would give it to me. He was not a man to indulge in idle threats, and he told me, not once, but many times, that on the day I married Edward Huntley he would leave everything which he possessed to you. I am sure that he must have done this, and it is *you* who would give me what you think should be mine, but which I cannot take, for I forfeited all right to it."

"You will take it because it was your father's wish that you should do so," Thyrle answered, quietly. "Listen to me: I have no proof of what I am about to tell you, but I am sure that you will ask no proof beyond my word. When your father was on his death-bed he told me that he had made a will leaving his fortune to me; but he simply intended that I should hold it in trust for you and your children. If he had left it to you openly it would have been to leave it to your husband as well, and that—for your sake, chiefly—he would not do. It is nominally mine, but it is really yours; and, whenever you think it safe that it should be settled on you, it shall be done. Meanwhile I ask that you will use it as if it were legally, as well as morally, your own."

Before he could imagine what she was about to do, she caught his hand and raised it to her lips.

"Was ever folly and madness like mine?" she cried. "O Julian! if I gave you pain, believe that I have suffered, suffered, suffered in expiation of it! For Meta's sake, I will take whatever you choose to give me; but I do not deserve anything."

"It is not I who give, but your father," he replied. "His last words were, 'Find her—care for her—say that I forgive—'"

"And do *you* forgive?" she asked, passionately. "I wronged you deeply, and you have been untiring in your kindness; but kindness is not always forgiveness. Tell me, can you forgive?"

"I forgave long ago," he answered.

But, even as he spoke, something—was it the touch of her lips on his hand?—waked such a rush of old memories, that he was forced to turn and pass quickly away to the calm majesty of the outer world, where the radiant stars and steadfast mountains kept watch together.

II.

THE sun had sunk behind the great peaks, leaving the cove at their feet in almost twilight shadow,

though a glow from the golden west still rested on the crests of the eastern heights. The evening air had all the purity and freshness of a mountain atmosphere, together with the chill keenness of early spring, but Annot Lawlie did not appear to heed the last as she stood leaning over the low gate of her father's home, with her eyes fastened on the faintly-outlined crescent of the new moon which hung in the pearly sky just above the summit of one of the mountains which inclosed the little valley known as "Lawlie's Cove."

In this attitude she made a pretty picture, for her figure was charmingly rounded, and her face, without possessing any particular grace of feature, was exceedingly fresh and fair. A blooming complexion, a piquant nose, a mouth which, with its cleft scarlet, was so ripe and tempting that few people paused to consider that its expression was not altogether pleasant; large blue eyes under sunny lashes, and an abundance of auburn hair so much inclined to curl that the shorter hairs made gold-tinted rings and tendrils on the white forehead and neck.

Thus endowed with personal gifts, it was no wonder that Annot was the belle of the neighborhood as far as belleship was possible in the secluded mountain-region where inhabitants were few, and social customs, generally speaking, of the simplest possible description—as far, too, it may be added, as she would accept the admiration which every eligible man was ready to offer her. She had been brought to this highland country in her early childhood, but she had never learned to like it, and the tradition of other things—of another life, to which she felt she had been in a manner born—was so strong with her that, as she grew older, her spirit rose in rebellion against the simple forms in which her life was cast, and the mountains that in solemn repose looked down upon the scenes where her childhood and youth had been spent wore to her the aspect of prison-walls.

She had not yet taken her eyes from the crescent, which was momentarily growing brighter, when the tramp of a horse's feet broke the stillness which reigned over the scene. A moment later a horseman rode out of the forest-arched road, which, together with a small river, came through a pass of the hills.

A better type of the handsome, stalwart mountaineer than Ellis Kane it would have been difficult to find. His athletic figure, with its broad chest and firmly-knit limbs, had not a pound of superfluous flesh; and his frank face, with its strongly-marked features and clear, brown eyes, indicated honesty and daring in equal proportion. It was a face which won liking and inspired trust, yet which conveyed warning as well; for no one could look on it and doubt that, under provocation, the man would prove a dangerous foe.

As he emerged from the shadow of the forest, and saw the girl leaning over the low gate, his eyes brightened with an expression of pleasure, and, riding up to her, he sprang from the saddle.

"Good-evening, Annot," he said. "I am glad to find you here."

"Good-evening, Ellis," she answered. "Where do you come from?"

"From the post-office, and I have your father's mail," he replied, drawing a newspaper and two or three letters from his pocket. "None of them are for you," he added, as he glanced at the last.

"I did not suppose they were," she said, carelessly. "Nobody ever writes to me, and I am glad of it. Letters must be a nuisance, I think."

"Do you?" said the young man. "*I* think they must be very pleasant, when one cares for the person who writes them."

"Oh, I suppose so, *when* one cares for the person who writes them. But, you see, I don't care for anybody—who is away."

The pause before the last words was full of coquetry, and so was the upward glance which accompanied them; but Kane was well used to such glances, and did not derive great satisfaction from this.

"I wonder if you care for anybody who is near?" he said. "I've heard that it takes a wise man to tell what a woman means, but I think it would take more than one wise man to tell what *you* mean, Annot. However, I have some news for you—I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to Georgia to look after some property which has come to my mother from the death of a brother."

"Indeed!" crid Annot, with an accession of interest. "How nice to be going away!—and to look after property makes it still nicer."

"I can't say that I think it nice," Kane answered. "It is not convenient for me to leave home, but it can't be helped. Only—I did think that you might be a little sorry, Annot."

"Of course I am sorry," said Annot, promptly. "I don't know how I shall get on without you—but then, you won't be gone long?"

"That depends on what you call long. There will be other heirs, and the property will have to be sold and a division made, so that it may be a month or two before I get back."

"So long!" said Annot—and now her face *did* fall a little. "I am sorry."

"Are you?" said Kane, in a tone of pleasure. "I wish I could hope that it would be sooner. I'll make it sooner if I can. And now about the letters—you'll write to me, won't you?"

"I don't think so," she replied. "What is the good of it? You can hear of me, and I can hear of you, through your mother; and when we see each other again we'll have all the more to tell."

Kane's face grew darkly overcast.

"If *that's* how much you care for me," he said, "it's high time I said good-by to you for good, I think. If it is enough for you to merely know that I am alive, I'll not trouble you with any further news of me, you may be sure."

With this he was turning away, and it is probable that he would have mounted his horse and gone, if Annot had not laid her hand on his arm.

"Now you are angry," she said, "and, because you are angry, you are unjust. I did not mean to vex you—I only meant that I have never written any letters, and I do not at all know what I will write about; but if you insist—"

"I don't insist," he interrupted. "If you cannot do it of your own will, I had rather you did not do it at all."

"You may be sure I would *not* do it if I did not do it of my own will," she said. "But if you really want to hear from me, I will write—only, I give you warning I shall have nothing to say."

"You can have the best thing of all to say—if you will. Say that you love me, and I shall not care if there is nothing else in the letter."

"Shall you not? That makes the matter easy, then. I shall simply say: 'Dear Ellis, I love you. Yours truly, Annot Lawlie.' Will that do?"

"That will do very well—but it will be better if you add, 'I am ready to marry you when you come back.'"

"But I shall not think of adding that—for it would not be true."

"But I want it to be true, Annot, dear Annot—and why should it not be?"

"Ah! we want a great deal that we can't get," said Annot, saucily. "Don't begin about that stupid matter of marrying, or I shall be glad you are going away. Do you know that we are expecting father this evening, with the gentleman who is to see about the mine? I came out here to look for them—not for you!"

"I didn't suppose you came to look for me. But, as long as you are here, you'll wait while I go in the house and give Mrs. Lawlie a message from my mother, won't you?"

"If my step-mother once gets hold of you, there is no telling how long I may be obliged to wait, so I won't promise; but give me your rein, and perhaps you'll find me here when you come back."

He placed his rein in the hand she extended.

"If Mrs. Lawlie keeps me more than five minutes she will have to do it by force," he said. "I'll trust you without a promise—for once."

He was not gone longer than the five minutes of which he spoke. Indeed, it was hardly so long as that when Annot, though she did not turn her head, heard his quick tread behind her. Reaching her side, he paused and looked at the fair face with admiration, fondness, and reproach, mingled in his gaze.

"*I* am not afraid to give a promise or to keep it, either," he said. "There's nothing in my power I wouldn't promise to do for you, Annot; yet you wouldn't promise to wait five minutes for me."

"But I waited five minutes without promising," she answered, with a smile. "There's nothing I wouldn't rather have as a free gift than because it was promised—that is the difference between us."

"A promise is a free gift, isn't it?" he asked. "Surely, if you have given me your heart, Annot, a promise to marry me would not be a bondage."

"Yes, it would," she said, hastily. "I should feel bound hand and foot if I promised—anything. I don't know why it is, but I have a dread of binding myself. I always have had."

"But you must bind yourself some time," said Kane, "and why shouldn't it be now—now, when I am going away? I have told you again and again how much I love you, and you have made me believe that you love me, yet you will not promise to be my wife. Why do you act so? Why are you not open and honest? It seems strange that any woman should like to keep a man in such suspense."

Annot did not answer. She turned her face away, and her gaze rested once more on the moon, now poised like a silver boat just over the mountain's brow.

"Have you seen the new moon?" she said, abruptly. "I was looking at it and making a wish for good-luck just before you came."

"Was it about me?" he asked. "If I made a wish, it would be about you. Was yours about me?"

She uttered a laugh which was clear and ringing, yet not sweet.

"No," she said; "my wish was not about you. It was about something nearer my heart than anything else."

"And what is nearer to your heart than anything else?" he asked, in a tone of jealous pain.

She turned her head and looked at him. The handsome, honest face, the frank, anxious eyes might, it seemed, have touched the heart of which he spoke; but Annot only smiled again—the bright, coquettish smile which had baffled his earnestness often before.

"My wish was this," she said, "that the mine may turn out all that father thinks it. If it does, oh, if it does, do you know what will happen, Ellis?"

A dark cloud came again over her companion's face.

"You have never been like yourself since that"—a pause—"mine was discovered," he said. "I don't know what would happen if it turned out all your father thinks it, but I do know that it will never turn out anything except a place to sink money in."

"We shall see about that," said the girl, with a nod of defiance. "The gentleman who is coming will tell us all about it, and it was thinking how much hangs on his coming that made me wish for good-luck as soon as I saw the new moon."

"Then I will wish for good-luck, too," said the young man, and, putting his arm about her, he drew her closer to him. "I wish for the good-luck that you may learn that there are better things in the world than money," he said, with a passionate vibration in his voice; "that you may find it isn't often a man loves a woman as I love you, and that you may have done with fooling, and give me a faithful promise to be my wife. That is *my* wish," he said, with emphasis, as the moon sank out of sight behind the dark mountain-crest. "Isn't it better than yours, Annot?"

"I—don't know," said Annot. She did not shrink from his embrace, but there was a passiveness

in her manner of receiving it which almost amounted to indifference. In fact, she was thinking as he spoke—thinking with curious coolness for one so young—that he was bound fast by his devotion to herself, and that she liked him well enough to marry him if Fate offered her no better chance. He was the best match in all the country-side—the richest, handsomest, most popular man—but her ambition leaped beyond that limited world, and longed for a wider field. If this wider field was not to be attained, she would not reject the next best gift of Fortune. The odds were greatly in Kane's favor, but there was one chance—one slender chance—against him, and while that chance remained, Annot was firmly determined to bind herself by no pledge. He might believe anything that pleased him—she would listen to his wooing, and accept his caresses—but give a definite promise she would not. With this intention fixed in her mind, she lifted her eyes again and looked up in his face.

"The moon has gone down, carrying both our wishes with her," she said, gayly. "We must wait now, and see what comes of them. We shall know, perhaps, by the time you come back."

"I haven't much trust in the moon," said Kane. "She is too much like a woman—never the same thing twice."

"It's a dull thing that never changes," said Annot—and, though the dusk was deepening, he saw the dimples which her smile always brought coming and going about her mouth. "Would you change women if you could?" she went on. Then her voice sank, and grew yet softer. "Would you change *me* if you could?" she asked.

Kane caught his breath quickly.

"God knows it might be better for me if I could say 'Yes!'" he answered, with a vehemence she was not expecting. "But I can't — you know I can't! I would not change you in little or great, if I could. I love you just as you are. Annot, *do* you love me?"

It was no time for fencing, and Annot felt as much. All the passion of the man's nature was roused, and found utterance in that direct question. Like many another woman, she shrank from the fire she had wakened—but shrank too late. The arm around her tightened its grasp, until she found herself strained against the broad chest.

"How can you ask such a question?" she said, half thrilled, half frightened. "Would I be here with you like—like this, if I didn't love you? Oh, you should not!—you should not!"—he was kissing her repeatedly—"I hear the sound of wheels. Father is coming. Let me go!"

The instant his arms unclosed, she sprang away from him, and darted with the speed of a deer to the house.

III.

THE wheels Annot had heard were those of a buggy, which was approaching the house in a direction opposite to that from which Kane had come. The latter, knowing whom it contained, and being in no mood to meet Mr. Lawlie and the stranger accompanying him, mounted his horse and rode away at a brisk pace as the vehicle appeared in sight.

Two masculine figures were seated in it, one of which was considerably larger and stouter than the other. Beyond this fact, the twilight rendered the personal appearance of both very much a matter of conjecture.

"Here we are, Mr. Thyrle," said the larger man, as they drew up before the gate. "I'm afraid you've found the day's travel very hard."

"A little hard, but quite interesting," answered the other. "Is this your home? A pleasant place, so far as I can judge."

"It's not such a place as I'd like it to be," answered Mr. Lawlie, descending to the ground, "but I hope we can make you comfortable in a plain way. —Hurry up, Tom, for Dolly has traveled well today, and deserves the best you can give her."

The last words were addressed to a boy, who came from a stable which they had passed.

"My second son, Mr. Thyrle," the speaker went on. Then he opened the gate. "We'll walk in," he said. "The boys can attend to the baggage."

They walked in, and followed a narrow path toward the house, through the open door of which the leaping blaze of a wood-fire showed with bright effect. As they advanced, Thyrle wondered what manner of place this would prove, which seemed buried so far in the recesses of the silent hills. All day he had been journeying toward it, amid scenes of constantly-increasing grandeur. As afternoon waned into evening, the road penetrated farther and farther into the heart of the great mountains. Forest-clad heights inclosed the way, while deep abysses, where flashing streams plunged and roared, lay far below. The end was this—a peaceful cove, dark sentinel-peaks, unseen water murmuring over stones, a fire shining through an open door.

Into the apartment thus revealed, Mr. Lawlie introduced his guest.

"Sit down," he said. "I'll find somebody to show you your room."

As he went out, Thyrle looked round a little curiously. Already he had been struck by several incongruities in the man who had become his host, and he was not mistaken in the expectation of finding these incongruities reflected in his abode. Evidently the record of two existences met in this unpapered and unpainted room. A few engravings on the walls, a bookcase full of well-bound books, and three or four articles of old-fashioned furniture, attested past refinement, probably past prosperity, while, with these exceptions, everything spoke of the laborious simplicity attendant upon the life of an ordinary mountain-farmer.

By the time he had finished his survey, and drawn his conclusion, Mr. Lawlie returned, accompanied by a middle-aged woman of angular appearance, whom he introduced as his wife.

"I'm glad you've come at last," she said to Thyrle, as if he had been expected a long time, and had deliberately failed to fulfill that expectation. "I hope you'll put Mr. Lawlie's mind at rest about

the mine that's set him crazy. He's been no good at all since he found out there's gold in the mountain, and if it hadn't been that the boys kept their heads a little steadier, I don't know what we would have done. I don't believe in mines myself—except for selling. I've never known any good come of 'em any other way. As I've told him all along, if he can sell it—"

"Mr. Thyrle would like to go to his room, Susan," suggested Mr. Lawlie," stemming the tide of words.

"It's all ready for him," said Mrs. Lawlie. "The room on the piazza, next the boys'."

Half an hour later Thyrle met the family at the supper-table, where a number of young Lawlies were presented to his consideration. Supper had been in progress several minutes when Mr. Lawlie said:

"Where is Annot? I have not seen her."

"She'll be in after a while, I suppose," Mrs. Lawlie answered. "If she wasn't at the gate when you came, she hadn't been gone from it long, for Ellis Kane was there. He brought the mail, and a message for me from his mother, but rushed off in such a hurry, that I'd hardly time to send an answer. I followed him to the door to make him hear me, but I saw Annot standing at the gate, and I knew *then* there was no use in trying to talk to him."

A general laugh followed this, and, before it subsided, a slight noise made Thyrle glance up, and he perceived a girl standing in the open door just in front of him. She evidently understood the cause of the mirth, for her face was set in a look of unmistakable anger.

"I was not thinking of Ellis Kane when I went to the gate," she said—her ringing voice taking every one else by surprise—"I went there to look for father, and Ellis came—I could not help his coming."

"I don't expect you would have tried to help it, if you could," said Mrs. Lawlie. "Come in to supper. Here's your father and the gentleman you've been so anxious about."

"Come in, Annot—no harm was meant," said Mr. Lawlie.—"My oldest daughter, Mr. Thyrle," he added, as Annot advanced.

Thyrle rose and bowed. Unconsciously he felt—even in this first minute of their meeting—that Annot, like the old furniture, was part of her father's former existence, and out of place in his present life.

Annot, on her part, saw a man whose appearance fascinated her at once. She did not think him very handsome, but the refinement which characterized him had for her a charm greater than any degree of personal beauty. Her swift glance took in and scrutinized every detail of his appearance.

"He is a gentleman!" she said to herself in astonishment; for it had never occurred to her that the man "interested in ores" would prove anything like this. After she sat down to the table, her eyes wandered to him again and again—full of a curiosity she could not repress, and which presently attracted the attention of its object.

"A pretty creature," he thought, "with evident signs of gentle blood. Is it a pity for her that her father's life has sunk to such obscure conditions? Who can tell?"

While thinking this, he was amused by Mrs. Lawlie's manifest determination that the subject of Ellis Kane should not drop. In the first lull of the mineralogical conversation which her husband had been sustaining, she addressed him:

"Have you heard the news about the Kanes, Mr. Lawlie? There's nothing like some people's luck! There's Ellis, with the best land in the settlement, and I don't know how much money, and here's his mother's brother died out in Georgia, and left her ever so much more."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lawlie, with interest. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I never grudge my neighbors their luck; and there's not a better young man in the country than Ellis Kane."

"It's no wonder you think so," replied Mrs. Lawlie. "He'll make the best kind of a son-in-law, *that* I always said. But if Annot don't take care"—and here she nodded warningly at the girl, whose brow was like a thunder-cloud—"she may lose him at last. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and, while she's playing with Ellis, there's any number of other girls ready to take him at a word."

"They are perfectly welcome to take him," said Annot, haughtily. "If anybody supposes that I care—"

"Never mind, never mind!" interrupted Mr. Lawlie, who had no taste for a domestic breeze. "Things will come right, I dare say—young people must be young.—Now about that ore, Mr. Thyrle—"

Mr. Thyrle was not so much interested in the ore but that he felt able to be amused by the interlude just passed. It seemed to him like a glimpse of an old story—the obnoxious suitor, the reluctant maiden, the mercenary parents—a group of characters whom rhyme and prose have made familiar to us.

"How human nature repeats itself in all grades of life!" he thought. "There is no variety whatever in its combinations. The play called existence would be more interesting if it contained more novelty."

Having a taste for the study of character, he was not sorry that an opportunity to address Annot occurred after supper. The fire in the great chimney of the sitting-room was leaping and sparkling, and with its brilliant light making of small account the lamp which was supposed to illuminate the apartment. The family was gathered round the hearth in a large half-circle; and Thyrle had been talking to Mr. Lawlie, until the latter was called away. Then the young man rose and walked to a shelf which was covered with specimens of ores, and near which Annot was sitting—the ruddy firelight falling over her bent head with its crown of sunny hair, her rose-tinted cheek, and graceful fig-

ure, over her small sunburned hands, and the heavy gray stocking which she was knitting, while the light flashed back from her steel needles. It was a pretty picture, and struck Thyrle as a bit of *genre* painting might have done. Feeling his gaze, she glanced up, and, meeting her eyes, he spoke:

"I was just wondering if you are Scotch, Miss Lawlie! Your name is distinctively so."

"I believe my father is of Scotch descent," she answered, "and he gave me his mother's name; but I do not consider myself Scotch, because *my* mother was of pure English blood."

He hesitated a moment, then said:

"You do not speak of your father's present wife?"

"No"—and he saw her lip curl—"my mother died when I was a child—soon after my father came here to live. She could not endure this rough, hard life. It killed her—which was not strange, I am sure."

The bitterness of her tone, the swift, disdainful glance of her eye over her surroundings, spoke volumes to Thyrle, and waked his interest and sympathy at once. In fact, these qualities of his nature were generally ready to be waked, and might be accounted the weakest points in that armor with which every man instinctively girds himself to fight the world. The gentleness of his voice was very marked as he said:

"I can fancy that such a life as this might prove very hard to one of delicate rearing; yet it has not killed *you*."

She flushed, and sent a doubtful glance at his face before she answered.

"My rearing has not been delicate—I think you must see that. I was very young when my father came here, and I have been brought up among rough people, and accustomed to rough ways. I have never grown reconciled to the life—I never shall, I suppose—but things are as they must be, and they are never likely to change—unless the mine turns out right."

"Are you, too, counting on the mine?" said he. "That is a pity."

She looked up at him again—anxiety in her eyes, the breath half hushed on her lips.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "What do you know about the mine—as yet?"

"I do not know a great deal about it," he replied; "but I have seen the disappointment of so many hopes based on things of the kind, that I never expect very brilliant fruition for them. Moderate expectations are best—if only because no terrible disappointment can follow."

"It is cruel of you to talk like this!" she said, in a quivering voice. "How can you know?—how can you tell? I have looked for your coming with so much hope; and now—"

"Now," he said, as she paused, "I am only giving you a friendly warning. I see, however, that it comes too late. You have set your heart upon the treasure which the mountains may yield."

"It is my only hope—my only hope!" she said, passionately. "If you could know—but I can't tell you—how much hangs on it! You may think me foolish, but I feel that I was intended for a different life from this, and the mine is my only hope of reaching it. If that comes to nothing, I must live and die here."

She clasped her hands, from which the knitting had fallen, and looked at him as if the power to produce gold from the mountain had been at his will. He was a man of quick feeling as well as quick perceptions, and he understood all that she implied.

"We will hope for the best," he said, kindly. "Perhaps the mine may realize all your expectations. From what I know, I have great hope of it."

The conversation ended here, for Mr. Lawlie reentered at the moment; but the passionate earnestness which Annot had displayed impressed itself deeply upon the recollection of her listener, and his last thought on going to bed that night was:

"For her sake, I trust the mine may prove all that Lawlie thinks it."

IV.

WHETHER it was fortunate or unfortunate for Ellis Kane that he took his departure for Georgia without seeing the man who had come to examine Mr. Lawlie's mine, can only be determined by deciding on the truth or folly of the aphorism which affirms that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. He was jealous of the mine (which, if it proved valuable, would, he felt well assured, divide Annot from him); but such jealousy did not greatly disturb his peace of mind, while there can be no doubt that this peace would have been entirely shattered if he had even faintly imagined what manner of man was domesticated in Mr. Lawlie's house, talking to Annot, walking with Annot, altogether advancing very fast along the path of intimacy.

That he did *not* know, was a fact on which Annot greatly congratulated herself. What he would say when he returned, it did not require any great stretch of imagination to determine; but hers was essentially an epicurean nature, and she enjoyed the sunshine of to-day, without troubling herself with regard to the clouds which to-morrow might bring.

It was very bright sunshine—such as had never shone upon her before—which seemed kindling all her familiar world to glory at this time. In the first place, Thyrle's decision upon the mine was very favorable. After spending several days among the rocks, armed with an exploring-hammer, he ended Mr. Lawlie's suspense by declaring that he thought the mine well worth working.

"So far as laid bare, the veins do not seem very rich," he said; "but there are indications which lead me to believe that they will become more valuable as we advance."

On the strength of this opinion, the company which he represented entered into an arrangement with Mr. Lawlie, and before many weeks had rolled round men were at work digging into the heart of the great mountain—on whose face of shining cliff

the veins of precious metal had been found. For more than a thousand feet this cliff rose perpendicularly over the peaceful valley nestling at its feet, and seen from a distance presented the aspect of a sheer precipice, though, when approached more nearly, many escarpments and ledges of rock were revealed, by means of which ascent was practicable.

The massive rocks were soon reverberating with explosions which tore them apart, and as time went on, and the ore began to be taken out in quantities which gave promise of justifying Thyrle's prediction, the Lawlie star rose higher and brighter, until it attained full meridian splendor in the eyes of Mr. Lawlie's friends and neighbors. Up to the present time they had regarded "Lawlie's gold-mine" with stolid incredulity—considering it one of the many "notions" of a man by no means fitted for practical purposes; but they opened their eyes at these energetic proceedings, and came in numbers to handle the bars of metal which the ore yielded. The first of these Thyrle carried to Annot, and smiled at the rapture which shone in her eyes.

"The mountain is giving up its treasure," he said. "Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" She lifted the bar of gold and kissed it. "That is how well I am satisfied," she said.

"You are at least open in rendering homage to that which the world worships," said Thyrle—only half jestingly.

Catching the rebuke in his voice, she looked at him with the air of one who is wholly misunderstood.

"I thought you would know why I kissed it," she replied. "It was not because it is money, but because it means freedom.

'Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys'—

and I feel that I have my golden key at last."

Thyrle smiled again. He had learned to know Annot, and Mr. Lawlie's library, well enough not to be surprised at her quoting Tennyson.

"Give me your golden key," he said, "and I will have it cast into a more enduring form for you. In the days to come you will like to have a souvenir of the first-fruits of the mine."

He carried the bar away, and Annot did not demur, though she would have liked to keep the metal in its first crude form as a proof of the reality of her dreams.

She did not regret that she had parted with it, however, when, a few weeks later, Thyrle placed a sealed package in her hand and bade her open it. When the wrappings were removed, one of the morocco cases in which jewelers keep their wares was revealed, and, when the top of this flew back, there was a shimmer of gold before her eyes which presently resolved into a delicately-wrought necklace with a pendant in the form of a key.

"Oh!" said Annot, drawing a long breath. "O Mr. Thyrle! this is surely not for *me?*"

"For whom else should it be?" he asked. "I hope it pleases you."

"Pleases me! I should be a strange person if it did not please me—should I not? It is lovelier than anything I ever saw before—in fact, it is far too lovely for me! What can I do with it?"

"Can you not wear it?" asked he, with a laugh.

"Not here—not now. You must see that it does not suit—anything."

"But it will suit everything. You will find it a very simple ornament when you spread your wings for flight to the world where you belong."

"Do I belong to it?" asked she, wistfully. "I wish I was sure of it; but sometimes I feel as if—as if I shall never be able to shake off this life here."

"Nay," said he, kindly, "have more faith in your golden key—have more faith in *me*. You shall belong to the world of which you dream some day—that I promise you."

She looked up at him gratefully.

"How good you are!" she said. "And how glad I am that you came! I was almost ready to despair, but now— Here is my step-mother," she broke off, quickly, as Mrs. Lawlie's voice sounded at the door. "I must show her what your conjuring has done for me."

"And I must go to the mine," said Thyrle, seizing his hat and making his escape.

"Poor girl!" he said to himself, after he had gone out into the soft, bright beauty of the spring day. "Her desire for the world is plainly no vulgar longing for wealth, but a strong natural yearning for grace and refinement. I, too, am glad, for her sake, that I came here. Whatever happens, she must be released. If the mine does not fulfill our expectations, I will ask Helen to take charge of her."

Annot, meanwhile, found in her step-mother an admirer of her new possession as ardent as she could desire.

"I have often heard," said Mrs. Lawlie, "that it's better to be born lucky than to be born rich; and, if you are not a lucky girl, Annot, I don't know who is!"

"I have not found any luck in my life so far," said Annot, "but I'm willing to believe that it's coming since I've seen *this* made from the gold of the mine."

"I wonder if you believe all that was made from the piece of gold Mr. Thyrle sent away?" said Mrs. Lawlie, holding up the glittering ornament.

"Mr. Thyrle says it was," replied Annot. "He knows best."

"He knows best what he has a mind to spend his money on," said Mrs. Lawlie; "but then he has plenty to spend, so it don't matter to him, I reckon."

"*Has* he plenty?" inquired Annot, curiously. "How do you know?"

"I heard Mr. Murphy" (this was the superintendent of the mine) "talking to your father," answered Mrs. Lawlie. "It was only the other day he said that Mr. Thyrle is as rich as can be, and that it's a queer thing what he wants to be examining rocks for when he has more money than he knows what to do with."

"I don't believe Mr. Murphy knows what he is talking about," said Annot. "If Mr. Thyrle was rich, why should he come here?"

"There's no accounting for people's tastes," replied Mrs. Lawlie, sagely. "Your father says he's so fond of rocks that he'd rather be about them than doing anything else. I don't suppose there's any doubt as to his being rich. Mr. Murphy says he had an uncle who died and left him near a million. So, you see, a little gold more or less needn't matter to him when he wants to give a present."

Notwithstanding the confusion among Mrs. Lawlie's personal pronouns, the drift of her meaning was sufficiently clear; and, although Annot did not speak, it was evident that she was thinking deeply. In truth, an idea darted into her mind which had never entered it until that moment. The mine was all very well, but might not a shorter and better way to the world for which she longed be opening before her? If this story were true of Thyrle, it was like a romance—a romance specially for *her*. Did Fortune mean to make glorious amends for all her long waiting? Was she, indeed, "born lucky?" It was, at least, certain that she was born fair, and who can deny that beauty is often the best of luck? Then, what had Thyrle said? He had bidden her have "more faith" in her golden key; he had pledged his word that she should belong to the world for which she yearned. When he spoke she had fancied that he was talking of the mine; but now—was this a wild dream, or was the key on which her eyes fell destined to open another door?

"It seems very strange," she said, at last. "I don't understand why a rich man should come to a place like this; but—perhaps Mr. Murphy knows."

"He knows," said Mrs. Lawlie, with a nod which implied perfect reliance on Mr. Murphy. "He said to me yesterday that he can't pretend to tell what brought Mr. Thyrle here, but it's easy enough to tell what keeps him. I say again, Annot, that you are a lucky girl, and, if *you* don't see it, you are blind—that's all."

Apparently Annot did see all that was meant, for a sudden vivid blush sprang into her face, and dyed even her white neck.

"You don't know—you can't tell," she was beginning, hurriedly, when a sound of steps and voices approaching made her instinctively return the necklace to its case.

Hardly had the top of the case descended, when one of the children appeared ushering in a middle-aged woman, who was no other than the mother of Ellis Kane.

The blush on Annot's face could hardly have deepened more if it had been Ellis himself, but she rose and greeted the visitor with a sufficient appearance of cordiality.

"I thought I'd call in and see how you are all getting on," the latter said, after Mrs. Lawlie—who felt a trifle like a conspirator—had expressed pleasure at seeing her, begged her to sit down, to remove her bonnet, etc. "No, I'm obliged to you; I can't stay long. I've been at my sister's for a week, but I got a letter from Ellis yesterday saying that he'll be home by to-morrow, so I'm on my way there to get things ready for him."

"You must be glad Ellis is coming," said Mrs. Lawlie. "He's been away nearly two months, if I remember right."

"It'll be two months next Monday," replied Mrs. Kane, "and a long two months it's seemed to me. You've got a husband and a houseful of children, Mrs. Lawlie; so, if one goes, or two goes, it don't make much difference; but, if you was a widow like me, with only one, you'd know what it was to miss him when he went away."

"Yes, I reckon I would," said Mrs. Lawlie, sympathizingly. "But it isn't many women has such a son as Ellis, Mrs. Kane."

"I know that," said Mrs. Kane, proudly. "He's the best son that ever breathed, and I don't believe there's his equal in the world. But I'm a foolish old woman when I talk about him, I know.—What do you think, Miss Annot?"

The keen brown eyes—so like Ellis's own—turned to the girl's face, and if there was something of distrust in them, Annot's own conscience told her how well that distrust was deserved. She held her own bravely, however, and answered with her usual lightness of tone:

"I've no doubt Ellis *is* the best son in the world, Mrs. Kane; but I'm afraid you spoil him dreadfully. If you don't take care, he'll expect his wife, when he gets one, to worship him as you do."

"And she would not be worth my boy's having, if she *didn't*," said Mrs. Kane, who often found Annot too flippant to please her. "He asked me in his last letter if I couldn't give him some news of you," she went on, still gazing steadily at the girl. "He hasn't heard from you in some time, he said."

"I haven't written to him in some time," answered Annot. "It seemed absurd to keep on writing when I had nothing to write about."

Mrs. Lawlie cleared her throat as a warning to the speaker; but, although Annot knew perfectly what the sound was intended for, it had no more effect upon her than the rising anger which was apparent in Mrs. Kane's countenance.

"It's likely you've been better employed also," said the latter. "I hear a great deal of talk about this Mr. Thyrle who's staying here. People say that he's paying attention to you. That's a fine thing for Ellis to hear when he comes back from Georgia!"

"If people choose to talk about what doesn't concern them, I can't help it," replied Annot; "and if Ellis chooses to listen to them I don't care. What's between him and me is between him and me only, and nobody else has any business with it."

"Not even his own mother, I suppose," said Mrs. Kane. "Well, there are some hard things to bear in this world, and maybe I'll have to look on and see my boy hurt as only a woman that he loves can hurt a man; but one thing is certain—*you* will have to suffer for it if you do this thing, Annot Lawlie I'll not be wicked enough to say that I wish you

harm, but I know that God's blessing will never be on anybody who has acted such a false and cruel part."

Despite herself, Annot shrank a little from the gleam of the brown eyes—more like Ellis's than ever in their anger—but she preserved her outward coolness of demeanor unchanged.

"You'd better wait until you know what kind of part I'm going to act, Mrs. Kane," she said. "You are no friend of mine, I know—and if you choose, you can keep Ellis from ever coming near me again—I shall not cry for him or any other man, you may be sure—but you needn't call it *my* fault, if you do!"

"I've no desire to keep him from you," said Mrs. Kane, "and, to prove as much, I shall not tell him a word of what I've heard. But I give you warning he won't stand much more fooling. If you mean to act honestly with him, you'd better let him know it at once."

Annot flung her head back disdainfully. At no time would such advice have been palatable to her, but at present it was positively offensive.

"Ellis must do as he likes," she said. "I shall not change my ways to suit him."

"If you tell him that," said Mrs. Kane, dryly, "I think it will be enough." Then fearing that she might injure the cause of her son, whose happiness was, after all, nearer to her heart than anything else, she added more gently: "But I hope you won't tell him so, for he has a spirit of his own, and, if you once drive him away from you, you'll lose what all the gold in your mine can't replace. But I must be going," she added, rising from her chair.—"I hope you'll come over some day, Mrs. Lawlie—that is, if your new luck hasn't made you look down on your old friends."

Mrs. Lawlie was about to disclaim any such feeling, when, as Annot rose, the jewel-case, which she had for a moment forgotten, fell from her lap to the floor; and, the spring of the clasp not having caught, it opened, and the golden necklace rolled out in full view.

"There now, Annot!—see what you have done!" cried Mrs. Lawlie, sharply, while Mrs. Kane involuntarily paused and stood still, with her eyes fixed on the ornament thus revealed. She did not utter a word, but the expression of her face was so eloquent of her thoughts that Mrs. Lawlie felt called upon to interpose.

"It's only some of the gold from the mine," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Thyrle had it worked up like this to please Annot. Perhaps you'd like to look at it, Mrs. Kane. We don't see such finery here in the mountains often."

She held out her hand as she spoke; but Mrs. Kane turned away.

"No, thank you," she said, stiffly. "I've seen quite enough."

Then, without a glance toward Annot, she walked out of the house.

V.

It is probable that the sight of Annot's glittering treasure—her golden key to the gate of fortune—hardened Mrs. Kane's heart, and made her feel that she was absolved from the promise of non-intervention which she had voluntarily given. Not to warn Ellis would be to leave him exposed to the duplicity of this artful girl, who plainly had no honest intentions toward him; and so it came to pass that the first evening which Ellis passed under his own roof, after two months' absence, was enlivened by accounts of the new admirer whom Annot had found; of her careless, defiant manner; and, lastly, of the trinket which a mere accident had revealed.

"*That* was the worst of all," said Mrs. Kane. "She had those things hidden in her lap all the time, and if there had been no harm in them what would have been more natural than for her to show them to an old friend like me? As soon as they fell, Mrs. Lawlie spoke up and said they'd been made from the gold of the mine, and Mr. Thyrle had it done to please Annot—but Annot never said a word, so I came away and left her. If you take my advice, it's the way you'll leave her too, Ellis. She's only keeping you off and on until she finds out whether she can do better; and if she can, she'll jilt you—take my word for that."

"I can't take anybody's word but her own for that," said Ellis. "You mean well, mother, I know, and it's likely enough you are right; but when a man has set his heart on a woman, as I've set mine for many a day on Annot Lawlie, he can't give her up. I could fight for her to the last extremity, and then kill her sooner than see her belong to another man—that is the way I feel."

"When she doesn't care anything for you?" said his mother, with indignation which had in it a touch of contempt.

"If she doesn't care for me now, she has changed her mind since I went away—yes, later than that," he answered. "I could show you her own letters in which she says that she loves me. But she is young and foolish, and this mine has turned her head. I always knew that it would, and so—not because I wished Lawlie ill-luck, but because I wanted to keep Annot—I hoped it would come to nothing."

When Annot heard—as she did speedily—that Ellis Kane was back, her heart quaked with a foreboding of coming trouble. Indeed, it was more than a foreboding, it was a certainty which oppressed her, for no one who knew Kane could doubt that he would be no laggard in claiming what he believed to be his own—and what good reason he had for believing her to be his own, Annot was sadly aware. "He has no right over me—none at all," she said to herself, by way of fortifying her sinking courage; but she knew that he had a terrible power of annoyance; and from annoyance, in greater or lesser degree, every fibre of her nature shrank.

Her face betrayed this repugnance of feeling very plainly when she first heard of his arrival—which chanced to be at the supper-table, before the assembled family.

"As I was coming from the mill this evening, I met Ellis Kane," announced Steve, the eldest boy.

"He was on his way home—just back from Georgia. He asked particular about you all, and told me to tell Annot he'll be over to-morrow."

Everybody looked at Annot—Mr. and Mrs. Lawlie apprehensively, Thyrle curiously, and the children instinctively—but for once she kept her eyes lowered, and said not a word. No one could mistake this silence for the reserve of happiness, however. The gay lights, the soft curves, seemed suddenly to fade out of her face, which darkened and hardened the instant Kane's name fell on her ear. The sympathy which in this very place, and on this very subject, Thyrle had felt for her once before, he now felt again.

"She is sorry to hear that her obnoxious lover has returned," he said to himself. "She must be relieved from such a persecution—on that I am determined."

If Annot had been aware of his sympathy, it might have comforted her somewhat; but she was too deeply disturbed to gather the full meaning of his glance when she lifted her own at last and met it. In order to be alone, she rose and slipped away from the table, and when Thyrle went into the sitting-room he missed her from her accustomed seat.

As time went on, and she did not appear, he began to wonder why the news of this man's arrival should concern her so much. Then the idea that she might have been drawn into an engagement against her will occurred to him, and he determined to speak openly to her on the subject. "I think I have won her friendship far enough to venture to do that," he thought. "I think she would not refuse to let me help her if she were drawn into the false position of being engaged to a man for whom she plainly does not care."

Presently, since she still did not appear, he resigned all hope of seeing her that night, and, according to his usual custom, went out for an *al-fresco* cigar. Then, when he had ceased to think of her, he unexpectedly stumbled upon her.

The tender radiance of a "young May moon" was shining upon the solemn mountains and peaceful valley, upon the frowning rocks and rushing river, and also upon a girlish figure pacing up and down the principal path of the small garden. Thyrle was on his way to the river—the banks of which he liked as well by night as by day—when he perceived this figure, and instantly turned toward it.

"I trust I am not disturbing you," he said, approaching unheard.

With an exclamation, she started and turned, to find the man of whom her thoughts were full standing beside her. Had he come to answer the riddle which was perplexing her? As she looked at his face her pulses thrilled with the thought that such a thing might be.

"You startled me," she said. "I did not know that you were anywhere near."

"You seemed very much absorbed," he answered. "Why are you out here all alone? Shall I disturb you if I walk with you?"

She shook her head, and her lips formed the word "No," but no sound was audible; so in silence they walked the length of the path and back again. Thyrle was doubtful how he should begin that which he wished to say, and Annot was like the lover in the ballad, inasmuch as "the beating of her own heart was all the sound she heard"—and that seemed to fill the silence. It was Thyrle who, after a while, spoke first.

"I fear something is troubling you," he said, in his peculiarly gentle tone. "It is true we have not known each other a long time, but still I think we are friends, and, if you could trust me, and let me help you, I should be very glad."

As he spoke, Annot's heart seemed for a minute to stand still, and then—as she realized that he was not going to utter what she had half expected to hear—she grasped the self-control which had nearly escaped her, and answered, quietly:

"You are very kind. You have been so kind from the first that I think I *will* speak to you of what is troubling me very much. Yet, I do not know how to begin—how to tell you—"

"Let me help you," he said, as she broke down. "Is not your trouble connected with a recent arrival in the neighborhood?"

"I see that you know," she said, quickly. "Who has been talking to you?—my step-mother?"

"No one has mentioned the subject to me; but have you forgotten what was said at the supper-table the first time I met you?"

"I have not forgotten," she answered; "but it seems strange that you should remember. Oh, how angry I was! I feared you would think me a vixen, but I could not help showing my anger."

"Then I am right in my conjecture that this man—Kane is his name, is it not?—is your lover, and that his return is annoying to you?"

"Oh, more than annoying!" she said, stopping abruptly, and clasping her hands. "I am glad that you have spoken of it—I am glad that I am able to ask you, What shall I do? Everybody thinks that I ought to marry him, but how can I? How can I doom myself to endure until I die this life which I hate?"

"Why should you think of such a thing?" he asked, greatly moved by what seemed to him the simplicity and pathos of this appeal. "Surely, there is no need for you to do so—unless he has some claim upon you."

Her hesitating for a moment was scarcely perceptible, but it was long enough for several thoughts. With the recollection of all that had passed between Kane and herself staring her, as it were, in the face, could she affirm that he had no claim on her? The result of her brief deliberation was, that she said to herself, "I never promised, therefore I am not bound," and that she said aloud.

"I have never given him any reason to think that he has a claim upon me, but he has made one for himself."

"But you should not allow that," said Thyrle. "If you have never given him any claim, he has no right to make one, and you are not bound in the least to recognize it."

"It came in this way," she said. "I have known him for a long time, and he has always been in love with me—so much in love that, before we knew anything about the mine, everything seemed narrowing down for me into the prospect of marrying him. I did not want to do so, but he liked me, and he is rich, and my father and step-mother thought I was mad to hesitate; so I tried to think of it, though I never—never once—gave him any promise. Tell me"—and the earnestness in her voice was here very genuine—"do you despise me for feeling as if it must come to that at last?"

"Despise you!" he repeated. "Surely, you must know better. I appreciate the struggle; I understand exactly how you were placed. Do not fear that I will misunderstand anything."

Involuntarily he took her small, cold hand, and held it in his own, while she went on speaking hastily:

"You see I felt a sort of despair about my life—what was the good of hoping for anything? And if I *had* to live here always, it would, at least, be well to be free from my step-mother. She is good enough in her way, but—well, you know her. So things were till the mine was found. Then I began to hope for deliverance, and then Ellis Kane grew jealous and angry, and said I was bound to him, and I said I was not—and that is the way the matter stands now."

"If that is the way the matter stands," said Thyrle, "there is no question but that you are as free as air—and you should tell Mr. Kane so decidedly."

"Ah!" she said—and the sound came like a long-drawn sigh through her lips—"you do not know Ellis Kane. If I were to tell him so forever, he would not give me up. He has said that he will not; and what he says he means. I am not cowardly, but it made me almost afraid when I heard that he had come back."

He felt her trembling, and was inclined to draw her to him as if she had been a child; but, remembering that she was not a child, he wisely forbore.

"There is nothing to fear," he said, in a tone of reassurance. "You have only to tell the truth fearlessly, and all trouble will be at an end. No man perseveres in a suit which he knows to be absolutely hopeless. You may naturally shrink from giving pain to one who is attached to you, but you owe it to yourself to set this matter right."

At every word that he spoke, at every tone of his voice, her heart sank lower. What had she hoped for? Certainly not such reasonable friendliness as this. Disappointment, nervousness, excitement of feeling, all together were too much for her. She could not restrain the tears that came into her eyes, the sobs that rose into her throat.

"It is very easy for you to talk like this," she said, brokenly; "but—things are not so plain. I have my life to think of, if—if the mine disappoints us. Ellis Kane loves me—there is no doubt of that."

"Then, perhaps, after all, you love *him?*" said Thyrle, slightly bewildered by this very feminine change of position.

To his surprise, she snatched her hand impetuously from his clasp.

"I don't—you know I don't!" she cried; and then, ashamed of herself and her tears, she turned, and, before he could speak again, hurried to the house.

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

HIDDEN LAKE.[1]

A LAKE shut in by hills,
Thick girt with tamarack trees,
Unvisited by blithesome rills,
Unswept of cooling breeze:

A lake—and yet no sheet
Embraced by pebbly strand;
Without a wave to kiss one's feet
Who at the verge may stand.

In ages long agone,
Its quiet waters lay
Reflecting sky and cloud and sun—
The mirror of the day.

But once a little moss
Crept to the water's edge,
And sent its tiny stems across:
Then nurtured plant and sedge.

Till now a field of green
And rippling verdure spreads
From shore to shore, and naught is seen
But nymph and orchid-beds;

And flowers of brilliant dye
Shine out like stars at night,
Too rare to greet the common eye—
The botanist's delight!

But 'neath that surface fair
Still lurks the Hidden Lake:
A wild beast crouching in his lair,
Some swift revenge to take!—

A lake without a'shore,
Without a billow's swell!
A close, where Nature's daintiest store
Of flowers is guarded well!

[1] *Sphagnum* and *Hypnum* mosses invade these lakes, and eventually spread over the entire surface of the water. They do not, however, at all points form a safe floor for man to walk upon.

A MOTLEY UNIVERSITY.

IT is a lamentable fact that there are many persons in these United States who are not aware that the Scottish city of Aberdeen possessed, until within a few years ago, two universities within a mile of each other, and that it was the only city in the world boasting such a distinction. The deplorable ignorance of my fellow-countrymen on this point was brought painfully under my notice the other day by my accidentally overhearing a sharp debate which was carried on "round the corner" between two working-men, the one an incontrovertible Son of the Mist, the other a self-confessed Bostonian. It was Saturday evening, and both had evidently received their week's wages. I make this supposition, in order, if possible, to account for the fact that the discussion was waged in a more boisterous style, and with the accompaniment of more jerks and grimaces, than we are wont to associate with our ideal of either the Yankee or the "British Yankee." The argument was on the relative merits, *not* of a monarchical and a republican form of government, but of the Scotch and American educational systems! To my excessive delight, I observed that my fellow-countryman was decidedly getting the best of it, when his opponent, who seemed reduced to the last extremity, turned suddenly full upon him with the terrible question, "Whaur hae ye a toon wi' twa *naytional*" (laying particular stress on this word) "univairsities in till't like oor Ayberdeen?" It was a terrible moment, and the Bostonian could not weather it—he was annihilated. I felt strongly impelled to rush to his rescue, and inform him that the two Aberdeen universities are now one; but, since they were both equally ignorant of the fact, I judged it more fair to let the matter rest. I determined, however, on the first opportunity, to enlighten my countrymen on this weighty subject, so that none of them should fall into such a pass again; and, therefore, the aim of this essay is to put an end to any ignorance there may be lurking anywhere on a matter which assumes such portentous dimensions in these days when to be singular or first in anything is accounted a superlative merit. I have intimated that the universities are two no longer; they are united, but their union was caused, not by the decay of either, but from the conviction that their strength would be in union. The queer-looking buildings still remain; the services and recitations in them still go on as before; and to a stranger they still appear as distinct as they were some five hundred years ago. These two universities were named—and are still fondly named by the tenacious Aberdonians—King's College and University, Old Aberdeen; and Marischal College and University, New Aberdeen. It is not wonderful that the citizens should be a little vain of the distinction, and that they look more with a charitable condescension than with contempt upon the inhabitants of England, whom they are still in the habit of regarding as less fortunate than themselves, because they—the worthy Aberdonians—will *not* recognize the many universities such as those of London, Durham, and other places, which have of late years sprung up to compete with Oxford and Cambridge. New York, Chicago, Boston, Paris, and other cities, have been respectively charged with self-conceit; but, if you will go to Aberdeen, as I have done, and in a quiet sort of way ignore the existence of its universities, you will have a lesson taught you that will make you think the assumption of those other claimants to be but the pink of meekness.

If you wish to find yourself (being in Britain) in the last century; to be for a while in the midst of the things, the people, and the manners, of a hundred years ago—go to the village—do not call it so there, however—of Old Aberdeen. There, as you stalk through the quiet, straggling streets, unroused by the sound of the rattling car or the hum of commerce, you may see the old ivy-covered houses sticking their *gavel*-ends into the pathway, with the little pigeon-hole windows painted green, crow-steps at the ends, and moss-covered flag-stones on the roofs. There you may see tall, sturdy, weather-beaten old men, with broad bonnets, knee-breeches, and huge, red-velveteen waistcoats reaching almost to the knees; old women with high-topped *mutches*, sitting on huge stones at their doors, knitting the stocking; and, perhaps, some stately old lady of eighty winters, whose high-heeled shoes, as they clatter on the empty pavement, are faintly reëchoed by the tread of the old footman who slinks obsequiously behind her. Here you may see the grave-looking students wandering about in their *red* gowns, and the professors stalking to their classes in their *black*. And, finally, the place is famous for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of its young ladies, whose pianos you may hear gently struck, through the honeysuckle of some open window, as you wander about in the cathedral churchyard or the College Square, some fine summer evening.

New Aberdeen is altogether a different sort of place. There are bustle, confusion, distraction. Union Street and Broad Street are crammed with shops; and, where there are not shops, there are banks and lawyers' offices; and, where there are neither of these, there are schools or manufactories; and sometimes the whole of these things are conglomerated into one mass. Then there are no Old-World carlins or stately ladies of the last century. The men have hurry and importance in their looks, as in other cities; and the young ladies walk through Union Street in files, like well-booted grenadiers. The houses are built in regular rows, without projecting gables. They have large, staring windows and blue-slated roofs. Each house is possessed both of a brass door-knocker and a bell-pull, and a flat, engraved plate informs passengers who is the indweller.

Nor are the universities themselves less distinguished from each other by peculiar outward marks. In the Old Town a turret or two and an ornamented crown peeping modestly over the trees announce the seat of learning; and, on a nearer approach, these form themselves into a quadrangle surrounded by miniature Gothic buildings, old and new, a corridor, a tower or two, and a solemn Gothic chapel, at one end of which is the place of worship for the students, and at the other the library and a museum, which latter mainly consists of a coat-of-mail and a great many curious-looking arrows. The exterior appearance of Marischal College is rather different. Walking along Broad Street, amid the clatter of carts and the clang of voices, among the numberless dark alleys passed, *one* may attract your attention from its being ornamented and dignified by the immediate presence of a street-lamp and from the words "College Court" being written over the gateway. By groping a little, and taking good care how you tread, you may quickly find yourself so far into the court as to behold a building which rustics, who cannot read the dignified inscription, "College Court," generally mistake for the town jail, so much does it possess of that gloomy aspect which sobers the student's mind to reflection. The building consists of a front and two wings, the walls of which are rain-proof, and the roof slated. Exactly in the centre is an architectural ornament, which attracts the eye. Two stones are set upright on top of the mason-work, and between them is set a bell, or at least something very much resembling one, beneath which is a clock, which always points to some hour or other—never to the right one. The centre building contains the great hall, with all its pictures; on the boards of which people are requested to tread lightly — lest they may happen to be lodged in the room beneath. This hall is looked on with great respect; since, notwithstanding its frequent hints of its failing strength, it still contrives to brave out the tread of the students above, and the terrible explosions produced by the experiments of the Professor of Natural Philosophy beneath. Within the same building is a collection of book-shelves, called a library, the museum, and the public school, or students' hall, inferior to that above inasmuch as it is neither lathed nor plastered, having the bare stone walls at the sides, and the rafters above; but superior inasmuch as there is no danger of its either falling down, or being blown up, there being nothing between the feet and the bare earth. The different class-rooms are disposed here and there in the two wings, and are very conveniently situated, excepting the mathematical class-room, which, being placed near one of the professors' kitchens, produces some inconvenient collisions between cookery and literature, very much to the disadvantage of the latter, as it cannot be supposed that the accidental inroad of a few stray students on the cook-maid and her duties can produce such a disagreeable interruption as the unconscious invasion of the butcher's boy with a leg of mutton, or the noisy tumbling in of a fisherwoman determined to know whether any one wants "caller oo" (fresh haddocks), on the mathematical professor while he is explaining the intricacies of the forty-seventh proposition.

Such, then, are the outward features of the two buildings, which, on a certain day, toward the end of October, appear as if rousing themselves from a long summer slumber. Large, black-looking doors, which have for some months past stood sullenly closed, creak slowly upon their rusty hinges; and broad gaps stand ready to swallow up the coming throng. Groups of anxious whisperers, with books under their arms, gather silently in the vicinity like swarms of bees; a dark, serious-looking figure here and there measures his steps toward the edifice; and figures are seen within hurriedly flitting past the windows. This is a day of no ordinary interest: it is the day of competition for bursaries, a most admirable set of endowments, by which many an industrious youth, whose small means of livelihood would have forbidden the prospect of a liberal education, not only receives that education itself, but generally a small sum along with it, which may allow him to indulge in a little literary property. These bursaries are most honorably acquired; for they are the prizes of a competition so regulated that it would be a difficult matter to favor any particular candidate. The bursars are the proprietors of the respective bursaries for four years; holding them as well-earned property, totally independent of the professors, and therefore not subject to their caprice. The silent competitors for these profitable honors are all seated by long tables along the hall, like a convivial dinner-party, but employed in a very different manner. A death-like stillness prevails among all, from the pale student, whose classical knowledge has been the fruit of labor during the intervals assigned him for his rest on the distant farm, to the healthy, smiling jackanapes, whose parents have had Latin dunned into him privately at home, and have sent him to college for the worthy purpose of gaining a bursary, that he may show his talents, his wealth, and his contempt for his poorer competitors by resigning it. Toward the afternoon the motley competitors, one by one, reluctantly, and with a sort of dread, deliver up their exercises to the clerk, and glide quietly from the hall, where the dignitaries of the university are at last left in solitude. Next day an official bawls forth from an open window the names of the successful candidates; and each blushing and satisfied youth has to hang down his head for a few minutes in the august presence of the dignitaries while he receives a quantity of good advice on the method of continuing his classical and philosophical studies.

Now begin the two towns to receive all at once into their bosoms a new and totally distinct set of inhabitants, possessed of peculiarities which distinguish them entirely from other men. Looking down the vista of a long street, there are distinctly visible several bright-red spots, or masses, scattered here and there among the other soberly-colored people. These spots, on a nearer approach, turn out to be human beings, men or boys, as the case may be; and each man or boy has on a great, clumsily-cut red

cloak. These are of all hues of red, from the deep, reddish-brown, threadbare, tattered, and smeared with ink, to the blushing scarlet whole and untainted. The respectability and age of the student are marked by the tattered and discolored condition of his gown. He who has just joined is an object of compassion or contempt on account of the neatness and cleanness of his robe; and it becomes his own pressing duty, as well as that of his well-wishing companions, to maltreat it as diligently as possible from time to time, just stopping short of total annihilation — a consummation that would involve the worse alternative of buying a new one.

Various as are the hues and consistencies of the gowns, so are the characteristics of their wearers. Here is the tall, raw-boned, red-haired fellow of six feet, who has just rushed down from the hills of Braemar. He has not, let us suppose, got a bursary; but his father is a well-doing farmer, and he wishes to make a gentleman of his son. The monster has just given up a broad bonnet, and something in the form of a kilt, or half-way between that and pantaloons, and has submitted to the restraint of a hat and a pair of trousers—the former of which occupies a curious position on the front part of his head, while the latter, never calculated for such a pair of legs, are drawn tight up the calves, about half a yard from his feet, leaving room to exhibit thick, gray-ribbed stockings, and shoes clinched with nails and plates of iron, like the gateway of a feudal castle. Add to this his gown, which, hanging from his shoulders, only reaches his knee, and resembles something between a surtout and a laborer's smock, if either of these articles of dress can be imagined to exist of a bright-red color and with hanging sleeves. For a considerable period after his arrival in town, the animal wanders about in a state of confused admiration at the grandeur of everything which surrounds him. He stares with horror-struck avidity at the mysterious jail-door, with the shackles hung in front to warn evil-doers; and, with a feeling of instinctive terror, gives place to the consequential step of the grim-looking town-sergeant, whom he considers complete master of the mysteries of that dreary abode, and ready to incarcerate any poor fellow who may offend his dignity. He stares with a longing curiosity at the grand shops, which can only be there for the great people, and which he would feel it presumption to enter. He is startled by the awfully loud striking of the town-clock, and is afraid it has something to do with himself. He goes to take a look at the sea, and finds it to be a very different thing from what he expected. The ships are new objects of wonder. He cannot conceive what use the world has for so many. The multitude of people astonishes him. He thinks they are all staring at him, and that all know he has come from Braemar, and that he has not got a bursary. After tiring himself out with seeing all sorts of wonderful things, he finds his way to his garret in the Gallowgate or the Spittal; thinks Aberdeen the greatest city in the world, and far superior to Castleton of Braemar, though rather more noisy and confused; gulps his supper of "sowans," and dreams he has returned to his native hills and is herding sheep. A few weeks, however, produce a considerable change in him. His hat is set on his head like other people's. He no longer allows the evil-minded fry on the streets to insult his hat or tug his gown with impunity. He takes terrible strides along the streets, and his great iron-heeled shoes make way for him wherever he goes; and, determined to outdo other people in finery, he comes splashing along the sidewalk on a raw, rainy, December afternoon, in a pair of light-tweed trousers, made by an Aberdeen tailor.

Pursuing your walk down Union Street, you fall in with a noisy, rollicking group of lads, well clad, and well fed, fresh from the city school, adept in construing, and abounding in "siller." They are the citizens' sons, and would not for the world be seen even to nod to our Braemar friend. And who is yonder square-visaged man with the sandy hair and freckled skin? He has an easy-osey swing with him that seems to say, "I may be a rustic, but I have seen larger cities than even Aberdeen." That is a veritable Celt from the west, Mr. Archibald McDougal, erst "general dealer," whose Australian relative has bequeathed him five hundred pounds—just think of the immensity of it! And Archie, having in his youth acquired a smattering of Latin and waded through oceans of commentaries and "gospel trumpets," has felt himself unmistakably "called" to the ministry, for he was always "an elder, ye ken, and a richt, releegious kin' o' a bodie." But catch him doing anything extravagant, notwithstanding his wealth! He has twenty pounds deep down in his pocket, and that, with the peck of oatmeal, the stone of butter and the "kebback" of cheese, which he has taken care to bring with him from his Highland village, must suffice for all his wants during the session.

Another species we must have a better look at. He is the pale-faced individual intended for the church from the very beginning. His hopes are, meantime, bounded by a country school or a respectable private tutorship. His nose hangs disconsolately over his unshaven chin. His cheeks are ashen-colored and dirty, and his hair hangs lankly from beneath a seedy hat, which has seen long service. His gown is adjusted so as to conceal, as much as possible, his threadbare black coat. He has gained a good bursary by his perseverance; and he is resolved that his good fortune shall not slacken his ardor. He issues from the college-gate, diligently keeping himself apart from the merry little juntos, delighted at the termination of their hour of durance. Immediately on reaching the street, he makes a plunge up the nearest by-way, and rushes homeward. On slacking his speed a little, he pulls forth his Cicero and reads as he walks, determined not to lose time. Five or six little elves, over whom he has stumbled and nearly broken his head, do not interrupt his preoccupation, until he at last fairly upsets himself over the beams of a cart, and projects his Cicero and his hat into the gutter. He then looks

at his leg, and finds his shin cut and bleeding and his trousers torn, on which he rubs the mud from his hat and book, and finishes the rest of his journey as much as possible like a man of this world.

Such, and of other descriptions too numerous and minute to be enumerated, are the learned members of the two colleges, congregated to spend three or four hours a day in each other's company during the next five months. Nobody knows in what strange, out-of-the-way places some of them build their nests. One poor fellow, who makes a very decent appearance in the class, lives in a garret in the Spittal; while the man who sits next to him comes out clean cut and beautifully polished every day from a palace in the "West End." When the lecture is over, all these students disperse, and they have no more cohesion than the congregation of a favorite preacher after the sermon is finished. They go off into back streets and into queer alleys; they are lost round the corner; they burst into pieces like a shell. Thus the bond between the student and the university in after-life is weak and unprofitable to either, and one by one the Scottish gentry and moneyed class are taking their sons off and sending them to England.

I suppose that fully one-third of the Scottish students are steeped in poverty. The college year generally consists of about five months, and I have known men cover all the expenses of this period with twenty-two pounds. It is true that this was in Aberdeen, where a hundred fresh herrings used to go for sixpence, and a splendid dinner of fish might be purchased for a penny; but, if it is remembered that the sum I have mentioned covered the fees for the various classes, amounting to about ten pounds, and that it was upon the balance of twelve pounds that the student contrived to subsist for these dreary five months, the feat will appear sufficiently marvelous. It is the students who live in this sort of way that are the most interesting characters in the Scottish universities, and it is their necessities that have gone to extinguish the student-life of a former day, when the students lived together and dined at a common table. The struggle of some of these men upward, in the face of terrific odds, is almost sublime. When we look at the struggle in cold blood, we say that it is a mistake, that these men ought never to have dreamed of the university, that theirs is a false ambition, and that it would have been better if they had never left the plough or the smithy, if they had gone into the grocery-line, or had taken kindly to carpentering. But has not every form of ambition its weak side? and are we to stop sympathizing with a man's honest endeavors when we discover that he might be doing much better in a different fashion? Are we not to admire the man wrestling with the waves, because he has no business to be in the water?

One of the twenty-two-pounders I have mentioned was a very humble individual; but he fought like a hero, and his life was a constant marvel. He was so poor, indeed, that before one came near the question, "How on earth does this man keep body and soul together, besides paying his college-fees, with so small a sum?" the previous question presented itself as even more difficult, "Where did he get his twenty-two pounds?" He had been a carpenter; he had curtailed his hours in order to devote them to study; he got the cast-off clothes of the parish minister, and somebody else made him the present of an old gown. At the commencement of his first session, he was fortunate enough to obtain a bursary of ten pounds. It was a little fortune to him—an annuity of ten pounds for four years to come. When he saw his name on the list of winners, he made such queer faces to conceal his emotions, that all eyes were turned upon him, and it was ever afterward a joke against him. For the remaining twelve pounds he managed in this way: He worked four hours a day in a carpenter's shop, at threepence an hour, and thus earned from six to seven pounds during his residence at the university, to which he was able to add five pounds from previous savings. He got friends to lend him books; and I have an idea that he earned something on Sundays by acting as precentor in one of the city churches. I happened to call upon him one day. It was his dinner-hour, and his landlady came in to him with something on an old black, rusty tray. "Not just yet, Mrs. Todd," he said, in great embarrassment, and that lady forthwith departed. "Don't go away," he then said to me; "now, don't; my dinner is never done enough, and, if you stay a little, I'll get it properly cooked to-day." I left him three minutes afterward, and outside his door there was his dinner getting cold—a herring and three potatoes! He lived in a box of a room, his bed being in one corner of it; and this accommodation he shared with another man, who worked even harder than he. This man earned a few shillings by teaching. He went out to assist boys in learning their lessons for the following day at school; and the price which he and all such teachers charged was half a guinea a month for an hour every night. As the pay was at the rate of about fivepence an hour, it would seem that the teacher had an advantage over our friend the carpenter; but it must be remembered that the pay of the latter was obtained by physical labor—therefore, by a healthy relief from mental toil—while that of the former was earned by the continued and unhealthy strain of the mind.

Mark, the narrow circumstances go naturally in pairs—divide the same potato, and share the same bed. They unite without ever having previously known each other, and, for the sake of a small saving, are chained together while the session lasts. In the desperate struggle of existence and pinch of poverty, these necessitated marriages are often imbittered with rivalry and hatred. The one may belong to the Established Church, while the other belongs to the Free Church; or, the one may be an easy-going man, with no special aptitude for theology or taste for the shorter Catechism, while the other is addicted to prayer-meetings and mission-work; or, the one may have a robust appetite which entails the consumption of a greater share of the viands than is his due, while the other can easily subdue

the flickering cravings of his own sickly appetite—one of a hundred such things may be the cause of estrangement. There are cases in which a nail has been driven into the middle of the chimney-piece, a string tied to it, drawn across the room, and attached to the middle of the opposite wall, so as to divide the chamber into two equal parts. "This is my territory—that shall be yours. *Nemo me impune lacessit*—that's what I say." "And I say, *Noli me tangere*—that's all." The fellows sit on opposite sides of their diminutive fire, "glowering" at each other over their books—the one smoking and the other snuffing the strongest tobacco procurable, to keep their hunger down while forcing the brain through the weary night-watches. The professors make a point of inviting them to breakfast or supper as often as they can, and give them a great feed. It is their only chance of a hearty meal during the whole of the session. And yet, in spite of all they have to contend with, they make a very creditable appearance in the class, even by the side of men who have been well coached the night before by competent tutors. The odds, however, are dead against them, and they suffer for it in the end. Overworked and underfed, many of them go home at the end of the session, shadows of their former selves, and death written on their faces—almost all of them have made acquaintance with disease. The number of men at the Scottish universities, more especially at Aberdeen, who run the course of Henry Kirke White, is prodigious. Friends write their biographies; their college essays and school poems are published; their fellow-students are told to beware, and everybody takes an interest in their fate, about which a certain air of romance hangs. Year after year, however, one hears of so many cases that, at last, one becomes callous, and feels inclined to ask: "Why did not this young Kirke White remain in the butcher's shop? It would have been better for him to have slaughtered oxen, sold mutton-chops, and ridden the little pony all his life, giving such leisure as he could really afford to books, than to die in the vain endeavor to take the position of a 'gentleman and a clergyman.'" Most of the students, if they survive their period of study, go into the Church, and the result is, that the Scottish clergy are notorious for their ill-health.

It is boasted that the Scottish students are very good—almost irreproachable—in their lives. Even granting that such praise is thoroughly deserved, is it not possible—nay, probable—that it may signify the stagnation of life even more than a victory over Apollyon? With all their warmth of heart, Scotchmen have an astonishing reserve, which, if not fatal, is at least injurious, to society. They pride themselves on their firmness in friendship; and it *is* wonderful to see how they stick to each other. But this tenacity has its weak side as well as its strong; their adhesion to old alliances is accompanied by a disinclination or inability to form new ones, and this is certainly a social defect. The French and Germans speak of Englishmen as reserved, but the Scotch are worse than the English—they are the most reserved people in Europe. And the most reserved people in Europe, the people that of all others require most to cultivate the social habit, are singular in refusing to give their youth the opportunity of learning the arts of society. The student-life is as much as possible repressed, in order that the family-life may be sustained. For the better preservation of his morals, a youth is not allowed that free mingling with his fellows, and with them alone, which he most ardently desires. He is systematically taught to be chary of his companions, whether at school or college. There are men sitting daily on the same benches who would not think of speaking to each other without a formal introduction; and urchins of fifteen *Mister* each other with a formality that reminds the observer strangely of Sir Harry and my lord duke in the servants' hall.

And it is just here, in their natural reserve and deficient sociability, that we find at least one, and the most important, reason for the immaculate reputation which the Scottish student bears. A worthy elder of the Kirk has a son, who is the greatest little rascal of his age, the admiration of the parish dogs, the terror of the parish cats, curiously acquainted with the nature of the fruit in all the gardens and orchards around, impudent as a monkey, and idle as a fly; but who, in consequence of sundry floggings, carries himself so demurely in the presence of his fond parent, that he is supposed to be a chosen vessel, a child of grace. The pious Mr. Alister Macalister feels that in sending forth his gracious young sinner into a mixed society of boys at a public school, or of young men at college, he is sending his precious one into a den of thieves, who will rob him of his innocence, is ushering him into the world and the things of the world, is imperiling his immortal interests.

But let us look at the doings of this young saint as he appears in the city of Aberdeen after a few weeks' pruning of his more verdant qualities. It is generally allowed that, for the first month or two, he lives in a state of peace and tranquillity; but, at the end of this period, the proverbial restlessness of human nature makes its appearance. Feuds are commenced in all quarters. There are feuds between class and class, and feuds between the students and the pelters of dead cats and mud on the streets. Then they commence a course of secret mischief and deviltry. Honest tradesmen find their houses and shops fumigated with asafœtida; a street will be found at break of day stripped of its lamps, which are discovered huddled together in some by-corner, smashed or not, as may have suited the humor of the learned depredators. Some old lady, while her servant is making a purchase for her, finds herself unceremoniously driven off to some uncouth corner of the town which she never intended to visit. Grocers and spirit-dealers lose their signs; and some venerable professor finds, when he goes out for his morning walk, that he is transformed into a licensed retail spirit-dealer or a boot and shoe maker, according to the account given by a large board nailed over his door. Then there are certain by-ways over which

the students exercise arbitrary authority, and which are totally inaccessible to all peaceful people after nightfall.

Toward the end of the session, however, an event makes its annual recurrence which swallows up all minor contentions in one of more engrossing interest. The election approaches—yes, reader, the election. We are ready to allow that such a sound, however familiar, seems strange when applied to a Scottish college. But there is no election which creates more interest, ferment, heart-burning, and quarreling, than does the election of the Rector of Aberdeen University among the waspish set of little individuals which form its constituency.

By the charter the rector is eligible by the students. On the approach of the election, manuscript placards are posted on the gates, tolerably well spelled in most cases. Public meetings and private meetings are held. Committees are appointed. Even—on very particular occasions, like that of the last election—letters are published in the newspapers. Party spirit rages high among the students, and the friends of candidates do their best to insult their opponents. Every particular class of society has its own method of displaying opinion ; and as, according to Cotter, the proper and natural method by which Englishmen express public opinion is by a discharge of mud, so the method by which students of Aberdeen University express their respective opinions is by cutting and maltreating each other's gowns. A violent party-man, who has many enemies, may be discovered by the tattered nature of the fragments of a gown which remain on his shoulders, and sometimes by a few gashes, which, piercing deeper, let us hope, than the perpetrators intended, have lacerated his under-garments. The method of election is this: The students, being convened in the hall, are divided into four nations, or districts, according to the locality of the birth of each. There are the Moraymen, or those born north of the Deveron ; the Buchanmen, born between the Deveron and the Don; the men of Mar, born between the Don and the Dee ; and, finally, Angusiani, or those south of the Grampians, including all southern Scotsmen, Englishmen, Hindoos, Hottentots, Turks, and all foreigners and heathens whatever. During the period of the general meeting, and while the nations are being separated from each other, a tacit amnesty is passed in favor of the electors, by which they are allowed to do whatever they think proper without being in any manner called to account ; and, like provident men, the electors make full use of their privileges. Loosened for a time from those bonds of awe which hold them so firmly at other times, their noise and exultation is extreme. Here and there a few reprobate truants, who, with all the inclinations of the devil festering in their young blood, have been daily and nightly curses to their several masters, are determined to repay themselves for all the insults they have undergone in the form of correction and punishment, at the rate of two teeth for a tooth, and two eyes for an eye! The professors, meanwhile, stripped of their authority, and seeing their fantastic tricks openly burlesqued by others, stalk quietly through the room, suppressing their indignation like smothered volcanoes. And so things go on for several days, when, at last, amid a hubbub and confusion that baffles description, and that certainly has no parallel on this side of the Atlantic, the storm culminates in the election of one or other of the candidates, and then quiet gradually steals back again, and matters revert to their old footing.

It is not my purpose here to say anything of the studies pursued—they are much like those in vogue elsewhere, with one exception, and that exception I may briefly notice, as it is a subject of general misconception both in this country and elsewhere.

It is supposed, even in England, that Scotch students are fed on metaphysics, and the mistake receives a color from the fact that there are so many professors of metaphysics. The title is a misnomer. The whole of Scotch philosophy is a protest against metaphysics as an impossible, or, at least, a useless, study. What a professor in the chair of metaphysics teaches is simply psychology—that is to say, the natural history of the human mind, the delineation of human character. All the processes of thought, all the motives to action, are examined in turn. Ideas are traced to their origin ; feelings are carefully scrutinized ; words are weighed ; character is dissected ; and, in its theory, the whole of human life and of the human heart is laid bare to the student. Call this philosophy, if you please—but what is it in reality? It is generalized biography. It is a means of supplying in theory what the Scottish students have, at their time of life, few opportunities of acquiring in practice—a knowledge of men.

Not enjoying the social advantages of English students, they have, as a compensation, educational advantages which are not to be found in the English universities. It is useless to inquire which is better —a knowledge of men obtained in the contact of society, or a knowledge of men obtained in the scientific analysis of the class-room. Neither the one nor the other is complete in itself ; but the great advantage of studying character systematically in early life is, that it puts a key into a young man's hand by which afterward, when he mixes with men, he will more easily understand them, and unlock the secrets of their hearts. The study of the human mind, as pursued in the Scottish universities, and especially in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, has such an effect, that in after-life it is an object of incessant interest to all Scotchmen. The average Scotchman will give a shrewder guess than the average Englishman as to a man's character, and a better description of it. He has studied the anatomy of character so minutely that he delights in portraiture and excels in biography. The proper study of mankind is man —everybody admits. Whether the best way of prosecuting that study is in reading through the classics and piling up algebraic formulas, I do not know ; but, at all events, the Scottish universities have something to say for themselves, not if they neglect the classics and mathematics — which they indubitably do—but if they simply elevate above these branches

of knowledge a direct acquaintance with the mysteries of human nature, in thought and in feeling, in expression and in act.

Both the class and graduation examinations are conducted with admirable fairness and strictness; "cabbaging" and collusion being rendered impossible by the disposition of the desks, and by the vigilant supervision of the assistant who walks about under the restless gaze of the examiner.

The graduation and other examinations over, and the students having spent half a day in destroying what remains of each other's gowns, the dull routine of the academical winter may be considered at an end; and an after-piece, very different from the dry subjects in which they have been engaged, is all that remains to be attended to before the general dispersion. The graduation ball, which has during the whole session been nearest the hearts of those personally interested in it, begins toward the end of the session to be whispered of in the polite world of Aberdeen. The rooms are hired; store of provisions is laid in; fiddlers are gathered together, blind and otherwise; invitations are issued, and the high-bred belles of Union Street begin to conclude that, after all, they may drop in to see "what sort of creatures will be there." The rooms are lit up on the appointed night; the fiddlers are tuning up; gay figures crowd in. The eccentric-looking students are singularly altered in appearance. Where is our friend from Braemar, whom we characterized a while ago? Only an acute eye, acquainted with his huge physiognomy, may discover him. He is strangely metamorphosed indeed. His face is burning red like a furnace. His long red hair, which used to hang down upon his eyes, has been mounted in great, sturdy curls over his forehead. A stiff 'Lorne' collar pierces his chin. His great, horny hands have been forced into white-kid gloves, from which he very naturally dreads they may never be released; and his feet have exchanged their monstrous iron-ribbed protectors for tight dress-boots, which he is conscious any undue motion may rend to tatters. Although he has submitted his unruly heels for the past month to the discipline of a dancing-master, it is plain that he does not yet feel himself audacious enough to figure forth before so numerous an assembly. Plucking up courage, however, he approaches a professor's daughter; but, forgetting, in the confusion of the moment, the proper form of request, his wish resolves itself into the simple sentence, "Wud ye jist tak' a daunce wi' me, mem?" The request is very probably granted; but the cavalier finds, from the manner in which he has performed his part, that a little something to drink is necessary for clearing his memory. There is plenty of wine, porter, and whiskey, in the next room; after some few retreats to the latter of which, he feels as if he were on his native hills. He then perceives a number of people rushing round the room in a manner which he thinks it would not be difficult to imitate; and so he plunges into a waltz, from which he bolts off at a tangent, clearing an avenue to the extremity of the apartment. Resolved that his next attempt will not be so unsuccessful, he chooses to perform his native dance, and dashes into a strathspey, kicking up his heels to the admiration or terror of the *beau monde* standing by. The pale, studious tutor eyes him with envy. Wine and revel are not for him. He, too, however, is altered in his appearance: his hair is brushed with careful smoothness to one side, and his old, rusty dress is exchanged for a hard-worn suit of glossy black. But his air of diffidence still hangs about him; and he has encountered many internal misgivings before he has screwed his courage to the point of making an inaudible request to a fair pupil to dance a quadrille. Meantime the younger gentlemen are flirting about as gay as butterflies and much more conceited, while the matrons and professors are absorbed in whist.

Time flies on, and things begin to get a little confused or so. The gentlemen gather themselves into noisy groups to one of the side-rooms; they perform feats of agility—leaping over sofas and balancing chairs. The fair ones gradually retire, and, as they disappear, the mirth of the unrestrained males gets rapidly more boisterous. The lights begin to go out of themselves, or the gentlemen have extinguished them by pitching tarts and sandwiches at them. What on earth are they about now? They have commenced a "ram"-reel—a hideous comminglement of everything that is violent in exercise—and the few remaining ladies have fled in terror. The mirth and fun grow fast and furious—a batch of wild Indians, dropping in, would not find themselves out of place if they wished to celebrate their war-dance. The dignity of professors is not much respected, and yonder, see! the sturdiest of the revelers lays hold of the fat sacristan and tumbles him round the room like a foot-ball. A few more windows and lamps than usual are broken on that eventful night; a few more signs removed; a few watchmen are floored; and a few young "gentlemen" are locked up in the watch-house. As soon as the students have recovered from the blue-devils, the Highlanders return to their hills to plough and herd sheep; the tutor retires to his studies; the young gentlemen travel a little—many of them visit Norway and Sweden, and the Shetlands in Peterhead fishing-smacks; and then peace reigns for seven long months over the quaint old town.

CONCEALMENT.

WHEN I behold some mighty listening throng,
I marvel, while their faces gleam toward mine,
At the large hope, despair, faith, sorrow, and wrong
That slumber in their midst and make no sign!

So, when I watch night's thick-starred gulfs profound,
I wonder at all the calmness they reveal,
Though filled with infinite motion and wild sound
From myriads of vast spheres that grandly wheel!

A LEAP-YEAR ROMANCE.

A TRUE TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

II.

THE evening of the lecture Professor Moors called, and walked with Miss Newell to the hall. The manner of both was constrained, almost awkward. It was late, and they hastened on in silence, or speaking only upon incidental topics. Her form was as erect and her step as lithe as ever, but he observed new lines of care upon her face. Her brow seemed heavy, and yet her eyes were larger and more lustrous than before, and the whole mould of her regular, strongly Grecian features was mellowed by a new expression of sadness and tenderness.

The hall was crowded, and for the first time in her life Miss Newell found herself speaking in the presence of a large audience. The professor was introduced as a distinguished educationist, whose views were worthy of the most thoughtful consideration of all.

Stepping to the front of the platform, he began in a very conversational style, but with perfect and deliberate possession :

"By the courtesy of my friend, I am to have the honor of presenting my views to-night on the higher education of women—a subject of such vast interest and importance that I shall venture to ask your serious attention to a plain and free talk, without any of the formality of the lecture-room. Woman is dishonored most by those who pronounce studied eulogies upon her sex, and attempt to caress her self-love by enumerating main and conspicuous instances which illustrate her virtues. These are as admirable, as various in kind and degree, as indispensable to human well-being in every way, as man's; and it is a flippancy born of assumed superiority and of shallow ignorance of the forces that make up the world of thought and action which assumes that the claims and needs of one-half the human race are to be met either by the dexterous compliment of the drawing-room, or even by smoothing woman's way to the ballot-box and to public positions. To define her proper station is a practical problem so vast that all theories thus far are crudely and even grotesquely inadequate, and its solution must be left to the general course of thought and events."

His manner and utterance were so graceful that the attention of every one present was fastened upon the speaker. Miss Newell smiled and nodded her approval to her first assistant, who sat upon the platform by her side, and who smiled grimly in return, but whispered, "I fear we ought to have learned more about his views before we invited him here."

"I think we can trust him," Miss Newell replied.

"Meanwhile," continued the speaker, "let me confess frankly at the outset that, while I cannot believe with a great writer that she is the best woman of whom least is said or known, and while I would not challenge her abstract right to any position or pursuit, I am ancient enough to believe that the public franchise, that business and most professional careers, that even severe and protracted mental culture, are the last and least things that she ought to seek, or her friends to claim for her. The home is older than the school. Piety, courage, love of truth, were first taught there. Nay, more: religion itself prospers or declines with home-life. When home is made attractive, intemperance and all the vices of private indulgence diminish in rapid ratio. She is the best woman who is the best wife, rears the best children, and fills home with the choicest fruitions. The range of emotion is deeper and wider than that of thought, and her wondrous endowment of sensibility gives woman such a breadth of experience that a contracted sphere of life imposes little restraint, for no experience can give adequate utterance to what the meanest can feel. The divinest service man can perform for woman is to voice her own inner life, to reflect to her mind that which fills her heart, and which she strives in vain to realize or to express, and what he needs in her is a heart-culture that shall give a steady flow of pure and healthy sentiment, where he can ever go for sympathy and comfort, and which will save him from a life of dry intellectuality or mechanical routine or misanthropy. I am one of those who believe that the highest and most perfect form of emotion is a sense of complete dependence and unreserved self-surrender. The religious sentiment—love for any and every worthy object, æsthetic susceptibilities which respond to beauty wherever found, and even conscience—all are but diverse forms of this supreme feeling, elements of what the poet describes as the soul of eternal womanhood. Alas for that man who has not learned to reverence this ideal, and thrice happy he who has found it worthily enshrined in some tender, loving heart!"

After this introduction the speaker proceeded to explain with some detail what he deemed to be the true subjects, aims, and methods, of female education. His views were, on the whole, somewhat abstract, immature, and quite reactionary, but so earnestly advocated that a round of hearty applause greeted him at the close.

"Just look at Miss Hardtack's nose!" giggled one of the girls, as an elderly teacher, a tall, slender creature, sprang to her feet and hastened from the stage the instant the speaker ended, and began talking rapidly, and apparently in high dudgeon, with a middle-aged, mild-minded trustee. If such a rigid martinet as Miss Hardtack was offended, that was sufficient reason why all the girls should like the professor, and all they could or could not understand in his lecture.

No one upon the platform, however, had a word

of congratulation for him, until just as he was hastily taking his departure to catch the evening train to Springtown, Miss Newell came to him while most of the audience yet remained in the hall, and smiling her approval, and placing her hand in his, thanked him cordially for his lecture.

"I do not object to most of your views," she said; "and, on the whole, I am glad to have them expressed here, though some of my friends will be quite seriously displeased."

She would have added more, but just then a wealthy and influential old German, whose patronage Miss Newell had vainly tried to obtain, bustled on to the platform, and, grasping the professor's hand, said:

"Dat is vot I calls goot sound doctrine. You shall have both my girls, and I vill do vot I can for you, too, Miss Nevell."

The professor expressed his gratitude, and quickly left the hall.

"After all," he mused, sadly, to himself, as he rode homeward, "so many women seem made to deceive themselves, and to live and thrive upon delusions, it is not strange if they cannot help deceiving others."

In a week Miss Newell was in Springtown again. As she entered the village, and as the associations of two years ago were revived one after another at every step, she felt all her calmness and self-control giving way to a state of fluttering, nervous expectancy, whether bodeful of good or ill she vainly wondered. There was her old home, which, although now sold to a stranger, furniture and all, was still unoccupied. There were the tin-clad spires and brick minarets of the main college-building, and the red walls of the dormitories half covered with American ivy, dyed with all the hues of autumn. And there came Professor Moors, hastening to meet her party, and to offer them the best entertainment which the hospitality of the villagers could afford.

"Do you stop with friends, or shall we provide for you with the rest of the party?" he asked, doubtfully, as they approached Mrs. Elmore's gate.

"I will go on with the rest," she murmured, dropping her veil, and slightly quickening her pace.

"Mr. Hand will entertain two guests. Shall I take you and your assistant there?" he asked.

Mr. Hand she remembered as a worthy and well-to-do old farmer, from whose dairy and garden she had often supplied her table, and his wife as one of the most sagacious oracles of the village gossip.

"I have no choice," she said. And there they were escorted, to make ready for the first session of the institute, which was to begin in an hour, while the professor hastened away to give directions about their baggage.

Miss Newell's presence excited great interest among the teachers. The fame of her enterprise had preceded her. She explained in a quiet, modest way the plan and aim of her own school, what she believed the true order of studies, her own theories and methods of imparting literary culture to young ladies, and found herself obliged to answer, as best she could, many perplexing questions. But, because Professor Moors seemed to listen with appreciation, she found her interest increasing with every exercise, and, contrary to her plans, she remained to the end of the last day's session. At the close, he took occasion to express publicly his deep appreciation of her services, and adding afterward, to her alone, words of warmest praise, offered her a check for a small amount, saying:

"I thought you might dislike to have any remuneration for your valuable assistance publicly voted by the association, and so, using my discretionary power over its funds as president, I beg you to accept this."

Instantly the same rigid pallor of indignation which he had once before observed with so much alarm overspread her face, but she only said:

"I could never consent to receive pay under the circumstances."

The days she had looked forward to with such mingled but anxious feelings were now ended. All the old acquaintances which she met observed a new grace and sweetness in her face and manner, and had remarked upon the change. It had inspired them with a more cordial and tender regard, which in some almost took the form of pity. She, too, had noted the change in their manner, and she had ever found herself asking if they could know or suspect her great secret. She had visited the old home, and sat again in her own old room and mused drearily over the sad and impassable chasm which so soon had yawned between her and the old life now gone for evermore. She had taken again a long, solitary walk down the glen and home over the hill. From the window of her room she had seen Mrs. Elmore ride past, but she had no wish to meet her.

As she walked slowly toward the station with her assistant, to take the evening train, she again met Professor Moors. Leaning upon his arm, and looking up earnestly into his face, she recognized Mrs. Elmore's niece, Emma May.

They had been warm friends in their school-days. Although rivals in the class-room, no feeling of emulation had ever prevented them from sharing each other's secrets, or laying famous plans for a future in which they were always to be associated, till, as they reached maturity, the latter grew diverse.

Miss May had little of her companion's energy of soul, still less of her reserve, but her character was a combination of ingenuousness so complete that it often lapsed into effusiveness with admirable tact—a combination as happy as it is rare. She had devoted herself with great enthusiasm to art, and had just returned from four years of foreign study.

There was an instant of mutual recognition on the part of the ladies, but both seemed determined to make the gathering darkness an excuse for hastening on without salutation.

"They do say," began Miss Newell's companion, "that Professor Moors is visiting that girl, and that she is very handsome and accomplished, and has brought home from Europe some beautiful pict-

ures of her own that will make her famous. Come to think, you must know her, for she grew up here."

"She was my old playmate. Excuse me now if I cannot talk of her," said Miss Newell, unable to control herself.

The glib, chatty little normal teacher looked at her in speechless amazement, and scarcely spoke again till they reached Ashton.

Once securely in her own room at her grandmother's, Miss Newell gave way to such violence of grief as she had never felt before. She walked up and down with streaming eyes, and then threw herself upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow to stifle her sobs. It was an angry grief.

"What right has this man to come between me and my long-cherished plans—to imbitter all my life? I offered him all, and he deliberately poisoned love's arrows for me, and feels no pang himself, while I love on in vain."

Her heart did not break; but all the ice which had so long hardened about it was melted now, and gradually she grew calm. Then a sense of bitter loss succeeded; yet she felt that her life was isolated from all those warm human sympathies which soothe and support. The world to her seemed a dreary sea, on which she was floating and drifting hopelessly, while day and night, like unmeaning light and shadow, were brightening and darkling over her unresponsive spirit, and while from the heavens above, deep and inscrutable as destiny, came no answer to her prayers. Thus benumbed, and stricken through and through with despair, she sank, toward morning, into a fitful sleep.

Mr. Meechum was a bustling little man, with a head prematurely tinged with gray, and with a parboiled complexion, who had been for several years superintendent of schools at Ashton. Miss Newell had known him in college, when he had the reputation of being a first-class electioneerer and trotter for his society, a somewhat obsequious and very serviceable man in general. He had a wise, scheming, and politic brain, and a rare talent for pleasing all without committing himself to any body or thing in particular, and without ever expressing a decided opinion. By his genius for trimming and shuffling he had managed to find or make his way into the best society of the town without being looked upon as a social parasite. If there was anything to which he stood fairly committed it was the view that men and women were absolutely equal and alike in the schoolroom, and must have the same hours, privileges, grade, and wages. This he had said in a card to the Ashton *Torchlight*, and this gained him his election by a handsome majority over his competitors. He had watched Miss Newell and her enterprise from the first with the liveliest concern, and, as they grew in popular favor, not without some dismay.

But mature reflection revealed matters in a new light. Here was a chance for a most advantageous alliance. Educational and social prestige was the prize. Coöperation between the new institute and the public schools he knew Miss Newell had sought with little success thus far. He had called on her, and talked over a plan by which, with slight changes which it was in his power to make, all girl-graduates of the high-schools might be prepared to enter the institute. He had enlarged on the reciprocal advantages of harmonious relations between them, to all of which Miss Newell had very warmly assented. Of late he had been quite a frequent caller, and Miss Newell had met him with a courtesy which he felt to be very flattering. In Miss Newell's absence her grandmother had several times received him, and his manner had been so gracious that she had been completely won over to his interests.

It was nearly noon the day after Josie's return from Springtown that the old lady entered her granddaughter's room with breakfast on a tray.

"I thought I'd fetch it up myself, just to see how you git on; though ef you hain't slept out yit I'll come up again bime-by. But it's gettin' rather hard to lug my old bones up the steep, squeaky stairs."

"Thank you. Please set it on the stand. I will get up soon," said Miss Newell, wearily.

"Why, law sakes alive! How dragged out you do look. Humph! And no wonder you hain't got no emptins left in you after all you've been a-doin' on a fortnight back. Josie, it ain't in natur', unless you're made out of steel springs and ingines, to work so. I've done it all my life, but 'pears like young folks ain't made o' the same stuff as we was in my day. And now I think on it," continued the old lady, settling herself into a chair, and lowering her voice at the same time, and vastly pleased with herself to think she had introduced the special object of her visit with so much tact, "there! Mr. Meechum's called—let me see—once, twice, to see you when you was away. Now, I'll allow he ain't no stavin' great shakes—p'r'aps. I don't s'pose he'd ever set a river afire, but he ain't no booby, and that's sartin as preachin'. He hain't never let on to me, not one word. I reckon he feels a little kinder shameful, and lothe to speak. He ain't one of them kind as blurts right out like some, and I don't s'pose he's ever said anything to you. As long ago as you and he was in Springtown studyin', Mrs. Hand once said to me at a quiltin', says she, just as hateful as she always was arter about three cups of tea, when her eyes begun to bung out of her head, and her tongue to run at both ends—says she, 'There's Meechum and Josie—how's that for a match?' I was bitin' mad then, and I just up and spoke right out in meetin'. Says I, 'Mrs. Hand, you git a new whimsey every cup o' young hyson you drink. He couldn't shake a stick at Josie, and everybody knows that only you.' But I look at things very different from what I used to," she continued, with some tenderness in her accent. "Now, Josie, s'posin' I drop off sudden, what'll you do all alone in the world? And Meechum thinks so much of you he'd always do just as you wanted him to. He'd make such a nice and obleegin' husband, and if you don't feel the need of one now you will bime-by. You ain't grouty 'cause I spoke of it, are you?" said she, after a pause.

"Oh, no, dear grandmother; I will get up and

take my breakfast," said Miss Newell, rising and kissing the old lady, who started off to the kitchen, pleased at the fancied success of her diplomacy.

Miss Newell resumed all her old school-duties the next week, but they had lost all interest for her. She was fighting with a stout heart and an iron will against despair now. Mr. Meechum continued to call. Miss Newell was even glad to see him. His society was far more pleasant to her than self-communion. But her manner was such that he ventured to make no advances.

Thus some weeks passed before the inevitable crisis came. Despondency, anxiety, overwork, had brought sleeplessness, and at last utter nervous prostration, and Miss Newell found herself obliged to resign all school-duties to her assistants, and to seek rest and quiet in a change of scene. The physicians prescribed Europe. The sea-air and the new interests of foreign travel might revive and refresh quickly, at any rate most surely. The present must be entirely banished from her consciousness for a time, or the worst consequences might ensue. And so it was at length arranged. As the day of her departure approached, Ashton and her home began to seem unendurable to her. It was well she must go, for she could no longer stay. Her fevered fancy boded some nameless and impending calamity if she did not hasten her departure. She felt, too, that she was leaving a life to which she was never to return. But something within, resistless as destiny, urged her on. It was with much effort that she met friends and pupils for the final adieux. She fancied that all saw her heart, and read its inmost secret. Despite the protest of her physician, and the most earnest remonstrance of friends, she persisted in starting upon the long journey alone. She must resolutely face all her griefs, and carefully and persistently think and feel her own unaided way through them all to sanity again, or be lost.

During these final days of preparation Mr. Meechum was unusually attentive. He was constantly bustling about, offering every conceivable kind of aid. His services, officious as they grew, were accepted with courtesy. Even when he proposed a correspondence on educational matters she had no power to refuse. He accompanied her on the train to a distant town, and his unctuous good-by was the last friendly voice she heard before leaving her native shore.

The voyage was delightful. The bracing sea-air, the unwonted sights, and sounds, and pastimes, on shipboard, soothed and calmed her beyond the most sanguine prediction of the physician. Instead of resolving all the oppressive sadness of the last few months by sternly looking the spectres of the mind out of countenance, as she had hoped, she seemed to herself to be leaving them far behind.

Animated by a lively and curious interest, she passed some months in flitting from place to place, seldom leaving the frequented paths of foreign travel, but seeing all that a woman may see in a few days in Glasgow, London, Paris, Geneva, Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, until at last, fatigued with sight-seeing and guide-books, she determined to pass what remained of the winter and the spring in Berlin. Her kind-hearted old German patron in Ashton had insisted on giving her a note to his friends in that city, which now she was heartily glad to use. It introduced her to a family of considerable refinement and gentility, who kindly assisted her in finding suitable lodgings, and whose friendship and hospitality were so cordially offered that she learned to look to them for almost daily counsel and assistance.

The war with France had ended long ago; and, although the Prussian capital was already the centre of progressive Teutonism, the vestiges of old German particularism were yet abundant, and Miss Newell was charmed to find that she had fallen in with the simple life of the old Berlin burgher. The quaint and well-kept furniture, the peculiar provincial accent and vocabulary, the home-made garments for every day, the coarse fare, the heart-felt piety that so reverenced each morsel of daily bread as a special token of heavenly favor, the unquestioning loyalty to God and the kaiser, and, amid and over all, such abundant measure of the untranslatable *Gemüthlichkeit*—all this endeared her new friends, and helped to give life a new zest again. With another American lady, whose acquaintance she had made by chance, Miss Newell even ventured to call on the new rector of the university and solicit the privilege of attending lectures; and at last, after much delay, was informed that for the first time the academic senate had voted permission to attend, provided the consent of the several instructors could be obtained, although matriculation was not allowed to women. But the observations excited by her presence among the students was so embarrassing, the lecture so special, and her acquaintance with the language so inadequate, that Miss Newell soon left her more hardy and ambitious companion to the sole enjoyment of this privilege, and decided to apply herself to drawing under the direction of a visiting instructor.

Herr Schröder was an enthusiast in his devotion to art. When a young man he had visited Rome with a few companions, who, like himself, were fired with the ardent purpose of making art the means of restoring the Fatherland to the bosom of the true Church. Devotion must be passionate in order to be pure, they maintained. Europe had lapsed into secularism, which was only a euphemism for doubt. Faith alone could reanimate the corpse of modern society. It was the divine mission of art to realize the good and the true in the forms of the beautiful. True art is that which translates the vital doctrines of Scripture and sacred tradition into forms of sense most adequately and effectively.

Some of the little band assumed almost the garb and habits of life of one of the monastic orders. Two of their number had vowed celibacy. They met semi-weekly to criticise each other's work, and to share each other's new insights and enthusiasms. When they returned to Germany, and slowly realized how fond and vain their hopes had been, some clung with yet more passionate devotion to their

principles after, and perhaps because it was apparent how dreamy and barren they were. Others gradually fell away to pagan styles and subjects, despite the sharp reproaches of their old associates. Herr Schröder belonged to the former class. He had become known at Berlin as one of the most earnest and accomplished of modern "Düsseldorfers." Surrounded then by hostile influences, he had so often allowed himself to lay down the pencil and brush for the pen of the critic and controversialist, that his hand had grown less facile on the canvas. From this and a variety of other causes he had at length become a teacher of his art without losing any of the commingled religious and æsthetic fervor and sentimentalism which had so strongly characterized his youth.

This pleased Miss Newell. She loved to listen to her instructor's rhapsodic accounts of his emotions on first visiting Rome, to his description of the grand masterpieces of mediæval art he had studied there, and of the incalculable influence which they had exerted upon the tone of modern Christendom. She found his zeal contagious when he expatiated upon the mission of art in the world in localizing and harmonizing divine truth. She became interested in the history of painting, and visited with her instructor several of the numerous private galleries in the city.

"Is it not plain," he said to her, one day, "that religious devotion alone can inspire real artistic genius?"

"I have seen too little to form any opinion as yet," she replied. "But, surely, you do not deny genius to the Greeks?"

"They knew how to treat the body," he replied, "but there is nothing in all classical antiquity that satisfies, or even appeals strongly to, the soul. Not till the discipline of the Church had taught men to mortify the flesh, and to find the higher meaning of life in meditation and prayer, did art learn to make the face more expressive than the hand."

"At least you do not deny great merit to what you term profane or secular art?" she queried.

"Suppose," said he, "an artist paints fruit and flower studies so perfectly to the eye that one cannot distinguish the original from the copy. What good is done? It is at best but a reduplication of Nature. Some chromo-photographic art may be invented any day that shall make all that superfluous. As to pagan mythology, not only does it lack the prime element of reality, is unsubstantial as dreams, cloud-shadows, instead of reflections of heavenly truth, but it yields either no moral or a bad one. No artist who has labored in this field has ever overcome the constant temptation to sacrifice spirit to sense, which, in fact, his theme quite generally compels him to do. But, granting the very most that can be claimed, it can convey at best but a merely moral lesson, or express possibly some distant prophecy or dim allegory of revealed wisdom."

"What do you say, then, of historic and landscape painting?" she asked.

"Simply this," he replied, "that it is either untrue or uninteresting. Secular history in itself is extremely monotonous, save when it may serve for the enforcement and illustration of the facts of religious history. Like a landscape study, it can have little intrinsic merit, or excite little independent interest. The chief use of both is to make tone and background for the data of revelation, like an accompaniment in music. Examine, for instance, as I have done," he continued, "the great Passions and the Madonnas, and you will not fail to observe that it is devotional ardor which has given an almost superhuman refinement of expression, an intensity of feeling, a depth of soul, a fervor of aspiration, nowhere else to be found, and a touch of living reality which makes itself felt in the exquisite finish of form and glowing warmth of color."

"I am so crude," said Miss Newell, "I need to think of these things."

"If you would learn to paint," said Herr Schröder, "or even to know what painting is, you must study the masterpieces in Rome. The genius of the place there will whisper the open secret of art to you."

"I fancy," said she, "I should need you for my interpreter, for I confess I am such a barbarian that after three days of the most diligent sight-seeing there, and interesting and grand as everything was, I was on the whole disappointed. I like Berlin far better."

Herr Schröder only raised his eyebrows, sighed, shook his head slowly, and shrugged his shoulders significantly, in reply.

In the course of the winter Miss Newell frequently thought of this conversation, and had repeatedly sought to continue it, but always in vain.

"Ah, Fräulein," Herr Schröder replied one day, "these things are so deep and sacred with me! Art and religion are one and inseparable. I am a painter because I was first a believer; and how can I ever hope to make you, who have no faith, understand me? These things need the insight of sympathy. Yet, if I could think that you had ever experienced some—yes, any—intense and absorbing feeling, deep enough to break up and mould anew your whole soul, and make life and death seem indifferent save as they might minister to the attainment of its object, then I might hope to make intelligible to you the devotion which both religion and art should inspire."

"Excuse me if I have seemed to ask a confidence which I could not give in return," Miss Newell replied, with a stern effort to be calm.

When Herr Schröder left her that day, the old heart-soreness which she fancied was wellnigh healed, returned. "He, too, finds me cold and unfeeling," she thought. "I seem to myself to have a heart of proud-flesh; to others it seems a stone. There is no danger of betraying my secret when everything I do belies my very soul. But yet, why did he speak of such a sympathy, if he did not suspect ground for it in me? Can it be hidden nowhere? No confidant or confessor in the world could ever draw it from me. If it had never found utterance,

I might hope one day to be happy again; but now, O Memory and Love! is there no escape from your power? Must I face the only issue which remains for those who suffer what can neither be cured nor endured?"

When her reflections grew calmer, she determined to devote all her strength to the study of painting. If it led her toward the Church of Rome, or into it —yes, or even into a convent as a bride of Christ— what mattered it? Her prejudices against Catholicism were probably bred of ignorance, and, if she could only find nepenthe there, all might be well again.

So she pored over the lives of the great masters, and made large collections of photographs and engravings, and studied every accessible painting of note in the city, spent a week at Leipsic, and would have gone to Rome despite the lateness of the season but for the reiterated protests of her instructor. Her toil was as unremitting as her zeal was ill-directed and impulsive. She worked with the inconsiderate and impetuous haste that only those yield to who are at cross-purposes with themselves. She had suddenly resolved to make art fill the place of social enjoyment, friends, country, family, and even of love and religion. She found great solace in a few sketches she had designed and executed with much care with the pencil, and which she hoped soon to be competent to attempt in oil. Women more than men always reproduce themselves in art, and no wonder that she found a kind of self-ministration which was almost sacred in this employment. As she gained power to realize and objectify her own sorrow, it became less poignant. This she might do with safety, for, even if other eyes than her own ever beheld her work, they could not interpret her heart. Now she felt that she was on the only road which could lead her again to perfect mental and emotional sanity.

Meanwhile she had received frequent letters from Mr. Meechum. They informed her of all the educational gossip afloat in Ashton, and of the waning fortunes of her institution. His were the only communications she received save from relatives and her vice-principal, and they were all answered promptly. She recounted to him her university experience, described the sights she had seen in her travels, and even her acquaintance with Herr Schröder. Against the influence of the latter, Mr. Meechum felt it his duty to warn her most solemnly and emphatically. He had heard that Jesuits assumed every disguise to win proselytes to Rome. Her instructor was probably no artist, but a priest.

Thus spring slowly passed, and summer approached. Herr Schröder came twice a week, and was very greatly pleased with the progress and zeal of his pupil.

"If you had begun earlier, and had had good instruction, you might perhaps have made an artist, after all," he exclaimed, with much ill-disguised surprise, as with a sudden burst of confidence she one day showed him some of her unfinished sketches. "Perhaps you will be able to understand me yet some day," he said, with beaming delight.

"And why not now?" said Miss Newell, impulsively.

The painter looked at her with a long, earnest, inquiring gaze, till she blushed, and stopped to pick up a fallen sketch.

"Ah!" he said, with a smile. "You American women are such materialists and so world-wise, and have such a business way about everything, that I have been much afraid of you. I think I should like to tell you everything. Yet," he added slowly, "these things cannot be so well told as seen and felt by intimate friendship. Such friendship, I begin to think, I could enjoy with you."

"I fear it would be selfish in me to accept it, and that you would be sadly disappointed in me," she said, demurely. "I must add more," she continued, after a pause and with much effort—"that all the friendship which can spring from common sympathy in the matters of which we have conversed will be more grateful to me than perhaps even you can imagine. But I can never receive or give anything more."

Thenceforth they understood each other, and the former reserve between them was gone. She saw him only as before, and, when the hour of instruction was ended, he took his departure yet more promptly than formerly. But now they could speak freely. She gathered incidentally the story of his life, and felt safe in pitying his lonely and unfortunate lot, and in indulging her growing admiration of the faith that could minister such overflowing hpppiness to a life which had been filled only with unrealizable ideals, deferred hopes, and impossible ambitions.

So reassured had she been by her instructor's manifest satisfaction with the unfinished sketches she had shown him, that she at length undertook to finish two of them, which she deemed the best, in oil; and, when they were done, no eye but her own had seen them. She had such a growing sense of their imperfections that they were soon locked away in the closet, save now and then, when visitors were not expected, she found satisfaction in bringing them forth from their hiding-place, till they had become the theme of the meditation of many a lonely hour.

One had for its background the high citadel and battered walls of Megara, which rose darkly and massively against the clear eastern sky, faintly tinged with the purple dawn, while the waning moon still cast long, pale shadows from the west. A grassy knoll to the right was covered by the tents of the Cretan army, all now wrapped in silent slumber. In the foreground, by the door of the royal tent, stood King Minos, without sandals or helmet, hastily wrapped in his mantle. In the hand that held the folds of his garment he grasped a sheathed sword, and the other was extended in a violent gesture of disgust and repulsion. Scylla stood before him, her father's purple lock, which the oracle had declared the palladium of the besieged city, lying at her feet. Her hair was bound by a broad, golden fillet, the front of the upper rim arched into a diadem which proclaimed her royal birth. At the extreme right stood slaves with precious treasures from her father's

palace. She had seen and loved from afar, and had stolen forth to offer father, friends, home, country, all she was able to conceive the man of her choice might desire, only to find herself despised, abhorred, and rejected. Mingled rage, guilt, and despair, without fear or remorse, flamed in her face. Her hands were clinched, her attitude full of defiance, and her hair, still carefully smoothed above the coronet, below seemed coiling into forms which resembled the shining tresses of the furies. Love in an instant turned into implacable hate.

In the other picture a broad, square tower rose above the walls of a crumbling old castle, from which through an open casement leaned the "lily maid of Astolat"—Elaine. All the environments were roughly finished, and Miss Newell had devoted all her care to the central figures. Below, Lancelot, his face pale and thin from the long illness through which she had so tenderly and faithfully nursed him, was putting spur to his steed without even an adieu, with "rough discourtesy to break or blunt her passion." The shield she had so long guarded hung upon his arm. She had scoured all its old dints so brightly that the soft light of the setting sun was reflected from it into her face as fully as when

> "First she placed it where morning's earliest ray
> Might strike it and awake her with its gleam."

The knight's brow was stern, and his lips compressed, and he was in the act of tearing from the old shield the "red sleeve bordered with pearls" which he had worn in his last and greatest tourney as her token. Her face was pale and thin. Since first

> ". . . . she lifted up her eyes,
> And loved him with that love which was her doom,"

no deeper anguish had pierced her heart than now. Not even when, as the favor he begged her to ask, she besought that she might have his love and be his wife, and when, because it could not be, she swooned with anguish. Now it was a calm, deeper climax of sorrow that dimly discerned as from afar its own balm. Her lips were parted with an expression no less sweet than sad, which seemed to welcome love and death alike. Her hands were clasped upon the silken case she had braided, and her eyes, though fixed upon the high plume of the knight, seemed to look vacantly far beyond to their future meeting, when, in the chambers of the false queen who had renounced him, he should pluck her letter from her clay-cold hand and read—

> "I loved you, and my love had no return,
> And, therefore, my true love has been my death,'

and pause to leave a kiss upon her lips and a tear upon her brow. Such a look was on her face as holy pilgrim-women wear when they pause in barren places and look upon a cross.

One day, when she was idly gazing at these pictures, her instructor announced himself so suddenly that she had no time to conceal them; and, when he entered her work-room, they were at once discovered. Without observing her discomfiture, he examined them carefully, pointing out defects she had and others she had not observed.

"But," he said, at last, giving way to his enthusiasm, "they are wonderful for your practice, especially the scene from Tennyson. I once sought myself for such a subject, and even made a sketch of poor Vanessa in an ideal scene. Profane themes are well for studies, but there is no inspiration in them. I almost think you might now succeed with a Madonna. Even this face," pointing to Elaine, "would be remarkable as a Dolorosa. But do you observe how much these faces resemble each other, and how like both are to expressions I have often seen lurking in your own face? You should vary the type and subject. Besides, you are attempting too much. I must insist on a vacation. In a few weeks it will be safe to visit Rome. That must be the next step in your studies. You are far better prepared to go than I thought."

A few days later she set out. It was a somewhat sentimental journey. She lingered awhile at Lucerne, and again at Geneva. Saddened hearts find comfort and companionship in mountains. The clear and pure air, the silence, and solitude, and grandeur, soothed and calmed without exhilarating. She had no desire for adventuresome ascents, and felt no impulse to copy or paint, but was content to contemplate, and enjoy, and write in her journal. Yet Herr Schröder was right about Nature. The great metropolis of art whither she was bound must be far more refining and regenerating than it; and oh! regeneration—that, after all, was what she needed. In the Eternal City she would find the true home of her soul; and she wrote in her diary:

"I will taste the lotus no longer, lest no power of hellebore avail to help me hence. I will obey the call!" and two days later she was comfortably quartered in Rome.

Guide-book in hand, wandering at random in her impetuous and desultory way with a fresh and insatiable curiosity, she had, during the month that elapsed before Herr Schröder arrived, become quite familiar with the most obvious sights and sentiments of the place. Here she found that which absorbed her into self-forgetfulness. Alone as she was, she felt the need of no society. Here, too, was the independence she long had sought. Here she would spend all her remaining days. The old life must be forgotten. She would break from it completely. This would be a new birth, indeed. She owed no duties to her grandmother, whose own children were anxious to minister to her comfort, and, as for her institute, it had declined in popularity, and was mortgaged for taxes. So, at least, Mr. Meechum had written. Possibly he might be willing to make her an offer for it. Of course, she must lose heavily, but perhaps more heavily if she delayed. By the laws of the State he, as school superintendent, would soon control it independently of her. Again it might revive and become more useful in his hands than it ever could be under her management. A few months later, therefore, it became his for a small sum, and, when all was done, Miss Newell was somewhat sur-

prised to observe that his letters abruptly ceased, leaving even her last inquiries unanswered. This roused for a time some feeling of indignation and chagrin, but, when it subsided, she became moralist enough to write in her journal:

"Even ungrateful neglect and indignities, which are among the ills we have to bear, may be endured, if, like Dr. Pangloss, we reflect how much more grievous they might have been. We may learn some wisdom from Dr. Pangloss, absurd as he is."

She had counted the days till her instructor's arrival. She had hardly realized before how large a place he filled in her thoughts. She really longed to see him. She had studied what he liked, and imagined his opinions on many things which she had seen. She had sketched but little, but had seen and pondered much. She would confide in him without reservation when he came. He could explain everything, and she had saved up so many questions to ask him!

When they met, she was not greatly embarrassed to find herself blushing in his presence, while she fancied that the vivacity and sprightliness, which she did not try to repress, made him more deeply serious than ever before.

Herr Schröder was at home here. He knew the dignitaries of the Church, and the artists, and was favorably known by them. He explained to his pupil the symbols of the ritual, and the paraphernalia of the festivals, and introduced her to several of the painters, and to a distinguished prelate, and found her a teacher of Italian. They saw much of each other now, and took frequent strolls, and even saw the Coliseum by moonlight together, and her journal was forgotten.

"What more auspicious time and place," said he, as they stood upon a huge hewed block of stone by the ruins, "to make a great life-choice? Here is human power crumbling and decaying like Babel, confusion, doubt, secularism, temporality, Protestant schism, and iconoclasm. There"—pointing to the dome of St. Peter's—"is the type of spiritual unity and aspiration, a mere shadow which will fade and vanish like these ruins, but which will leave behind it a precious immortality of influence. Its very ground-plan, a cross, will make its ruins more eloquent of suffering endurance, the capital virtue of Christianity, than its perfection can ever be. Oh!" he continued, with increasing vehemence, "what has science done or can it ever do for faith? Nothing but correct her proof-texts and revise her illustrations, and reword her dogmas; but art, from the first, has made religion a power in the world. The Muses give higher motives and better comforts than material possessions or knowledge can ever do. Art alone can realize for holy ends all the traditions of imperial Rome, and make her the centre whence a new and higher civilization shall spread over the world."

"You know I have chosen," Miss Newell broke in, with deep emotion.

"But do you know that, if you choose Christian art, you enter upon a *via dolorosa* which will never lead you to either wealth or fame?" asked he.

"I have renounced possessions, country, a life of ease, perhaps some renown, my own will, yes, and my very heart itself," she said, with tearless eyes but with a trembling voice. "What more? I think sometimes I could do almost anything in art which you would advise and direct. I feel that art may by-and-by give me something to cling to, to lean upon; and something—*something* in heaven or on earth—I must have!"

She covered her face with her hands, and Herr Schröder gazed long and almost tenderly upon her, and only said:

"Do not despair; have patience; it is the secret way to genius. You may be accounted worthy to serve the holiest. The spirit of power may come to you at any moment. Men are still inspired here."

They walked home slowly and silently. The next day they were teacher and scholar again, and talked of work.

"It is about time your apprenticeship should end," said Herr Schröder. "You must try to learn to trust your own creative power. Put your taste, your creed, your heart, yourself, in short, into some original subject. Think it out carefully, and express it slowly and patiently, using me for details. Drawing is your best point. It is in coloring that I can help you most."

After much deliberation, and with the same unconventional candor of sentiment and motive that so often characterized her action, she chose an old, old theme, so spun over with dogmas, and hedged about by traditional forms of treatment, that to one ambitious merely of artistic fame it would have seemed beset with too great dangers and difficulties. It was the Holy Night of Nights—the supreme hour of motherhood, when love becomes complete, and every first-born child seems the offspring of Heaven—Immanuel.

An arched grotto in a crumbling limestone rock had often been a noonday retreat and a theme for pencil-sketches, in the glen at her Western home. In such a shelter, slightly improved by a fore-work of stones and branches, upon a rick of dried straw and grass, lay a young mother clasping a child, "all meanly wrapped," to her breast. The face of the child was not seen, hardly the outline of its form, but all the beatitudes seemed to rest upon the face of the mother. The dawn was scarcely gray in the east, but a bright light, softer than that of the sun, lay warm and fresh from an unknown source upon the scene—a type of the new revelations and insights of love. A male figure knelt near the mother with face averted, but evidently absorbed in contemplation, less carefully finished than the rest, with slight constraint and more affectation, evidently mingled with a deep ardor of devotion. Before the outer edge of the shelter paused a yet more rudely-clad herdsman, with a face strangely eloquent of meaning. It told that these intruders were strangers, far from home, in need of sympathy, perhaps of help. Pity, and surprise, and reverence, were there, but above all a tender sadness, which, when it was once

caught and felt by the observer, seemed to dim the splendor of the light, and make the pile of fagots at one side suggestive of a sacrificial altar, and the faint shadow that fell prone and uncertain upon the huddled sheep behind him, of a cross. Both gazed upon the mother, and she, unconscious of all —even her child—seemed absorbed in the vision of some higher presence, unseen save to her. The lines of care and suffering, and of present pain, were too deeply worn in her brow to be effaced, but they only made more expressive the tranquil calm and deep joy that now filled and completely satisfied her soul, and made every accumulated ill and shame of life forgotten in the supreme joy of motherhood.

Such was the ideal that gradually took shape in Miss Newell's mind, and toward the expression of which she wrought with great diligence. She studied faces and groupings, and gathered suggestions from almost every collection in the city. She was with her teacher more than ever before. Never had she felt such constant need of him. Never had she longed so earnestly for greater skill to express her conceptions. Only the encouragement of his enthusiasm kept her from despair of her own powers ; and yet, upon the whole, she had never found so much pleasure in any task, and the praises of her mentor had never been so warm and valued. She knew he was pleased with her choice of theme, and he had found but little fault with her conception of it. She had hoped to finish it before the festivities of Christmas, that she might find needed rest and recreation in these.

One day when it was nearly complete, Herr Schröder rapped at her door much earlier than usual. He found her already at her work.

"I have been suddenly called away for a few days," he said, in an unusually earnest and intense manner ; "I could not go until I had spoken to you upon a matter which you may perhaps easily anticipate, and which has occupied my thoughts especially of late."

Miss Newell's heart was in her throat in an instant. She could not trust her voice, but only motioned him to sit.

"You must have felt in this last work of yours," he said, after a long pause, "the deep impulse which sometimes seems outside of and more mighty than self, so that you appear merely to look on and see yourself work. This larger life, which men call enthusiasm, love, genius—forms of inspiration of the Holy Ghost, all of them—you must have felt ?"

"I have felt it," she said, slowly. "At least, I love my work ; but not purely for itself—for something else. My former life will linger in my thoughts in such a sad, sweet way, that I often wonder whether I should enjoy more or less here if I could forget it entirely."

"You did well," he rejoined, "to renounce and try at least to forget the past before you came here. But, in doing so, you must have had higher thoughts and feelings to sustain you and make all ills seem blessings in disguise ?"

"Yet," she continued, "I often feel that somehow selfishness is at the bottom of all, and am often conscious of the need and absence of all you describe, and almost sink for the want of something to cling to for support."

"Ah ! that," said Herr Schröder, gravely, "is the need of every human heart, and it is the chief business of all mental culture to discover what that something is. Do you not believe that the Muses are all servants of the Holy Ghost ?"

"No doubt," she replied, "but we must love the divine through the human. Is that not the highest precept of art ? Christ seems so far away ! The theologians have almost resolved him back into ineffable God."

"But," said he, "we have his representatives—the clergy, the Church, and its holy offices. Yet it is true we need more. I have felt most deeply the need of companionship and sympathy in my solitary life."

"We cannot live without love. We need not disguise or deny it," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, while her eyes, gazing into the distance, showed her thoughts to be far, far away.

"Perhaps," he rejoined, "you and I have reason to feel this more than most. In this common need, we have much ground for mutual understanding. You can best judge of this, however, for you know far more of my life than I of yours. Yet you were wisest in concealing and trying to forget the past. Now you can help me to a new life."

"I am bound to you by debts of gratitude, which I fear nothing less than that could ever repay. Would that I dared to hope it were possible !" she added, after a pause.

"I cannot explain to you the long reserve I have felt in speaking of this," he said, "and now it is only because the voice of Heaven commands no further delay that I am here." His manner was more impassioned and fervent, and he drew very close to her side as he said :

"The Divine will has decreed for us the holiest of all earthly vows. Shall we obey ?"

"We cannot do otherwise," she said. "I, too, have long wished for a higher consecration to art, yes, prayed for it often. If you could show me how it is attained, oh, how light my weary griefs would become !" Yet the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"And I !" he said, almost rapturously, scarcely heeding what she said. "The thought of this has led me on almost from the first. My prayers are answered. You have given me strength. And now," he continued, suddenly clasping her hand in his own, "when, through the holy rites of the Church, we are dead to the world and to each other, and the sacred veil of the bride of Christ has fallen—"

She started up with a sudden cry of horror and agony as his meaning flashed upon her. She had thought only of a higher devotion to art, which was to lift her above the ordinary griefs of humanity, and had clung to Herr Schröder as the minister to that end. He, enthusiast as he was, had thought only of mutual vows of retirement into the holy seclusion of monastic and cloistered life ; or possibly the flames

of love and of religious fervor were so commingled in his soul that he had by turns mistaken each for the other, and, by the influence of Miss Newell's acquaintance, had become conscious of being drawn now to thoughts of marriage—now to purposes of higher religious consecration. The latter motive had prevailed, or the latter mood chanced this hour to be paramount. To be sure, his words had vaguely suggested such thoughts to her mind before, but they had always been dismissed without serious consideration; for, if he desired to renounce the world, she could see no reason for any wish on his part that she should do the same.

This time the shock was too great for her exhausted system. With a low moan of agony, she fainted in her chair. Possibly her teacher suspected the cause of her distress. At all events, when she was restored, others were over her, and he was gone.

The next day he called, but could not see her. The morning following she left Rome, and in two days was in her old quarters at Berlin, which had chanced to remain vacant during her absence.

She was warmly received by her old friends, who had been greatly concerned because nothing had been heard from her since her solitary departure for Rome. They hastened to place in her hands a few letters which had lain there for some time till her new address should be known. Among these was one from Professor Moors. She recognized the handwriting, but, although nearly prostrated with fatigue and exhaustion, opened and read it with perfect composure.

The professor had some hope of establishing a home of his own in the spring, the letter stated. He wished a few tasteful pictures, copies in oil, if they could be procured, of some of the great masters. His house had several rooms somewhat like those in her old home in Springtown. It might aid her to keep this in mind. A few general specifications as to price and character were added, leaving a wide range of choice to her own taste.

This was a commission which it would require several days to execute, but she set about it at once, and it was soon done.

During her previous residence here she had, through the family of the house, made the acquaintance of several visiting Sisters from the convent of the Holy Cross, and had felt strongly drawn toward them. The placid repose of soul which they seemed to enjoy, their tranquil and yet beneficent lives, charmed and hallowed by an atmosphere of peace and subdued satisfaction and joy, had from the first provoked her curiosity. She now met them again, and requested to see them whenever they came to the house. In the quiet days that succeeded it was inevitable that certain trains of thought and purpose that before occupied her mind should be revived and reviewed. Those first weeks in Berlin, when Herr Schröder had been to her only a teacher, seemed now to have been almost happy. What, after all, if he had been in the right! It might be that all the wounds of earth could be healed and forgotten in pious seclusion and meditation. Her life had been indeed unusually solitary. There might be a divine purpose in that. Of course, intellectually, she was conscious that she had no proclivities toward Catholicism. Many of its dogmas she knew only as noxious and almost profane. But an asylum from the rough, cold world, the opportunity for spiritual advancement and confidence, a true confessional of soul, perhaps—these seemed invested with a wondrous and growing charm. Here, too, she might find occupation. She could still paint, and find consecration and inspiration, and live in the midst of insights and motives that would suggest and interpret the highest subjects; while for her leisure hours there remained devotion, study, works of charity. Her pictures, too, would sell for a small sum, no doubt—enough, with what was yet left of her inheritance, for the deposit-fund required at the end of her novitiate, before she took the final vows. At last she was resolved; the pictures were sold, and their price—far less, she knew, than their real value—laid by. She began to feel herself, in reality, dead to the world, to its common pleasures and pains. How kind was Providence to lead her heart, and at last her feet, to a home, sweet home, for her tired soul!

Some weeks were to elapse before the initial, and many before the final, rites of consecration, by which she, with several others, was to be set apart from the world. On the morrow she had decided to accept the kind invitation of the Sisters, and occupy a room with them in the convent dormitory, and a seat at their commons-table.

The morrow was Christmas. It was one of those rare days of warm and perfect splendor which sometimes smile down upon old Berlin in early winter through Italian skies, and which, whenever they come, make a holiday of Nature's own setting apart, for all who have or can beg or steal leisure to enjoy it.

Miss Newell's sleep had been sound and untroubled. Her great elevation of feeling made her the more calm. This morning she spent nearly an hour in devotional meditation and prayer, exercises almost new to her, and which added greatly to the depth of her joy and peace.

The members of the household where she lived had sent in a neat little bouquet of flowers, with a card on which was written "Prosit zum Weihnachtsfest!" and she was just taking out the plain but neat garments she was to wear, when a caller was announced in the parlor below. He had sent no name or card. She went down at once, and found herself face to face with Professor Moors! For an instant neither spoke. There was no form of salutation. This time she was more calm than he. She observed that he looked jaded and anxious. He began speaking rapidly:

"I left Ashton three weeks ago, traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Elmore. She has shown me long ago the great wrong I have done you. I have come to Europe to find you and to tell you that I have loved you from the first."

She suddenly raised her hand deprecatingly, but it fell again.

"You are not married, then?" she asked, after a pause, with a tone of simple surprise, yet very calmly.

"I have never had a thought of it," he said, with great emphasis and more surprise, "which did not lead my mind and my very heart toward you."

He paused a moment, but she said nothing, and he continued:

"I had foolish and cruel motives. I thought you proud, unfeeling, wrongly ambitious, and I fought long and bitterly against my own heart. How little I knew you then! I was proud and heartless. Now I am ready, longing for any sacrifice, any atonement. Nay, more—I feel that my life henceforth will be a poor, worthless thing if it cannot be linked with yours."

She stood drearily, almost breathlessly there, while these words, that would once have thrilled her heart with unspeakable joy, seemed now like the echo of a far-off sorrow.

"Have you ceased to love me?" he exclaimed, with trembling voice.

"I fear so—worthily," she said, slowly.

"If you could see my heart— But no, I will not speak of my suffering. Great as it has been, yours has been far deeper, I know. Nay, do not draw back. I know far more of you than you suspect—know it honorably, as a man and a lover has some right. I dare even appeal to your own heart. Do not answer hastily. Let me leave you now to take counsel with your own thoughts." He turned toward the door.

"You are right," she said, yet more calmly. "I must not listen to you. It is Heaven that has parted us. Oh, this is all a dream! We may, we must take time," she burst out, impetuously, after an instant's pause.

"Ah! if you wish to humble or test me, it is perhaps but just," he said. "Yes, impose anything, any task whatsoever."

"As you have done to me? Not for worlds!" she interposed, with deep feeling. "But you did not, could not know!"

"I knew nothing. I misinterpreted all from the first—till a month ago," he replied, "when, thanks to Mrs. Elmore, my eyes were opened."

"Perhaps we need not speak more of it," she said. "It can do no good. I cannot, dare not, abandon the life I have chosen. The vows are already in my heart. It would be worse than weakness to look back."

"But these plans cannot be deliberate? Is there no hope—none?"

"There is none," she said, with deep emotion, and with manifest effort to be firm. "I belong to my friends but for a few hours, and after that I hope never to leave the society of the Sisters I have found here."

The professor lingered a moment, and then, with a sudden impulse, left the house abruptly and without a word.

When he was gone, Miss Newell sank into a chair, quite overpowered by a sense of utter weakness and helplessness, such as she had never felt before. "Once," she thought, "this would have been an hour of supreme bliss. Once, too, when friends called me hard and cold, I might have steeled my heart against every thought of love, but now I can only—what? Pray? Yes." And she prayed silently in anguish of soul as she sat there, her face covered with her hands; prayed that her love might be all refined, and, ceasing to clasp things of earth, might be absorbed in things heavenly and divine; that she might follow duty with an eye more single and a consecration more unreserved; that she might learn from the life of the dear, loving Jesus himself how to find "all the joy that lies in a full self-sacrifice."

She had sat thus she knew not how long, when the door opened and Mrs. Elmore entered unannounced, and threw her arms about Miss Newell's neck in her old warm impulsive manner, almost before she could rise, and began at once:

"There, my dearest Josie, I am not in the least surprised, not the least in the world. I always knew it would be so. Why, he loved you from the first, just as I said, and you thought I dreamed it, or else lied, and that he cared for my niece. You wicked girl!" and she embraced and kissed her yet more demonstratively than before.

Miss Newell raised her hand deprecatingly and began:

"Do you, then, not know—"

"Know? Yes, everything," interrupted Mrs. Elmore, now almost fiercely; "but you don't mean one word of it. If you do, upon my soul, you are crazy, and you shall not leave this house! If Heaven sent you to a convent, it sent me across the sea to prevent your going. It is the same old pride in a new and more dangerous form than ever. Now it would complete its work in entirely crushing out your heart. You love him, and if you can't see that God wants you to make this man happy—to save him from a heavier and longer grief, perhaps, than even yours has been—you had better seek a hospital for your soul! Why," she continued, after a pause, "he has not had a thought that was not yours, but he feared you did not *truly* love him. Your cold manner he thought was heartlessness. Now he knows you love him, and you cannot escape him if you try. He cared for your school, and when it all ran down on Mr. Meechum's hands, he bought it himself, and reorganized it much on your old plan. Your old Springtown home, too, he purchased a year ago, and now it is refitted and furnished, and ready. If he seems to have presumed too much on your love, that is all my fault."

"If I thought it was pride—" said Miss Newell, absently, after another long pause.

"Of course it is. Willful, wicked, stubborn pride, and oh, what a dreadful direction it has taken, and how you must have indulged it!" said Mrs. Elmore. "If you can subdue it *now*, it will be a real regeneration. The culture of all the religions can do no more than that."

"You are my best friend. I have done you

great wrong!" exclaimed Miss Newell, now throwing her arms about Mrs. Elmore's neck. "If you could only know how I have suffered!" and Mrs. Elmore became positive that she did know all about it as she felt the hot tears fall upon her cheek, but this time she was silent.

"How shall I tell the Sisters?" Miss Newell asked at length.

"Tell them everything, and they will give you the kiss of peace and bid you 'God speed!'" was the reply. "But there is another with whom you must break your word first. Sit here and grow calm while I step over to the hotel and call him," and she hastily left the room.

In a few minutes the professor entered, almost timidly. Each looked into the other's eyes an instant, and then she was in his arms.

She was the first to speak.

"Do you know how my love has wavered and wandered—how much pride and selfishness you will have to bear with?"

"I should be cruel, indeed, if I were as unjust to you as are your own thoughts."

"What first convinced you that I really loved you?" she asked next.

"Mrs. Elmore made me feel it at last," he replied; "and then I came by chance the other day upon a picture you sold, which contained my portrait as a herdsman, so wonderfully and tenderly finished from memory."

She blushed deeply, and he continued:

"You will see that and two others I have been able to find and identify after some pains, in your own old room in the old house in Springtown—soon, I hope."

She could not speak, but she rested her head upon his shoulder. Such absorbing peace and joy filled her heart so long estranged from its highest good, but now satisfied and atoned. At last she turned her face toward his, and, with a smile faint but full of happiness, said: "I must impose one condition. You do not ask me to stand by my old letter to you? I do not like that. You must go off and begin in true fashion and write me some ardent love-letters. Then, perhaps, if you should ask me to say—in two months, in Springtown—that will be next leap-year-day—I might have no objection."

Of course, Mrs. Elmore dropped in again before an hour had passed. The professor almost fancied she seemed a trifle disappointed to see, as she did at a glance, that her services were needed no longer. She has since said that the disposition of each was so willful that her anxiety was vastly relieved when she saw them sitting—

Well, kind reader, no matter how—for now the writer may as well confess to so modest a thing as being the hero of his own tale, which is every word a true one.

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We began rather late, but we have been happier than a younger and less experienced couple ever were or could have been for nearly a year. We shall always celebrate leap-year-day. My wife must not see this little story till long after you have forgotten it—till we have been married just four years. Then I shall gather all these friends, if God spares them, every one, and, when the best dinner I can afford is over, I shall read this tale to them, and then I know Mrs. Elmore will say, with great emphasis: "You are quite right. It was all due to me. I foresaw it from the first. It was the most bothersome match I ever engaged in. Those are always the happiest. But the town-gossips—why, there is not one of them ever so much as dreamed why the wedding was leap-year-day to this day."

And my wife will say in her quiet, modest way: "I was not made for a heroine, my dear; and I am afraid that has spoiled your story. I was very headstrong, and enthusiastic, and foolish, but now I fear I forgave you more easily than you deserved. However, the wrong-doing you have spun it all from was mine."

I shall reply: "My dear, our marriage is one of mind as well as of heart and soul. You completely fill woman's sphere for me. There is *nothing* I would change in you. I was a little inconsiderate, and, on the whole, I think, perhaps, I ought to bear all the blame. The best philosophy of the domestic relation—"

And then I know Josie's good-hearted but shockingly coarse grandmother (long may she live with us if she does not alter her will!) will interrupt me:

"Children, just bite right off. You'll quarrel yet who is the wisest. I'll allow you're quite a dab at story-writing. But you've got one thing wrong. I allus knew Meechum was a scamp. I knew, too, you'd marry each other in the end all the time; so just change that a bit, too, while you are about it."

And my little boy will be three then, and I mean he shall be able to say, "Yeap-year ith better 'an Kithmath, an' T'anksgivin', an' New-Year, all todether;" and if he should add, "But, O papa, p'ease don't write any more long stowies—I'm so sleepy!" then I am sure he, if all the rest of us have failed to do so, may touch a tender chord of sympathy in some reader's breast.

SONNET.

OFT through the mazes of the Roman mart
And quaint Trastevere I have strolled alone,
And in Saint Peter's, miracle of stone,
Have felt the awe of God pervade my heart.
The stately city in its every part
Has to mine eyes its grandest splendors shown;
Its loves, and pains, and sufferings, I have known,
Its dizzy carnival, its peerless art!
The Vatican recalls delicious days,
And, with the flawless, mellow moon o'erhead,
Through august ruins I have wandered free;
But ah! I marvel at all, yet dare not praise—
On yonder green Campagna she lies dead,
And what is Rome's magnificence to me?

HOUSEKEEPING, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

AN American cannot help thinking, after a lengthened residence in England, that there is an excellent chance for some speculative showman to realize a moderate and well-earned fortune by importing an American house to the "tight little island," and exhibiting it there. I do not mean a specimen of the log-cabins in which a large proportion of my countrymen are supposed to reside, nor a model of the modest White House which is made to serve as a poor substitute for a presidential palace; but I mean an average American house, such as those which are erected in all the cities of the United States for the residences of the middle-class population. Compared with a dwelling of this kind, the middle-class houses in England seem destitute equally of comfort and convenience, although those who have never been accustomed to anything different or better consider them quite comfortable, and convenient enough for all practical purposes. But, then, different people have different minds. An Englishman absolutely believes that he can warm a room by building a grate-fire at one end of it. An American visiting his country is in a continual shiver, his face being scorched and his back cold, or *vice versa*, until he becomes thoroughly acclimated, and learns that the most healthy warmth is that which exercise in the open air imparts to the blood.

Suppose the British exhibitor to have his model, and to commence his show. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," he would say, "is a model of domestic architecture. It is a house intended for a family of six persons and two servants. Enter at the basement, and you will observe that there is no servants' hall, no housekeeper's room, no scullery-room. The servants' hall is the kitchen, that being kept as neat as a parlor, since there are no slops, no carrying about of water, no cartage of coals, in this house. A housekeeper would be superfluous, as the house keeps itself. The scullery is in this corner of the kitchen, which is only used for cleaning the pots and pans. In England we send out the washing, and pay heavy bills to laundresses. Now, alongside of this kitchen-range, you will see tubs which form a table when the lids are down, and which are supplied with hot and cold water, the hot water being heated by the kitchen-range. Turn the handle of this machine, and the clothes are washed; turn that machine, and the clothes are wrung; place them in yonder hot-air cupboard, and the clothes are dried. Yes, sir; quite like magic.

"The cook does this work easily on a Monday morning, and there is no additional expense, no clouds of steam, no fuss and ill-temper. That large box is a refrigerator, which keeps the meats, milk, butter, and so forth, cool and fresh. By a self-regulating apparatus, a constant supply of distilled iced-water is obtained. That iron erection in the cellar is a furnace which warms the whole house with a single fire. No pokers, tongs, coal-scuttles, sifters, chimney-sweeps, and girls to lay the fires and act as domestic coal-heavers, here, ladies and gentlemen. This house heats itself, as you might say.

"Ascend to the upper floors, please. The dining-room, with a butler's pantry opening out of it, with a small iron safe for the family plate, a sink for washing glass and china, and a lift to bring dishes directly to table without any fear of their cooling on the stairs, and without any odor from the cooking to spoil good appetites. If you ring the bell in any room in the house, the servants are not obliged to trip up-stairs to ask what you desire, down-stairs to procure it, and up-stairs again to bring it to you. We are now on the third floor, and perhaps some lady or gentleman would like a glass of sherry and a biscuit? I ring the bell, whisper down this tube, and, *presto!* the refreshments rise from fairy-land—that is, from the basement—upon this dumb-waiter, and are here in this closet ready to your hand. The sherry is English, sir; you needn't be afraid of it! This lift or dumb-waiter runs from cellar to attic, and is useful for bundles, parcels—anything you like. Perhaps you are chilly; turn the register this way, and in ten minutes a Hottentot would be happy. Or you are too warm; turn the register that way, and regulate the temperature to suit yourselves. The heated air is injurious to health? Well, you can have it fresher without opening the windows. I pull the cord of this ventilator, and you feel the change directly. You remark that there are no bath-tubs in the sleeping-rooms. No; but there are baths on every floor, for the servants as well as the master. See! I draw this curtain, and here you have them—full bath, sitz-bath, shower-bath, and vapor-bath, complete. Hot and cold water in any room by simply pressing one of these knobs. Stationary wash-stands in every dressing-room, which connect directly with the main sewage-drain. Do you need a light to see that room, sir? Just pull out that electrical gas-burner, and there's an illumination immediately without the necessity for safety-matches. Like Aladdin's palace, isn't it, sir? Everything you see, to save labor, waste, and servants. The rent? About two hundred pounds a year in American currency. Yes, ma'am, two servants do the whole work of this house, and have plenty of spare time. Numbers of families keep only one. This way out, please. The halls and passages, you will notice, are of the same temperature as the rooms. No draughts of cold air whenever anybody opens the door. Thank you! Now for the next batch of visitors."

The most of the comparisons I wish to make will suggest themselves to the reader of this monologue. Of course, I have seen some of the American improvements in some English houses, but still the extent to which they have been adopted is very limited. If there be a bath-room in an English house, it must answer for the whole household. If there be a lift, it stops at the dining-room floor, al-

though coals and water have to be carried to the higher stories. If hot and cold water be laid on, it is only in certain select apartments. Ventilators are almost unknown, except, perhaps, that antiquated sort which are let into the windows. Heated air is considered unwholesome, and so ladies and children sit before the grate-fire, with shawls over their shoulders, and catch cold in order to prevent injury to their lungs. Gas has made its way into all English houses now, but it is still forbidden to be used in sleeping apartments, although the smoke from even a wax-candle is hardly preferable to the odor of the small amount of gas which can possibly escape. No stranger can live for a week in an English house and not be ill from exposure to the chilly halls and stairways, even if he succeed in making himself comfortable before the fire. The English wrap themselves up to cross the hall as though they were going out-of-doors. Iced-water is vetoed as injurious to the teeth. It is true that in England one generally has no trouble to keep cool; the trouble is ever to get warm.

The parade, labor, skill, and paraphernalia required to maintain and manage an English fire are bewildering to a foreigner. There are the grate and the ornamented fender, and rug before the hearth; the steel shovel, tongs, and poker, that are kept for beauty, not for use, and the steel poker, tongs, and shovel, that are to be used. Need I say that the foreigner always undertakes to employ the wrong poker, and is detested accordingly? Then there is the handsome coal-box that stands by the fireside, and the ugly coal-scuttle which the maid carries in and out to replenish the former. Matches, waste-paper, bundles of kindling-wood *ad libitum*, and the first issue thereof is smoke. Presently there comes flame, and then, after an hour's manipulation, heat is generated—not much heat, but still enough to make one wish for more. Meanwhile, the fire consumes the coals with a fiendish disregard of their price per sack. By way of revenge, I presume, everybody who enters the room gives the fire a savage poke. But, like Stephano's fish in "The Tempest," it is a most delicate monster. Let but a foreign hand touch the poker, and the fire grows sullen and dies out. Every man thinks he can dress a salad, every man thinks he can poke a fire; these are the two least venial of human errors. When the fire dies, either naturally or by some unskillful touch, it strews the whole fender with its ashes. Then one of the maid-servants produces a box full of black-lead and brushes, takes away the ashes and sifts them, and, by the dint of much hard work, polishes the grate again. There is no other institution in England so troublesome, vexatious, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful, as an English fire, but the people love it and praise it and shiver around it, as if it were a fire from heaven, like that which lighted the altars of the gods.

It is evident that the origin of the numerous labor-saving contrivances with us is the lack of good servants, but in London the inhabitants have been complaining for years of the lack of good servants, and are yet very slow to introduce servant-saving machines. We Americans, who know what the horrors of servantdom really are, cannot but regard these complaints as ill-founded. Everywhere in England, not excepting London, the servants seem astonishingly docile, willing, and well-trained. The worst London maid-of-all-work, who ever transformed a lodging-house into a purgatory, shines like an angel by contrast with her Irish sister in New York. The most stupid, drunken, negligent coachman in England is a perfect master of his business by contrast with his brother, the independent, adopted fellow-citizen who murders your horses in the United States. Perhaps the best servants we have had in America during the past thirty years were the black slaves of the South, but they were exceedingly lazy, wasteful, and expensive. But there were, forty or fifty years ago, a set of servants, mostly blacks, attached to Knickerbocker families in New York aud New Jersey, who were as near perfection as men and women can become. Those were the days of Dutch kitchens, Dutch dishes, Dutch neatness, and Dutch housewifery, now long past and never to return. With them faded away the old faithful race of servants who honored and respected their employers, and were honored and respected by all. Occasionally one happens upon a descendant of this race with all the virtues of the good old stock, but the accident is very rare. But the English servants at their best are precisely like these Knickerbocker marvels. At their worst, they are so much better than the present race of servants in America that any American who values his comfort more than his democracy would do well to exchange countries for this reason alone. Nevertheless, we are right to flatter ourselves that we have no good servants because of our democracy. It is not pleasant to think of thousands of young men and women, who grow up as servants in private houses, with no ambition beyond exchanging their domestic servitude for the public servitude of a little landlordship and landladyship in a minor tavern. In America a coachman may win his way into Congress, and a servant-girl may marry a future governor. If we must have either discomfort or feudalism, let us choose discomfort. But sometimes, when I watch the English servants at their work, it occurs to me that, as there is nothing degrading in household service, and as we Americans pay very dearly for it, surely it ought to be more honestly and ably performed, even by embryo Congressmen and the possible wives of governors. If any one objects to this sentiment as unrepublican, I'll make it stronger by suggesting that we should have in America stricter laws to compel our future rulers to give us fairer work for our fair wages.

One pregnant advantage that the English have is that their servants are their own country-folk. A native-born American servant is almost an impossibility. In old times we used to see them in some of the Eastern States, but they were chiefly farmers' daughters sent out as helps to neighbors, in order that they might learn housekeeping, and so fit themselves for becoming industrious wives. This is the reason why they were called "helps," and not servants; for, being of the same social rank as their

employers, there was nothing servile in their occupations. Naturally, the same term came in time to be applied to all servants, but is now very seldom used. The servants in America, then, are all foreigners—Irish in the East, Germans in the West. English and Scotch servants are more scarce, and are always sure of commanding better places and higher wages. Germans are preferred to the Irish, because they know more about domestic duties, and are generally neater in appearance. They have, however, propensities for lager-beer lovers, and waltzing at late balls, which test the temper of the most patient mistress very severely. The Irish go from the immigrant-ships to the intelligence-offices or servants' agencies, and often they have places—that is to say, are hired—the next day after they leave shipboard. Poor girls! The wonder is, not that they know so little, but that they learn so quickly. Coming from homes destitute of every comfort; from straw-thatched cabins where the only housekeeping consists in piling peat upon the fire; from hovels where all the meals are cooked in the same pot, and gaunt Poverty casts its curse upon the scanty fare—they are transferred in a moment from the horrors of the steerage to what seem to them palaces, and are transformed in a twinkling from immigrants to culinary artists or first-class general servants. They have never had any money before, but they are too shrewd to squander their large wages. With a generosity to which one cannot do too ample justice, their first thoughts are for their poor relatives in Ireland—their first savings are sent to bring these wretched sufferers to the promised land. These Irish servant-girls, whose devotion to their religion shames many a Christian in higher stations, subscribe immense sums of money for the Roman Catholic Church, for the support of priests, and for charity. They have always a trifle left, too, for Fenianism or any other "ism" that assumes the garb of the champion of Old Ireland.

Thinking of all their devotion, and their patriotism, and their sacrifices, their faults appear trivial; but they *have* most vexatious faults. They soon learn their independence; their self-respect takes the form of unbridled insolence; they are, almost without exception, virtuous while in service, but they are very fond of drink; they assume unservant-like finery, despise those caps which English maids wear so jauntily, and make frequent drafts upon their mistresses wardrobes. Cousins are always coming to see them; and, as every Irishman is their cousin, a thief or burglar often turns up in a well-regulated household. They domineer over the real mistress of the house, order her out of the kitchen, and give her the full benefit of a temper spoiled by early brutality. They reserve all their affection for their own country-people, and never have the slightest attachment to the families with whom they live. Regarded philosophically, they are excellent patriots; but regarded practically they are very bad servants, in every way inferior to those of England and the Continent.

But there is such a calamity as too much of a good thing. The English have too many servants. The labor is divided into very small portions, and there must be a man or a maid for each portion. Butler, housekeeper, cook, house-maid, parlor-maid, nurse, nurse-maid, laundry-maid, lady's-maid, footman, valet, scullery-maid, and page, or "buttons," they muster in diversified but formidable array, and each one is pledged, by some secret bond of the fraternity, never to do anything that is assigned by custom to the departments of his coadjutors. At least three or four servants must be attached to a moderate household in London. In the country, I have known fifteen servants engaged to wait upon a family of four persons. I do not speak of noblemen's families, for these maintain an immense retinue of dependents and underlings, but of a quiet country-house, with no game-preserves to look after, and no stud of hunters to require extra stablemen. English ladies are, as a rule, better housewives than American women, and they have need to be so. To manage so many employés satisfactorily demands talents, labor, and experience, enough to fit a man for the rank of drill-sergeant, or even that of general. In many English houses the servants form a household within a household. They must have a separate table, not furnished forth with the funereal baked meats from their master's feast, but with every thing cooked especially. Even in the plainest houses there is a fixed extra allowance for the servants' beer. In great houses the upper servants have a third table in the housekeeper's room. All this draws heavily upon the income of the head of the family. Wages are not very dear, but not much cheaper than in America. Perquisites are about the same in both countries. Vails or gifts from visitors are not thought of here, but in many parts of England the custom is continued in all its ancient force. Some years ago there was a determined attack upon it in the newspapers, but very little effect was produced. Gentlemen furnished statistics to show that it would have cost them less to buy their own shooting-grounds than to accept invitations from friends and pay pounds to the game-keepers. Other gentlemen ciphered up the amount of money of which they had been mulcted by the understrappers at houses which they had honored with visits. The journals, in long, logical, and learned leaders, protested against such impositions upon guests. But when the servants, aggravated beyond endurance, at last rushed into print, and, with homely pathos, but bad grammar, recorded how much extra work the visitors made for them, almost everybody felt that the servants had the best of the discussion. At any rate, to tip English servants is the custom, and Americans should not venture upon an exception. It is impossible to offend any Englishman of what are called the "lower orders" by offering him a shilling. From the policeman who points out your way, to the page who ushers you into a drawing-room, they all have itching palms. In any other country you can ask a question of a street-loafer without being solicited for the price of a pint of beer, but not in this. Nowhere else is poverty so very hard and so utterly shameless. Even in Spain and Italy the

beggars are too proud to ask for alms if you address them politely.

Undoubtedly the staple household dish in England is roast-beef, but it is no longer the roast-beef of old England—it is the roast-beef of old Normandy and young America. Better beef can now be obtained in the United States than in England. The beauties of a "porter-house" steak are not appreciated there. English butchers cut their meat differently. But, although the Americans have better beef, they cannot cook it like the English. Ribs and the sirloin are not baked in ovens, American fashion, but are legitimately roasted upon spits before an open fire. Go to one of the old London chop-houses, up the narrow courts leading from Fleet Street or the Poultry, and, after eating a rump-steak broiled, you can lay your hand below your heart and confess that you have tasted meat for the first time in your life. By what occult science, or by what happy knack, the cooking of this specialty is brought to such perfection, it is useless to imagine. Eat, and you will be in no mood for asking questions.

The secret is as profound as that of those potatoes at Evans's, which are so wonderfully superior to all other potatoes in the world that the proprietors must have had a second Sir Walter Raleigh to discover them, and another Ireland to grow them. Poultry is almost tasteless in England, and the natives wisely eat ham or smoked tongue with it to give it a flavor. With the delicious fowls and turkeys of America still fresh in his memory, my countryman feels a pang of disappointment whenever he sees poultry in Great Britain. Perhaps I ought to modify this judgment in favor of the English goose, but goose is nothing without apple-sauce, and genuine apples are as scarce as rubies in England. In all the English bills-of-fare there are only a few points in which the Americans may not justly claim superiority. American beef, veal, poultry, and lamb, are more excellent. English game, palatable as most of it is, cannot rival American game. English larks are surpassed by American reed-birds; hares are not so good as American rabbits; English wild-fowl are uneatable when compared to those of the United States. But in fish the English have no equals. Whitebait is ten times better than the frost-fish of the Raritan River, which it somewhat resembles. English soles are princes among the finny tribe. English salmon excel American salmon. The John Dory is the king of fish; the more you eat of him, and of sole, and of turbot, the less you value the American shad. Shrimps, prawns, and periwinkles, are altogether English, and altogether good. Either the Americans have no oysters, or the English have none; for what the English call oysters are so different from the American shell-fish that comparison is impossible. The worst oyster, however, is that of Naples, because it seduces you into fond expectations by having shells like the American, and then repels you by its watery, coppery, English taste. Turtle in England is unique; the American turtle cannot be named with it without an apology. But I reserve my most energetic enthusiasm for English pork and mutton. A Yorkshire ham is a delicacy in whose presence no American can be moved by any partiality for his native pigs. A saddle of Southdown mutton would win the verdict of an epicurean Paris in a competition between the best dishes of all countries. There is nothing like it; there are no prejudices of palate which it cannot overcome. As for the English mutton-chops, let us not waste weak words concerning them; there are no other mutton-chops in either hemisphere.

But when all this has been conceded, the fact remains that the Americans have by far the best, most varied, and most extensive bill-of-fare. I am aware that this is in a great measure a matter of individual opinion, and therefore, in all I have said of English dishes, I have endeavored to condense the results of a long series of references to other Americans who have visited England. It is sufficient for me to indorse the verdict of this national jury. I am afraid, however, that the verdict of a jury of Englishmen, who have visited America, might be very much on the other side. Until recently I supposed that it was admitted that American fruits were much more juicy and luscious than the English, with perhaps the single exception of the plums. But the other day a party of English people, all of whom had been twice to the United States, gravely asserted the contrary, and were surprised at my extraordinary lack of discrimination when I could not agree with them. Their English fruit must have ripened upon the sunniest walls, and their American fruit must have been eaten before it was matured! This incident has completely shaken my faith in anybody's judgment on the tables of the two countries, and I only submit these paragraphs as a humble contribution of information on this most important subject, which some great *gourmet* will one day discuss and decide authoritatively. Still, it is in order for me to protest vigorously against that spectral canvas-back duck which haunts an American at English dinners, as the albatross haunted the Ancient Mariner. The canvas-back duck is not a fair specimen of American wild-fowl. Some people pretend to like it because it has the flavor of the wild-celery upon which it feeds, but to develop this flavor the bird has to be cooked quickly before a flaming fire and eaten almost raw. This duck is very expensive in America, and is consequently valued highly by epicures; but the majority of Americans would as soon think of feasting upon uncooked crows. The wild game of the United States is of a very different character. It may be pretty fairly judged, all things considered, by the prairie-fowl which are sent over to the London markets, but only the breast of this fowl should be eaten. A wild-turkey is the best of game. Few travelers will deny that Delmonico's restaurant at New York is to be ranked far above the best restaurants of Paris. There we have the perfection of French cooking applied to a larder more abundant and more diversified than any in Europe. But when you go from this restaurant into private families, the same superiority in the materials and in the

cuisine is observable, and the lower you descend in the social scale, the better are the dinners by contrast with those of similar classes in England. There are tens of thousands of poor families in England who can afford meat but once a week, if at all; but no corresponding class can be found in America. An ordinary laborer lives as well here as a small shopkeeper does in Great Britain. After all, that is a superiority more grand than any which can be established for excellence in particular dishes.

An American in London is by no means forced to deprive himself of the food of his own country. One may procure anything he desires in London if he only knows where to apply for it. An Italian may live like the Italians, a German may live like the Germans, and an American like the Americans, without quitting London.

Buckwheat-cakes may be ordered for breakfast at the hotel which Americans most frequent. Green corn and even succotash—a mixture of corn and Lima beans—are to be purchased in cans. Salt mackerel is imported there; hominy is not unknown in many English houses; pumpkin-pies are a rarity, but they do exist. In Paris a widow has made a fortune by keeping them at her restaurant. Mince-pies are as common in England as plum-puddings in America. Bring with you a plain recipe, and English cooks will reward you with a pot-pie as appetizing as those of New Jersey. Bourbon whiskey is to be had for the seeking. A lager-beer saloon has been opened in the Strand, and ought to be patronized by Americans, who are almost as habitual beer-drinkers as the Germans. Tomato and terrapin soups are for sale in London. American cheese may be seen at any cheese-monger's. In Covent Garden you will be supplied with American apples. Everything that is good comes to London. As you travel upon the Continent you will learn that from every port the best articles are dispatched to England, and the worst to the United States; but that the Americans are invariably expected to pay the best prices. No American can be long content with those stock-dishes of an English hotel, which seem to have been cooked together in the same pot or pan; nor with the monotonous variety of chops and steaks, steaks and chops, at the English restaurants; but then he can act upon the hints just given, and go a-field to secure his native dainties in the shops. Or let him turn in at Verrey's, that oasis in the culinary desert of England, and dine like a Parisian, and better than most Parisians.

The etiquette of English houses differs very slightly from that of American houses. About twenty-five years ago the American gentlemen began to dress like the English, and since that time they have also adopted most of the English social customs. The American ladies try to dress like the French, and pride themselves upon their Parisian taste; but this is a feminine peculiarity everywhere, and the American ladies are only exceptional in procuring the French fashions so quickly. It requires two seasons to introduce a new *mode de Paris* into England; a single season suffices for the United States. The distance between Paris and London, in fashion as in everything else, is about two years. But London sets the fashion for American gentlemen. "The fellows who have their clothes sent over from Poole's lead the *ton*." I can remember the time when all Americans of any station were attired in Hamlet's customary suit of solemn black—black-cloth coats and trousers, and black-silk waistcoats, and black-beaver hats. But tweed suits, and colored walking-coats, and light trousers, are now as prevalent in New York as in London, and—marvelous revolution!—the gentlemen now agree to dress for dinner, for the opera, and, to some degree, for the theatre. The rough-and-ready American of the past has now been banished with the buffaloes to the far West, and it is as absurd for Englishmen to infer—as many of them do—that the typical American gentleman is one of the few relics of by-gone days that straggle in from the prairies, as it would be for Americans to mistake for typical English gentlemen some of the rural squires we meet at the cattle-show. The ceremony of dressing for dinner implies a great deal—social refinement, for instance, and cultivation, and a respect for polite conventionalities. Thirty years ago Americans were amazed at the ceremoniousness of English society, and the rules of precedence, and the terribly formal processions from the drawing-rooms to the dining-rooms, but they have the same ceremonies in their own houses now.

APOTHEGMS.

(FROM THE TURKISH.)

An Ancient Tree.

MOCK not the fruit-tree's wrinkled face,
Its knotty boughs, its want of grace;
For underneath no barren tree
Could you so many missiles see.

Bitter Words.

The knife's sharp cut can be endured—
Its ugly gash by time is cured;
But bitter words, when they o'erflow,
Inflict a deep, unhealing blow.

The Right Road.

How easy 'tis for some to say,
"Your route is wrong, that's not the way!"
For, when the carriage breaks, all know
Which road the driver ought to go.

Death.

Death is the dark, grim guest,
Who slights not rich nor poor—
The coal-black camel's form which
Kneels at every door.

THE SWANSTREAM MATCH.

ONE autumn day I went up the road which bordered "Squire Seymour's medders," to search for asters. I returned with a heap of the pungent, fluffy, fringy blossoms, and I also returned with a cold, which developed and increased in so lively a manner that our doctor ordered me to Aiken, then a paradise for invalids. As I hated hotels and strangers, I resisted the order; but after much talk it was decided that I should accept a long-standing invitation from a branch of our family living on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. These distant cousins were written to, and an answer was promptly returned, promising so warm a welcome that with cheerful anticipations I started at once.

Geographically speaking, I knew I was to cross Chesapeake Bay to reach Henry Seymour's plantation on the peninsula which runs between the bay and the Atlantic; but of the aspect, the condition of the country, I knew nothing. It was a complete surprise, all so different from our inland town, with its horizon of fat, comfortable hills, and its still fatter fields. On one side of the peninsula the long ocean-breakers struck the sand-shoals and island-bars which kept them from the mainland, and on the other the waters of that food-bed, the Chesapeake, were twisting into the coast, in creeks and inlets, or gently swelling up the sedgy marshes, the happy home of the canvas-back duck and all his forebears. Traveling my last stage I had a prevailing impression of sand, and a strong sense of the lack of rocks; not a pebble struck the horse's feet. Sandy, silent, desolate by neglect as it was, I felt my spirits rise. The wild-grape thickets mingled their delicate odor with that of the pungent pines. Huts appeared in all directions, irrespective of roads or paths, surrounded by little negroes indescribably dressed. On the plantations stood large mansions as graceful as packing-boxes; they were inclosed by wide verandas, and gave one the impression that they were put there to keep them from straggling farther. Sometimes I saw gravestones on the grounds—a permanent forget-me-not in the gardens.

I felt at ease in approaching Henry Seymour. We were a clannish family, and North and South kept up the succession. I remembered that my father had visited our relatives, and remembered also the visits of Southerners at my grandfather's in Essex. As the carriage turned into an avenue bordered with huge trees, the sun burst through a mass of lurid clouds in the west, and illuminated every object beyond the deep shadows of the trees. I saw a piece of piazza ahead, and upon it several persons, who rose before the carriage reached it. Scarcely had the horses stopped when I was taken out, with "Cousin Elsa, you've come home! Mind, no visiting nonsense, you know, between us." This was Henry Seymour, who was shaking my hand all the while.—"Helen, love, you need no introduction; but I'll just mention to Elsa that we have been married seven years, and have three nice, naughty children. Now take her to her room, brush her up, and return her soon. Dinner all right, dear?"

"I should say so! You have fussed about it enough. Of course, it is all right.—Come, Cousin Elsa."

I surely had found a jolly pair of cousins. I felt my bronchitis eased already.

Helen landed me in an immense chamber, with one dozen straw-chairs set straight against the wall, headed by an old patriarch of a stuffed arm-chair covered with red-and-white linen.

"I think I can wait upon you at first, to suit you better than our colored maids can; they are slipshod creatures at the best."

She was trying to unclasp my bag, and hauled away at my various "traps" in a way that was comical to behold. I burst into laughter, in which she joined.

"I knew," she said, "there would be no need of preliminaries between us. Do you believe you can be comfortable in this barrack of a place? Henry *will* keep it so. Look at that bed—big as the bed of Ware!—Ah, sir! I expected you would peep."

I looked at the door and saw Henry.

"How is she now?" he asked. "Are the pitchers full? Got a good many towels? Gracious! that bed grows bigger every year!"

"Now, Henry, go hence; I know my dream will come true; it is not for nothing she has come, this woman Elsa, whose history we know." She looked at me with a serious, meaning look.

"Well, we won't talk her to death at once. Come with me." And thus they left. Within an hour we were sitting at dinner.

I own that the dinner caused me to feel that my lines had fallen in pleasant places. It was not that hunger was sated, but that taste was gratified. From that day a life-long friendship began between Henry, Helen, and myself.

"I remember your father so well," he said. "I was but a boy when he came to us last, but I admired him—he fell into our ways with so much grace and heartiness.—By-the-way, Helen, he was here when Edward Seymour married Josephine Turnbull, and the county turned out to please old Governor Turnbull."

"It is a coincidence," she replied; "but the county will not turn out to witness the wedding of his nephew Angus."

A grave look came into Henry's face, and silence fell upon us. Dinner over, we went across the hall into a large and somewhat barren apartment where a cheerful wood-fire was burning in the great chimney-place. The Turkey carpet, a red, blue, and yellow, happy, hideous affair, only covered a portion of the floor; the chairs stood on bare boards; there were no curtains before the windows—but I liked it all. Several doors opened upon the hall, and now

and then I saw a little negro glued to the edge, or twisting round the knobs, as if practising hanging. The three children of the house had been toted to bed by their colored mammy, Juno, long ago.

Besides us three was present an elderly lady who was knitting. I had not heard her voice, for she bowed merely when I was introduced.

"I do believe," I exclaimed, "that I never ate properly-stewed oysters before."

"The Virginians do not stew oysters in your sense," replied the lady.

"We have such facilities for food," said Henry; "if a dish of oysters is wanted, Pompey goes with a horse and cart to the creek, and returns with a load. *Voilà!* we have our wish, and I have paid good money in New York for poor oysters by the dozen."

"Miss Patty," said Helen, with mock dignity, "what can you expect in the matter of New England recipes while the rule is, 'Waste not, want not?' Look at *our* mince-pies! They are set up in a jar in the pantry as large as those in the Forty Thieves, and every passer-by throws in tidbits all the winter—mosaics for a gourmand."

"'Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,'"

quoted Henry.

"Her father used to beg for the pies," said Miss Patty, testily.

Miss Patty, I learned, was a distant relation of the Seymours—poor, proud, excellent. She had lived with Henry's parents, and now remained, devoted to his interests.

"Constance will hardly come down to-night," Miss Patty said. "She is depressed and fatigued."

Henry and Helen made some inarticulate sign. Another silence fell upon us, which was broken by the trampling of a horse; dogs barked, and we heard a man's deep voice.

"It is Angus," Helen remarked.

"And the poor girl is *so* depressed," added Miss Patty.

"Why, in Heaven's name," exclaimed Henry, angrily, "should a girl be depressed when anything that a woman could ask for is waiting for her acceptance?—Cousin Elsa, we are under a cloud, or we are not; my sister Constance is to be married to—" He stopped.

The door opened, and a tall, grave-looking man came into the room. Bedouin came into my mind at once, he was so swarthy, his hands were so lithe, and sinewy, and dark. He was handsome, had dark, gentle eyes, and firm mouth, and a military bearing. He held his head up as if a snaffle-bit were between his jaws. In the instant's pause it struck me that there was a likeness between us all, and I said so presently, which remark somehow put us at ease.

"How did you come, Angus?" inquired Henry.

"On Bland."

"Of all names for a horse, as an exercise for the imagination, Bland beats; he is a brute!"

"That's it. I reward him with the name which expresses my feelings when I have conquered him."

Miss Patty's knitting troubled her apparently; she gave it a vicious tug.

"Where is Constance?" Angus inquired.

"Oh," cried Helen, hurriedly, "I was imprudent in taking a long walk with her; I forgot you were expected, and she is in her room with a headache. Fiddlesticks upon my memory!"

"Mustn't draw a long bow on memory, my dear," said Henry.

"The window is open," continued Angus—

'I saw her lamp its ray of quivering light
Shoot from my lady's bower'—

and I think that if she has gone to bed her window should be closed."

He locked his fingers, a habit with him, as I learned afterward, when he was perplexed or disturbed. Helen disappeared, but shortly returned, followed by the noblest-looking creature I had ever seen, the counterpart of Angus. It was his cousin, Constance Seymour. Where he was dark she was of an ivory paleness; her hair was darker, her eyes were lighter, but every tint and contour contrasted and harmonized the pair. With some embarrassment Helen placed her beside me, and we were drawn together immediately. As I pressed her hand, she looked earnestly into my face, and a faint blush tinted hers. The touch of her slender fingers reminded me of the sweet, cool white hyacinth. I never see those odorous flower-bells ringing their upright stalk without thinking of Constance as I saw her that night. As if to carry out my thought, she wore a delicate sea-green silk; a knot of pearl-white ribbon fastened her collar. Old-fashioned aqua-marine ear-rings glittered in her ears. On her third finger was a green-and-white cameo; from the same finger a little filigree bottle, crusted with colored stones, dangled. In short, she was a breathing blossom.

A certain constraint was evident to me, as mysterious as the silence; it seemed as if everybody wanted somebody to do something, and nobody knew what it was. At last Miss Patty rolled up her knitting—a signal which allowed me to plead fatigue. She conveyed me to my chamber, where she peered about with a preoccupied air. Supposing her anxious in the matter of my comfort, I told her that nothing was lacking.

"I hope it will come out right, dear. I am glad you are comfortable." She wheeled to the door, looked hard at the knob, and hurriedly said: "I trust you have come in the nick of time. Of course, you heard Henry when he told you of Constance's marriage? We feel terribly overturned lately, she is so strange. There is a long story. I am no hand at story-telling, but Helen is, and I am sure she will not let you go to sleep before she tells you one. Yes, Angus and Constance are strange creatures, lovers who, when together, wish to be apart, and when separated long to be with each other." Bidding me good-night, she closed the door.

I was not much moved by Miss Patty's excitement, being engrossed with the change in my own

prospects. Undressing slowly, I reviewed the experiences of my journey: I thought of the crane —my first—lazily soaring, with his long legs, against the yellow sunset, and the live-oak, of which tree I had hitherto but seen the "knees" imported North for our ships; and then came a tap at my door, and Helen entered, speaking:

"Without ceremony, cousin—you know one never sleeps much the first night in a strange place. I thought I would chat with you a bit, though Henry said I had better leave you alone. I wish to continue the story he began when Angus interrupted."

"Those handsome cousins—it will be an admirable match, I am sure."

"We thought so once, but are not so certain now. The Seymours of Swanstream never have matched with anybody yet."

I begged her to tell me the whole affair, and she did. Blood was thicker than water, she began, and as a relative I could not but be interested, especially as my own history— Here Helen blushed, and stammered so that I hastened to assure her that my own "history" was happily ended, and that now I was at liberty to live so, and "die in a pot of grease."

"Angus is the son of the richest Seymour that ever was in Virginia. His father has been dead several years, and he inherited Swanstream, the finest estate on the peninsula. Angus is thirty years old; he is a widower. You won't mind if I am somewhat skippy in the attempt to tell you his story? He went into the navy when quite a boy; he was clever, generous, handsome, and, of course, became popular. Before he was twenty-two he ranked as captain, and went on the Coast Survey. He was on better terms with his father when they were apart; people said they were too much alike to agree. While on a survey along the New England coast he fell in love with the beauty of a little town, and married her in hot haste. It was his whim then to resign and take her to Swanstream. For several years they were more or less the gossip of our wide-spread, scanty community. Angus changed: he grew morose and severe. He shunned his friends. Bella, his wife, got more silly and peevish; her frail beauty vanished after the birth of her two children. I doubt whether Angus fairly quarreled with her—she did with him. The more she moaned, the more silent he. Within five years of their marriage the poor soul died. Angus shut himself up with the children, caring for them anxiously and tenderly. It was said he beat his slaves, kicked his dogs, and cut his old acquaintances. Some months ago, however, he surprised us with a visit, bringing to Henry, apparently, his old, friendly self. It was as if he had leaped over an abyss from which he wished now to turn his face, and wished us to do so also. Henry has always loved and defended him. Angus, he argued, had every chance to be spoiled, and, whatever his faults of temper and character, no stain of vice, meanness, or weakness, could be attached to him. He was obstinate, narrow sometimes, proud, perhaps vindictive; but his sincerity, manliness, and keen sense of honor, proved him worthy a noble woman's love. Therefore Henry justified himself in promoting the marriage. He loves Constance dearly. So do I; but she scares me now. While Angus was at Swanstream with his poor Bella, or traveling for her health, Constance made her *début*. She was Henry's charge from their parents, and lived here on the old plantation. When he brought me from 'my Maryland' we were very happy together; but after a while I thought it dull for so bright and so beautiful a girl as Constance, and I easily persuaded Henry to take us to Richmond for a couple of the winter months. Constance was immediately surrounded by admirers, and we had a gay time; but she returned heart-whole. The second winter, before our visit was half over, Henry was summoned home. I could not let him return alone; I hated to take Constance with us, and bethought me of an aunt of Henry's—one of the family magnates, who lived in a barn-like mansion a mile from the city. Aunt Tracy was a hospitable magnate, and very glad to invite Constance; and so we left her in Aunt Tracy's charge. Obscurity sets in from that time, so far as Henry and I are concerned. But Constance wrote us cheerful letters. Shortly mention was made of a gentleman from the North, whose acquaintance pleased her. From that time her letters were a biography of Mr. Robert Bond. We were not surprised when she wrote Henry that Mr. Bond had proposed, and asked the consent and approval of her only guardian and dear brother. Henry looked up Mr. Bond's antecedents. As they were satisfactory, the engagement was announced, and all went as merry as betrothal bells generally go. Constance, at Aunt Tracy's earnest wish, protracted her visit. At last a day was appointed for her return. This we learned from others. Mr. Bond had a sudden call to some distant town—a business-call, he said—and begged her to wait till his return, so that he might accompany her home. She waited; he was not ready, however, when he came back: the matter was not quite settled which had called him, and he might go again; but he would not tax her patience further; she had best go home without him, and he would join her when he could. Woman-like, she determined to stay there, and Mr. Bond left her—left her a fortnight, to come back so changed and ill that Constance was shocked. It was nothing, he said—a heavy cold; but he grew worse so rapidly that the foolish girl persuaded the foolish aunt to take him into her house, where they nursed him till he died. Constance, wan and pale with grief, put on close mourning, and two days afterward threw it off, and, from that day to this, no one has heard her mention her dead lover. She was so changed that our hearts were half broken. With time her mood softened; yet she is not the gay, light-hearted girl we took to Richmond. Sorrow has purified her; she is perfectly good, I think, in spite of her present strange caprices. I do not know why, but Angus and Constance were never as intimate as cousins generally are. I think that either one or the other must have been always absent from home. When Angus resumed his intimacy with Henry, he began to observe her silently, and

she to ask questions concerning his former life. By degrees they were drawn together, appearing not to discover that they were seeking each other; but they were, and I saw it. Both were deeply moved by each other's past. It was not sentiment, nor friendship, and it did not look like love. How they watched each other! I think Angus could hear what she said with the wall separating them, and she could see him before he came in sight. Angus owned to Henry that he believed Constance would be the wife he ought to choose, for his own sake as well as that of his children. 'Swanstream should own her for its mistress.' She thought so, too. Each took everything into consideration, except the supreme thing—*love;* and I have no doubt, when the subject was first agitated, before it was decided, that each had a dumb, latent faith that, somewhere in their future, the supreme was in waiting. Constance accepted him with such promptitude that Angus was almost dismayed. The acceptance seemed a part of a platform already built and to be conformed to; and, although he had his platform, he did not find it agreeable to believe she had one. From that time Constance has not been herself, and poor Angus is in a maze, for he is not sure where he is. Henry is troubled because he has encouraged the match. Why should he be? They are past the age of illusion: and, if counterparts go for anything, the marriage will prove harmonious. There is a superficial likeness in temper and will; but Constance, after all, will be the more consistent—firmer, and right, in spite of her caprice. She will yet teach him to understand her. But I should like to shake her sometimes. She is silent now when Angus comes, or she is loudly gay; he is getting back his old grimness; with all, they are never out of each other's thoughts. Your candle splutters."

"One word, Helen: if I show signs of lunacy, don't send me home; this romance inspires me. How natural! Here are two creatures who, because there is every reason upon earth for mutual happiness, are tormenting each other, and behaving as perversely as possible."

"Dr. Mulstock is coming from Baltimore to marry them. There will be no wedding-tour; they will go to the children at Swanstream immediately."

Sleep fell upon me while this ribbon of romance unrolled before me. I rose early, with a pleasant sense of being out of my old tiresome self, and went down to the veranda. From the kitchen-cabin a breakfast-incense crept toward me, and in that region little negroes tumbled about, dusting themselves in the dirt like hens. The grove was all alive with the secrets of the breeze. Beautiful brown-and-white dogs, cages of ring-doves, little parrots on perches, and a pair of peacocks, made an attractive picture to my unaccustomed eyes. Beyond my view a parrot was screeching, "Conny, Conny, a bit!" I followed the cry, and found Constance standing before a cage shaking her finger. The creature ducked, and hopped round the cage, croaking, "Roberto! Roberto!"

"Does it mean Roberto the devil?" I asked.

"Perhaps," she replied, with an absent air. "Were you ever cursed with a granted prayer?"

"We all are, many more times than we reckon. Would you teach him to forget that name?"

"I do not care about that; but I would like to be certain whether I care for him to learn a new one. Cousin Elsa, I have thought much of your coming. I have heard your history—"

"Stop, dear. I have sent *his* little girl a silver cup. It is bronchitis, not heart-disease, that ails me. Now, dear, talk to me."

"I shall trust you. I know Helen was with you last night; that she has spoken of the situation. How is it that we never see the probable consequence of an act until we are committed by it? I feel like a moral sleep-walker just awakening — to what? Where is my self-reliance? How can one rely upon me if I cannot upon myself?"

By this we were walking down the avenue; she motioned me to a seat under a tree, and continued with an energy that belied my opinion of her calmness.

"This is it. When away from Henry I met an utter stranger in our circle. As he approached me with an unmistakable interest, I most unreasonably fell in love with him; I never asked why. I lost all self-government; he was not remarkable for anything; neither clever, nor handsome, nor anything which accorded with my girl's ideal. He came South for his health—perhaps that was one reason. He so drew upon my sympathy and compassion, I believed that I was absolutely necessary to him. He said so. Liar! For him I forgot *self;* for his happiness I made myself as he demanded I should be. Well, as everybody knows, he died!"

Here she rose, and clinched her hands with a gesture which frightened me. I put my arms round her, and whispered as I would to my own child. Her beautiful eyes filled with a shower of wild tears.

"I haven't cried ever so long. Oh, let me! It helps me!"

It was as much as I could do to suppress a feminine whimper.

"Such histories," she presently said, "are hideous to women whose hearts are pure, whose existence should be the sanctuary for those who come to offer the worship of love." She paused. I wondered if Angus guessed even at her capacity to understand such worship. "Two days before his death he told me he had put a letter in a certain place, to be read by me after his burial. I would forgive what looked like a whim, he was sure, and afterward nothing could make a difference to *him*. He looked so strangely at me that I was amazed. He was too ill for mere speculation or questioning. Once he muttered, 'Can a woman ever forgive the division between soul and body which rends a man and overthrows him?' I read the letter, Elsa. The second and the third journey were explained. He had been false to me. He was too weak to carry the secret to the grave; possibly, as I should suffer terribly from his loss, he thought my grief would cease with my faith. And it did; but the wound is not healed. I shall never believe

in myself again. That I—I should have given my love to a weak, empty, unworthy man! I have pained my friends, but I have never been able to mention him. To you, a stranger, I have opened my heart. When Angus first sought me I felt, so far as error and disappointment in our past went, we were one. He solaced my pride in his quiet respect for me. And when, upon the most common-sense grounds, he asked me to marry him because we were good friends, and because his children needed a mother, his house a mistress, himself a companion, I gave in, it seemed so reasonable and judicious. Besides, in marrying him I please my dearest relations and friends. If 'spheres' do come along for women, to be the mistress of Swanstream will open one for me; there is enough to rule and manage there. Ever since our engagement, however, I have been miserable and unsettled. My promise, instead of anchoring me, has sent me adrift down the dark waters of chaos. Before that I was a friend to Angus; he was my friend; there were no reservations. Now a thousand questions my mind asks; it goes backward and forward like the dove of the ark. Why did he not engage me for his housekeeper? Suppose I am young and handsome, and he young and handsome?" She stopped an instant, for she felt a fiery blush beating its way into her face. "Can we not do our sober duty as well as if we were old and ugly? We do not see each other as we did before the promise; what will it be by-and-by? I catch glimpses now and then which prove that he is not iron-hearted, but passionate, jealous—that is not in the bond. Now, Elsa, you see how wise I am: what will the end be? I will not submit to a *master*."

"Constance, Angus suffers in the lesson he is learning—that he has never loved. Having been so ignorant, is it surprising? He cannot, therefore, count up his future. He is no common man, but I have noticed that the most uncommon man makes wonderful mistakes, and gets astounded when he finds them out."

They called us to breakfast.

"Why, Constance, what a color!" said Helen; "how bright you look!"

"I like my cousin Elsa," she replied. "She is a person to talk and be listened to."

I made no comment upon the fact of my being almost entirely a listener in our late conversation.

The wedding was to be "gone done" in three days, as Mammy Juno said, who was much disgusted because it was going to be a quiet affair. The days following we were much together. I already loved Constance, yet I felt a deeper interest in Angus. There was a wonderful promise of misery for that pair wedded. But such surmise was mysterious. Yet I think no one dreamed of breaking the match; and that was equally strange.

We gathered in the parlor to witness the ceremony. A sterner affair I never saw. Angus almost roared "I will!" and Constance said "Yes" as if she were cracking a nut. An hour after the ceremony we stood on the veranda to see the pair depart for Swanstream.

Constance was already in the carriage, much interested in inspecting the "favors" on the horses' heads. She gave us no glance as we cried our last good-by. Angus carefully adjusted a wrap about her, gave us a nod, and signaled the coachman to go on.

And so they rode away on the path of matrimony.

Said Henry, as they disappeared:

"Marriage an experiment! Hey, Helen?"

"Some say so after the experiment. It is dangerous to say so before."

"I'll go in and read 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" said Miss Patty.

And I said, being melancholy, "I will go to bed."

"Nonsense!" said Henry; "why should we behave as if it was a 'funeral-baked-meat' affair?"

But we went our ways into solitude for all that. From that day I can only relate what I learned months afterward.

The distance between Henry's plantation and Swanstream was eight miles. The happy pair, starting upon their matrimonial journey, were silent after exchanging a few commonplace remarks. Constance complained of fatigue, drew her shawl closer, and went to sleep. Her nap, however, did not prevent her from knowing that Angus was annoyed.

"Is his circulation bad, or does he really feel, he flushes so, and then gets so white?" she thought; and then, with a wild thrill, she remembered the point in the wedding-ceremony when she knew there was no retreat—she must be his wife. A lurid light, like the rocket sent from shore when a ship is going to wreck, illuminated her past and present. Upon what mistaken principle had they started upon this life-voyage? Suddenly she was impressed with the force of Angus's character, his will, and felt her own in contrast. Then she tried to console herself with her promise of duty by him and his children. "He has not asked me for anything that I could not give him freely. But if some day he should tell me that he had come to the conclusion that one would like to have been married for one's own sake!"

"Fine bridal tour," soliloquized Angus. "I'll put my head slumberously also." But he was too restless at heart for outward composure. Presently he took Constance's hand in his own, and his impulse was to fling it away, it was so limp; but he controlled the impulse, and gently dropped it.

"Why, Constance, you are dull! Have you nothing to say? It is as if we were going to a funeral."

He felt her shudder, and grew angry.

"Have you over-estimated your courage?"

"I feel, Angus, that everything is so uncertain."

"Yes? Just when things have been made certain, it is a proper time for such a mood! What would you? Shall I order Tom to turn the horses about that I may return you to your brother? I am in no humor to witness the play of 'The Mourning Bride.'"

He gave a wrench at the carriage-door, but Constance quickly removed his hand.

"Hush, Angus! Would you trundle me back to Henry, and tell him that you had made a fraudulent bargain? What is done is done. We must be friends, as we expected and promised to be. There are many things in life besides love; life has holier ends than happiness, and we cannot help being cousins— Oh, what is the matter?"

The carriage had stopped suddenly.

"Mars Seymour," said the coachman, "gear's broke; we are close to the King Charles Inn, and, mars, if you will please to take your lady there, I'll look up somebody to mend the trace."

"Why not stay inside?" said Constance.

But Angus was already out, and, taking her out also, they walked a little way and turned up a paved path which led to the porch of the inn. Angus placed a chair for her, and went to look after the carriage. Constance, as she watched him, felt a curious, novel sensation about her heart; some hand, whose power she was ignorant of, grasped it. She was all at sea. Angry with Angus because she was angry with herself, what had become of that sense of wisdom they had so plumed themselves upon? Instead of soaring into airy regions, it was as if they had fallen to the ground like stones!

"We shall have a lovely sunset," she said, when Angus returned; "I think there is a new moon."

He gave a curt laugh.

"Of course there is—our honey-moon."

His tone silenced her. They entered the carriage without another word, until they turned into the broad avenue which led to their house.

"How beautiful it is!" she could not help crying. "I saw a deer. The trees are magnificent; how sweet the air is! 'The castle hath a pleasant seat.'"

"Oh, I will show you the prettiest spotted deer, sent to my father from England," he replied, strangely pleased at her remarks. "I will confess at once I am vain of Swanstream; to praise it is to be on the road to my heart."

Constance debated whether she would praise it voluntarily again. At present she would not travel in that direction. The lamps were lighted inside the arched porch. A great mastiff bounded from his kennel with a joyful bark.

"Kenneth is the first to welcome you, Constance. But there they are," he added, with an excited air.

Then two beautiful setters rushed toward them with yelps of delight. Tom was on the lowest step —his old, gray-headed butler; Suky, the cook, and her sprites, were all about, jabbering after the manner of negroes. It seemed very genuine to Constance, in spite of the tales she had heard. The face of her husband lighted up with a feeling she was not accustomed to see, and she sighed.

As they went through the great doorway two mites of children ran toward him, crying: "Papa! papa! have you brought new mamma with you for our sakes? Has she her best dress on?"

"*For our sakes!*" commented Constance. But she said, aloud, "Come and see, dears."

She embraced the little creatures warmly; they were so frail, she could but feel a sad pity. Angus was touched by her kindness, and moved beyond his wont.

"Here is Miss Conway, the governess, Constance."

"Aunt Turnbull has come," said Alice, the oldest child; "she is putting her new head-dress on quick; she told us nobody knew what would be thought and said under the new *régime*."

Angus had hardly time to get up a frown when a small lady fluttered down the stairs.

"My dear Angus," she cried, "I could not permit you to bring your lovely bride to Swanstream without *some* support. *I* knew what your recollections would be.—Did I not say so to you, Edward?" Here she turned to a gentleman behind her, who looked as if he would prefer to remain at the rear; but he came forward, and a general handshaking took place.

"Dear Mrs. Seymour, Mr. Turnbull was Bella's uncle," Mrs. Turnbull whispered. "I am sure you will appreciate this paradise; *she* did. My daughter will be here soon, and Ella has just arrived."

"Hang it!" growled Bella's uncle, in Angus's ear; "I didn't want to rush it. By George, Angus, my wife's a gadfly; wild oxen wouldn't have drawn her away. But you have done it pretty this time. How graceful she is! She is a pretty creature—a thorough-bred."

Dinner was served. Constance was in a whirl—every surrounding so contrasted her past with her present; and in the difference *which* Constance was she, and what Constance would she be in the future? It was not possible to be insensible to the charming order of the dinner and all the service. There was no reflection of the accustomed slipshod plantation style, yet it was as easy, and far more delightful. A conviction smote her that she liked it immensely, and she blushed. As she felt her face hot she glanced at Angus, who was aware of her impression, and tossed her handsome chin slightly, whereat he smiled. In spite of the chat and laughter, Constance was living in a dream, beholding herself as a spectator of herself. Her voice she heard as that of the spectator, and in the vision before her she looked at her image with a vague surprise. "I must be a somnambulist."

"I will say," Mr. Turnbull observed, "that your cook Juno has not her equal the whole length of the Potomac; she has not lost her cunning, though her hand has been out so long. This terrapin-stew would melt Lucullus. By-the-way, Angus, Hamilton told me yesterday that he was preserving a fox, and intends a glorious hunt in November in compliment to Mrs. Seymour."

"Would you like it, Constance?" asked Angus.

"Very much; I have not been on horseback in a long time, and it is so delightful about Swanstream for that exercise."

His face lighted up, and he said, eagerly:

"Uncle Ned, to-morrow you must see my bay

filly; I shall train her for my — Mrs. Seymour to ride."

"It is a long time," interposed Miss Conway, "since our mansion has been enlivened with sylvan sports."

"And I heard," said Mrs. Turnbull, "that the fox is so very red."

The gentlemen chatted about the hunt; but through it all Angus, too, was self-involved. Over and over again he asked why a mere ceremony of words should have caused such a change. He said afterward that he tried to count the courses as they came and went, to steady his brain, but by some hocus-pocus they slid away from him, and he could not do it.

"I feel," he thought, "stunned as if something had struck me."

There was a beautiful, graceful woman opposite him, his own wife, and a stranger, he just discovered, whom he had brought there without thinking or creating a foundation for the future; and a wordy ceremony, like a sledge-hammer, had laid open strange depths in both. He felt a tingling, blind misery. And where was the blame, and whose? Had he not been self-sufficient? Had he ever done anything except to follow his own will in his own way? To be fully on the track of a wrong way, before the true one opened, was hard to bear. He concluded to give up the conundrum for the present, and try to count the dishes again.

This wedded pair were both more foolish and wise than they knew. Pride was a fast lock between them; which would turn the key and open the door?

Angus called Matty, the maid owned by Constance, and then asked Constance if she would not look at the room especially her own. Constance could not help feeling a quick touch of grateful pleasure when she saw how closely he had studied her tastes. The windows were filled with the plants she loved best; the engravings she liked were on the walls; her favorite books were in a beautiful case; and all the colors most agreeable to her were harmoniously blended. Her ugly genius whispered that it was an easy matter to get fine things with plenty of money, but she had the grace to feel ashamed, and, hurrying back, thanked Angus for his good memory and skill.

"Cold, cold," he thought, "but why should I criticise her? It may be a comfort, in the summer, to have an iceberg in the house." It was a relief that other friends arrived with congratulations, several to remain with the purpose of helping in the festivities yet in fashion in that remote corner. It was the season for "landau-jaunts," foot-picnics, horseback-excursions, and the occasion of unbounded hospitality on the part of the host.

So the first day ended, and the second began. Time and the hour wore through the days that were rough indeed to Angus and Constance. They were as apart as at first—both assailed with moods, now angry, now vindictive, always intensely curious and watchful with each other. Moments came when the situation was unbearable—when it was felt that some change must take place—and, in one of these moments, Angus, who was tramping up and down a shady garden-walk, came upon Constance. Stamping his foot, he burst out:

"Constance!" His aspect startled her, and she replied rather timidly:

"Well, Angus?"

"Something must be done."

He twisted his fingers, and she knew he was in pain; but his voice was so hard it angered her. She made a movement to pass him, but he detained her.

"Be reasonable," she said, coldly; "if our eyes are opened, we can at least keep it from the world."

"The world!" he sneered; "you love it so much! On our first agreeable journey you intimated that a separation would cause a scandal which you could not face. But I suffer. You must let me go; I will leave all to you."

He turned so pale that Constance gave an involuntary cry, and moved toward him. The idea of his leaving her alone gave her an astonishing pang.

"No one need know the why," he went on. "I leave an outside relation which will justify my absence in the eyes of your beloved world; and the patent fact that Swanstream needs a mistress will explain your remaining here. And, once away, then" —he ceased, his eyes were far away; but she saw his breath dilate his chest, the tremble of his lip, and, for the first time, Constance knew what it was to have a "sore heart" and an uneasy conscience. She struck her hands violently.

"Are we better that way?" she stammered; "is it a right resolve? I—I thought you needed me?"

"I might, but not in *this* way."

"Let us remain as we proposed."

"Not together; but, if you insist, under this roof."

This yielding to her wish expressed a stronger will than if he had opposed her, and she felt it so.

"I do not say forever," she said, sharply.

"Remember that the tempest sprang from your horizon, not mine, Constance. I wish you had understood yourself sooner." At once the ghost of her dead lover stalked by his mind, and he wondered if he was the lion in the path. He looked so curiously and with so much penetration into her eyes, that she blushed to the roots of her hair, and divined his thought; there is a universal likeness and sympathy in jealousy. Yet, woman-like, she was pleased with the discovery.

"I like to be here, Angus; I can dream how beautiful life might be in this lovely place!"

There was something pathetic in her tone.

"So be it," he sighed; "neither you nor the world shall have anything to cavil at." He turned away abruptly; she stood still, watching him with a strange pain and a feeling she would not account for. Perhaps had they been alone there would have happened a crisis at this time, one way or the other; but his restless aunt, Mrs. Turnbull, tenacious of customs and fashions, kept the house full. Delighted that she was not interfered with, she set it down that Angus and Constance were so much in

love that they did not care what happened, so long as they were left to themselves.

"What shall I do when these people leave me alone with Angus?" asked Constance.

"It will not be possible for me to endure solitude with Constance in my atmosphere," thought Angus. And so time went on.

Restless and weary, early one morning Angus strolled into the grounds. It was one of those lovely mornings when Nature meets in promise and fulfillment. Trees and shrubs were covered with a silver web, woven by the fairies of night, to imprison odors and colors, which the sun would soon destroy. His dear Swanstream was not beautiful just then. He stirred the fallen leaves, little, tender, dead bodies, and wondered what Nature had done with their souls. He stopped by the basin where the swans sailed, and where they built their nests in the reedy bank, and placed himself on a bench under a willow, and there he staid in a cramp of thought and conjecture. He little dreamed that he was watched from the oak avenue by Miss Conway, who soon fled like a lapwing, well satisfied with the unhappy look on his face. Peradventure, Miss Conway had had her hopes.

"Grand Mr. Seymour will have all things as he likes. His cold wife glitters about him, and that is all; he cannot melt her, and he dare not crush her."

"Why, why did she marry me?" queried Angus, of the smooth pool. "Couldn't she have guessed that I would not live with so beautiful a woman without—without—" He broke his thought in two, for a throe of passion, anger, and amazement, thrilled through him. What ailed him? "As soon as Constance found herself in the bonds she had willingly accepted," he thought, "she revolted, and I am the victim of her caprice! I heard Helen whisper that day, 'Be rational!' What did she mean? Poor girl! Is her lot so bad?" Then all his forlorn past rose before him; his heart felt like a stone in his breast. Something tickled his hand; he heard a little whimper; it was Flossy, the Skye terrier he had given Constance. Flossy loved him—her tail wagged in an agony of delight; her little nose quivered with joy. He caught her, and held her close to his face; but how could the creature understand that human tears were falling upon her curls?

While he held Flossy in his arms, Constance opened her door, to find the mites of children sitting on the floor in wait.

"We stoled here," explained Alice, "'cause Miss Conway ran off when she saw papa going down to the basin; and we've come to tote you to breakfast; and here you be. See, Miss Conway is back." She was at her old post, and said:

"I am in the habit, Mrs. Seymour, of arranging the flowers for the table: shall I continue to do so?"

"Certainly," answered Constance.

"I find that Mr. Seymour cannot forego his morning walk. It seemed formerly to assuage his troubles." Constance opened her eyes so widely that Miss Conway wished herself somewhere else; their expression gave her the "creeps."

When Angus came in from his miserable walk he saw a pretty picture—the children clinging to Constance.

"She tells stories," they cried, "stories as never was, but *must* be. We are going to give her something lovely." Mrs. Turnbull was present, and Angus judged from her mien that something disagreeable was pending.

"Don't you see," she cried, "that the Fairfaxes, the Hampdens, the Gadsdens, are waiting for an invitation?" Angus grimaced so terribly that Constance could not refrain from giving him a smile of pity. Mr. Turnbull, happily, trotted in with the mail-bag.

"What a fellow you are for magazines!" he said. But Angus did not hear him; he was pondering over a letter he had opened. He presently asked Constance if she remembered his old friend Captain Drummond, who had announced a visit.

She had no remembrance of him, was her answer.

"Did I hear, Captain Drummond?" said Miss Conway, impressively. "He was here the week we—"

"The week after Mrs. Seymour's death," added Angus, with composure. Miss Conway sighed.

Mr. Turnbull pulled his mustache to hide a grin; he hated Miss Conway, for he suspected her designs. Angus went to a room called the "miscellaneous," where his traps were kept; but nothing afforded him amusement and occupation now. It was the burden of his thought that he had wooed Constance, and she was not won. Constance was dull; as a model housekeeper, she visited Juno, who waved a towel at her, with the information that nothing could be "tole her," and that "missis' help not needed." Meanwhile, Mrs. Turnbull flourished so gayly that she told Mr. Turnbull that she believed it was providential she was sent on the ground so early.

One pleasant morning Angus asked Constance to walk with him to the lake; the swans were afloat, and she would see a pretty sight. As they stood by the railing, Constance gave a cry of delight, the clouds were so beautiful, red, purple, and silver, dipping their colors into the pool, tremulous and shifting in the varying breeze.

"A real St.-Martin's-day," she said.

"What sort of days had he? Cold ones, I thought. Wasn't he the fellow who cut his cloak in two? Charity did begin at home there."

"That was another saint. Did you ever notice the frosted maples when you were in the North, Angus?"

But Angus refused to get up a talk. He led her round by the head of the pool, where the willows swung pendent over the water, and motioned her to a bench. Both were intent upon the clouds sailing by, and the swans wrinkling the water in silver circles.

"There never was a lovelier spot," she said, with so frank a smile that his heart gave a throb. He was about to speak, when the children startled them.

"Oh, we have found you! Miss Conway told where you were."

"Confound Miss Conway!" he said, under his breath. Constance heard him, and gave a merry laugh, which did not displease him; but all chance of a *tête-à-tête* was over. Leaving them at the basin, Angus concluded to clean his guns, and retired to the "miscellaneous;" but why should he be thinking of Constance's beautiful hair and her bright laugh? What connection was there between cleaning guns and a beautiful woman's hair? Presently the poor fellow's head was lying on his arms over the table. He was forced to own that he would go to the ends of the earth to serve Constance if she would only forgive him for his cold-blooded wooing, and give him a little affection in return. "I was an ass always," he thought, mournfully, "and she suddenly found it out."

Constance now perceived that Angus was not indifferent to her, and there was comfort in the perception. If she only knew whether he wished to love her, or would strive against it! She tried to convince herself that things were about as they should be; and that life at Swanstream was agreeable and useful. But if she was so comfortable, why did she in the watches of the night start from her sleep to find her face wet with tears? Perhaps it was from fear of those negro thieves; why else should she be so restless? They only took melons and the chickens!

The next event was the arrival of Captain Drummond at dinner-time; Angus allowed him a moment for an introduction, and then hurried him to his room.

"My boy," said the captain, "how you have kept me in the dark! I saw that beautiful woman in Richmond two years ago. But I heard then—" He hesitated.

"You heard she was engaged to Robert Bond; she was, but he is dead." And Angus ground his teeth savagely.

"He is jealous of that poor, dead man!" thought the captain. "You must tell me all aboutit," he said.

"The story must be of the future," replied Angus, gloomily. "Ned, I am miserable; but, for all the world, I would not give up my misery."

"What, what!" stammered the captain; "you haven't gone and made another mistake? I'll give you up, if you have. What's the matter? Are you going to faint?"

"You—you are the first one I have spoken to since the happy ceremony. I was always something of a milksop. The curious part of the story is, that the ceremony has made us a kind of Richard Doe and Richard Roe—funny, isn't it, to be a fiction?"

"Angus," said the captain, aghast, "you have taken to drink. Now set me right, if you are not quite crazy."

Then Angus told him the whole story. Had the captain listened to a stranger's tale, he would have laughed; but Angus was his beloved friend, and his happiness was very dear. They were old comrades; and he had never before seen Angus in so strange a condition as this. For, whether he was weak at times or strong, Angus had understood himself and his bearings. Now he appeared to be all at sea. Captain Drummond was amazed, distressed, and puzzled. How could the pair so mistake themselves and each other? That they should so deliberately plan, arrange, and carry out the match, and, the moment the deed was finished, have their eyes as completely opened as Adam's and Eve's were, after their memorable apple-bee, to the fact that they had missed and lost a paradise they never asked for!

"No more nonsense, Ned; come, now, if you are ready."

It was not long before Captain Drummond discovered that he was elected a silent umpire by Constance and Angus. It was disagreeable to the quiet old bachelor, yet he was too deeply interested to leave them in such a crisis; he desired to bring them together. He formed a high opinion of Constance. She bore her lot with grace and patience; he saw that her influence over Angus was for his good. Whatever her own error or caprice might be, he divined some ruling purpose which would lead to Angus's advantage. She was a sweet and gentle hostess. With the wayward children she was admirable; even to the feline Conway her bearing was perfect. He caught a glimpse of her one day when she sat under the willows feeding the swans. He was walking by the path behind the willows; her face was set in sadness, and her eyes wore a far-off, dreaming look. "Can it be, as Angus surmises, that she lovingly remembers that wretched Bond, that she has put him up as a barrier between Angus and herself? I have a half-mind to tell what I know of him," he thought.

Constance was making pellets of bread; she rose and went to the ledge of the basin, throwing one after the other, saying, softly, "He loves me—he loves me not!" and so on with the pretty, old conceit.

"Ho, ho, my lady! Sits the wind in that quarter?" whistled the captain.

"Now, Belzoni," she called to an old swan, a patriarch to whom she had given that name, "sail up here."

She held out her hand with bread on the palm, and the wise Belzoni floated toward her. As she tossed the bread to him, she whispered in his bill; but neither whisper nor answer could Captain Drummond hear.

Nothing interested Angus besides Constance. His aunt Turnbull was tiresome, but he endured her, because she saved him some trouble with the visitors. Mr. Turnbull bored him; Miss Conway disgusted him with her watchful obsequiousness; the children teased him. Captain Drummond was acceptable now, because he could talk about Constance, with whom he was disposed to side. He could not see, he told Angus, why he should expect devotion from her—what had he done to deserve it? He had not offered his, nor asked hers!

"Hang it!" replied Angus, wrathfully, "haven't I given her all I possess?"

"Well, does she not make returns for the gift? How careful she is of Bella's poor little brats! What a mother she will make!"

Captain Drummond was astounded at the change in Angus's countenance. The blood rushed like a torrent to his face; the veins of his neck stood out like whip-cord; and then he turned deathly pale, white to the lips; his eyes had an anguished expression, and Captain Drummond was much discomfited.

"Why, man," said Angus, "she has never given me an atom of her love, faith, or esteem."

The captain, confused, went on inconsequently:

"She receives your friends so well, too; and how capitally she treats that cat Conway, who meant to capture you, and who is now awfully jealous of her! She would spoil her beauty if she could, and destroy her happiness. I notice the Conway is rather jubilant at times. What makes her so?"

"I'll send her off! Do you think she would injure Constance? Is there a living soul that could hurt her?"

Captain Drummond, for reasons known to himself, did not tell Angus his surmise regarding Constance. He saw more clearly than Angus; he believed that she was learning to love him, and that her pride compelled her self-command. He saw that she avoided being alone with her husband; with others she was at perfect ease. Observers said that she carried Swanstream as if it were her birthright; that she played her cards well. They had no opportunity of seeing that part of the game when she wept bitter tears, and forgot all her temporal blessings. As her love increased for Angus, her humiliation and shame at her wasted sorrow made her heart sore; she knew that she had never loved till now. Her past mistakes made her mistrustful and diffident. These were the days of purification for Constance; she little knew that the future happiness of Angus and herself was to be born of these trials in her proud spirit.

It was not all tempest at that period. There were moments and hours when circumstances called out the ordinary sympathies; they had many tastes in common; they were obliged to consult each other on various points in their social and domestic life. At times they almost forgot not to be happy; and, if the forgetfulness had happened to each at the same time, they would have fallen into each other's arms without surprise; but human nature is ugly and perverse, and people will insist upon bearing the burden of a carefully-arranged misery. Good Mr. Turnbull was not satisfied; he loved Angus dearly, and he perceived that Angus was playing a part. He often found him in the "miscellaneous" with something in hand as a pretext, which he never looked at. Mr. Turnbull pestered him with hints of a mistake, and temper, and incompatibility, for which hints thanks were due to Miss Conway. And the kinsmen, friends, and acquaintances, came and went with the opinion that the Swanstream match was a mysterious one. But Nature and circumstances prove stronger than will, habit, theory, and resolve.

Captain Drummond announced his departure. He had eaten lotus too long, and must return to the cabin in his cutter. There was a chorus of dissent, but he was determined.

"You have not taken us to Westwater, as you promised, to the secret spring, Unky Drummond," said Alice. "You said you would give us a scare, and I want to be scared."

Upon Constance's inquiry, Angus told her of a pool and a hidden spring in a far corner of the estate. There was a quicksand also, which only so far had swallowed logs; there were beautiful ferns, and the road was pleasant.

Constance decided that Alice must be scared.

"I myself would like a shake-up," unconsciously sighing, and looking at Angus with a gentle, loving smile.

"Idiots and ninnies!" was the captain's mental comment, and he decided to stay. Alice capered for joy, telling Angus that he was growing a gooder papa every day, and it must be because of the new mamma.

Angus reddened, and looked out of the window.

"Good!" said the captain to himself; "it is getting warmer; they may find themselves yet. Their eyes talk, in spite of their obstinate tongues."

He could not come to a decided opinion one way or the other with such a proud, contradictory pair. With some natures, whose outward constraint is perfect, a kiss and a blow are one when a barrier falls.

At this social juncture Miss Conway let her book fall.

"Dear me, sir, is not the road to the spring a bad one? Can you take us in a heavy carriage?"

Constance looked at her with a stern surprise. Angus opened his eyes at once, and looked back upon the wiles of his children's governess with a thankful heart. Constance had saved him something. He left his chair and went to her.

"How pretty those flowers are in your hair! Did John bring them to you?" His look of admiration was unmistakable.

The captain made another internal exclamation, that a second deluge was about to happen.

"The road is bad," answered Angus. "Captain Drummond will take the children in the wagonette. Mrs. Seymour and myself will go on horseback—that is, if it suits you, Constance?"

"Exactly," she replied.

They started early the next day.

"You never mentioned this enchanting place," said Constance, as they entered the wood.

"There are many things I never mentioned to you."

It was just the place to make one forget all other places. The pale, delicious light, the lovely evergreens, the wild, autumn odors crossing the cool air, and the utter silence, enchanted Constance. Angus, too, felt the scene. There was an eager light in his eyes; a vague, shy longing took possession of the pair that instant; they were fitting mates for the

spot. The westering sun sent shafts of golden light all about; the feet of the horses made no noise on the pavement of leaves.

"One could hear one's heart beat, it is so still," said Constance.

"I hear mine now," answered Angus. "What makes it?"

"I could go on forever so," she said, taking no notice of his remark. "What fine horses you have, Angus! I am passionately fond of this exercise."

She looked so. She never was more beautiful. Angus was silent.

"It is a dream," she went on. "My spirit is bodiless; it has started on an endless journey."

"O Constance! there is a journey which should be endless; for eternity would not end it for me."

His voice rang with passion; he reined his horse close to her, and put his hand on the pommel of her saddle. She could not turn her face away; she made a sudden movement toward him, when an energetic "Hillo!" smote their ears.

Looking back he saw that the captain had come to a halt, and was beckoning him with energy.

Angus rode up to him surlily.

"You need not blame me," said the captain, meekly; "something has given way, and, being the son of a sea-cook, I can't tell what it is."

"A trace pulled apart, that's all;" and, while Angus tied it, he remarked that something else was about to give way, but that he had prevented the catastrophe.

The captain was so distressed at this implied mishap that Angus was fain to forgive and console him. The pool was near, and Angus galloped back to Constance, feeling that the golden opportunity of the past moment was as far from him as the golden rays of the afternoon sun.

They rode down a dell, and dismounted; the horses were fastened, seats were found on a mossy bank, and Angus and the captain prepared for a smoke; but the children were restless, and begged leave to go after pearl-mussels in the marsh-runlets. Constance decided to go with them.

"Be careful," said Angus; "don't go too near the edge of the spring; the quicksand is there."

He longed to go with her, but there was no invitation in her look. Promising to be careful, she strolled away, and, forgetting her promise, fell into a deep reverie. The children ran hither and thither, wild with delight; without her notice, they ran out of sight. At that moment she was thinking of the captain's "Hillo!" and trembled again as she recalled her sensation when she caught the impassioned look in Angus's eyes.

A pang of remorse smote her. Had not foolish pride stood between him and her which prevented the fulfillment of her plans of duty and the plea of her heart? Since the day she came to Swanstream, what change could she ask for in his outward behavior? If he had no love for her, could he help that?

She heard a cry which broke her reverie. Alice was running toward her screaming.

"Sister is in the reeds yonder, and can't get out. O mamma! come, come!"

Constance rushed into the thicket, pushed through it, and saw the child in the tall reeds. She had crawled by their help to the edge of the quicksand, and, horrible thought, was perhaps in it!

The child was frightened, but she held stoutly by the reeds.

"Come, mamma," she called; "something pulls my feet."

Though her heart stood still, Constance spoke calmly:

"Yes, dear, hold tight; I'll call papa." And she gave a shriek which made the two men start and dash forward without a word.

There were twenty feet of marsh between Constance and the child. She dared not trust her weight upon it, for she had no knowledge of the ground, so intersected by runlets more or less deep. To the right a hateful pool stretched smooth and gray; on the left was an inlet running into the thicket; solid land might be beyond it, where she could cross. She ran that way, and saw a rotten skiff, bottom up, one end in the water, the other on the land, left by some fowler, probably. With frantic haste and energy she hauled the skiff down the inlet, wading to her knees, picked up a stick, and sculled toward the child, who laughed with glee at the sight. The reeds helped her; with one hand she pulled the skiff along. Her progress seemed mortally slow. At last she came within arm's-length of the little creature, bent forward, and, with a wrench, raised her from the evil pit. The child fell to the bottom of the skiff, shoeless, and crying with the pain of the fall. Constance, looking down, saw the water coming through the cracked planks; then she was conscious of a sharp pain in her right wrist. She backed into the runlet, praying for Angus, gasping with her exertions. Angus and the captain came in sight. Alice on the ground, bitterly crying, told them that Constance had saved "sister."

"She is pulling up with her left hand," Angus shouted, mad with excitement.

"She is half full of water — don't you see?' yelled the captain, quite as excited. "By Heaven! that woman—"

But Angus did not hear him; he had splashed into the inlet. If the skiff should sink now, he could not save the two; and Drummond, sailor as he was, could not swim! Drummond, however, was doing his best. He took off his coat, pulled a stake, and waded into the water, and stood in a receptive attitude.

"In a minute more she will be safe; she is almost exhausted; I see her swaying!" he said, aloud.

When Constance saw Angus in the water she gave a cry of delight which electrified him, and inspired him with strength enough to swim a Hellespont instead of a weedy marsh-inlet. They forgot the crying child in their wild delight and desire to reach each other. When he put his hand on the skiff, and she felt the strength of his arm, she dropped her stick, bent over his hand, kissed it, and fell back in a dead-faint. Luckily Angus was strong enough to give a mighty

push toward the captain looming below the bank like a benevolent stork. He took a fierce and profane hold of the upper end, and together they drew the skiff to land.

"No danger," said the captain, "but almighty near it!"

"Yes, considering the skiff was bursting," answered Angus, taking Constance in his arms, and carrying her to the dry wood, while the captain took the children to the wagonette for wraps.

Constance opened her eyes wildly.

"I saved your child, Angus."

"Yes, my love; will you save me?"

"Will you take it as my expiation?" she asked, solemnly.

"There can be no such thing between us."

She raised her lips to his and kissed him, and then rested her head upon his breast like a tired, happy child.

"It is my nest," she said, "where I should have taken refuge before."

Angus could say nothing; his soul was in rapture. But, to use the captain's phrase, they were soon haled out of this condition.

"Are you deranged, you two?" he said; "wet to the bone, and I see Mrs. Seymour has hurt her hand."

"So I have," she replied, with a radiant smile.

"Why, does it feel so nice as that?"

For answer she looked at Angus. The captain saw that things were "settled."

"I think I might—I might share something of this."

Constance kissed him warmly, and the old fellow blushed like a girl.

"I'll stay another day," he said, "to celebrate the Swanstream match; but what a pity to be half drowned to bring it about!"

AMONG THE AZORES.

TO most untraveled Americans the Azores, or Western Islands, are *terra incognita*. Atlases and cyclopædias furnish meagre information, and there one's knowledge ends. Geographically, the Azores are nine small Atlantic islands, two thousand miles due east from Philadelphia. Named in order, as the traveler from the Western Continent meets them, they are Corvo, Flores, Fayal, Pico, San Jorge, Graciosa, Terceira, San Miguel, and Santa Maria. They form part of the kingdom of Portugal, and are Portuguese in all their characteristics. They derive their collective name, "Ilhas dos Açores," or "Isles of Hawks," from the abundance of that species of bird throughout the group. The names of the separate islands are no less distinctive. San Jorge, San Miguel, and Santa Maria, are so called from having been discovered on the days dedicated to those Roman Catholic saints; crows, found only on Corvo, have given a name to that island; Flores is the "isle of flowers;" Fayal abounds in a species of beech-tree called *faya*, and hence its name; Pico is "the peak," as it towers seven thousand feet above its companions; Graciosa means "the beautiful;" and Terceira was "the third" in order of discovery.

The traveler visiting these islands finds a land of volcanic character, with rocky shores, rough, jagged, and precipitous; a land crossed and seamed in all directions by gigantic ravines, and showing the scars of many an earthquake. Yet it boasts a tropical luxuriance. The fields are green the year round; the orange, fig, banana, guava, and other tropical fruits, grow in abundance; the air is heavy with the fragrance of flowers; hill-side and valley reëcho the notes of myriads of songsters. Its people still cling tenaciously to fossilized customs, and are deeply buried in a lifeless past from which they have little power and less inclination to free themselves. Nature's beauty, prodigality, and freedom, contrast sharply with the poverty, degradation, and oppressed condition of the masses; song and dance, church-processions, and festal-days, delight the blithe, simple-hearted peasant.

Sailing from Boston for the Azores on a sultry day in August, it was nearly three weeks before we again saw land in the welcome shores of Flores and Corvo. At Flores we disembark. The absence of all harbor accommodations compels vessels to lay-to a couple of miles off the town of Santa Cruz, while passengers and freight are transferred to the shore in open boats. These heavy, rudely-built lighters, each capable of carrying a small ship-load, are propelled by oars formed of two roughly-hewed pieces of joist or crooked boughs fastened together, and working on a single thole-pin on the gunwale. The crew consists of eight or ten barefooted, sun-browned men, dressed in blue overalls and frocks, and with knit, woolen skull-caps on their heads, and half-consumed corn-husk cigarettes tucked behind their ears. From the sea the rocky coast seems to present an impenetrable front. Lines of black lava-rock guard the shores, and across them the breakers roll in crashing, creamy billows. As the shore is neared a narrow channel appears, and into this the boats are swept at imminent risk of being wrecked upon the ugly-looking reefs on both sides. For a single moment they rush along, poised upon the top of a huge roller; then, guided by the skillful boatmen, they float quietly into the smooth waters of a little harbor. This miniature haven, less than a couple of acres in extent, is almost entirely shut in by surrounding cliffs. Around the corner of an uncompleted quay the principal street of the town terminates upon the narrow strip of sandy beach. The arrival of strangers is always a matter of profoundest interest to the inhabitants. The entire population has assembled at the landing-place. Profuse and

noisy cordiality greets us as we dismount from the shoulders of the barelegged boatmen who have waded out in the water to take us from the boats.

The town of Santa Cruz is almost as lively as a country churchyard. There is next to nothing to do, and next to nobody to do it. Passenger-life on shipboard is dull, life at Santa Cruz is only a single grade higher. The town is located on the top of a high bluff overlooking the sea, and consists of one principal square of diminutive proportions, with streets radiating from it in all directions to the shore, or into the country. Everywhere you meet strange and picturesque sights. The streets are lined with white-washed buildings, one or two stories in height, with red-tiled or furze-thatched roof, green doors, and balconies. All the houses sit close upon the borders of the streets. Wherever there is a vacant spot between them a high stone-wall is built, so that in walking you can very rarely see anything except what is immediately before or behind. There are no sidewalks, everybody walking in the middle of the streets. The stores are few in number, dimly lighted and scantily stocked, principally with dry-goods, groceries, tobacco, and liquors; all appear to suffer from a chronic stagnation of business. Rudely-constructed carts, with wicker sides and huge wheels of solid wood, and drawn perhaps by yokes of cows, roll noisily, lazily around. At every corner you stumble upon street-fountains, whose waters ripple musically in stone troughs, and where groups of black-eyed, olive-complexioned women are gossiping while they fill antique earthen water-jars, to bear away on their heads. Or others, perhaps, are scrubbing clothes on broad, flat stones by the wayside, upon which the water splashes from a bamboo-spout in the solid rock. Everybody, except people of the wealthier class, is barefooted, and the women cover their heads with snowy-white handkerchiefs or brightly-colored shawls. In the public square we find the market-women, seated on the stone steps of some building with baskets of fruit before them, and driving sharp bargains with purchasers. Here, too, is the jail, an old, dingy, insecure-looking establishment. A visit reveals the eccentricities of prison discipline in Flores. The ordinary rules of imprisonment are reversed, and, contrary to all preconceived ideas, we find the prisoners have the key of the jail, and lock themselves in and others out, as inclination dictates. The liberties which they enjoy and their freedom from work render their position almost, if not wholly, enviable. There is supposed to be a jailer connected with the establishment, but his office must be a sinecure. The Moorish cathedral, with Saracenic domes and windows, stands near the centre of the village, a sightly landmark to the approaching sailor. Adjoining is the building occupied as a convent by the Franciscan brotherhood until 1834, when Dom Pedro IV. suppressed the conventual establishments on all these islands. The chapel of the convent is in a ruinous condition, but still shows some traces of its former rich beauty in the Renaissance Italian style.

The island of Flores is about nine miles long by seven in breadth. The journey through the interior is made in a few days, but presents nothing of interest. The roads are mere foot-paths, and every traveler is of necessity a pedestrian. The island boasts of three extinct volcanic craters, now transformed into peaceful lakes. No eruption has occurred for many years, and the people have now little reason to fear one. Santa Cruz, the capital of Flores, is the only port of importance. Whalers and other vessels frequently call for fresh supplies of water and provisions, which are never lacking. Communication is had once a month with Fayal, and the packets trading between Boston and the islands are occasional visitors.

Separated from Flores by a channel thirteen miles in width, is Corvo, a bleak, barren place, inhabited by about a thousand persons, in one small village. In the interior is an extinct crater, at the bottom of which a lake, studded with little islands, presents a miniature map of the Azorean group. On the cliffs, near the shore, Nature has depicted the figure of a horseman—now nearly obliterated by the ravages of the weather—with extended arm pointing toward the west. Tradition says that Columbus, disheartened by the difficulties surrounding him on one of his voyages of discovery, was on the point of abandoning his plans and returning to Spain, when a severe storm drove him near to this island. Seeing this horseman with uplifted hands pointing westward, he regarded it as a good omen, and was encouraged to continue the voyage, which resulted in the discovery of America.

It does not take long to inspect Flores. After the novelty has worn away, there is nothing to do but to haunt the shores, Robinson-Crusoe-like, and watch for passing vessels. We are glad when the day comes to reëmbark and set sail for Fayal, one hundred and twenty miles to the northeast, and best known of all the Azores to Americans. Our approach to it was on Sunday morning. All night we were slowly drifting along its western shores in a dead calm. The sails flapped with a lazy, dreamy sound against the masts, and our vessel scarcely moved, save as it rose and fell with the regular, pulsating throbs of the sea. Toward morning, however, a slight breeze sprang up, and, as daylight dawned, we rounded Monte da Guia: the city of Horta stood revealed like a dream of beauty. The crescent-shaped harbor into which we glide opens toward the east, and the two promontories, Monte da Guia and Espalamaca, facing each other, stand like watchful sentinels guarding the entrance. Monte Queimado, or "Burnt Mountain," conspicuous by its curiously colored red or brown cliffs, lava-rocks, and cultivated terraces, like ancient battlements, juts out sharply into the sea. The ocean-waves at its base and all along the shore wash a beach of glittering black sand. The city occupies the entire shore of the bay, except the extreme heights of the two promontories, and clings to the steep sides of the hills, which rise abruptly from the water's edge. A thick, high wall of masonry protects its streets from the encroachments of the sea. The uniformity of white build-

ings and rusty-red roofs rising one above another, and relieved here and there by the bright green of orange-groves and gardens, gives a quaint, pleasing appearance to the scene. In the suburbs numerous country villas peep out from embowering foliage, and, behind all, smooth-topped hills, trending gradually toward the centre of the island, are veiled in mist. People on shore are beginning to stir. We see figures moving along the street, leaning over the sea-wall, or lounging down to the stone quay. The blue-and-white flag of Portugal floats over the solitary soldier pacing back and forth in the little fort. Anon the resonant clangor of the cathedral-bell and the sound of the reveille ring sharply across the water and mingle harmoniously with the "Yo-heave-ho!" of the sailors on an outward-bound bark. Vessels of every nationality, with flags flying in honor of the day, crowd the harbor. Behind us, four miles distant across the bay, towers the mountain Pico, the most prominent feature in the landscape. Its base is dotted with villages, and it rises in symmetrical proportions until masses of clouds enshroud its snow-clad summit. The sun, clambering over the peak, pierces the clouds with streaks of crimson and gold, flashes and sparkles upon the water, and floods its mellow light over the roofs of the town, and the fields, groves, and hills beyond. Screaming gulls from rocks near the Pico coast swim about in the water near us, and countless numbers of little brown canaries flit overhead. Fleets of Pico ferry-boats, large, open structures, carrying two lateen-sails, are early on their way to the Fayal market with loads of country produce, and seem, in the distance, like flocks of white-winged birds, skimming across the bay. Nearing the shore we see boatmen running back and forth on the wharf, violently gesticulating, after the manner of their kind. The boats are launched, and soon a crowd of officials and eager, voluble natives swarm over our vessel's side. Amid the noisy chattering of assembled loungers we land at the granite quay. Our arrival excites no such commotion as at Flores, and we walk up the street to the hotel comparatively unnoticed.

The island of Fayal is of considerable importance to the commercial world; and Horta, its capital, is distinguished as the seat of government for the district including Fayal, Pico, Flores, and Corvo. The fine natural harbor in front of this city has always been a favorite resort of vessels traversing this part of the Atlantic. The city is finely laid out, the streets generally being wide, well paved, and in good repair, and the buildings of creditable appearance. The Moorish architecture, common throughout the Azores, prevails. The ground-floors of the houses are occupied as stores, or made into paved court-yards, where merchants, beggars, and donkeys, congregate. At the hotel you come down-stairs to go out of the front-door, and find the way barred by half a dozen donkeys and donkey-boys, squads of importunate peddlers, and an appalling array of squalid beggars. On the street the eye is greeted with a constant succession of whitewashed walls, only varied occasionally by some flashy edifice, whose front is adorned with porcelain, in blue-and-white figures. Here and there throughout the city rise more pretentious structures, such as the cathedrals, government buildings, and many residences of the nobility and wealthy families. The latter are often surrounded with handsome gardens, where fruits and flowers vie with each other in perfection, and display a wealth of rare exotic beauty, such as we in more rugged climes scarcely dare dream of.

The working-people of Horta are early risers. Almost before daylight one is awakened by the pattering feet of donkeys and the chattering of their drivers in the street beneath one's hotel-window. After this, one's first duty is to stroll down to the shore and "see the Pico boats come in," laden to the gunwale with all kinds of country produce and numberless Pico peasants stowed away in every vacant niche. When landed on the sandy beach the barefooted men and women take boxes, baskets, and bundles, on their heads, and wend their way to the market, careless and erect. Then the streets begin to be thronged, and present a never-ending variety of picturesque sights and sounds: men, women, and children, with fagots of wood, baskets of fruit, or jars of water on their heads; milkmen with wooden buckets of milk, the peasant with living fowls suspended by the legs from the ends of a long yoke thrown over his shoulders; patient, meek-eyed donkeys, their slender legs turning and twisting beneath heavy burdens, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos or fours, with a heavy cask or case slung between; women in long blue cloaks, with their heads enveloped in a hood of marvelous size, and displaying a proportionate degree of bareness at the other extremity; fishermen with baskets of red, blue, and gold fish—thus hour after hour the panorama continues; scene after scene follows in rapid succession, ever changing, ever pleasing.

One of the principal objects of interest at Fayal is the "Caldeira," the crater of an extinct volcano, near the centre of the island, nine miles from Horta. For a third of the way the road is smooth and easy of travel, and one is surrounded with fresh, glowing bits of semi-tropical scenery. Flamingos is reached: a dingy, gray, and moss-grown city, founded — says tradition — by the first colonists on the island, a company of Flemings, sent out by the Duchess of Burgundy in the fifteenth century. Beyond this antiquated city the road becomes rougher and more perilous, leading across bleak mountain-plateaus, along the dizzy edges of deep ravines, and up the rocky beds of mountain-streams, dry from the summer heat. A few miles of such travel brings us to the summit, and we look down, down, down, fifteen hundred feet, into the crater. The ground at the bottom is marshy, and a large, turbid pond occupies the centre, while off at one side rises a miniature volcanic mountain, evergreen clad, a few hundred feet in height. The only signs of life are half a dozen gulls flitting about over the Tartarean lake, a few cattle grazing on its margin, and beside them two or three men, whom distance has transformed into pygmies. The only entrance is down the channel of

a little stream—a passage difficult and dangerous. Heavy banks of clouds circle about the edge of the crater, now falling solidly down to the bottom, now floating high in air, and weaving themselves into a thousand weird, fantastic shapes. An impressive silence broods over the spot, and enhances its sublimity and loneliness.

The people of the Azores, and particularly of Fayal, display a wonderful skill in the manufacture of various kinds of fancy-work, such as willow baskets, embroidery, lace, hair-work, feather flowers, bouquets, and other designs from the white pith of the fig-tree. The manufacture of lace from the fibres of the bitter aloe, or century-plant, is, as far as I am aware, an industry peculiar to this island. This lace is of exquisite workmanship, and commands high prices in Paris, where most of it is sent. Less than a hundred women are engaged in lace-making, and few of them are adepts. The art is very difficult to learn, and is only acquired by constant instruction from early childhood. The lace-workers reside in the village of Praia, a few miles from Horta, and live in abject poverty, earning only from six to ten cents per day.

The days pass rapidly at Fayal, so rapidly that we have scant time in which to inspect all its attractions. We must visit Monte da Guia, the promontory at the southern extremity of the harbor, where is a signal-station for telegraphing the arrival of vessels, and a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Guia, at whose annual festival the people of Horta turn out *en masse*, and clamber up the rocky, slippery sides of the hill to worship at this shrine. Across the bay is another promontory, Ponta do Espalamaca, with a solitary signal-station. A visit to the picturesque Miranti ravine, with its swirling, foaming brook, rattling water-mills, and chattering washer-women, is a rare luxury ; so often went I that the washer-women soon began to regard me as an old friend, and doubtless wondered what led me to frequent a spot which to them was only a place of prosaic work. Ten miles from Horta is Castello Branco, or White Castle, a magnificent headland jutting out into the sea. In the suburbs of the city is Porto Pim, an Italian-like bay, with sandy shores, and waters purpled by the shadow of the overlooking hills. Upon its margin stand the remnants of a picturesque mediæval gate, and the fortifications built years ago to protect the port from the incursions of corsairs. Now barefooted boys clamber over its ruins, and fishermen spread their nets to dry upon its broken walls. One can only enumerate other attractions: the orange-gardens ; strolls into the country ; the inspection of churches, and attendance upon peculiar religious services ; the fort ; the government buildings ; the courts ; the nunnery, with its one lonely occupant ; the stores and markets, and a variety of other places. One is apt to leave Fayal with regret.

Pico, opposite to Fayal, is the larger island of the two, and more densely populated. Its inhabitants are chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits. Extensive vineyards are located in all parts of the island, especially on the hill-sides, and quantities of wine are yearly exported. Magdelena, the principal town, is a sort of watering-place, where the wealthy people of Fayal have summer residences. The mountain which gives a name to the island, and forms its western extremity, is seven thousand six hundred and thirteen feet high. It is a mass of bowlders, lava, and scoriæ, shaped like a regular cone, and in clear weather is conspicuous a distance of eighty miles out at sea. The clouds which circle about it are continually changing its contour, and it is a current saying that "Pico never shows itself twice alike." Often it fails to show itself at all, so thickly do the clouds envelop it and obscure it from sight, even at so near a point as Fayal. The peak is an unfailing barometer for this part of the world. According as that is clear or obscured by clouds, pleasant or foul weather is insured. A thin, blue column of volcanic vapor, arising from the summit, indicates the presence of volcanic agencies not altogether quiescent. The same summit gives the Azorean his only conception of arctic regions, when, in the winter season, he sees banks of snow resting upon it.

Eastward from Fayal, about fifteen miles, and plainly visible, is San Jorge, a long, narrow body of land, extending north and south about thirty-six miles, while its greatest breadth does not exceed six. The interior of the island, along its entire length, is a nearly level plateau, from which the land slopes to the edges of cliffs, which drop, sheer and abrupt, a thousand feet or more into the water. With only an occasional slight break, this Titanic wall presents an appalling front around the whole island. Steep as are these cliffs, they are, nevertheless, tilled by the hand of man wherever a bit of earth can cling to the rocky crevices. Little green cultivated patches appear in places seemingly inaccessible, many of them only reached from the sea in a boat. Men and women working here look like flies clinging to the perpendicular side of a room.

Graciosa, noted for nothing but its scenery, is passed on the way to Terceira, one of the most important islands of the group. Angra, its capital, aspires to the distinction of being the aristocratic metropolis of the Azores. The seat of government for all the islands is located here ; the city boasts of a college, with law and theological departments ; the presence of the nobility, high ecclesiastical authorities, the governor-general, and other government officials, attracts the *crême de la crême* of Azorean society. Notwithstanding, or perhaps rather in consequence of, all this, the place is exceedingly dull and repellent. A listless laziness marks the sleepy people in all their pursuits, and, even in the principal streets, grass crops out between the paving-blocks. Sluggish Terceira has always been steadfastly devoted to the interests of Portugal. On repeated occasions the inhabitants of this island have maintained a high reputation for loyalty and bravery. Terceira long ago received the appellation "sempre leal" (always loyal), and the complete name of its capital is "Angra do Heroismo" (Bay of Heroism).

The island has been frequently visited by earthquakes and eruptions, which have done much damage. The city of Praia, next in importance to Angra, has been four times destroyed. The country abounds in evidences of these terrible convulsions—deep grottoes, boiling springs, beds of lava, and tracts of land, exuding sulphurous fumes.

After the picturesque beauty of Flores and Fayal, and the grandeur of the scenery at Pico, San Jorge, and Terceira, the approach to San Miguel, the largest and, in many respects, the most important of the Azores, is looked forward to with feelings of high expectation. One is not disappointed. There are the same rock-bound coasts and basaltic cliffs; the ridges of sharply-serrated mountains forming the backbone of the island are wreathed in clouds; and the lower hills present the now familiar aspect of semi-tropical vegetation. Ponta Delgada, the capital and shipping-port, resting at the foot of the hills, extends for a considerable distance along the line of the coast. It spreads out broadly over the plain, and at first sight conveys a sense of its importance, attractiveness, and prosperity, that future acquaintance does not dispel. The indentation of the coast at this point forms a tolerably secure harbor, exposed only to southerly gales. A breakwater was projected a dozen years or more ago, and is now in slow process of construction. Every winter's gales destroy its outermost projections, and the work is further retarded by the natural indolence of the people and their native inability to successfully cope with such an engineering project. But, even now, steamers and a few sailing-vessels find safe anchorage behind this structure, which, if ever completed, will be one of the finest of its kind in the world, and capable of sheltering one hundred sail. Across the harbor is the landing-place for small boats, and at the top of the stone steps of the jetty surrounding it the inevitable custom-house officials welcome the traveler to San Miguel. Adjoining the custom-house is the post-office; and the stone benches beneath the arches of a neighboring building seem the general rendezvous for boatmen, laborers, and lazy loungers.

Ponta Delgada is the third city in importance of the Portuguese dominion, ranking next to Lisbon and Oporto. Its macadamized streets, its private dwellings, its numerous cathedrals and other public structures, are evidences of a judicious local government, and a public spirit among its citizens that admirably sustains the dignity of its position. It boasts a theatre, college, and an hotel, titled families and wealthy merchants; it has a hospital and prison that are models in every respect; it enjoys an extensive trade with England and Brazil, and is more frequented by pleasure-seekers than any other Azorean island. It exhibits more enterprise than any of its sisters of the group, though even here that virtue exists only in moderation. The public squares throughout the city are numerous and spacious. The Largo de San Francisco, in front of the English hotel, is ornamented with shrubbery and shade-trees, and is the resort of the *élite* two or three evenings in the week, when some military or orchestral band gives a concert in its little kiosk. At the grated windows of the nunnery, near by, the veiled nuns are often seen peering out upon the brilliant scenes in the plaza below.

Life at San Miguel is a notable experience. Nowhere can one enjoy to greater advantage the odd, stupid, lazy sensation of being in the world, and yet out of it. You retain a faint recollection of having lived in the nineteenth century, but awake every morning with the feeling that it is all a dream: you are hundreds of years out of reckoning. It is useless to argue against this feeling. And you find it far from disagreeable thus to drift back, hundreds of years, in the history of the world's civilization. This island was discovered and settled about the middle of the fifteenth century, and since then seems to have lived backward into the past instead of forward into the present. Everything savors of antiquity. Domestic utensils and agricultural implements are relics of a far-off past. Flax is extensively cultivated; yet a loom or a spinning-wheel is a thing unknown—a simple distaff, like that of Helen of Troy, is exclusively in use. It is a common thing to see two women engaged in the Scriptural occupation of grinding at the mill; and corn is trodden out on large, circular thrashing-floors after the manner of the ancients in Eastern countries. In churning, some progressive spirits have ventured to adopt the old-fashioned barrel-churns; such innovations are discountenanced by the multitude, who still adhere to the traditional methods of shaking the milk in a bottle, or pounding it in a leathern bag, until the butter comes. A large hoe is generally used in agricultural labors; spades, shovels, and forks, are tabooed. An enterprising landed proprietor once imported a steel-toothed harrow and a lot of fine-tined forks for the use of his workmen; the latter soon put these new-fangled tools *hors du combat* by deliberately breaking out the teeth and tines, so they could resort again to their familiar hoes. The plough is of wood, the share being shod with iron. The common cart is a clumsy, two-wheeled vehicle, with wicker sides. In form it looks as though it might have been copied from the first rude draft of the *biga*, or two-wheeled chariot of the ancient Romans. The wheels are of solid wood, with thick, iron tires, and are firmly attached to the axle, so that all revolves together. As the axle is never greased, a horrid creaking is produced by these moving vans; the peasants say this noise drives away witches and makes the oxen work well. Wheelbarrows are unknown, their substitutes being large wicker baskets borne on the shoulders of the workmen. The pottery takes one back to patriarchal times, and the earthen water-jars in which water is carried from the street-fountains to the houses are fac-similes of those we see in pictures of Rebecca at the well.

We notice other peculiarities savoring of the Orient. The Moorish architecture is a relic of centuries ago, when the Moors were in the ascendency in the Portuguese dominion; and the same people have left their traces in the language, and in many minor customs. The capote of the women seems but

a modification of the Turkish woman's *yashmak*. It is a long, blue-cloth cloak completely enveloping the person from the shoulders to the feet, and surmounted by an enormous stiff hood of the same material, effectually concealing the face of the wearer. No woman is quite happy until she possesses one of these cloaks. Among the men the eccentricity of dress manifests itself in the *carapuca*. Only the peasant wears this. It is a high, peaked cap of liberal proportions, with a visor extending six or eight inches in front. A broad cape, like a soldier's havelock, hangs down upon the shoulders, covering the neck and ears, and fastening beneath the chin. Not alone among the common people are inherited peculiarities to be observed. In calling at the house of an aristocratic friend, you summon the servant, not by rapping or by ringing a bell, but by clapping your hands. Azorean, like Oriental, custom to a moderate extent demands the seclusion of women. Ladies very rarely go out unless accompanied by a servant or by some male member of the family. A gentleman grossly insults a lady if he offers to attend her home from an evening gathering; he cannot even walk with a lady friend whom he happens to meet in the street. When calling upon lady acquaintances you only see them in the presence of other members of the family. Even in courtship these rules of etiquette are rigidly adhered to, and marriage becomes more than ever a lottery.

Friday and Sunday are market-days, when people from all parts of the island throng to the city. The market-place—a large, square inclosure surrounded by high walls, within which are tall, overshadowing trees and fountains of water — has an Oriental aspect. Stout iron gates guard the entrance, and an officer is always in attendance to hear complaints and enforce honesty. Against the interior walls of this inclosure stand booths of the more prominent dealers, where meats and fancy articles, jewelry and earthenware, straw hats and prayer-books, strings of strongly-smelling garlic and pats of butter wrapped in the broad, green leaves of the yam, crowd close upon each other. In front, low fruit-stands display piles of ripe, golden oranges, luscious purple or white grapes, velvety peaches, figs with skin crackling from excessive ripeness, and showing the rich, pulpy heart within, apples, guavas, bananas, and an almost endless variety of other tropical fruits. In the centre, poorer traders are surrounded by heaps of melons, yams, sweet-potatoes of mammoth size, and other country produce. The men lounge about, while the women squat on the ground in Turkish fashion, knit and gossip, and traffic with purchasers. They have a positive genius for trading, as one soon learns. Slow sales and large profits is their creed, and in buying one needs great patience, or a willingness to submit to extortion. Streets in the vicinity of the market are scenes of lively interest. Priests in black gowns and three-cornered hats, and soldiers in uniform; well-dressed citizens, barefooted servants, and poor peasants; men and women bearing upon their heads all sorts of burdens, and screaming boys belaboring overladen donkeys—these make up the crowd. Wine-shops and tobacco-stores are doing a thriving business. The cook-shops are filled with hungry frequenters, who, in a cloudy atmosphere of grease and smoke, devour vast heaps of little fried fishes; in inner recesses, smoke-begrimed figures hover about enormous fireplaces, whose flames develop a wealth of Rembrandtish light and shadow. From an early hour in the morning until noon, the tumult continues. Later in the day, happening to be out in the country, you meet squads of the peasantry returning home on foot or on donkeys: smiling, happy-faced people, always ready to lift the hat and salute you with a pleasant "Viva, senhor," or "Boâ tarde, senhor."

A visit to the valley of the Furnas is a pleasure not to be foregone. We are not on shore twenty-four hours before being asked, at least a score of times, "When are you going to the Furnas?" It is the one spot of general interest to all the people of the island, who prize it above everything else in their little domain, and laud its beauties in extravagant terms of praise. Its manifold charms are the staple topic of conversation among all classes, and the influences of its history, its tales, and its traditions, permeate every element of San Miguel life. The peasant chants its ballads; fashionable society makes it a summer resort; the scientist marvels at its wonderful phenomena; the student becomes interested in its quaint history; while all are lavish in admiration of its beautiful scenery. I fancy the inhabitants deem it almost a personal affront for a traveler to visit the island and not "go to the Furnas." In proportion as one is betrayed into raptures over the place, does one rise in their estimation.

The Valle das Furnas is thirty miles from Ponta Delgada, at the top of the mountains, in the extreme western part of the island. Conveyance from the city is either by carriage or by donkeys. As carriages have been ordered for our trip, the city is scoured to secure them, and, on the morning of starting, the square in front of the hotel is graced with an array of venerable vehicles. Of patriarchal construction and wonderfully dilapidated, with bolts loose, hinges gone, springs broken, wheels rattling, and harnesses tied with ropes, they are not prepossessing in appearance, or calculated to impress one with confidence in their stability. Stifling pride and fear, we find the journey is accomplished very comfortably and safely, albeit the mules are far from sprightly, and the drivers seem to have expunged the word "hurry" from their vocabulary. In spite of minor discomforts, the ride is a constant delight. The roads are smooth as a parlor-floor, and bordered by broad, cultivated acres, orange-groves, gardens, and handsome residences. Now we rattle through some country village, whose streets swarm with pigs, and dogs, and half-naked children; we roll along the edges of cliffs so lofty that the sound of ocean-waves, thundering at their bases, is scarcely audible; we pass through groves where flowers of every hue blossom by the wayside, and in whose nooks ferns, with graceful fronds, six or eight feet in length,

flourish rank and luxuriant; at last we drive for miles over bleak, barren hill-tops clothed in a scant vegetation of mosses, lichens, and stunted evergreens, and across which blow strong, chilly winds. Rounding the corner of a projecting bluff, the famous valley, five hundred feet below, flashes on sight for a single moment; then we drive slowly down the winding road. The village beneath seems, at a distance, like some Swiss hamlet. To the left clouds of steam and smoke ascend from boiling springs; near them is a broad lake, and high, thickly-wooded hills encircle the whole. Flowers of all kinds bloom profusely. Fuschias—"tears of Venus" they are called—grow to large bushes laden with blossoms; geraniums in full flower clamber over the walls everywhere; and myrtles, laurels, and poplars, cover the hill-sides.

Aside from its enchanting scenery, we find the attraction of the valley to be a collection of wonderful thermal springs, some of which are similar in action to the Icelandic geysers. The ground in the vicinity of the principal springs near the village is uncomfortably hot and glaring white with sulphur deposits. The rocks are crumbled by the action of the gases, whose fumes fill the air and kill all vegetation. Clouds of steam float over the place, and a constant thundering and rumbling shake the whole region. Some of the springs are walled in, and beat against the sides of their prisons with a noise like the roar of artillery; others, unrestrained, belch forth volumes of boiling waters and masses of lava-mud. "Bocca de Inferno" (or Mouth of Hell), one huge *caldeira* is appropriately called. Near at hand are springs of cold chalybeate waters, and in another part of the valley is a spot whence rise noxious vapors, destructive to all life—or, as one of our donkey-boys quaintly expressed it, "if a bird flies over it he flies no more." The waters of both hot and cold springs possess valuable medicinal qualities, and considerable quantities are yearly bottled and shipped to Lisbon. In an adjoining ravine the government has erected a handsome and elegantly-appointed bath-house, where hot and cold mineral baths can be enjoyed by all comers free of charge. The Furnas Valley has little intercourse with the outside world, and the peasantry retain a degree of primitive simplicity noticeable even in this land of simplicity. Shut in by lofty mountains on all sides, they live in a little world of their own, with scarcely a thought of anything beyond. Many an old, gray-headed sire has never even climbed to the brow of the surrounding hills to look at the world outside; and the boy who has once taken his donkey to the city is regarded as a venturesome traveler. They love their valley with childish affection, and never tire of singing its praises.

At the opposite end of the island from the Furnas is another remarkable valley, called the Cette Cidades ("Seven Cities"), situated at the bottom of an extinct crater, and only accessible by rugged, breakneck paths down the mountain-side. It is a regular Sleepy Hollow spot, planted so deep in the bowels of the earth that the sun rises along toward mid-day and sets in the middle of the afternoon. From sunset to sunrise the people sleep, and from sunrise to sunset an undisturbed air of pastoral quiet rests upon the place. A broad plain formerly existed here, but in 1444, soon after the settlement of the island, a volcanic eruption formed this valley, now famed for its mountain-scenery and its two lovely lakes. The waters of Lagoa Azul are intensely blue, and those of Lagoa Grande a bright emerald-green. Although both lakes are connected by a channel, the waters of both have a regular ebb and flow, even though being hundreds of feet above sea-level. They swarm with gold and silver fish of all kinds.

A description of San Miguel would be incomplete without some reference to the orange-culture which is the prominent industry of all the Azores. Ripe oranges are gathered as early as October, but the harvest is not at its height until Christmas-time. During the season there is an overwhelming supply of these golden apples of Hesperides, and the island is completely given over to orange-worship. Gardens everywhere are thronged with busy workers; in the country, at the market, and throughout the city, men and women are met with great baskets of fruit on their heads; day after day long processions of donkeys and ox-carts, laden with boxes, file from the country to the storehouses and wharves; every other store displays an orange in its doorway among other signs of trade, and the itinerant street-vender constantly vexes the quiet by loud cries of "Laranja! laranja!" The ground is thickly strewed with orange-peel; the very air seems yellower than before, and is redolent of spicy odors. Little children revel in the abundance, and play ball or pelt each other with oranges, of so little value is the fruit. This plenitude is at first somewhat bewildering, for at home we have been accustomed to paying five cents each for oranges; here we buy nicer and sweeter ones, from ten to fifty for a cent. The fruit becomes a staple article of diet, especially among the common people, who now season with an orange their usual frugal meal of corn-bread and fried fish.

The island of San Miguel is one great orange-garden. The groves are all surrounded by stone-walls fifteen or twenty feet high to protect the trees from thieves, and from the gales of wind which often prevail. Within the walls, as a further protection, rows of shelter-trees are planted, the "faya" and the "incense-tree" being principally used. The common orange, shaddocks, limes, sweet lemons, sour lemons, and the *tangerinha*, a small, thin-skinned, aromatic-flavored fruit, are the leading varieties cultivated. Oranges for shipment are carefully picked by hand and wrapped in corn-husks before being packed in boxes. Those that drop or are shaken from the tree are considered unfit to be packed for the foreign market, and are sold or given away at home. Between three and four hundred thousand boxes are annually exported, principally to England, from this island alone.

The limits of an article like this have prevented more than a cursory glance at the Azores, and the

characteristics and peculiarities of its people. The condition of the lower classes and the peasantry, steeped in utter poverty and oppressed by both church and state, is wretched in the extreme. Wages are pitifully small, ranging, even for skilled laborers, only from twenty to forty cents per day. Fortunately, their wants are few and easily supplied, and they generally contrive to lay by a little something every week. Emigration is common and would be more prevalent were it not for strict emigration-laws, which make it difficult to secure passports, especially if the applicants are young, able-bodied men, capable of military service. Not a few of this class, however, manage to escape without the knowledge of the authorities on vessels bound to the States or to Brazil. The middle and upper classes enjoy the amenities and luxuries of more favored localities. They are intelligent, educated, refined people, whom to know is an honor. In matters of dress and in most customs they are decidedly continental. Their homes display taste and culture, and, while books are not numerous, the people are generally well-informed, and almost every one can converse in two or three languages.

Santa Maria, the most easterly of the group, can be dismissed in a few words: it is a small, insignificant island, reached only by an occasional schooner from San Miguel. It possesses some points of geological interest in containing alone, of all the Azores, limestone deposits abounding in fossils, beds of marine shells upon the summits of its hills, and a cave of stalactites. The clay from which the curious red pottery of the Azores is made comes from this island.

The visitor finds much to enjoy among the Azores, and not least of all the climate, which is singularly equable and delicious. The mercury rarely falls below 40° or rises above 80°. Even in the winter months a fire is unnecessary for comfort, and the summer heat, tempered by cool sea-breezes, is less oppressive than in New York or Boston. Yet the finest sweets cloy upon the taste, and one soon tires of this uniformity of scenery and climate, this sluggish, antiquated life of the tropics, and longs for the rougher landscapes, the colder skies, the ruder winds, the more manly activity across the ocean. After a voyage of thirty-two days, in as rough winter weather as the Atlantic ever exhibits, we were welcomed home by a fierce northwest storm of snow and sleet. We still felt that the energy and progressive spirit of our own land more than compensated for the luxurious sweets of the tropics, with their attendant languor and indolence. We had learned that best lesson of the traveler—to bring home a deeper love and admiration for his country than he carries away.

MARGARET SINCLAIR'S SILENT MONEY.

"IT was ma luck, Sinclair, an' I couldna win by it."

"Havers! If luck ruled, the bull might calve as well as the cow; it was David Vedder's whiskey that turned ma boat tapsalteerie, Geordie Twatt."

"Thou had better blame Hacon; he turned the boat *widdershins*, an' what fool doesna ken that it is evil luck to go contrarie to the sun?"

"It is waur luck to have a drunken, superstitious pilot. Twatt, that Norse blood i' thy veins is o'er full o' freets. Fear God, an' mind thy wark, and thou needna speir o' the sun what gate to turn the boat."

"My Norse blood willna stand ony Scot stirring it up, Sinclair. I come o' a mighty kind—"

"Tush, man! Mules mak' an unco' fuss about their ancestors having been horses. It has come to this, Geordie: thou must be laird o' theesel' before I'll trust thee again wi' ony craft o' mine." Then Peter Sinclair lifted his papers, and, looking the discharged sailor steadily in the face, bid him "go on his penetentials an' think things o'er a bit."

Geordie Twatt went sullenly out, but Peter was rather pleased with himself; he believed that he had done his duty in a satisfactory manner. And if a man was in a good temper with himself, it was just the kind of evening to increase his satisfaction. The gray old town of Kirkwall lay in supernatural glory, the wondrous beauty of the mellow gloaming blending with soft green and rosy-red spears of light, that shot from east to west, or charged upward to the zenith. The great herring-fleet outside the harbor was as motionless as "a painted fleet upon a painted ocean"—the men were sleeping or smoking upon the piers—not a foot fell upon the flagged streets, and the only murmur of sound was round the public fountain, where a few women were perched on the bowl's edge, knitting and gossiping.

Peter Sinclair was perhaps not a man inclined to analyze such things, but they had their influence over him; for, as he drifted slowly home in his skiff, he began to pity Geordie's four motherless babies, and to wonder if he had been as patient with him as he might have been. "An' yet," he murmured, "there's the loss on the goods, an' the loss o' time, an' the boat to steek afresh forbye the danger to life! Na, na, I'm no called upon to put life i' peril for a glass o'ermuch whiskey."

Then he lifted his head, and there, on the white sands, stood his daughter Margaret. He was conscious of a great thrill of pride as he looked at her, for Margaret Sinclair, even among the beautiful women of the Orcades, was most beautiful of all. In a few minutes he had fastened his skiff at a little jetty, and was walking with her over the springy heath toward a very pretty house of white stone. It was his own house, and he was proud of it also, but not half so proud of the house as of its tiny garden; for there, with great care and at great cost, he had managed to rear a few pansies, snowdrops,

lilies-of-the-valley, and other hardy English flowers. Margaret and he stooped lovingly over them, and it was wonderful to see how Peter's face softened, and how gently the great rough hands, that had been all day handling smoked geese and fish, touched these frail, trembling blossoms.

"Eh, lassie! I could most greet wi' joy to see the bonnie bit things; when I can get time, I'se e'en go wi' thee to Edinburgh; I'd like weel to see such fields, an' gardens, an' trees, as I hear thee tell on."

Then Margaret began again to describe the greenhouses, the meadows, and wheat-fields, the forests of oaks and beeches, she had seen during her school-days in Edinburgh. Peter listened to her as if she was telling a wonderful fairy-story, but he liked it, and, as he cut slice after slice from his smoked goose, he enjoyed her talk of roses and apple-blooms, and smacked his lips for the thousandth time when she described a peach, and said, "It tasted, father, as if it had been grown in the garden of Eden."

After such conversations Peter was always stern and strict. He felt an actual anger at Adam and Eve; their transgression became a keenly personal affair, for he had a very vivid sense of the loss they had entailed upon him. This vague sense of wrong made him try to fix it, and, after a short reflection, he said, in an injured tone:

"I wonder when Ranald's coming hame again?"

"Ranald is all right, father."

"A' wrong, thou means, lassie. There's three vessels waiting to be loaded, an' the books sae far ahint that I kenna whether I'm losing or saving. Whare is he?"

"Not far away. He will be at the Stones of Stennis this week some time with an Englishman he fell in with at Perth."

"I wonder now, was it for my sins or his ain that the lad has sic auld-warld notions? There isna a pagan altar-stane 'tween John O'Groat's an' Lamba Ness he doesna run after. I wish he were as anxious to serve in the Lord's temple—I would build him a kirk an' a manse for it."

"We'll all be proud of Ranald yet, father. The Sinclairs have been fighting and making money for centuries: it is a sign of grace to have a scholar and a poet at last among them."

Peter grumbled. His ideas of poetry were limited by the Scotch psalms, and, as for scholarship, he asserted that the books were better kept when he used his own method of tallies and crosses. Then he remembered Geordie Twatt's misfortune, and had his little grumble out on this subject: "Boat an' goods might hae been a total loss, no to speak o' the lives o' Geordie an' the four lads wi' him; an' a' for the sake o' a drap mair than eneuch!"

Margaret looked at the brandy-bottle standing at her father's elbow, and, though she did not speak, the look annoyed Peter.

"You arna to even my glass wi' his, lassie. I ken when to stop—Geordie never does."

"It is a common fault in more things than drinking, father. When Magnus Hay has struck the first blow, he is quite ready to draw his dirk and strike the last one; and Paul Snackoll, though he has made gold and to spare, will just go on making gold until death takes the balances out of his hands. There are few folk that in all things offend not."

She looked so noble standing before him, so fair and tall, her hair yellow as dawn, her eyes cool and calm and blue as night; her whole attitude so serene, assured, and majestic, that Peter rose uneasily, left his glass unfinished, and went away with a very confused "good-night."

In the morning, the first thing he did when he reached his office was to send for the offending sailor.

"Geordie, my Margaret says there are plenty folk as bad as thou art; so, thou'lt just see to the steeking o' the boat, an' be ready to sail her—or upset her—i' ten days again."

"I'll keep her right side up for Margaret Sinclair's sake—tell her I said that, master."

"I'se do no promising for thee, Geordie. Between wording an' working is a lang road, but Kirkwall an' Stromness kens thee for an honest lad, an' thou wilt mind this—*things promised are things due.*"

Insensibly this act of forbearance lightened Peter's whole day: he was good-tempered with the world, and the world returned the compliment. When night came, and he watched for Margaret on the sands, he was delighted to see that Ranald was with her. The lad had come home, and nothing was now remembered against him. That night it was Ranald told him fairy-stories of great cities and universities, of miles of books and pictures, of wonderful machinery, and steam-engines, of delicious things to eat and drink. Peter felt as if he must start southward by the next mail-packet, but in the morning he thought more unselfishly.

"There are forty families depending on me sticking to the shop an' the boats, Ranald, an' I canna go pleasuring till there is ane to step into my shoes."

Ranald Sinclair had all the fair, stately beauty and noble presence of his sister, but yet there was some lack about him easier to feel than to define. Perhaps no one was unconscious of this lack except Margaret; but women have a grand invention where their idols are concerned, and create readily for them every excellency that they lack. Her own two years' study in an Edinburgh boarding-school had been very superficial, and she knew it; but this wonderful Ranald could read Homer and Horace, could play and sketch, and recite Shakespeare, and write poetry. If he could have done none of these things, if he had been dull and ugly, and content to trade in fish and wool, she would still have loved him tenderly; how much more, then, this handsome Antinous, whom she credited with all the accomplishments of Apollo!

Ranald needed all her enthusiastic support. He had left heavy college bills, and he had quite made up his mind that he would not be a minister, and that he would be a lawyer. He could scarcely have decided on two things more offensive to his father. Only for the hope of having a minister in the family had Peter submitted to his son's continual demands for money. For this end he had bought books, and

paid for all kinds of teachers and tours, and sighed over the cost of Ranald's different hobbies. And now he was not only to have a grievous disappointment, but also a great offense: for Peter Sinclair shared fully in the Orcadean dislike and distrust of lawyers, and would have been deeply offended at any one requiring their aid in any business transaction with him.

His son's proposal to be a "writer," he took almost as a personal insult. He had formed his own opinion of the profession, and the opinion of any other person who would say a word in favor of a lawyer he considered of no value. Margaret had a hard task before her; that she succeeded at all was due to her womanly tact. Ranald and his father simply clashed against each other, and exchanged pointed truths which hurt worse than wounds.

At length, when the short Orcadean summer was almost over, Margaret won a hard and reluctant consent. "The lad is fit for naething better, I suppose"—and the old man turned away to shed the bitterest tears of his whole life. They shocked Margaret; she was terrified at her success, and, falling humbly at his feet, she besought him to forget and forgive her importunities, and to take back a gift baptized with such ominous tears.

But Peter Sinclair, having been compelled to take a step, was not the man to retrace it; he shook his head in a dour, hopeless way: "He couldna say 'Yes' and 'No' in a breath, an' Ranald must e'en drink as he brewed."

These struggles, so real and sorrowful to his father and sister, Ranald had no sympathy with—not that he was heartless, but that he had taught himself to believe they were the result of ignorance of the world and old-fashioned prejudices. He certainly intended to become a great man—perhaps a judge—and, when he was one of "The Lords," he had no doubt his father would respect his disobedience. He knew his father as little as he knew himself. Peter Sinclair was only Peter Sinclair's opinions incorporate; he could no more have changed them than he could have changed the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose; and the difference between a common lawyer and "a lord," in his eyes, would only have been the difference between a little oppressor and a great one.

For the first time in all her life Margaret suspected a flaw in this perfect crystal of a brother; his gay, debonair manner hurt her. Even if her father's objections were ignorant prejudices, they were positive convictions to him, and she did not like to see them smiled at, entertained by the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning hand. But loving women are the greatest of Philistines: knock their idol down daily, rob it of every beauty, cut off its hands and head, and they will still "set it in its place," and fall down and worship it.

Undoubtedly Margaret was one of the blindest of these characters, but the world may pause before it scorns them too bitterly. It is faith of this sublime integrity which, brought down to personal experience, believes, endures, hopes, sacrifices, and loves on to the end, winning finally what never would have been given to a more prudent and reasonable devotion. So, if Margaret had doubts, she put them arbitrarily down, and sent her brother away with manifold tokens of her love—among them, with a check on the Kirkwall Bank for sixty pounds, the whole of her personal savings. To this frugal Orcadean maid it seemed a large sum, but she hoped by the sacrifice to clear off Ranald's college-debts, and thus enable him to start his new race unweighted. It was but a mouthful to each creditor, but it put them off for a time, and Ranald was not a youth inclined to "take thought" for their "to-morrow."

He had been entered for four years' study with the firm of Wilkes & Brechen, writers and conveyancers of the city of Glasgow. His father had paid the whole fee down, and placed in the Western Bank to his credit four hundred pounds for his four years' support. Whatever Ranald thought of the provision, Peter considered it a magnificent income, and it had cost him a great struggle to give up at once, and for no evident return, so much of his hard-earned gold. To Ranald he said nothing of this reluctance; he simply put the vouchers for both transactions in his hand, and asked him to "try an' spend the siller as weel as it had been earned."

But to Margaret he fretted not a little. "Fourteen hun'red pounds a' thegither, dawtie," he said, in a tearful voice; "I warked early an' late through mony a year for it; an' it is gane a' at once, though I hae naught but words an' promises for it. I ken, Margaret, that I am an auld-farrant trader, but I'se aye say that it is a bad well into which ane must put water."

When Ranald went, the summer went too. It became necessary to remove at once to their rock-built house in one of the narrow streets of Kirkwall. Margaret was glad of the change; her father could come into the little parlor behind the shop any time in the day and smoke his pipe beside her. He needed this consolation sorely; his son's conduct had grieved him far more deeply than he would allow, and Margaret often saw him gazing southward over the stormy Pentland Frith with a very mournful face.

But a good heart soon breaks bad fortune, and Peter had a good heart, sound, and sweet, and true, to his fellow-creatures, and full of faith in God. It is true that his creed was of the very strictest and sternest; but men are always better than their theology, and Margaret knew from the Scriptures cho sen for their household worship that in the depth and stillness of his soul his human fatherhood had anchored fast to the fatherhood of God.

Orcadean winters are long and dreary, but no one need much pity the Orcadeans; they have learned how to make them the very festival of social life. And, in spite of her anxiety about Ranald, Margaret thoroughly enjoyed this one—perhaps the more because Captain Olave Thorkald spent two months of it with them in Kirkwall. There had been a long attachment between the young soldier and Margaret; and, having obtained his commission, he had come

to ask also for a public recognition of their engagement. Margaret was rarely beautiful and rarely happy, and she carried with a charming and kindly grace the full cup of her felicity. The Orcadeans love to date from a good year, and all her life afterward Margaret reckoned events from this pleasant winter.

Peter Sinclair's house, being one of the largest in Kirkwall, was a favorite gathering-place; and Peter took his full share in all the homelike, innocent amusements which beguiled the long, dreary nights. No one in Orkney or Zetland could recite Ossian with more passion and tenderness, and he enjoyed his little triumph over the youngsters who emulated him. No one could sing a Scotch song with more humor, and few of the lads and lassies could match Peter in a blithe, foursome reel or a rattling strathspey. Some, indeed, thought that good Dr. Ogilvie had a more graceful spring and a longer breath, but Peter always insisted that his inferiority to the minister was a voluntary concession to the dominie's superior dignity. It was, however, a rivalry that always ended in a firmer grip at parting. These little festivals, in which old and young freely mingled, cultivated to perfection the best and kindest feelings of both classes. Age mellowed to perfect sweetness in the sunshine of youthful gayety; and youth learned from age how at once to be merry and wise.

At length June arrived again; and, though winter lingered in *spates*, the song of the skylark and the thrush heralded the spring. When the dreamlike voice of the cuckoo should be heard once more, Peter and Margaret had determined to take a long summer trip. They were to go first to Perth, where Captain Thorkald was stationed, and then to Glasgow, and see Ranald. But God had planned another journey for Peter, even one to "a land very far off." A disease, to which he had been subject at intervals for many years, suddenly assumed a fatal character, and Peter needed no one to tell him that his days were numbered.

He set his house in order, and then, going with Margaret to his summer dwelling, waited quietly. He said little on the subject, and, as long as he was able, gave himself up, with the delight of a child, to watching the few flowers in his garden; but still one solemn, waylaying thought made these few last weeks of life peculiarly hushed and sacred. Ranald had been sent for, and the old man, with the clear prescience that sometimes comes before death, divined much and foresaw much he did not care to speak about—only that in some subtile way he made Margaret perceive that Ranald was to be cared for and watched over, and that to her this charge was committed.

Before the summer was quite over, Peter Sinclair went away. In his tarrying by the eternal shore he became, as it were, purified of the body, and one lovely night, when gloaming and dawning mingled, and the lark was thrilling the midnight skies, he heard the Master call him, and promptly answered, '*Here am I.*" Then "Death, with sweet enlargement, did dismiss him hence."

He had been considered a rich man in Orkney, and therefore Ranald—who had become accustomed to a Glasgow standard of wealth—was much disappointed. His whole estate was not worth over six thousand pounds; about two thousand pounds of this was in gold, the rest was invested in his houses in Kirkwall, and in a little cottage in Stromness, where Peter's wife had been born. He gave to Ranald eighteen hundred pounds, and to Margaret two hundred pounds and the life-rent of the real property. Ranald had already received fourteen hundred pounds, and therefore had no cause of complaint, but somehow he felt as if he had been wronged. He was older than his sister, and the son of the house, and use and custom were not in favor of recognizing daughters as having equal rights. But he kept such thoughts to himself, and when he went back to Glasgow took with him solid proofs of his sister's devotion.

It was necessary now for Margaret to make a great change in her life. She determined to remove to Stromness, and occupy the little, four-roomed cottage that had been her mother's. It stood close to that of Geordie Twatt, and she felt that in any emergency she was thus sure of one faithful friend. "A lone woman" in Margaret's position has in these days numberless objects of interest of which Margaret never dreamed. She would have thought it a kind of impiety to advise her minister, or meddle in church affairs. These simple parents attended themselves to the spiritual training of their children—there was no necessity for Sunday-schools, and they did not exist. She was not one of those women whom their friends call "beings," and who have deep and mysterious feelings that interpret themselves in poems and thrilling stories. She had no taste for philosophy, or history, or social science, and had been taught to regard novels as dangerously sinful books.

But no one need imagine that she was either wretched or idle. In the first place, she took life much more calmly and slowly than we do; a very little pleasure or employment went a long way. She read her Bible, and helped her old servant Helga to keep the house in order. She had her flowers to care for, and her brother and lover to write to. She looked after Geordie Twatt's little motherless lads, went to church, and to see her friends, and very often had her friends to see her.

It happened to be a very stormy winter, and the mails were often delayed for weeks together. This was her only trouble. Ranald's letters were more and more unsatisfactory; he was evidently unhappy and dissatisfied, and heartily tired of his new study. Posts were so irregular that often their letters seemed to be playing at cross-purposes. She determined as soon as spring opened to go and have a straightforward talk with him.

So the following June Geordie Twatt took her in his boat to Thurso, where Captain Thorkald was waiting for her. They had not met since Peter Sinclair's death, and that event had materially affected their prospects. Before it their marriage had been a

possible joy in some far future; now there was no greater claim on her care and love than the captain's, and he urged their early marriage.

Margaret had her two hundred pounds with her, and she promised to buy her "plenishing" during her visit to Glasgow. In those days girls made their own trousseau, sewing into every garment solemn and tender hopes and joys. Margaret thought that proper attention to this dear stitching, as well as proper respect for her father's memory, asked of her yet at least another year's delay; and for the present Captain Thorkald thought it best not to urge her further.

Ranald received his sister very joyfully. He had provided lodgings for her with their father's old correspondent, Robert Gorie, a tea-merchant in the Cowcaddens. The Cowcaddens was then a very respectable street, and Margaret was quite pleased with her quarters. She was not pleased with Ranald, however. He avowed himself thoroughly disgusted with the law, and declared his intention of forfeiting his fee, and joining his friend Walter Cashell in a manufacturing scheme.

Margaret could *feel* that he was all wrong, but she could not reason about a business of which she knew nothing, and Ranald took his own way. But changing and bettering are two different things, and, though he was always talking of his "good luck" and his "good bargains," Margaret was very uneasy. Perhaps Robert Gorie was partly to blame for this; his pawky face and shrewd little eyes made visible dissents to all such boasts; nor did he scruple to say, "Guid luck needs guid elbowing, Ranald, an' it is at the *guid bargains* I aye pause an' ponder."

The following winter was a restless, unhappy one: Ranald was either painfully elated or very dull; and, soon after the New-Year, Walter Cashell fell into bad health, went to the West Indies, and left Ranald with the whole business to manage. He soon now began to come to his sister not only for advice, but for money. Margaret believed at first that she was only supplying Walter's sudden loss, but when her cash was all gone, and Ranald urged her to mortgage her rents, she resolutely shut her ears to all his plausible promises, and refused to "throw more good money after bad."

It was the first ill-blood between them, and it hurt Margaret sorely. She was glad when the fine weather came, and she could escape to her island-home, for Ranald was cool to her, and said cruel things of Captain Thorkald, for whose sake, he declared, his sister had refused to help him.

One day, at the end of the following August, when most of the towns-people—men and women—had gone to the moss to cut the winter's peat, she saw Geordie Twatt coming toward the house. Something about his appearance troubled her, and she went to the open door and stood waiting for him.

"What is it, Geordie?"

"I am bidden to tell thee, Margaret Sinclair, to be at the Stanes o' Stennis to-night at eleven o'clock."

"Who trysts me there, Geordie, at such an hour?"

"Thy brother; but thou'lt come—yes, thou wilt."

Margaret's very lips turned white as she answered:

"I'll be there—see thou art, too."

"Sure as death! If naebody speirs after me, thou needna say I was here at a', thou needna."

Margaret understood the caution, and nodded her head. She could not speak, and all day long she wandered about like a soul in a restless dream. Fortunately, every one was weary at night, and went early to rest, and she found little difficulty in getting outside the town without notice; and one of the ponies on the common took her speedily across the moor.

Late as it was, twilight still lingered over the silent moor, with its old Pictish mounds and burial-places, giving them an indescribable aspect of something weird and eerie. No one could have been insensible to the mournful, brooding light and the unearthly stillness, and Margaret was trembling with a supernatural terror as she stood amid the solemn circle of gray stones, and looked over the lake of Stennis and the low, brown hills of Harray.

From behind one of these gigantic pillars Ranald came toward her—Ranald, and yet not Ranald. He was dressed as a common sailor, and otherwise shamefully disguised. There was no time to soften things—he told his miserable story in a few plain words: "His business had become so entangled that he knew not which way to turn, and, sick of the whole affair, he had taken a passage for Australia, and then forged a note on the Western Bank for nine hundred pounds. He had hoped to be far at sea with his ill-gotten money before the fraud was discovered, but suspicion had gathered around him so quickly, that he had not even dared to claim his passage. Then he fled north, and, fortunately, discovering Geordie's boat at Wick, had easily prevailed on him to put off at once with him."

What cowards sin makes of us! Margaret had seen this very lad face death often, among the sunken rocks and cruel surfs, that he might save the life of a shipwrecked sailor; and now, rather than meet the creditors whom he had wronged, he had committed a robbery and was flying from the gallows.

She was shocked and stunned, and stood speechless, wringing her hands and moaning pitifully. Her brother grew impatient. Often the first result of a bitter sense of sin is to make the sinner peevish and irritable.

"Margaret," he said, almost angrily, "I came to bid you farewell, and to promise you, '*by my father's name!*' to retrieve all this wrong. If you can speak a kind word, speak it for God's sake—if not, I must go without it!"

Then she fell upon his neck, and, amid sobs and kisses, said all that love so sorely and suddenly tried could say. He could not even soothe her anguish by any promise to write, but he did promise to come back to her sooner or later with restitution in his hand. All she could do now for this dear brother was to call Geordie to her side, and put

him in his care; taking what consolation she could from his assurance that "he would keep him out at sea until the search was cold, and if followed carry him into some of the dangerous 'races' between the islands." If any sailor could keep his boat above water in them, she knew Geordie could; *and if not*—she durst follow that thought no further, but, putting her hands before her face, stood praying, while the two men pulled silently away in the little skiff that had brought them up the outlet connecting the lake of Stennis with the sea.

Margaret would have turned away from Ranald's open grave less heart-broken. It was midnight now, but her real terror absorbed all imaginary ones; she did not even call a pony, but with swift, even steps walked back to Stromness. Ere she had reached it, she had decided what was to be done, and next day she left Kirkwall in the mail-packet for the mainland. Thence by night and day she traveled to Glasgow, and a week after her interview with Ranald she was standing before the directors of the defrauded bank and offering them the entire proceeds of her Kirkwall property, until the debt was paid.

The bank had thoroughly respected Peter Sinclair, and his daughter's earnest, decided offer won their ready sympathy. It was accepted without any question of interest, though she could not hope to clear off the obligation in less than nine years. She did not go near any of her old acquaintances, she had no heart to bear their questions and condolences, and she had no money to stay in Glasgow at charges. Winter was coming on rapidly, but, before it broke over the lonely islands, she had reached her cottage in Stromness again.

There had been, of course, much talk concerning her hasty journey, but no one had suspected its cause. Indeed, the pursuit after Ranald had been entirely the bank's affair, had been committed to private detectives, and had not been nearly so hot as the frightened criminal believed. His failure and flight had indeed been noticed in the Glasgow newspapers, but this information did not reach Kirkwall until the following spring, and then in a very indefinite form.

About a week after her return, Geordie Twatt came into port. Margaret frequently went to his cottage with food or clothing for the children, and she contrived to meet him there.

"Yon lad is a' right, indeed is he," he said, with an assumption of indifference.

"O Geordie! where?"

"A ship going westward took him off the boat."

"Thank God! You'll say naught at all, Geordie?"

"I ken naught at a', save that his father's son was i' trouble, an' trying to gie thae weary, unchancy lawyers the go-by. I was fain eneuch mesel' to bauk them."

But Margaret's real trials were all yet to come. The mere fact of doing a noble deed does not absolve one often from very mean and petty consequences. Before the winter was half over she had found out how rapid is the descent from good report. The neighbors were deeply offended at her for giving up the social tea-parties and evening-gatherings that had made the house of Sinclair popular for more than one generation. She gave still greater offense by becoming a working-woman, and spending her days in braiding straw into the (once) famous Orkney Tuscans, and her long evenings in the manufacture of those delicate knitted goods peculiar to the country.

It was not alone that they grudged her the money for these labors, as so much out of their own pockets—they grudged her also the time; for they had been long accustomed to rely on Margaret Sinclair for their children's garments, for nursing their sick, and for help in weddings, funerals, and all the other extraordinary occasions of sympathy among a primitively social people.

Little by little all winter the sentiment of disapproval and dislike gathered. Some one soon found out that Margaret's tenants "just sent every bawbee o' the rent-siller to the Glasgow Bank;" and this was a double offense, as it implied a distrust of her own townsfolk and institutions. If from her humble earnings she made a little gift to any common object, its small amount was a fresh source of anger and contempt; for none knew how much she had to deny herself even for such curtailed gratuities.

In fact, Margaret Sinclair's sudden stinginess and indifference to her townsfolk was the common wonder and talk of every little gathering. Old friends began to either pointedly reprove her, or pointedly ignore her; and at last even old Helga took the popular tone, and said "Margaret Sinclair had got too scrimping for an auld wife like her to bide wi' langer."

Through all this Margaret suffered keenly. At first she tried earnestly to make her old friends understand that she had good reasons for her conduct; but, as she would not explain these good reasons, she failed in her endeavor. She had imagined that her good conscience would support her, and that she could live very well without love and sympathy; she soon found out that it is a kind of negative punishment worse than many stripes.

At the end of the winter Captain Thorkald again earnestly pressed their marriage, saying that "his regiment was ordered to Chelsea, and any longer delay might be a final one." He proposed, also, that his father, the Udaller Thorkald of Serwick, should have charge of her Orkney property, as he understood its value and changes. Margaret wrote and frankly told him that her property was not hers for at least seven years, but that it was under good care, and he must accept her word without explanation. Out of this only grew a very unsatisfactory correspondence. Captain Thorkald went south without Margaret, and a very decided coolness separated them farther than any number of miles.

Udaller Thorkald was exceedingly angry, and his remarks about Margaret Sinclair's refusal "to trust her bit property in as guid hands as her own" increased very much the bitter feeling against the

poor girl. At the end of three years the trial became too great for her; she began to think of running away from it.

Throughout these dark days she had purposely and pointedly kept apart from her old friend Dr. Ogilvie, for she feared his influence over her might tempt her to confidence. Latterly the doctor had humored her evident desire, but he had never ceased to watch over and, in a great measure, to believe in her; and, when he heard of this determination to quit Orkney forever, he came to Stromness with a resolution to spare no efforts to win her confidence.

He spoke very solemnly and tenderly to her, reminded her of her father's generosity and good gifts to the church and the poor, and said: "O Margaret, dear lass! what good at a' will thy silent money do thee in *that Day?* It ought to speak for thee out o' the mouths o' the sorrowfu' an' the needy, the widows an' the fatherless—indeed, it ought. And thou hast gien naught for thy Master's sake these three years! I'm fair shamed to think thou bears sae kind a name as thy father's."

What could Margaret do? She broke into passionate sobbing, and, when the good old man left the cottage an hour afterward, there was a strange light on his face, and he walked and looked as if he had come from some interview that had set him for a little space still nearer to the angels. Margaret had now one true friend; and in a few days after this she rented her cottage and went to live with the dominie. Nothing could have so effectually reinstated her in public opinion; wherever the dominie went on a message of help or kindness Margaret went with him. She fell gradually into a quieter but still more affectionate regard—the aged, the sick, and the little children clung to her hands, and she was comforted.

Her life seemed indeed to have wonderfully narrowed, but, when the tide is fairly out, it begins to turn again. In the fifth year of her poverty there was, from various causes, such an increase in the value of real estate, that her rents were nearly doubled; and by the end of the seventh year she had paid the last shilling of her assumed debt, and was again an independent woman.

It might be two years after this that she one day received a letter that filled her with joy and amazement. It contained a check for her whole nine hundred pounds back again. "The bank had just received from Ranald Sinclair, of San Francisco, the whole amount due it, with the most satisfactory acknowledgment and interest." It was a few minutes before Margaret could take all the joy this news promised her in; but when she did, the calm, well-regulated girl had never been so near committing extravagances.

She ran wildly up-stairs to the dominie, and, throwing herself at his knees, cried out, amid tears and smiles: "Father! father! Here is your money! Here is the poor's money and the church's money! God has sent it back to me!—sent it back with such glad tidings!"—and surely, if angels rejoice with repenting sinners, they must have felt that day a far deeper joy with the happy, justified girl.

She knew now that she also would soon hear from Ranald, and she was not disappointed. The very next day the dominie brought home the letter. Margaret took it up-stairs to read it upon her knees, while the good old man walked softly up and down his study praying for her. Presently she came to him with a radiant face.

"Is it weel wi' the lad, ma dawtie?"

"Yes, father; it is very well." Then she read him the letter.

Ranald had been in New Orleans and had the fever; he had been in Texas, and spent four years in fighting Indians and Mexicans and in herding cattle. He had suffered many things, but had worked night and day, and always managed to grow a little richer every year. Then, suddenly, the word "California!" rung through the world, and he caught the echo even on the lonely Southwestern prairies. Through incredible hardships he had made his way thither, and a sudden and wonderful fortune had crowned his labors, first in mining, and afterward in speculation and merchandising. He said that he was indeed afraid to tell her how rich he was lest to her Orcadean views the sum might appear incredible.

Margaret let the letter fall on her lap and clasped her hands above it. Her face was beautiful. If the prodigal son had a sister she must have looked just as Margaret looked when they brought in her lost brother, in the best robe and the gold ring.

The dominie was not so satisfied. A good many things in the letter displeased him, but he kissed Margaret tenderly and went away from her. "It is a' *I* did this, an' *I* did that, an' *I* suffered yon; there is nae word o' God's help, or o' what ither folk had to thole. I'll no be doing ma duty if I dinna set his sin afore his e'en."

The old man was little used to writing, and the effort was a great one, but he bravely made it, and without delay. In a few curt, idiomatic sentences, he told Ranald Margaret's story of suffering and wrong and poverty; her hard work for daily bread, her loss of friends, of her good name, and her lover, adding: "It is a puir success, ma lad, that ye dinna acknowledge God in; an', let me tell thee, thy restitution is o'er late for thy credit. I wad hae thought better o' it had thou made it when it took the last plack i' thy pouch. Out o' thy great wealth, a few hun'red pounds is nae matter to speak aboot."

But people did speak of it. In spite of our chronic abuse of human nature, it is, after all, a kindly nature, and rejoices in good more than in evil. The story of Ranald's restitution it considered honorable to it, and it was much made of in the daily papers. Margaret's friends flocked round her again, saying, "I'm sorry, Margaret!" as simply and honestly as little children, and the dominie did not fail to give them the lecture on charity that Margaret neglected.

Whether the Udaller Thorkald wrote to his son anent these transactions, or whether the captain read in the papers enough to satisfy him, he never

explained ; but one day he suddenly appeared at Dr. Ogilvie's, and asked for Margaret. He had probably good excuses for his conduct to offer ; if not, Margaret was quite ready to invent for him—as she had done for Ranald—all the noble qualities he lacked. The captain was tired of military life, and anxious to return to Orkney ; and, as his own and Margaret's property was yearly increasing in value, he foresaw profitable employment for his talents. He had plans for introducing many southern improvements—for building a fine modern house, growing some of the hardier fruits, and for the construction of a grand conservatory for Margaret's flowers.

It must be allowed that Captain Thorkald was a very ordinary lord for a woman like Margaret Sinclair to "love, honor, and obey ;" but few men would have been worthy of her, and the usual rule, which shows us the noblest women marrying men manifestly their inferiors, is doubtless a wise one. A lofty soul can have no higher mission than to help upward one upon a lower plane, and surely Captain Thorkald, being, as the dominie said, "*no that bad*," had the fairest opportunities to grow to Margaret's stature in Margaret's atmosphere.

While these things were occurring, Ranald got Margaret's letter. It was full of love and praise, and had no word of blame or complaint in it. He noticed, indeed, that she still signed her name "Sinclair," and that she never alluded to Captain Thorkald, and the supposition that the stain on his character had caused a rupture did for a moment force itself upon his notice ; but he put it instantly away with the reflection that "Thorkald was but a poor fellow, after all, and quite unworthy of his sister."

The very next mail-day he received the dominie's letter. He read it once, and could hardly take it in ; read it again and again, until his lips blanched, and his whole countenance changed. In that moment he saw Ranald Sinclair for the first time in his life. Without a word, he left his business, went to his house, and locked himself in his own room.

Then Margaret's silent money began to speak. In low upbraidings it showed him the lonely girl in that desolate land trying to make her own bread, deserted of lover and friends, robbed of her property and good name, silently suffering every extremity, never reproaching him once, not even thinking it necessary to tell him of her sufferings, or to count their cost unto him.

What is this bitterness which we call remorse ? This agony of the soul in all its senses ? This sudden flood of intolerable light in the dark places of our hearts ? This truth-telling voice which leaves us without a particle of our self-complacency ? For many days Ranald could find no words to speak but these, "O wretched man that I am !"

But at length the Comforter came as swiftly, and surely, and mysteriously, as the accuser had come, and once more that miracle of grace was renewed—"that day Jesus was guest in the house of one who was a sinner."

Margaret's "silent money" now found a thousand tongues. It spoke in many a little feeble church that Ranald Sinclair held in his arms until it was strong enough to stand alone. It spoke in schools, and colleges, and hospitals, in many a sorrowful home, and to many a lonely, struggling heart—and at this very day it has echoes that reach from the far West to the lonely islands lying beyond the stormy Pentland Firth, and the sea-shattering precipices of Duncansbay Head.

It is not improbable that some of my readers may take a summer's trip to the Orkney Islands ; let me ask them to wait at Thurso—the old town of Thor—for a handsome little steamer that leaves there three times a week for Kirkwall. It is the sole property of Captain Geordie Twatt, was a gift from an old friend in California, and is called "The Margaret Sinclair."

TWO SONNETS.

I.

THE EAGLE.

REARED where the scarped and barren cliffs defy
The turbulent impotence of wind and wave,
Thy spirit in savage gladness loves to brave
The perilous majesties of earth and sky.
The arrogant challenge of thy dauntless eye
Fronts the sun's glory, daring him to save
The prey thy ravenous eaglets loudly crave
Up where the eyrie's bleaching skeletons lie.

Implacably fierce, thou art a scourge malign
To lovelier lives that watch in motionless dread
Thy proud-plumed royalty darken overhead,
And know death's baleful lineaments in thine,
Ere yet thy curved beak drinks their red life-springs
Under the shadowing imminence of thy wings.

II.

THE LARK.

Fresh from glad revelings in sweet baths of dew
Shed iridescent from green, meadowy bowers,
Preened amid perfumes of awakening flowers,
Thy light wings bear thee buoyantly to renew
The eloquent strains of yestermorn, and woo
Chill winds to amorous warmth, and bid the hours
Bring happier cheer where now sharp pain o'erpowers
Lives that the furies and the fates pursue.

Message of hope thou art ere youth turns gray,
Seeming to phrase the utter day's delight
And rise in halcyon joy above all wrong ;
And, though life dream throughout the desolate night
Of cares like taloned eagles, golden day
Brings thy preëminent grace and gift of song.

FRENCH MEMOIRS.

THE interest that humanity feels in humanity is permanent and inextinguishable. This extends not only to important matters, but to mere trifles, which, indeed, are often the more alluring because they are less commonly divulged. As a rule, all of us want to know what we have, perhaps, no right to know; pure personality is apt to be the keenest stimulant of curiosity. We are not disposed to admit this, of course; the fact which we try to conceal from others becomes on that account more appetizing to ourselves. Secrecy and a certain sense of interdiction add materially to enjoyment. What is ordinarily withheld, and what we feel with strict propriety we ought not to share, has a charm altogether beyond a thing of far more consequence and less privacy. Most of us would rather know how a celebrity bore himself under a petty irritation than in the face of a great event; what Catharine II. whispered to her favorites, than what she declared to her ministers of state. The weaknesses and vices of the illustrious are more enticing than their virtues; for those, in some measure, excuse our own defects, and rehabilitate our impaired self-love.

Deny it as we may, very few of us but have an eager desire to see men and women as they really were or are, because while we ourselves are only too conscious of our humanity, our fellows would fain make us believe that in many ways they are unhuman. We are firmly persuaded that they are not; but it is a great satisfaction to have the thing demonstrated an infinite number of times. Hence the special attractiveness of all literature which furnishes us with the minor facts of life, its privacy, the hidden springs of conduct, and whatever contributes to high personal flavor. Boswell's "Johnson" and Pepys's "Diary" are familiar examples. We may not admire nor esteem the authors, though we cannot help liking their works. In truth, we are often fondest of reading what we should be least willing to write. The Anglo-Saxons, however, as we are pleased to name them, for want of a better word, do not abound in this kind of literature, which is opposed to their genius, temperament, and habit. It is best adapted to the French, who have an extraordinary talent and an irrepressible passion for telling in print what other nations only intimate, or are entirely silent about. In the mere art of saying, they have had no equals, and they possess an instinct for what is interesting—not always counting accuracy, decorum, or delicacy—that is vainly looked for elsewhere. Their volumes of biography, memoirs, and correspondence, are innumerable, and many of them fascinating both in matter and manner. Were a man of culture condemned to long imprisonment, they, more than almost any books that might be mentioned, would help him to forget time, if they did not comfort him for loss of freedom. They are a vast library in themselves which nobody of affairs ever finds leisure to complete, but which everybody hopes to read in that some time to which so many desirable things are perpetually deferred.

The French have a strong appetite for appearing, and for making others appear, in undress, and, whether we should or should not relish such a presentation for ourselves, we must confess to its bewitching quality in them. They are rigorous in art: but their morals, as well as conscience, from our standpoint, seem elastic. They love the pictorial, the peculiar, the contrasting; and the pimento of the forbidden adds a new savor to their daily dishes. They are eminently dramatic—not infrequently melodramatic—and they are always arranging their scene, whether mimetic or real, for proper effect. Fond as they are of being on parade, they like to be seen off duty, in careless moments, in unexpected attitudes, or to appear so; for it is doubtful if they are ever more self-conscious than when they enact the part of self-forgetfulness. Their memoirs and correspondence show them at all angles and in all lights; give the whole history of the man or woman, and subjoin copious and discursive notes which are often impertinent, but generally interesting.

Extraordinary literature, wellnigh unique, it is, for the most part as lucid as it is exact; it is elegant, eloquent, sparkling, aromatic, warm, seductive, delightfully defiant of all the proprieties save those of verbal form, with a gracefully impish way of conveying to staid readers that they are not a particle better than some of the naughty folks they exclaim at and pore over. Wondrous vehicle of expression this French prose, which never more triumphantly justifies its reputation than in the lives and reminiscences and observations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Gray said it was his idea of paradise to read, eternally, new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon. Other men might prefer the memoirs of Madeleine de Lafayette, or Louis de Saint-Simon, in which all the romance of fiction is equaled by the romance of fact; in which there are situations as dramatic, *dénoûments* as sudden, plots as complicated, and characters as absorbing, as any that have been spun from inventive brain. Then, too, there is the added charm that in the memoirs of the reign of Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., one meets not with puppets and masks, but with breathing kings, live princesses, real cardinals, hot conspirators, fiery revolutionists, all actual figures on the ever-shifting stage of memorable events.

The earliest memoirs in France deserving the name are those of Sire Jean de Joinville, who, in the first half of the thirteenth century, raised an armed troop from his tenants, and accompanied his royal master, the virtuous though over-pious Louis IX., on his first crusade to the Holy Land. He proved his gallantry at the capture of Damietta; was made prisoner with the king at Mansoorah, and, after four years in Palestine, returned home with him. Though a great admirer and devoted

friend of Louis, he declined to join the second expedition. He survived the prince, and was faithful to his memory, writing, at the earnest request of Queen Jeanne of Navarre, his memoirs, accounted a most valuable chronicle, and remarkable for ease, simplicity, and grace.

Froissart's famous chronicles belong to the same order of literature. They are a breathing picture of the fourteenth century. He often journeyed on horseback, attended only by his greyhound. Going from court to court, he jotted down, without favor, even without patriotism, what met his eye, or what he had good reason to believe true. This light-hearted Frenchman, half priest, half soldier, was a born courtier, an admirer of feats of arms, a lover of banquets, pageants, and processions, who recorded only the things that interested him, and was in some sort a mediæval reporter of the personal and picturesque. His record is still fresh; it is a storehouse of knowledge; and when we want to find veritable portraits of that age we turn to the pages of Froissart.

Philippe de Comines was another accurate painter of his epoch. Although enjoying the signal favor of Charles the Bold, whose confidential adviser he became, he left his service for that of Louis XI., and grew to be one of the richest and most influential nobles of his day. He lost much of his power by the death of the crafty, cruel monarch; he had reverses, was accused of conspiracy by Anne de Beaujeu, and was imprisoned, but released on the accession of Charles VIII., and again made an officer of the government. His memoirs contain a complete account of the complex political affairs of his time—the latter part of the fifteenth century—and an excellent delineation of the singular and contradictory character of Louis XI. Candidly, pleasantly, and ably written, they evince deep insight into the motives of men and the nature of things. Macaulay considers Comines one of the clearest-headed and most profound statesmen of his day.

Montaigne might almost come under the head of a writer of memoirs, so vividly does he depict his own personality, and through that the characteristics of the latter half of 1600. He has all the ease, candor, freedom, and piquant detail, which lend such attractiveness to the more methodical authors who follow him. Styled a philosopher, he did not pretend to anything so high, but he was one in his own despite. He was ever prolific of opinions; he strung them without order on the thread of his delightful, rambling egotism, never exhausted, and never wearisome.

What a fertile field for memoirs had Lilly, Mathieu, Estrées, Jeannin, Tallemant des Réaux, and a host of clever scribes, in the tumultuous and glorious reign of Henri IV.! They make the innumerable pages of history their canvas; they paint everything for us, from the hour when his grandfather, Henri d'Albret, taking the infant in his arms, rubbed the child's lips with a bit of garlic, moistened them with a little Jurançon wine, and exclaimed, with pride, "My ewe has brought forth a lion!"[1] until the fanatic Ravaillac plunged a knife into the king's heart. They tell where the regicide dined before he did the deed; where he stood when he struck the blow; how the incensed people clamored against the propitiatory prayer of the priests, and reveled in the torture of the poor wretch, dispatching him at last with their own hands. All Henri's quarrels with his wives—it must be confessed that he had ill luck in wives—are mentioned in detail, even to that one when Maria de' Medici would have struck him but for his chief minister's interference. We have all the frailties of Gabrielle d'Estrées exposed, all the fascination she exercised over Henri, the articles of dress she wore, the price she paid for her embroidered handkerchiefs, and every particular of her mysterious and dramatic death. We are made partners of the interview in which the Duke de Sully, the king's mentor, had the courage to tear the paper whereon the prince had written his promise to wed Henriette d'Entraigues, who afterward became his without the formality of marriage.

Our special historians take us to La Rochelle with young Henri and his mother, resolved to inure him to the hardships of war; to the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, where he fought valiantly in vain; to Paris and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which many of his Huguenot friends, who had gone to witness his marriage, were butchered in cold blood. We are made to sympathize with him fully when he abjures his faith, and affects levity to save his life and serve his cause. We cannot help feeling a personal satisfaction after Henri has triumphed over all his enemies, developed his kingdom, and made France what it had never been before, nor being righteously indignant at his assassination, and more than suspecting Duke d'Epernon and the Marchioness of Verneuil (Henriette d'Entraigues) of complicity in the murder. We need not be told, as we are so often, that his death was a national calamity; that his head towered above all the crowns which had preceded his; that he was the first in more than one sense of all the Bourbon princes. How could he have had such weak sons as Louis and Gaston, neither having the average courage of common men? A great man Henri, but a little weak about women. Is that the weakness of great men alone?

With the seventeenth century, the appointment by Louis XIII. of Cardinal de Richelieu as prime-minister, and the numberless intrigues of the court, we are introduced through the correspondence, biography, and reminiscence of the celebrities of that troubled reign to a vast picture-gallery of men and women, frivolous and splendid, affected and earnest, meretricious and gifted, cruel and generous, vicious and exalted. Before the wily cardinal has fairly got foothold, we see the Duke de Luynes acquiring an ascendency over the young king, and, in conjunction with other nobles, assassinating the insolent and rapacious Concino Concini, who had gone to France in the train of Maria de' Medici. We see how the Italian's wife was sent to the block on the charge of

[1] This was a reply to a pleasantry of the Spaniards, who, alluding to the arms of Béarn (two cows with mouths joined, having little blue bells about their necks), had said, at the birth of his daughter: "A miracle! the cow has brought forth a ewe!"

sorcery and high-treason, though she declared she had gained her power over the queen by the force a strong mind always has over a weak one. The duke himself grows odious in time. Chosen Constable of France, he declares war against the Huguenots, and was about to tumble from his place when he died of disease.

Richelieu establishes a new order of things; with him begins strong, remorseless government, the despotic will of one mind thinly veiled by regal forms. The memoirs of Rohan, Motteville, Bassompierre, Brienne, show how he advanced firmly, step by step, to the attainment of the three great objects of his life; how he constantly overbore the weak king, and made himself necessary to the prince who feared and hated him, and, the greater his fear, the bitterer his hatred. They point out at an earlier day his crafty accompaniment of the queen-mother on her exile to Blois, his vain efforts at a reconciliation, his banishment to Luçon, his speedy removal to Avignon, where he wrote austere works on religion. With her recall comes his hour of triumph; he uses her once more as his stepping-stone to greatness, and, when he is flushed with power, both she and Anne of Austria turn against him. Maria de' Medici resolves to destroy the man she had elevated. He is informed of his dismissal. What a vivid picture is drawn of the delighted courtiers eager to fawn on the new minister, and to insult the fallen one! Richelieu, meanwhile, dashes off to Versailles, where the king had gone to hunt, and is restored to the royal graces. The report flies back to the Luxembourg, and the courtiers and the two queens, enraged with disappointment, are terribly humiliated in their moment of fancied victory. The detested cardinal rises superior to all machinations.

The Medici will not acknowledge defeat. He lays new plots with the vacillating, irresolute Gaston d'Orléans, and so achieves her ruin. Exiled from France, she takes refuge in Belgium; retreats to England, and, pursued by the implacable resentment of Richelieu, is driven from country to country, friendless, moneyless, helpless, until at last the queen of Henri IV., France's greatest king, dies at Cologne in extreme poverty, from exhausted energies and baffled hopes. She had pitted herself against Richelieu, and she had gone down.

How hard, pitiless, inflexible, totally depraved, some of the cardinal's contemporaries represent him! Was he, indeed, as Montesquieu says, one of the wickedest men to whom France has given birth? His plans were everything; humanity was not taken into account, if it lay in the way of their execution. It was politic in him to write his own memoirs. He needs justification—a justification which history does not accord him. With what streams of blood his power is marked! How many nobles fell under the greedy axe! He caused the young Count de Chalais to be butchered because he had been led away by a passion for a beautiful and ambitious woman. He sent De Thou and Cinq Mars to the scaffold for a conspiracy into which he had urged them. It is said that he glutted his revenge by ordering his own barge to tow the boat (in which the two young men were) up the river Rhône to the place of doom. Plots and counterplots ever interlaced throughout his absolute rule. The figures move and breathe in the stirring pages as we read, and ever and anon the axe falls with hurtling sound.

There are comedy-scenes withal in the midst of these crimson tragedies. The cardinal has weaknesses like other men. He is in love with Anne of Austria, and Buckingham is his rival, and they are jealous, and Richelieu, it is intimated, declares war against England from his jealousy. He is captivated afterward by the lovely Duchess de Chevreuse; but she would rather conspire against him than be adored by him. The place where her heart ought to be is a nest of politics; she is a charming plotter, made doubly dangerous by her thrilling petticoats. Richelieu could compel the surrender of Rochelle; destroy feudalism; break the power of the house of Austria; but he could not overcome the inclinations or the disinclinations of the fascinating duchess. The greatest have limitations. He could not compel the theatre to applaud his comedy "Mirame," which he had so zealously toiled over; nor would the critics accept his "Grande Pastorale." One may be an illustrious minister without being a successful lover or a true poet. One may send grand armies to the field, and mighty Périgords and Montmorencys to the block, when one cannot send currents to the heart of woman, nor bring down laurels upon one's own brow. Richelieu, whatever his faults, loved France as a man loves his mistress, not wisely, perhaps, but intensely. He braved ceaseless danger; he bore agony of body and mind for his country; and when he lay dead at last, the people kindled bonfires in the street, and shouted themselves hoarse with joy. What savage though unconscious irony dwells in the popular heart!

Dainty, eloquent, piquant, are the descriptions in the books written more than two centuries ago, of the celebrated Hôtel de Rambouillet, so much ridiculed since, still so little understood. The supreme elegance, the perfect breeding, the grand air of the place and its frequenters, are reproduced. The Hôtel was the first French sanctuary of true refinement. Social wit was carried too far, perhaps; manners were apt to be superfine; but that extreme was far better than the looseness and licentiousness so prevalent at the court of Louis XIII. Richelieu began the contest for verbal purity and artistic form by founding the French Academy. The Marchioness de Rambouillet sought to do for society what the Academy should do for language. She was an Italian; she was born in Rome; her country had been enlightened by literature and the arts when her adopted land was but half civilized. Catherine de Vivonne, married at twelve to Charles d'Angennes, an accomplished gentleman, and, after his death, married again, at twenty-two, to the Marquis de Rambouillet, having a fine mind, carefully cultured, and a rare delicacy of nature, declined to be present at the assemblies of the Louvre, largely composed of titled courtesans. Under the circum-

stances she decided to make a society of her own; and her great fortune, her exalted rank, her distinguished connections, her brilliant accomplishments, and her personal charms, admirably qualified her for the undertaking. She herself directed the construction of the building which bore her name—it was situated in the Rue Saint-Thomas du Louvre—and contained, when finished, many improvements, external and internal, upon the architecture then in vogue. She planned the windows from floor to ceiling, which insured perfect ventilation, and furnished a superb view of the adjacent gardens. All the gifts of an accomplished hostess were hers; nothing was lacking in person, manners, disposition, training, or instinct, and her success was all that it could have been. With all her beauty and her graces, she was entirely free from coquetry—very rare in that age—or from the least suspicion of pretense. She not only esteemed, she was really devoted to her husband, though twice her age, and he—be not startled by the apparent anachronism!—was her lover to the last.

The marchioness made her society a source of liberal culture; she was the first to comprehend the social spirit of her time, the first to unite the aristocracy of mind with the aristocracy of birth. All who met under her roof were, and felt themselves to be, on a plane of perfect equality; the poet was the peer of the prince, the scholar of the prime-minister himself. In the heart of an absolute monarchy, she created the true republic of letters. Only he could be deemed superior who had the better breeding or the finer wit. Malherbe, Racan, Costar, Conrart, Balzac (Jean Louis), Godeau, Patru, Segrais, Sarrasin, and Voiture, were among the choice spirits of the blue-chamber of Arthénice, as the marchioness was called, from an anagram on her name. There, too, went Corneille to read, in the dawn of his reputation, his comedy of "Mélite;" there was to be found the good-natured, mocking, flashing Voltaire, and later the elegant and witty Rochefoucauld, Scarron, Benserade, Saint-Evremond, the genial and delightful Molière. Madeleine de Scudéry read there her endless romances, for which she was indebted to that charmed and charming circle for much of her dialogue and many of her characters. We can tell how taste has changed noticing the lofty praises bestowed on "Clélie" and "Artamène"—books which, in this day, no mortal, whatever his gift of patience, can struggle through. Still, with Marie de Sévigné, Geneviève de Longueville, Marie de Chevreuse, and other women distinguished alike for charm of person, mind, and manners, and the pick of the best and brightest men of the whole kingdom, the Hôtel de Rambouillet was an ideal *salon*, where one could forget its artificiality, sentimentalism, and *minauderies*, for the excellence it contained. It is a mistake to suppose that Molière intended by his "Précieuses Ridicules" to satirize the marchioness and her friends; he esteemed them highly, and was glad to be one of so good company. His object was to expose the affectations and insipidities of the imitators of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, which, in spite of many distractions and hinderances, remained open for fifty years, closing only with the death of the aged but still delightful hostess.

When the regent comes on and kills himself with dissipation, and Louis XIV. ascends the throne, what floods of diaries, correspondence, biographies, materials for history, we have! It is noteworthy that hardly one of the critics and writers—keen-eyed though some of them were, and removed from the influence of the court—should have been inclined to suspect that the Grand Monarch was a very considerable humbug. They detail his autopsy, but idealize the man. He must have had a remarkably adroit way of imposing a certain amount of character, which he had not, upon his blinded countrymen, just as he imposed upon them in respect to his stature by high heels and superabundant peruke. Even Montesquieu, clear-brained, sharp-sighted philosopher that he was, speaks with fervor of Louis, and puts him in the list of heroes. Doubtless the Marquis de Vardes uttered the thought of the nation when he said, "Sire, absent from you, one is not unhappy only—he is positively ridiculous."

Oh, well, let us comfort ourselves. It is a long time since the iconoclasts began to pull that grand puppet of Versailles to pieces, and to scatter the starch and sawdust, which so largely made him up, wherever the vulgar wind might carry them.

It may be that the modern image-breakers have gone too far. Louis was a sham chiefly in that he overmeasured himself, and his epoch overmeasured him likewise. He was so swathed in tradition, authority, and ceremony, that nobody could get at the real man: he needed to be dead a hundred years for a rational investigation of his limitless claims to be possible. His greatness was in kingship; he was a great monarch, but not a great man. He sapped his virility for his princehood; he neglected substance for form. Strong thoughts were his; but he could not translate them into deeds. Determined to be master, his masters were all about him in his illustrious subjects, who turned their radiance upon him, and he, like a sun-glass, drew it to the small focus of himself. But he was not weak. He did not shift responsibility; he was not anxious to avoid work, or trouble, or danger, if he could have it spiced with luxury. He made himself, according to his dictum, practically the state. He was an enormous and insatiable egotist; he viewed everything solely from its relation to himself, and all his subjects were sacrificed to his inflexible will. In manners and deportment he was unequaled; in demeanor he was a thorough artist. He understood the exact value of every word, glance, smile, gesture, and compliment, and to just what extent they were due. He was politeness embodied. A rudeness never escaped him. Almost uniformly he was pleasant as the sunshine. To all women he was courtesy itself. He never passed any member of the sex, however humble, even a servant, and knowing her to be such, without lifting his hat. This is what Saint-Simon says of him, and Saint-Simon told so many unpalatable truths that he ordered that his memoirs should

not be published until forty years after his death. The very close of Louis's life was the best of it. The death-bed scenes, as related by an eye-witness, are interesting. His disease was gangrene, caused by improper diet. When he saw that his end was near, he relinquished his multiplicity of worldly plans, and turned, as he said, his thoughts to God. He continued to work in bed, however, lifting himself up from time to time. August 24th he confessed to Father Tellier, and the day following, being very weak, he received extreme unction form Cardinal de Rohan. The next day he dined in bed, in presence of the few who had access to him, and gave them the good advice which he himself had not followed. He asked their pardon for the bad example he had set them; thanked them for their fidelity and attachment, and expressed regret at his inability to do for them what he should have been glad to do. He received afterward the princes and princesses of the blood, and had separate interviews with the Marshal de Villeroy, the Duke de Maine, the Count de Toulouse, and lastly the Duke d'Orléans, the future regent. He bade two pages, whom he had seen weeping, not to shed tears. "Have you thought me immortal? I have not thought myself so." Next he sent for the little dauphin, embraced him; counseled him not to indulge a passion for building, or for war, as he himself had done, but to be prudent, and live at peace with his neighbors. He told Madame de Maintenon he had always heard that it was very hard to die, but that he did not find it so. He lingered along for several days, in stupor half the time; about midnight of August 31st he was so low that the prayers for the dead were offered at his bedside. They aroused him; he recognized Cardinal de Rohan, and said, "These are the last rites of the Church." He spoke to no one afterward; but repeated several times, "*Nunc et in horâ mortis*," and then murmured in French: "O my God, come to my aid; hasten to succor me!" These were his last words; he expired soon after—a piously exemplary end for a very unexemplary life.

Madame de Maintenon paints her own career in much brighter colors than her contemporaries have done. Her life was as romantic as she was unromantic. Born in Château Trompette, where her father, Constant d'Aubigné, was confined for killing his first wife and her lover—surprised in an indiscretion, as the French would say—her mother was the daughter of the governor of the prison, whom her father had induced to marry him secretly. D'Aubigné, having been released, went to Martinique, and died in utter penury. His widow returned to France with her daughter; the girl found herself at fifteen in a menial position in the house of her godmother, who, among many other unkindnesses, had converted her from Protestantism to Romanism. Scarron, the comic poet, living near by, saw the pretty Françoise, heard her story, compassionated her, furnished her money to enter a convent, and then persuaded her to be his wife. His house soon became a resort of the most brilliant minds of Paris, and she the centre of admiration from her beauty, grace, and wit. Her husband died, and, his pension ceasing, she was left penniless. Going to court to secure its reversion, she attracted the attention of Montespan, who ere long made the young widow the governess of her children by the king. Louis liked her not at first; she was too staid and reserved. But Madame Scarron knew how to manage him from the outset. She won his confidence, his esteem, and such affection as absorbing selfishness would permit him to have. He made her a marchioness, and gave her the name of Maintenon from an estate he endowed her with. Holding out against all his blandishments, he married her privately—she being fifty, and he forty-eight—and fell completely under her influence, always exercised with wonderful discretion and consummate tact. She made him a bigot, caused him to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and to persecute the Protestants, doing the country incalculable harm in the name of religion. At the king's death she retired to the convent of St.-Cyr, which she had founded, and passed the remainder of her days in prayer and charity. Nature designed her for the cloister. She was brilliant, but cold; charming, but superstitious; devout, but ungenerous. Not so bad as she has been described, she was not so stainless as she has described herself. She ought to have atoned for many sins by the direful task she had to entertain Louis in the last years of his life.

Duclos and Saint-Simon relate that, hearing the king express the hope of meeting her in heaven, she said: "Behold the delightful rendezvous he has chosen for me! That man has never loved anybody but himself!" It is not likely that she said so: she had too much tact for that—tact mingled with her every fibre—but she must have thought it.

The letters of the Duchess d'Orléans, the regent's mother, are needlessly severe upon Maintenon, and Voltaire has pierced her with the arrows of his wit. She should have been pitied in her gilded, anxious state. At Marly, looking at the fish which languished in the clear water of the marble basin, she cried, "They are like me—they long for their native mire!"

The fellow-authors of Molière have left abundant records of the man, and it is curious to see how differently they regard him. Like all great geniuses he was modest and unaffected. The praise of princes did not harm him; neither the adulation nor the abuse of his generation warped his honest nature. He seems to have excited any number of animosities in his own guild; he was so eminent that other writers labored to pull him down. The son and grandson of an upholstery-valet to the king, he partially learned their trade, but showed his bent by the impression which the theatricals his grandfather introduced him to at the Hôtel de Bourgogne made upon his youthful mind. Eager for education, he was sent for five years to a Jesuit college in Paris, and then had the celebrated Gassendi for private tutor. He began to study law in Orleans, but the theatre and Madeleine Béjart drew him to the capital. Presently he was at the head of a company of amateurs, who in due season became professionals. Why

he changed his name from Poquelin to Molière, not one of his contemporaries tells us, though to change one's name was the custom of the time.

It must have been interesting to see him in his early days sitting in a barber's chair studying faces, and noting conversation of the barber's patrons. That was the beginning of his close observation sedulously continued through years. After many sketches and imitations, he produced "L'Etourdi," and it was enacted with success at Lyons; and "Le Dépit Amoureux" won him the favor of the Prince of Conti. At thirty-nine he presented an entirely original play, a study from life, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," at the Théâtre Français, when an old man heralded his fame by rising in the parquette and crying: "Courage, courage, Molière; this is true comedy!" After that each piece was an advance, and the enthusiasm of his audiences over "Le Misanthrope," "L'Avare," "Georges Dandin," and "Tartuffe," is glowingly described.

When he had gained solid fame and middle life, he married Armande Béjart (said by some to be the sister of Madeleine, by others to be a much nearer relative), and involved himself thereby in clouds of scandal.

But the dramatist told too much truth not to create powerful enemies, to whom, indeed, he was not averse in the line of his profession. Physicians and ecclesiastics took umbrage at some of his pieces, and circulated all kinds of libels against him and his wife, who seems to have given him good cause for jealousy, while he himself was not free from reproach. Scorning meanness and hypocrisy in every form, noble by nature, he was rendered more unhappy by facts than by falsehoods. Plainly he drew many of his situations from his own experience; he made his audience laugh with what had made him weep. "My own life," he says, "is a sad comedy in five thousand acts. It is very droll to the people in front; but it is bitter to the man behind the scenes."

The portrait of the great comedian has been preserved for us. He was neither too full nor too thin, rather tall than short, fine-limbed, and had a noble mien. His complexion was dark, his nose prominent, his mouth large with lips full, his eyes dark, expressive, and his eyebrows black and heavy, and capable of such a variety of movement as gave him extraordinary power of delineation. As a comic actor he excelled. He was a comedian, as *Le Mercure Galant* of 1673 says, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He seemed to have many voices; and yet no actor needed voice less for the interpretation of feeling. With a gesture, a smile, a glance of the eye, a movement of the head, he could convey more than most men could by talking an hour. He was always the chief actor of his company, and he acted with as much pleasure as success. He never shone in tragedy, however, on account of a chronic hiccough, which he tried ineffectually to cure. In private, he was very reserved and quiet, speaking little, that he might observe much. His mind was very active, and he did his work with great facility. He earned an annual income of from twenty-five to thirty thousand livres—a large sum in his day—and was a model of industry. Like Shakespeare, he borrowed boldly and munificently, and yet was one of the most original of authors.

The first dramatic genius of France—the only man comparable with Shakespeare—was refused admission to the Academy because he was a comedian. A century after his death, it places his bust in its hall with the inscription: "Nothing is wanting to his glory; he is wanting to ours." He was refused burial in consecrated ground at first, on account of the theological hatred he had excited; and his widow, fired with indignation, exclaimed: "Refuse Molière burial? Call you Paris the modern Athens? Greece would have built temples in his honor!"

After Louis XIV., down to the present day, France was deluged with memoirs of every kind. We have Trublet's on the genial and eloquent Fontenelle, who held that everything is possible, and that everything is right; who said, when he handed his "Geometry of the Infinite" to the regent, "There is a book which only eight men in Europe are capable of understanding, and the author is not one of them." We have Marmontel's elegant reminiscences of the court of Louis XV. and its sybaritic sensualities, the triumphs of Voltaire, the horrors of the Revolution, and the extraordinary events and characters of the greater half of the eighteenth century. We have Barthélemy's secret memoirs of Claudine de Tencin, an unconventional and intellectual beauty with whom the Duke d'Orléans, Chancellor d'Argenson, Lord Bolingbroke, and other distinguished men, were successively in love. When her son, Jean d'Alembert, the philosopher, had arrived at distinction, she made herself known to him. As he had been exposed in the street in his infancy, where he had been found and reared by a glazier's wife, he looked coldly at the fashionable siren, and said, "I know but one mother—the good woman who protected me when my unnatural parents had deserted me." We have the letters of Madame du Deffand, whose house in Paris was for fifty years frequented by the most eminent men in society, politics, and literature. We have Madame Roland's passionate record of her life, written in prison, where she declared herself happy because she was free from the jealousy of her husband (he certainly had ground for jealousy), and relieved from the struggle between love and duty. We have even the memoirs of Vidocq, merry-andrew, soldier, duelist, smuggler, thief, manufacturer, detective, who entered into conspiracies with the criminals of Paris for his own assassination.

No want of variety here, surely. In the last hundred years in France, priests, adventurers, actresses, authors, statesmen, philosophers, princes, ministers, ballet-dancers, financiers, women of fashion, have turned to autobiography, prompted by the universal passion which in some form or other gives us the energy and courage necessary to live. What piles on piles of memoirs are there in that vast, rambling library in the Rue Richelieu! On those munificent

shelves lie the peculiar confessions of Louise d'Epinay, the very dear friend of Jean Jacques and Baron Grimm ; and next to them, the pompous egotisms of Chateaubriand, entitled "Memoirs from beyond the Tomb," which he sold, and lived on the proceeds thereof for years before he had made up his mind to leave this world. So the contrast runs, as it does in life—pleasure and worldliness here, self-denial and devotion there ; impassioned prejudice on one hand, serene renunciation on the other ; literary ambition below, earnest search for truth above ; but humanity always and everywhere.

In that endless variety of published experience, we have strange and extremely interesting glimpses of the human nature which, though considered peculiar, is singularly like that of other people. We read accredited facts which are more curious than inventions, capital anecdotes, intensely dramatic incidents, distressing horrors, weird adventures, ludicrous stories ; we follow persons of every grade through the circuitous paths sunlighted and shadow-darkened that all end soon or late at the grave. We find our imaginings realized, our experiences repeated or anticipated, in the pages we turn with impatient haste to satisfy our curiosity or stimulate our interest anew.

The bitter satire of Owen Meredith's poem of "The Picture" may be discovered as a truth in some reminiscences of Voltaire. He was the lover of the distinguished Madame du Châtelet, and had a rival in Saint-Lambert. After her death her husband, finding a locket which she had carried in her bosom, opened it, expecting to see his miniature there. Voltaire, who was standing near, felt confident that it contained his likeness. The portrait proved to be Saint-Lambert's. Both were chagrined ; but the restless wit could not refrain from saying to Châtelet, "Indeed, monsieur, neither of us has reason to boast in this matter."

What a bewitching jade Sophie Arnoult seems to have been ! Born in the very apartment where Admiral de Coligny had been murdered, she borrowed no gloom from the associations of her birth. On the contrary, she was the incarnation of bounding spirits and good-humor. Her father, an innkeeper, gave her a good education, and as she had a fine voice, a lovely face, a beautiful figure, a warm heart, and a sparkling tongue, she became a noted opera-singer and a prime favorite in the brilliant and unrestrained society of the last century. Diderot, Holbach, Duclos, Helvetius, Mably, and Rousseau, were among her admirers, and she was as liberal in her affections as they were in their opinions. Although her wit spared nobody, she made no enemies, so constantly did her kind act gainsay her severe speech. She lived to be nearly sixty, as happy as if she had observed all the commandments, and when the priest came to her dying bed to administer the last rites of the Roman Church, she said, laughingly : "Never fear for me, father. I am like Saint Magdalen : I shall be pardoned much, for I have loved much."

Claude de Crébillon, the novelist, had an unexpected marriage. His stories are very clever, but rather indecorous, and so severe on women that a young English lady—Miss Stafford—who had read them, fell in love with their author, crossed the Channel, sought him out, and offered herself to him. As she was handsome, rich, and accomplished, he accepted her, and they appear to have been quite happy. Crébillon was unlike most writers : he put his immorality into his books, and omitted it in his life.

Prévost d'Exiles, who flourished from 1697 to 1763, and wrote any number of romances, the famous "Manon Lescaut" among others, equaled by his checkered career the plots and situations of his tales. After taking monastic vows, he tired of obeying them, and fled to Holland. He is said to have killed his father in his youth by accidentally pushing him down-stairs while he was vilifying a girl his son was enamored of. After wandering over Europe, and having a variety of adventures, he was stricken with apoplexy. A surgeon who had been called, believing him dead, began a *post-mortem* examination. When he had plunged his knife into the sufferer's breast, the poor man started and opened his eyes, only to expire from the fatal wound.

Rétif de la Bretonne, one of the most prolific novelists of his time (1734–1806), was an odd genius. He was wont to study his characters from common life : wandering about the streets at night, peeping into windows, getting up discussions with the people, and jotting down their phrases. He often wrote love-letters to pretty shop-girls, and delivered them in the disguise of a messenger, and, while they read them, watched the expression of their faces. The next day he would appear in another disguise, announcing himself as the person whose name he had signed to the billets. He made many conquests in this way, and, as he was a notorious libertine, this miserable business served him personally and professionally. He was ridiculously vain, fanatically democratic, extremely cynical, and generally unworthy. He had hoped much from the Revolution ; but it did little for him. His books brought him considerable money ; but he lost it, and his later works were so indecent and violent that he could not get them printed. He continued to write, however, his "Memoirs" being the last of his labors. His health, which had been for some time feeble, broke down, and he died in a wretched garret, friendless and forgotten. But, with all his mental peculiarities and moral defects, he was a man of unquestioned genius.

There is no end to the eccentric phases of humanity, the odd illustrations and droll anecdotes that might be reproduced from French memoirs. They are inexhaustible. Only an attempt has been made to convey an idea of their quality, and the vast amount of entertaining matter hidden between their covers. They are not history exactly, but in some sense better than history, because they have a freshness, a photographic accuracy, a freedom of treatment, which we vainly look for in other forms of composition. Let book-devourers take courage. There will always be something to read while French memoirs are written, and that will be as long as there is a Frenchman left to rehearse himself.

CONSOLATION FOR THE NERVOUS.

NERVOUSNESS in modern days, and especially in this country, has grown to be so severe and frequent a condition, that those who are subject to it, even though they may not suffer from any recognized special disease, are yet in need of whatever sympathy or consolation science and experience can offer.

Nervousness, in the sense of feebleness, or lack of stability of the nervous system as distinguished from the rest of the body, is a word of modern origin; neither the ancients nor the mediævals used this term in the modern signification: it is preëminently an American term, since the state or tendency of the constitution suggested by it abounds in the Northern and Eastern parts of the United States more than in any other part of the world. The number of those in the middle and higher classes of American society who, without ever being actually sick, yet never know what full, rejoicing health really is; who live constantly in a lower plane of being than is normal to man; who are weak all over, though not specially and constantly weak in any one organ; and who, although they may never experience piercing and grinding pain, yet suffer at times, if not always, that profound exhaustion which in many respects is far worse than pain—is very large, and is, or has been, apparently increasing.

Persons thus organized are unquestionably cheated somewhat in the game of life, shorn of at least a portion of their possible happiness and usefulness, prisoners of their own feebleness, with no certain hope of perfect and permanent liberation. There are those who come into life thus weighted down, not by disease, not by transmitted poison in the blood, but by the tendency to disease, by a sensitiveness to evil and enfeebling forces that seems to make almost every external influence a means of torture; as soon as they are born, Debility puts its terrible bond upon them, and will not let them go, but plays the tyrant with them until they die. Such persons in infancy are often on the point of dying, though they may not die; in childhood numberless physical ills attack them and hold them down, and, though not confining them to home, yet deprive them, perhaps, of many childish delights; in maturity and old age an army of abnormal nervous sensations is waiting for them, the gantlet of which they must run if they can; and throughout life every function seems to be an enemy. The compensations of this type of organization are quite important and suggestive, and are most consolatory to sufferers. Among these compensations, this, perhaps, is worthy of first mention—that this very fineness of temperament, which is the source of nervousness, is also the source of exquisite pleasure. Highly sensitive natures respond to good as well as evil factors in their environment, salutary as well as pernicious stimuli are ever operating upon them, and their capacity for receiving, for retaining, and for multiplying the pleasures derived from external stimuli is proportionally greater than that of cold and stolid natures: if they are plunged into a deeper hell, they also rise to a brighter heaven; their delicately-strung nerves make music to the slightest breeze; art, literature, travel, social life, and solitude, pour out on them their choicest treasures; they live not one life but many lives, and all joy is for them multiplied manifold. To such temperaments the bare consciousness of living, when life is not attended by excessive exhaustion or by pain, or when one's capacity for mental or muscular toil is not too closely tethered, is oftentimes a supreme felicity. The true psychology of happiness is gratification of faculties, and when the nervous are able to indulge even moderately and with studied caution and watchful anxiety their controlling desires of the nobler order, they may experience an exquisiteness of enjoyment that serves, in a measure, to reward them for their frequent distresses. In the human system, as in all Nature, everything is in motion, and all motion is rhythmical, and movement in any one direction is the more forcible and spontaneous when it follows movement in another direction; the motions that constitute what we call health are most delicious and satisfying when following quickly after debility or pain. Perfect health of itself is not a condition of positive happiness, and is not at all essential to happiness. The happiest persons I have seen, or expect to see, are partial invalids—not those who are racked and tortured with nameless agonies, or kept prostrate by absolute exhaustion, but who are so far under bondage to susceptible nerves as never to realize even approximate health; even in their slavery they were sufficiently free to indulge some, at least, of their higher faculties, and to that degree were capable of enjoyment all the more intense from contrast with the restrictions that disease imposes on the rest of their organization. I recall the case of a lady who, as an effect of severe functional nervous disorder, had become temporarily paralyzed, so that none of the limbs had power of self-motion, and yet she was apparently and really more joyous than the majority of those who have full physical liberty.

The mystery, long noted by physicians, that patients who are half cured of a severe malady are more grateful than even those fully cured, is explained by the fact that we need a certain degree of debility, a limited and bearable amount of pain or discomfort, to keep us constantly mindful by contrast of the pleasantness of our present state as compared with what it has been or might be. The physician who collects his fee before his patient has quite recovered, does a wise thing, since it will be paid more promptly and more gratefully than after the recovery is complete. Nervous organizations are rarely without these reminders—their occasional wakefulness and indigestion, their headaches and back-aches and neuralgias, their disagreeable susceptibility to all evil

influences that may act on the constitution, keep them ever in sight of the possibility of what they might have been, and suggest to them sufferings that others endure, but from which they are spared.

The most exquisite physical pleasure, it has been said, is sudden relief from violent pain. This pleasure is quite often the experience of the nervous: alternations of depression and vigor, of pain and the relief of pain, of wakefulness and sound sleep, mark the lives of thousands. While it is true that pain is more painful than its absence is agreeable, so that we think more of what is evil than of what is good in our environment, and dwell longer on the curses than the blessings of our lot, and fancy all others happier than ourselves, yet it is true likewise that our curses make the blessings more blissful by contrast; the bright colors of the picture seem all the lighter against the dark and stormy background.

I have heard of a prominent public man who, when governor of his State, once remarked to an acquaintance that he was suffering from a slight pain in his hand, and that it was the first real pain he had ever felt in his life. This statement was probably, in scientific strictness, untrue; he had no doubt experienced pains, perhaps many of them, that had been forgotten, but his life must have been, up to that time, unusually free from physical evils. A freedom from disease so absolute as that can be a source of negative pleasure only; it is not of necessity any positive mental possession; it may not be thought of from year to year, any more than the existence of sunlight or of oxygen in the air, save when we are shut out from them, and therefore can be but an uncertain element of consolation amid the struggles and disappointments of life.

In contrast with this painless life, there are in this land immense numbers who pass no day free from pain; who are ever conscious, unless diverted by mental or other employment, of disagreeable if not distressing sensations; and who, notwithstanding, are cheerful and, to a degree, in love with life.

Another and positive consolation for the nervous is, that they are comparatively free from acute febrile and inflammatory disorders. There is a decided though not precisely defined antagonism between the nervous diathesis, or the nervous constitution, and many of those severe and incurable maladies that rapidly and surely destroy life. The nervous are less likely to have fevers, and when they take them they have them less severely, and with better likelihood of recovery.

If two men, one nervous, the other phlegmatic and strong, are exposed to the influences that excite inflammation or fevers, the nervous man would, other conditions being the same, have the better chance of escaping; and, if attacked, would have the malady in a milder form. There is truth in the popular belief that fevers need something to feed upon; the thin, and pallid, and bloodless, do not furnish sufficient fuel to fevers and inflammations for combustion, and, whenever diseases of this sort are lit up in such constitutions, they soon die out. This was illustrated during the late war, when pale, exsanguined youth in college and counting-house went forth to camp and battle, followed by the fears of friends lest they might prove too weak for the rough work of war, but who not only escaped fatal disease, but grew stout and hardy amid exposures that prostrated by thousands the lumbermen of Maine, and the sons of the plough and the anvil. I recall among my own acquaintances a number of illustrations on both sides—of the weak who became strong, and of the strong who became weak or died, through the experiences of army-life. In the hospitals—of which I saw much at that time—I observed that the strong seemed to suffer most, and in some cases, at least, perished through the very excess of their strength. In the contest with disease, strength, indeed, often becomes weakness, and weakness strength, we are sure, through debility; the nervous diathesis, or tendency to functional nervous diseases, acting medicinally, so to speak, on the burning heats of fever, and subduing or keeping down the worst of inflammation. When the poison of fever enters the strong, phlegmatic constitution, it at once intrenches itself and finds protection in its solid walls, and then is driven out only with difficulty; but in the nervous constitution there are no such means of defense—it is vulnerable on every side, and the intruder may be expelled with slight effort.

There are those who though never well are yet never sick, always in bondage to debility and pain, from which absolute escape is impossible, yet not without large liberty of labor and of thought; held by a long tether which gives them, within certain limits, free play, but never condemned to utter confinement; ignorant alike of perfect health and perfect prostration. Such persons may be exposed to every manner of poison, may travel far and carelessly with recklessness, even may disregard many of the prized rules of health; may wait upon and mingle with the sick, and breathe for long periods the air of hospitals or of fever-infested dwellings, and come out apparently unharmed.

Temperaments of this kind are sometimes benefited by an attack of acute disease; a course of typhoid fever, if it be not too severe, may prove the best of all friends to the nervous constitution, and may induce changes so radical and permanent as to be the nucleus of a fresh and more healthful body for all subsequent life. Through the whole range of pathology, one disease may be the antidote and cure for another, although certain maladies may and do reënforce each other; but between disorders of the nervous and disorders of the febrile or inflammatory type, the antagonism is oftentimes so direct and so severe that the appearance of the one invites the disappearance of the other as truly as though a poisonous dose of arsenic had been met by its antidote, iron. Dr. John Brown, author of "Rob and his Friends," states that his father was a severe sufferer from headaches, and he expresses the conviction that it would have been well for him if a course of fever could have cleared the system of its tendency to nervous symptoms.

The confinement of acute disease, likewise, may

be, in some cases, of the highest advantage to the nervous by giving them needed rest of muscle and mind, and of all the functions. There are those who go through life constantly out of breath ; who except in sleep never know the luxury of repose ; to whom it is organically impossible to be calm ; who are ever eager, hasting, impetuous, even when nothing is to be gained by haste and impetuosity ; who seem to have no power to stop or slow down the wheels of thought when the day's labor is over ; and who, consequently, ever expending more than they earn of physical force, are kept constantly poor in vitality, and, without ever being ill, are yet the victims of nameless pains. To such temperaments a prolonged rest in bed without moving, without thinking, or planning, or forecasting, is of itself the best conceivable remedy, and their convalescence may leave them with a new hold on life.

The nervous may also find consolation in the fact of medical observation that nervousness, like other physical evils, tends to cure itself. After remedies, and even hygiene, have done their best, and have been foiled—after the wisest physicians have found their Waterloos or Sedans—time, coöperating with the natural growth of the constitution, may bring deliverance. This recuperative tendency of the nervous system is stronger, oftentimes, than the accumulating poison of disease, and overmasters the baneful effects of unwise medication and hygiene. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, especially, the constitution often consolidates as well as grows, acquires power as well as size, and throws off, by a slow and invisible evolution, the subtile habits of nervous disease, over which treatment the most judicious and persistent seems to have little or no influence. There would appear to be organizations which at certain times of life must needs pass through the dark valley of nervous depression, and who cannot be saved therefrom by any manner of skill or prevision ; who must not only enter into this valley, but, being once entered, cannot turn back : the painful, and treacherous, and agonizing horror, wisdom can but little shorten, and ordinary misdoing cannot make perpetual ; they are as sure to come out as to go in ; the health and disease want rhythm ; the tides in the constitution are as demonstrable as the tides of the ocean, and are sometimes but little more under human control. I call up here the experience of a gentleman once under my care for profound and protracted disease of the nervous system, and whose life was but a series of alternations of ups and downs, which, though modified by treatment, could not be, at least were not, entirely broken up. One day, as I called to see him, he was much better than usual, and was clearly mending, and I made a remark to that effect. "Yes," said he, "doctor, getting ready for another relapse." His prediction was verified.

It is an important consolation for those who are in the midst of an attack of sick-headache, for example, that the natural history of the disease is in their favor. In a few days at the utmost, in a few hours frequently, the storm will be spent, and again the sky will be clear, and perhaps far clearer than before the storm arose. The capacity of the system for bearing pain, like its capacity for pleasure, is limited : it is only possible to suffer, as it is only possible to enjoy, a certain measure of sensation ; the power to appreciate disagreeable sensations is and must be restricted by the forces in the organism, and can no more exceed them than the drawing-power of the locomotive can exceed the measure of the latent force of the consumed fuel. Thus it is that nearly all severe pain is periodic, intermittent, rhythmical : the violent neuralgias are never constant, but come and go by throbs, and spasms, and fiercely-darting agonies, the intervals of which are absolute relief. After the exertion expended in attacks of pain, the tired nerve-atoms must need repose. Sometimes the cycles of debility, alternating with strength, extend through long years—a decade of exhaustion being followed by a decade of vigor. There are those also who pass entirely and permanently out of the stage of depression ; whose constitutions, originally sensitive, capricious, untrustworthy, slowly acquire strength and endurance, and are able to transmit these acquired qualities to their children and children's children. There are those who pass through an infancy of weakness and suffering and much pain, and through a childhood and early manhood in which the game of life seems to be a losing one, to a healthy and happy maturity ; all that is best in their organizations seems to be kept in reserve, as though to test their faith, and make the boon of strength more grateful when it comes. The early life of some of the world's best heroes was passed in debility and strife with maladies over which, in time, they became victorious. Not a few of the most useful and most honored names in history were scarcely thought worth the raising—the question being, not whether they should be famous and laborious, but whether they could live at all ; whether they must not early go down in the struggle for being. The fineness, the delicacy, the complexity of the highest organizations render them liable to manifold disturbance, to be more easily disordered in the play of the various machinery than those of coarser and simpler fibre ; but, when once they have succeeded in adapting themselves to their environment, when the initial battle of the campaign of life has been won, they seem to be stronger for the oppositions and difficulties they have met and overcome, and may endure and achieve far more, and last all the longer. Changes in the constitution of the kind here described take place, as it sometimes appears, not through any regimen or care, but in obedience to inevitable development ; they are signs of growth, which may, indeed, be modified but not radically changed by any degree of medical skill or practical wisdom, and only the most atrocious and persistent violation of the laws of life can avail to absolutely arrest their progress.

The nervous have yet another consolation—that they will live long in the land. Statistics and observations harmonize in the conclusion that the nervous temperament is the temperament of longevity.

Perfect health is by no means the necessary condition of long life; in many ways, indeed, it may shorten life; grave febrile and inflammatory diseases are invited and fostered by it, and made fatal, and the self-guarding care, without which great longevity is almost impossible, is not enforced or even suggested. "The only fault with my constitution," said a friend to me, "is that I have nothing to make me cautious." Headaches, and back-aches, and neuralgias, are safety-valves through which nerve-perturbations escape, and which otherwise might become centres of accumulated force, and break forth with destruction beyond remedy. The liability to sudden attacks of any form of pain, or distress, or discomfort, under over-toil or from disregard of natural law, is, so far forth, a blessing to its possessor, making imperative the need of foresight and practical wisdom in the management of health, and warning us in time to avoid irreparable disaster. The nervous man hears the roar of the breakers from afar, while the strong and phlegmatic steers boldly, blindly on, until he is cast upon the shore, oftentimes a hopeless wreck.

The familiar malady called writer's cramp, for example, does not usually attack the weak, but the comparatively strong; it is, in fact, the penalty for having a good constitution. Those who are sensitive, and nervous, and delicate, whom every external or internal irritation injures, and who appreciate physical injury instantly, as soon as the exciting cause begins to act, cannot write long enough to get writer's cramp; they are warned by uneasiness or pain, by weariness local or general, or forced to interrupt their labors before there has been time to receive a fixed or persistent disease. Hence it is that those who suffer from this disorder are surprised when the symptoms come upon them; they declare that they have always been well, and wonder that they do not continue so: had they been feeble they would have been unable to persevere in the use of the pen so as to invite permanent nervous disorder. As with this malady of writers, so with other affections not a few, some of which are of a more serious and directly fatal character. The nervous are frequently saved from incurable disturbances of the brain by a constant succession of symptoms that individually are trifling, but by their recurrence cause at first annoyance, then uneasiness, and then positive distress, and finally compel a moderation in labor, perhaps a suspension of employment, which at this stage is all that the system needs for complete recuperation. Without such warnings they might have continued in a life of excessive friction and exhausting worry, and never have suspected that permanent invalidism was in waiting for them, until too late to save themselves either by hygiene or medication. When a man is prostrated nervously, all the forces of Nature rush to his rescue; but the strong man, once fully fallen, rallies with difficulty, and the health-evolving powers may find a task to which, aided or unaided, they are unequal.

Yet, further, brain-work tends to prolong life—directly, by the conserving influences of the higher modes of cerebral activity on the brain itself, and on the entire organism, by mental counter-irritation, or the relief of over-excited regions of the centres of thought through excitation of distant centres, by the diversion which intellectual employments afford amid the distresses, agonies, frictions, anxieties, and passions of daily life; and, indirectly, by bringing one into healthful associations and environment, where sanitary laws are recognized and instinctively obeyed.

For all these manifold reasons nervous brain-workers are longer-lived than muscle-workers, despite the baneful effects of protracted in-door toil and the carking jealousies and thronging competitions of literary, professional, and social relations. The history of the world's progress from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to civilization, and in civilization from the lower degrees toward the higher, is the history of increase in average longevity, corresponding to and accompanied by increase of nervousness. Mankind has grown to be at once more delicate and more enduring, more sensitive to weariness and yet more patient of toil, impressible but capable of bearing powerful irritation; we are woven of finer fibre, which, though apparently frail, yet outlasts the coarser, as rich and costly garments oftentimes wear better than those of rougher material.

The tendency to live long runs in families; mental discipline also, the result of opportunities for education and intellectual society, becomes a family inheritance, and thus favors family longevity. Even in this young country there are not a few well-known families in which longevity is an heirloom, many of whose members have passed by a number of years the highest average age of brain-workers.

If these consolations are based on sound science, then men of large and active intellects should live longer than those of but ordinary powers; their mental resources are freer and more varied; and hence they are capable of many changes in the modes of their activity; they work with greater ease and less friction; consequently their cerebral operations go on with less expenditure of the nerve-tissue. The history of genius is, therefore, the history of longevity, far surpassing that of the average even among the intellectual. Occasionally a famous poet, or artist, or man of science—as Byron, or Mozart, or Bichat—dies young or in early manhood, and the world, looking only at one side of a many-sided subject, declares that the brain is the enemy of the body; that mind and muscle are at eternal war; and that the triumph of the one is only purchased at the price of the destruction of the other. Always, or almost always, it is the incomplete, restricted, partially-developed genius, a large fraction of whose brain is starved that the rest might be over-nourished into luxuriance, that is cheated out of life. Genius of the fiery, passionate order, unchecked by conscience, or even the best powers of reason, like a badly-made and badly-tended engine, is liable to destructive explosions, which, when they occur from the eminence that genius gives, attract notice, while

around them the stupid and the obscure are quietly passing away by thousands and tens of thousands.

Among our educated classes there are nervous invalids in large numbers who have never known by experience what it is to be perfectly well or severely ill, whose lives have been not unlike a march through a land infested by hostile tribes that ceaselessly annoy in front and on flank without ever coming to a decisive conflict, and who in advanced age seem to have gained wiriness, and toughness, and elasticity, by the long discipline of caution, of courage, and of endurance; and, after having seen nearly all their companions, whose strength they envied, struck down by disease, are themselves spared to enjoy, it may be, their best days, at a time when to the majority the grasshopper becomes a burden, and life each day a visibly losing conflict with death.

I have known many who have survived a youth and manhood of wearisome nervous invalidism to an old age of comparative vigor and freedom from physical vexation; until past fifty, or even sixty, they have never known what it is to have no sense of weariness or pain; the irritability, the sensitiveness, the capriciousness, of the constitution between the ages of fifteen and forty-five have in a degree disappeared, and the system has acquired a certain solidity and steadiness; after a long voyage against opposing winds and fretting currents, they enter the harbor in calmness and peace.

THE CSARDAS.[1]

THE *csárdás* is the national dance of Hungary. The general character of the music is known to our concert-rooms—the two-four time and a certain wildness and *abandon* in the *motif*—but given by a band of Hungarian gypsies, who play with marvelous skill, fire, and grace, the csárdás is a revelation in harmony and rhythm. George Sand, who was a thorough musician, in a conversation with Gottlieb Ritter, said in that extravagant diction of hers: "I love the music that is full of feeling, fantasy, conception—*wild* music, if I may call it so—because, though rich in harmony, it knows no convention. During the Exhibition of 1867 I spent almost every evening in a little beer-house where a band of Hungarian gypsies performed. Oh, the csárdás! Those gypsies, following, like the birds, their own instincts and caprices, played exactly to my mind. Those grand floods of tone that now swelled out in wild power, now languished and died away in a blessed sadness, seemed to open up all earthly and heavenly joy and sorrow, seemed to speak all the secrets of the destroying and restoring strength of Nature." But even a cooler judgment—an English writer's—is led into enthusiasm over the dramatic quality of their playing. He says: "They are lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration, and abandon themselves to the caprices of imagination. Their themes are often some legend or story related in music, and so they find scope for their talent in improvising. Sometimes they grow so excited they seem actually going through the scene they depict, and end by firing the audience with their own ardor. I have seen a performer work himself up to a sort of frenzy, and when he has, at last, given the final note, he sinks back in his chair literally exhausted." It is only fair to show that others, too, have had reason to assert that among no people, among no affluence of musical cultivation, no inspiring surroundings of Nature, can be found anything that approaches the fervor, the originality, the daring, in the dramatic use of harmonies, that are not uncommon among players of this vagabond, thieving, unclean Bohemian blood. Whether the Hungarian music made the gypsies musicians, or the gypsy musicians made the Hungarian music, might seem a question, so inseparable now is the singular style from the singular performer. In no other place where these mysterious tribes are living have they displayed any such conspicuous genius. As the enthusiastic Hungarians assert, the gypsies probably touched the original barbarous music of the country with the fire of their Eastern nature, and so it kindled up, under their hands, in this blaze of fervor; and the weird and martial old themes they interpret so strongly, develop so wonderfully, are the very numbers that delighted the ear of Arpad, and perhaps of Attila himself, in his luxurious hours. The first account of a Czigány colonization dates back to 1423, in the reign of Sigismund, who gave protection to some tribes from Egypt and Hindostan; and the gypsies, according to the chronicles, were known as musicians certainly in 1525, for they figured in the Diets held at Rakos and Hatvan, by Louis II., when, as now, they were highly esteemed for their peculiar talent.

Of course the Czigány are not technical musicians. The people are, as in all other countries, wandering tribes, generally plying the calling of blacksmiths and rude workers in metals, and the women often fortune-tellers. They are, as a class, dishonest, ignorant, and cunning. Even the flower of the tribes—those who play so well as to be in demand in large towns and among the upper classes—are unfitted, from a long heritage of vagabond and degrading associations and habits, to receive the rigorous training that alone secures the highest excellence in any art. Nature has simply been good and given them the great germ, the very life-principle of art, the divine spark, the *feu sacré*, without which technicality is deceitful and facility is vain. They may be said to have ear, skill, and soul, but not brain. The feat of repeating a composition after one hearing is common among them. They never play by note, rarely even understand notation,

[1] Pronounced *char'dash*.

and often have rude instruments, sometimes a sort of large zithern (*cimbale*) of their own manufacture, and the sounds are harsh and unpleasing enough. Many, even on better instruments, perform very rudely, but never tamely, always with fire and spirit. That not all Czigány musicians play well we found, to our cost, a few years ago, when a band of them appeared in New York at Steinway Hall. Their manager had evidently made an injudicious selection, believing, perhaps, that mere novelty, not excellence, was the point; for there are many Czigány bands, particularly in and about Pesth, that would have done service here in suggesting life and fervor to some of our musical sentimentalists. Companies occasionally travel through Europe, but the Hungarian gypsy has imbibed the traditions of his adopted country, and is not inclined to seek his welfare out of it; and with the clannishness, too, of his people, likes to herd with his own tribe, and has small ambition for personal distinction.

Liszt, a Hungarian himself, highly appreciated their wild but matchless genius, and, when he visited Pesth, would have the Czigány play for him, and did not disdain to draw inspiration and borrow bold combinations from their true but untrained instincts. He once even tried the experiment of education on a promising Czigány lad. Beyond a certain point, he said, he found his pupil utterly incapable of progress; and, though "above all competition in the exercise of his own unique and native genius, in no way amenable to the ordinary process of development."

Strauss, too, had a young gypsy brought to Vienna, and commended his talent warmly. It seems, however, he didn't remain long at study. Some English travelers speak of being entertained at Füred, a watering-place just below Pesth, by a fine gypsy band led by this very boy—only fourteen years old—who not only managed the music excellently, but further entertained his audience by a most perfect but mischievous imitation of those convulsions and contortions of the body peculiar to Strauss when he is conducting. Though the little Czigány received applause and roars of laughter, that feature of the programme was probably not in Strauss's plan of education.

The favorite instrument of these natural musicians is, of course, the one that most nearly satisfies the keen ear—the violin; and as violinists, those who have become distinguished in Hungary are best known. About fifty years ago, a gypsy named Biháry was famous at Pesth; and, in the last century, Barna Mihály and a woman called Zinka Panna, were much esteemed. Some of their music was written, and may still be heard, but very little is preserved in this way, for their best efforts were the inspiration of the hour.

In Hungary all classes have a passion for music and dancing. Among the lower orders this popular taste is taken advantage of shrewdly by the Austrian Government. They manage recruiting by appealing to it. Preceded by stirring music—generally the inevitable Czigány—some hussars execute a spirited dance, interest and excite the idle men who look on, draw them into the amusement abuse their senses, and skillfully enlist them.

When the "Rákóczy March"—the "Marseillaise" of Hungary—is given by a good gypsy band, the effect upon a Hungarian crowd is most inspiring; and when the musicians pass, as they invariably do, into the seductive *tempo* of the csárdás, using the old martial themes, whose very numbers are a history of a proud and unfortunate race, employing the songs dear to the people, improvising new melodies, appealing to every sense with a barbaric richness of musical expression, the listeners become fairly intoxicated. There rises a wild cry for the dance, and, in such an hour, one may see the csárdás in all its native grace and vigor. It is not, in its character, a drawing-room dance, as the very name indicates (being derived from *csárdá*, a tavern), though neither its unconventional features, nor the long Austrian rule, has shut the old favorite out from polite society, and it finds favor even at court, among the French waltzes and quadrilles, though it is performed in a modified style, to suit the fastidiousness of fashionable taste.

It is the peasant who really dances the csárdás—the Hungarian peasant who has, perhaps, more dignity, more natural grace, more appreciation of beauty and fitness, than any other untaught creature of his class in the world. For personal comeliness, too, the peasantry are rather remarkable; and for pride in their country, not unmixed with a passion of sadness, perhaps, they exceed belief:

> "Extra Hungariam non est vita;
> Et si est vita, non est ita."

Outside of Hungary there is, in their devout minds, nothing worth considering or desiring—an outcome of ignorance, of course, but most happily preservative of their traditions and customs in an age when traditions and customs are suffering violation. The peasants are almost always picturesque, and come nearer to the ideal, artistic, picture-book peasant than those we are used to see in Italy, Spain, Greece, Russia, or on any of the beaten routes of travel. For instance, the *csikós* (those herdsmen who tend horses on the plains) are stalwart, handsome, courageous, and bear themselves in the saddle like princes, and are generally of good, pure Magyar blood, too. They wear a peculiar hat, with a sort of turban brim; large, heavily-fringed *gatya* (great linen trousers), and plenty of bright tassels and braidings disposed in an ornamental way. Over all is a wonderful great embroidered cloak, and it is a striking bit of artistic study when one of these swart Apollos, gracefully yet negligently draped, leaning his chin upon his staff, stands spellbound for an hour, looking with his intense gaze at the wonders of the *Fata Morgana* that lies so often upon those flat lands. One need not count too much upon finding just the polite standard of refinement inside this romantic exterior, for the untrained human animal, even with certain naturally gracious traits and instincts, is always better in a picture than in social

contact; and the woman who married an Indian brave, trusting in the savage grandeur of his nature, felt disgusted when he coolly bargained her off to a brother brave for two ponies! But, not to be too didactic, the peasantry, in their vigor, their freedom of movement, and that childlike unaffectedness (that so nearly approaches the best breeding), are the true interpreters of the csárdás. The dance is pantomimic to the last degree, and national, belonging by its character to Hungary, and Hungary alone. It has too much of languor for the north, too much sustained action for the south, and requires more grace, yet more impetuosity, than any other people's dance. In short, as a Hungarian said of it, "No foreigner could take one step of the csárdás, for the dance must be in the very blood." And in the blood it is—in a blood so mercurial that it leaps or languishes at command of the wild-eyed, eager musicians, who send out the very soul of meaning in their strains.

A *csikós*, perhaps, who has come to the village for his Sunday holiday, throws off his great embroidered cloak, and leads off the csárdás with some hearty girl. Then couple after couple fall in, obeying the music, not servilely, but each, as it were, opening its own little comedy. The variety of dress enhances the effect of the scene, for not only do the costumes differ of the fifteen peoples known under the name of Hungarians, but those settled out of their own province retain their distinctive dress. There are the Wallachs, whose women wear the chemise without corsage, a great, curiously-wrought leathern belt, silver medallions, bright strips of embroidery, and white-linen head-covering; the Slavs, who are more light and delicate in form, and affect a less elaborate style of dress; the Servian men, with their half-Turkish costume; and the German, whose picturesqueness is of a more quaint and heavy sort. But the true Magyars are the highest type—the most Hungarian of Hungarians, having the blue blood of the ancient race who occupied a part of the country (according to some historians) both before and after Attila.

Every day the Magyar man wears his *gatya;* but, if he can afford it, he has the conventional tight trousers, worn among the upper classes, for Sundays and holidays, when, whether he can afford it or not, he dances. Laying aside all anxiety for the intellectual advancement of humanity, it is a refreshing sight to see a lithe, handsome, ignorant European peasant dance—not as the Italian women give the *tarantella* for two francs, but as the peasants dance among themselves for enjoyment. After an experience of our careworn, ambitious lower classes, it is good to see a fellow, not drunk, not a loafer, but innocent as a babe, without an ounce of meat in his cabin, or a shilling in his pocket, literally fling up his heels at Fortune, and make the hour all his own. The Magyar will walk barefoot every day, but go booted and spurred for this holiday sport. The boots come up over the tight trousers, which are elaborately embroidered. He wears a high vest, to match the trousers—jacket (*mente*) slung from the shoulder (like the Cossacks); this and the vest decorated more or less profusely with cords, braiding, and metal buttons. A round hat, with wide, turned-up brim, trimmed often with bright ribbons, and long streamers at the back, completes the costume. A young girl wears her hair in a braided tress, tied with a gay ribbon; a white chemise, fastened at the throat; low corsage; and over that a *fichu*, crossed and tied behind, of material to match the muslin of her wide, full apron. Especial pride and pains are bestowed upon the arrangement of the skirt. It is generally of dark cloth, and just leaves the ankle exposed, but the abundance of petticoat to sustain this skirt at the required angle is a matter of emulation. No less than ten full petticoats can tranquilize the mind of a peasant-girl on a holiday; and, according to her means, she increases the number, and ascends to a serene acme of satisfaction. The sway from the hips of a large mass of material is esteemed especially graceful in the dance. The foot-gear is also a matter of importance and anxiety, and with fair reason, too, for the Magyar girl has a singularly delicate foot, and loves to display it to the best advantage. She wears, often, a curious rude slipper, with a sole and monstrous heel, but no upper except just across the toes. She can even navigate through the stormy dance on these crank contrivances, but she ordinarily has boots like the men's, with solid high heels, that give out a sounding click, and with the ring of the men's spurs mark the time, and make a not unpleasant accompaniment to the music.

The csárdás, once begun, lasts for hours—often three or four. Like all dances of the people, it allows a wide license in the use of steps and figures. The truth is, with only the general dramatic idea, and certain steps that are consonant with the time of the music, each couple moves differently, and each tells "the old, old story" in its own way. The csárdás is—

> "... a varying dance
> Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
> Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit;"

and it has such wonderful interpretation that it goes on with the interest of a drama. First comes the *lassu*, or slow movement. Partners, holding lightly each the other's hand, sway slowly two steps to the right, two steps to the left; then, the ceremony of meeting over, begins the coquetting. They part; the girl looks archly over her shoulder, takes dainty steps, poises on the tips of her pretty feet, bends and sways, falls into little languid, conscious poses; the man looks on admiringly—he himself steps with a fine dignity, moves with a sustained strength. She keeps time to his motions, but as he approaches her she coyly retreats, or they "turn partners" with much ceremony. This stately courtship comedy goes on as long as the time is *lassu;* but when the change comes to the *friss*, or quick movement, then the pursuit begins. Opening with a sort of jig-step, as the music grows wilder and more inspiriting, they introduce all sorts of feats and antics, sometimes even a headlong chase, and the often-repeated "turning

partners" is done in a hundred graceful and ingenious ways, according to the skill and taste of the couples. Sometimes they hold by one hand, sometimes by both, sometimes clasping by the waist, sometimes dexterously eluding and coquetting, or dashing off to other dancers for a while, before the turn is accomplished, but never losing sight of the dramatic idea they are working out. They "turn partners" at last with less and less formality, whirl together wildly for a moment, part, and over and over again approach and recede with graceful, bold, picturesque attitudes and gestures—the man, perhaps, with a grand, martial air, waving his handkerchief gayly over his head, as if in token of victory. It would seem the climax at last, when the strong peasant-fellow seizes his partner and lightly spins round, while he holds her in the air—no easy feat with a robust Hungarian girl. But no, these people have muscle and endurance, imagination and enthusiasm, and when even the gypsies are exhausted after two or three consecutive hours of playing, the amusement seems ever fresh, and the peasants are still clamorous, and eager to repeat and repeat their bewildering, feverish pastime.

The display of elastic strength, the varied movements, the interlacing of color and costume, the streaming of bright ribbons, the sway of skirt, the ever mounting and untiring zeal, the cries of the men, if the musicians seem to flag, of "*Hogy volt?*" (How was it?) and "*Harom a tancz!*" (Three's the dance!), and, above all, the dramatic character of both dance and music, so fire the imagination and impress the memory that it is no wonder the bare word csárdás quickens the pulse of a Hungarian, and sends a thousand pictures of these rude, bright scenes dancing through his brain. Then take from his lips his own enthusiastic words, full of the sympathy of kindred blood, hear him grow eloquent about his people, their virtues, their gracious customs, their fiery yet sensitive temperament, and such an account as this, drawn from a cooler observation and tamer fancy, will show as no exaggeration, or stand probably as a mere temperate analysis rather than a worthy description.

TO CERTAIN BIOGRAPHERS.

I.

SIRS,
Go ye where the artist limns the mountain:
Though he give the gray of clefted scars
Storm-made in the conflict with the ages,
Fissures, woundings, marks of Titan wars—
Doth he dwarf his eye and brush to picture,
At their feet, the chance-left barren spots,
Furze-rings hid among the pine-tree drapings
Here and there, or peer for gnarlèd knots
Through the serried oaks, and paint their seamings
With a hair-breadth microscopic care—
Seek out rough-edged, garish little clearings
In their homeliness, and blur the air
With the smoke from out their rude-built chimneys,
All his picture blackened?

II.

Ah! not so
Doth he use his skill. Yet ye are working
Ever thus, and we are forced to know
Smallest spot upon the royal purples
Worn by leaders of our kind, who rise
Up from men as mountains lift their foreheads
To the empyrean of the skies,
From the range of lower hills. We give you
Scanty thanks for all your labors; yes,
Doubtless ye write truth, for barren places
Are upon the mountains; none the less
Are they mountains, and their silent grandeur
Scorns your petty skill, and rises far,
Far above you still when all is ended,
And your picture done.

III.

Despite, we are
Vexèd by your pen-points! The remembrance
Of misshapen knots ye drew and held
Close beneath our eyes, we cannot always
Banish, though we would, ay, though there swelled
In our hearts a passionate protesting
'Gainst such work as yours; for, ever those—
Born with souls near-sighted—gather gazing
At the inch your microscopes disclose,
And, to our hot scornings, slow they answer,
"Is it not the truth?" They cannot see—
Born near-sighted—how the mountain towers
Far above them in his majesty,
And—we cannot make them.

IV.

Go! false workers,
Rend your half-truths that are worse than lies—
Give us all our mountain; not the veinings
That your close-wrought detail magnifies
Till the gazer sees naught else. Go study
In the distant sky the mighty peak,
Leave a shadow where his shadows slumber
O'er the barren places; do not seek,
Curious-eyed and near, to find the outlines
Only seen, through largeness, from afar;
Leave his hidden valleys where they nestle
Far up on his bosom, for they are
His; nor could ye reach them. Do ye rather
Strive to show his height, his greatness; bring
To *this* work all powers that God gave ye,
Till the blindest recognize—a king!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SOMEWHAT startling announcement recently appeared in a Naples paper, to the effect that "the theatre of Pompeii, after having been closed for eighteen centuries, and being fully repaired, will soon be opened by Signore Luigni with a performance of 'La Figlia del Reggimento.'" The new manager at the same time bespoke the favor of the public, which had so generously patronized his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius; and assured it that there was no reason to fear a repetition of the deplorable accident by which that enterprising *impresario* had lost his vocation, and his audience their lives. It is, of course, quite possible to give a performance in the hoary old amphitheatre where the people of Pompeii had crowded to witness a contest of gladiators, when the showers of Vesuvian lava-dust overcame them. The edifice was so well preserved by the lava that, having now been excavated, it is still almost intact; and the modern Neapolitans may as easily throng upon its long, semicircular rows of stone seats as did the contemporaries of Sallust, Pliny, and Diomede. Indeed, it is a wonder that Pompeii was not discovered centuries before it actually was, by reason of this very theatre; for a portion of its wall always projected above the mounds of ashes that buried the rest of the city. There it was, a sure hint of what lay beneath; yet the people thereabout took no more note of it than if Pompeii never had been suffocated at all, or been known to have stood somewhere, at least, in that vicinity. It is yet more wonderful that, three centuries ago, a famous engineer of that period, named Fontana, actually pierced a channel for an aqueduct right under Pompeii, directly beneath the Forum and the temples, and sank air-shafts for more than a mile over its surface, without getting the faintest inkling of the subterranean city, the buildings of which must at some points have proved obstacles to his workmen.

That "times have changed," indeed, will be very strikingly shown when we contrast Martius's last performance in the old theatre with Luigni's first, succeeding him at an interval of eighteen hundred years. We know little or nothing of Signore Luigni, in truth, except that he is beyond all cavil a wit. Whether he is the manager of one of the brilliant Italian troupes who regale the vast and fashionable audiences of the San Carlo and La Scala with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rossini, Verdi, and Cherubini, or whether—as is more probable—he is simply the chief of one of those wandering companies of singers who murder the music of the masters in groves and open booths throughout Italy, is not told us. But even if "La Figlia del Reggimento" is to be performed by a "daughter" on the shady side of fifty, with a rasping, saw-like voice, supported by a goggle-eyed and red-nosed Tonio, and a decrepit Ortensio, with a five-cent admission-fee and a chorus incorrigibly discordant, it will be a far more moral and reputable entertainment than that to which it succeeds. It will at least be bloodless, and unattended by human suffering—by the desperate appeal of the vanquished gladiator, imploring the pitiless audience not to turn their thumbs back as the signal of his doom. As we think of the old theatre of Pompeii once more alive with a throng of pleasure-seekers, attired for the most part in the homely and unnoticeable every-day costume of our time, with here and there an oasis of brilliant color afforded by the showy dress of a Neapolitan peasant, we cannot help conjuring up the last scene witnessed there in the olden time: the white, looped-up togas and the narrow fillets of the patricians, Diomede in his sandals and with his big gold rings, and the rows of dark-eyed, dissolute matrons and daughters, in their waistless robes and daintily coifed tresses. The *opéra-bouffe* and the pantomime, which one may see now and then in full career in the very tomb of the imperial Augustus at Rome, and which will, perhaps, replace the legitimate lyrics at Pompeii, are, indeed, the descendants of very ancient dramatic performances; but very different are they from the fierce and barbaric pastimes which made the fairest women of Southern Italy scream with delight from the Pompeian tiers eighteen centuries ago. The "Tragic Theatre," as it was called—and tragic, verily, it was!—was the favorite resort of the rich Romans who flocked to Pompeii as a summer watering-place. Its audiences will now consist of the motley throng of foreign tourists who go to see the most impressive ruins in Europe, and of the not less motley gathering of Calabrian peasants, who, thoughtless or ignorant of the historic memories of the spot, will go simply to be amused and laugh.

IN that book of effluent satire and ingenious thought, "The New Republic," there occurs in one place a defense of inferior books—the novels specially of amateurs, "who write but a single book during their whole lives, and that one with the simple aim of pouring out their own feelings for themselves to contemplate, or of explaining to themselves or to others their own histories. We too often forget," the utterance continues, "that a very silly book may evidently be the work of a very clever person, and may show its author possessed of every gift except that of literature; and in many of the poor novels I am speaking of, the utter failure of the expression often calls our attention more strongly to the depth, the delicacy, and the refinement, of what the writer has struggled to express. I was reading a girl's novel on the train the other day, called 'Love in a Life.' The long spasm of ungrammatical verbiage, the utter want of knowledge of the world, would have turned the dullest reviewer, in spite of himself, into a caustic wit. But there was something all through it that its authoress was trying—trying to utter, that reminded me of Ariel trying to escape from his tree."

This recognition of a certain significance in the vast bulk of tentative and unheeded literature is eminently

just, and goes far to explain the reason of its being. Whatever the mind broods upon is sure to seek an outlet; the experiences that are full of suggestion, the ideas that germinate and expand in the secret recesses of the mind, the longings for utterance and sympathy, that so keenly agitate all sensitive natures—these are at the bottom of hundreds of books which are poor and dull only because the training and literary art of the authors thereof have been unequal to the task attempted. The books are weak and foolish even while the authors are earnest, and for all ordinary requirements wise and sufficient. We have all of us a very profound contempt for poor books; and all books that are products of conceit and vanity deserve just this judgment; but too often we scoff at works that, however unskillful in literary form, have at heart a world of feeling, of passionate effort, of earnest struggle for adequate utterance, of rightful guesses at high ideas imperfectly comprehended.

Should such works be written? They serve one purpose—as outlets of pent-up feelings and dreams. Have they any public value? More, we imagine, than is commonly supposed. These tentative books are of use to students of social phenomena, for the truly great or artistic book is not nearly so accurate an index to current thought and average culture as the crude work of an amateur, who, however unequal to his task, bears yet a certain faithful relation to the men and women of his class. Whether wisely written or not, we may be sure that books of this kind will increase in number; and, what is odd enough at first thought, their numbers will multiply in proportion as education is diffused and culture advanced. In early or primitive periods, no one writes books but those who enter into literature as a profession; just as no one ventures to practise medicine, or expound philosophy, or dabble in law, or work in the arts, except those regularly trained to these pursuits. But as society advances and education extends, everybody gets a little knowledge of law and medicine, can do a few things in the arts, and knows how to write grammatical English. The result is, a host of amateurs in all the arts and sciences, some of whom have very respectable talents. Everybody feels that he might write a book if he gave the time to it, and a great many of steadfast resolution find this time to do it. We thus have this paradoxical condition of things—increase of education, spread of knowledge, and intellectual advancement, greatly lowering the level of performance, and proving the stimulating cause of inferior execution. That is to say, in crude and ignorant periods, literature falls exclusively into the hands of those with exceptional opportunities—scholars who have special aptness and resource—and thus a high order of mind characterizes the productions of that period. Whereas, whenever the whole body of the people become partially educated, with a wide-spread taste for reading, a host of half-equipped men rush into the field, who, while feeble and foolish enough—empty, and vain, and sentimental, and weak—are yet near to the pulse of the community, reflecting its tastes and expressing its ideas with an accuracy which mere scholars never attain. For this reason inferior books have a certain value and significance, and are inevitable in all active-minded, hopeful, and aspiring communities. Perhaps, however, they are characteristics only of transitional periods. When education becomes self-instructive as well as general, when it becomes profound enough to teach the people distrust rather than over-confidence, it may be that we shall return to first principles, and surrender book-making into the hands of those specially trained for the work.

THE almost universal employment of a middle initial letter in American names has for some time excited the satirical humor of our English brethren. Both Trollope and Edmund Yates have held up to laughter this peculiarity of American appellations, the former in the character of a doctress in his last novel under the name of Olivia Q. Fleabody, and the latter in an American named Rufus P. Croffutt—the humor in each case being to repeat the name as frequently as possible, in every instance with the middle initial in full force. This method of signature is by no means exclusively confined to Americans, but in England the more general custom, where one has two Christian names, is either to write them both in full or both with initials only. Mr. Mill, for instance, sometimes signed his name John Stuart Mill, and sometimes J. S. Mill, but never, we believe, John S. Mill, as an American would be tolerably sure to do unless consciously imitating the English custom. We do not mean to say that names with middle initials are not to be found in England; it is simply the almost invariableness of the custom with us that excites the risibilities of English humorists and satirists. Mr. Richard Grant White has something to say on this topic in the last *Atlantic*, but he seems to have somewhat mistaken the point of the English satire. An Englishman asking him how it is that Americans have always triple names, he replied, according to his own account, banteringly, in this wise: "Yes, I've remarked it myself; there are those well-known Englishmen, Washington Irving, and George Bancroft, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his son Julian Hawthorne, and Jefferson Davis; and then there are those Yankees, William Ewart Gladstone, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, and William Makepeace Thackeray, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Walter Savage Landor, and Percy Bysshe Shelley." Mr. White might have gone on multiplying instances almost indefinitely—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, James Buchanan, Horace Greeley, being simple double names on the American side that will occur to everybody; and, on the English side, James Anthony Froude, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Thomas Henry Buckle, Henry Crabb Robinson, Thomas Haynes Bailey, occur off-hand as additions to Mr. White's list. It is certainly obvious that Americans have no exclusive fondness for triple names. But this is not the point. It is the fondness for a middle initial in our names that is peculiar with us, and which, not

without reason, appears so grotesque to Englishmen—this middle letter being not only always written, but repeated whenever the name is used, even in familiar conversation. Mr. White is of opinion that the middle letter is inserted solely "for the sake of making a clear and sure distinction between persons of the same surname," but to our observation it seems generally not to be based on so good a reason as this, being usually nothing more than a fashion. The average American seems to think that a name is not complete without a middle letter—we say *letter* rather than name, for with us the name is so rarely written or spoken in full that people will often remain for years in ignorance of anything more than the initial of the middle name of their most intimate friends. We cannot think our custom in this particular a graceful or tasteful one. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay are names that have a large and simple dignity; how fairly grotesque and belittled they would become as Daniel *P.* Webster or Henry *Q.* Clay! We almost doubt whether Napoleon *G.* Bonaparte could have conquered the world; and Charles *J.* Dickens would have been uncomfortably handicapped in the race for fame had his name been disfigured in this fashion.

A CERTAIN learned and inquisitive professor in Germany has been for some years investigating the phenomena of sleep and dreams, with what result the world has yet to learn. His experiments, however, are mainly those which he makes upon his own person. Disposing himself, after dinner, for a quiet nap, he tries to keep his mind intent while his body relapses into the torpor of slumber, observing as he can the manner of the approach of that confusion and irregularity of thought which just precedes mental sleep, and from which he hopes to deduce the philosophy of visions. At other times he falls fast asleep, and orders an attendant to wake him suddenly, at intervals of fifteen minutes, half an hour, and an hour; and, as soon as he feels the jostle of the attendant's hand, tries to catch the fast-fleeting impressions of the mind just as it is arousing into activity again. It would be hasty to say that the good professor's curious investigation can only result, at best, in interesting speculation and the useless discovery of the causes of the strange pranks of the human mind when the body is in the torpor of sleep. An unhappy event which recently took place in Scotland indicates that, should he really find the key to brain-action at such times, it may be of high practical use to mankind. An honest and kind-hearted mechanic, subject to frequent periods of somnambulism, rose from his bed one night, took his young child from the crib where it was quietly sleeping, dashed its poor little frame against the floor and walls, and ere he awoke the little thing had ceased to live. The poor man was, of course, acquitted of murder; but he must, as long as he lives, lament with the most poignant sorrow his fatal infirmity. It is fortunately true that somnambulism rarely leads men or women to the unconscious commission of dreadful deeds like this. Probably not half a dozen such cases occur in the civilized world in the course of a century. Yet it often endangers the life or limbs of its victim himself; and if the erudite German can find out, by his patient experimenting and note-taking, what are the springs in the brain which set men to walking and acting in their sleep, it may well be a step toward learning how to regulate, control, and perhaps even cure, what is, to most of those who are subject to it, a real calamity.

Somnambulism, however, has not always proved an unmitigated misfortune. We have heard of speeches being composed, plays, poems, and operas written, and stubborn mathematical problems solved, in a sleeping condition. Coleridge has seriously told us that "Kubla Khan" was composed while he was dreaming, though it was in the daytime. Condorcet unraveled, while in a profound slumber, calculations with which he had vainly coped for days together. Tartini, the *maestro*, thought out his famous "Sonata du Diable" in a sleeping state; and Condillac relates how, on retiring late at night wearied with a train of intricate thought he had been pursuing for some hours, its thread was resumed in his dreams, and carried to a striking conclusion. These are not, however, strictly cases of somnambulism, which combines bodily with mental action in sleep. We need not say that the capers and caprices of the real somnambulist or sleep-walker are often at once perilous and amusing. The story is told, with credible guarantees of truth, of a sturdy Irishman who was in the habit of getting out of bed in the middle of a dark night, walking two miles along a rough and dangerous road, plunging into a rapid river, swimming a mile and a half, and then crawling up on the bank, where he had his nap out comfortably till morning. Dr. Abercrombie speaks of an English officer who lived a century ago, and who was very susceptible to external influences when asleep. Once a brother-officer, "by whispering in his ear, caused him, though fast asleep, to get up from his bed and to quarrel with an imaginary person; and, placing a pistol in his hand, arranged a duel, in which the dreamer fired off the weapon at his non-existent adversary. The report of the pistol aroused him to consciousness." Is somnambulism susceptible to scientific or medical treatment? This is a question of no small importance to men of science, and, should it be solved in the affirmative, it would be of valuable service to mankind. There are at least some data from which medical science may start, such as the abnormal activity of certain senses in the somnambulistic state, and their high susceptibility to external influence; and it would seem to be a task as interesting as it might be useful to seek a solution of the mystery.

ALTHOUGH it would be too sweeping an assertion to declare that poets' married lives are unhappy as a rule, it is certainly true that a remarkable number of famous bards have been subjected to domestic infelicity. Poets often have the singular power, too, over their most ardent readers and worshipers, of making them the champions, not only of their genius, but of morals, habits, and conduct, in private life. The utter blindness of

these worshipers sometimes may be seen in the "gushing" book recently published by an estimable American lady, who, having met "La Guiccioli" in her serene old age, and having heard her side of the Byron episode, represents that patrician but certainly wayward poet as a model of nobleness and virtue, and describes him as uttering heavenly precepts to his early love from the spirit-world. So it is that, in the historic family quarrels of poets, sentimental people—who form a very large proportion of the poetry-reading community the world over—are irresistibly inclined to take the part of the conspicuous genius, against his more obscure better or worse half. Yet it is very likely that in many of these cases, at least, the domestic misery of poets is due to their own fault, or, at least, is the result of their own defects.

It is not every poet, indeed, who is so fortunate as to have as comfortable a spouse as did the German poet Richter, and who is so well balanced as to be content with homely domestic virtues. Richter's wife would sit and listen with angelic patience to his rhapsodies, every now and then interposing a gentle exclamation of well-timed praise; then, when the flow of inspired sentences paused, she would mildly interrupt him with the wifely suggestion that his "left sock needed darning." Nor is every poet who finds, after a certain amount of marital experience, that there is an incorrigible lack of congeniality between his partner and himself, so sensible as to take leave of her with such charming grace as did recently a French bard of considerable note. M. Catulle Mendis is well known as the writer of light and popular lyrics, which, if they have not the fire and spirit of Béranger, or the surpassing tenderness and passion of Heine, are at least full of a true Gallic vivacity and neatness in "putting things." He married a daughter of Théophile Gautier; but it would seem that her literary parentage did not endow her with qualities that enabled her to live in harmony with her literary husband. Happily, the incompatibility between M. and Madame Mendis did not bloom into any startling social scandal, nor into throwing open of the gates of a domestic bear-garden that all the world might enter and gaze at the family jars. Quietly the lady sought a separation; and as quietly the poet accepted the decision of the court in her favor. Then came a master-stroke of politeness and true gallantry, which perhaps none but a Frenchman could so gracefully have betrayed. Writing to her who was to be his wife no more, M. Mendis said, "Permit me, madame, despite the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, to assure you that I shall not cease to entertain for you personally the most cordial feelings of sympathy, as well as the highest admiration for your great abilities." How much pleasanter this is than to indulge in fierce mutual recrimination and in public recitals of domestic wrongs! M. Mendis, like a man of sense, recognizes his wife's virtues, at the very moment when she is vanishing from his household; and, like a Frenchman of ready wit and indomitable politeness, sends a parting shaft more cruel to bear, perhaps, than the most extravagant vituperation. A separation, moreover, can scarcely be regarded as hopelessly perpetual which is attended by a bow so gracious and words so full of friendly appreciation. The heart that could dictate them cannot be wholly uncompanionable; and should Madame Mendis return to the household of her husband, it might prove that his letter was as skillful a stroke of diplomacy as it was a curious exhibition of self-restraint.

Books of the Day.

DELIGHTFUL as good biography always is, and especially such works as Boswell's "Johnson," Forster's "Goldsmith," and Lockhart's "Life of Scott," there can be no doubt that the number of their readers is growing less every day, relatively if not absolutely, and that those whose taste for letters would naturally invite them to the study of the lives and careers of the best men who have made them a profession are no longer ashamed to confess that they are unacquainted with even the few great masterpieces in this department of literature. This is doubtless partly owing to the bewildering copiousness and superior obtrusiveness of current literature—the number of new books that are constantly claiming attention is enough of itself to intimidate the most omnivorous of literary gormandizers—but it is due primarily to the fact that, with the increasing exactingness of life, those whose aptitudes and capacities would enable them to appreciate what is best and finest in literature have become too busy to possess themselves of the contents of memoirs of which each one extends to hundreds and even thousands of pages. It is a melancholy truth, but none the less true because melancholy, that the time has come when men must be allowed to read as they run, or they will not read at all; and, if the so-called standard literature cannot adapt itself to the changed conditions of life, it must be content to play a constantly-diminishing *rôle* in the minds of intelligent men, and possibly to be superseded altogether by those species of literature which, whatever their defects, will possess the essential merit of conforming to the new conditions—newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines, abridgments, compilations, and the like. We may justly pity the man or woman who has remained ignorant of the charms of Boswell's "Johnson," or who cannot find enjoyment in a second, third, or fourth perusal; but if those who wish to know and ought to know about Johnson will not or cannot seek the knowledge in the ample pages of Boswell, then we must condemn them to remain in ignorance, or provide them with such a survey of Johnson's life and works as shall meet their opportunities and requirements. If the choice of the latter alternative involved the suppression of Boswell, one might well hesitate to gratify the curiosity of the many at such an expense as depriving the appreciative few of one of the great masterpieces of our literature; but Boswell will remain even when his successors shall have filled their little buckets at his copious and inexhaustible fount, and there is always the chance that they who have tasted his quality will be in-

duced to seek the fountain-head for a more ample and satisfying draught.

Briefly and roughly outlined, this is the *raison d'être* of a series of small and inexpensive volumes entitled "English Men of Letters," just begun under the editorship of Mr. John Morley, of the *Fortnightly Review*.[1] "An immense class is growing up," says the prospectus, "and must every year increase, whose education will have made them alive to the importance of the masters of our literature, and capable of intelligent curiosity as to their performances. The series is intended to give the means of nourishing this curiosity to an extent that shall be copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet be brief enough to serve those whose leisure is scanty." The books are addressed to the general public, and are designed primarily for popular use; but a very high standard of excellence is aimed at, and the preparation of each volume is confided to a writer of all others, in England, who is supposed by the editor to be most capable of doing justice to the man and period of which it treats. Some of the most eminent scholars and writers have promised their coöperation, and the number of volumes already arranged for is sufficient to lift the series from the plane of an experiment to that of assured success.

The first volume issued is "Samuel Johnson," by Leslie Stephen, and this may be taken as the crucial test of the entire undertaking, for, if any one can traverse Boswell's ground without being dwarfed into insignificance by the inevitable comparison, little apprehension need be felt as to the feasibility of the rest of the scheme. That Mr. Stephen has achieved an unqualified success can hardly be conceded, and he himself would not claim to have done so—no one could be more alive than he to the extreme difficulty of his task, and to the necessity of allowances being made in judging of his performance of it. His pictures of Johnson and his friends are, in spite of the remarkable skill displayed, mere outlines in chalk in comparison with Boswell's elaborate and delicately-shaded portraits; and the social background has had to be indicated by a few broad and rapid dashes instead of entering into the structure of each picture, and forming, as it were, the very atmosphere of the work, as in Boswell's wonderfully realistic and vivid pages. Moreover—and this is a fault for which Mr. Stephen is more distinctly responsible—a knowledge of Boswell is almost constantly presupposed in essential portions of Mr. Stephen's work, especially in the two otherwise admirable chapters which abridge Boswell's narrative, and bring together the more brilliant gems of Boswell's anecdotes. No one, for example, without a previous acquaintance with the Boswellian version, can catch the point of the anecdote about Irene on page 37; and in numerous instances that might be cited the local coloring is omitted to an extent which seriously impairs the value of the anecdotes as revelations or illustrations of character. On the other hand, by omitting minor details, and concentrating attention upon the salient features, the narrative portion of the record has gained greatly in animation and vigor; and it cannot be denied that a more rounded and complete idea of Johnson's character may be obtained from Mr. Stephen's monograph than from all the detailed profusion of Boswell. The latter saw in Johnson little more than the "wit" and the irresistible gladiator of the conversational arena; and, though he depicted these characteristics with vividness and fidelity, he has but faintly indicated that humane, generous, and tender side of Johnson's large nature which Mr. Stephen delineates with such moving force and effect. The chapter on Johnson's writings, too, is clear gain. Boswell was not competent to describe, much less to measure or criticise, Johnson's literary performances, but Mr. Stephen is here in his element, and the chapter will henceforth be indispensable to all students of Johnson. Nor should we overlook Mr. Stephen's characterization and analysis of Boswell himself. It is wonderfully keen, penetrating, and yet appreciative—far more just and discriminating than Macaulay's and as much more lucid than Carlyle's. On the whole, we may say that Mr. Stephen's work is a really valuable supplement to Boswell, or would serve admirably as an introduction, but as a substitute for Boswell it is less adequate and satisfactory than might have been expected.

In Gibbon, Professor Morison had a much more tractable subject, and in his treatment of it he has produced a work which the editor might well present as a model to his remaining *collaborateurs* in the series. It contains as full a record of Gibbon's life as any reader would find interesting—is much fuller of details, in fact, than the incomplete "Autobiography and Memoirs" compiled by Lord Sheffield—and it abounds in acute and helpful criticism. The training of the scholar is favorably exhibited in his dealings with such episodes as Gibbon's love-affair with Mademoiselle Curchod, where the marshaling of a few previously-known facts, and the application of plain common-sense to their interpretation, suffice to discredit at a stroke the "spiteful gossip" of which it was made the subject at the time, and the malicious comments which it has drawn from later writers who ought to have been better informed. The two chapters on the "Decline and Fall" are splendid examples of the critical faculty operating on its highest plane, and will prove profoundly helpful not only to the student of Gibbon but to the student of history at large. The conditions of the historian's work and the standards which can fairly be applied to it have seldom been set forth with such luminous clearness and precision, and one would seek elsewhere in vain for so exact and comprehensive an exposition of the distinguishing merits and defects of Gibbon's great work.

Among the volumes to follow are "Scott," by R. H. Hutton; "Spenser," by the Dean of St. Paul's; "Hume," by Professor Huxley; "Bunyan," by J. A. Froude; "Goldsmith," by William Black; "Dickens," by Thomas Hughes; "Milton," by Professor Mark Pattison; "Wordsworth," by Goldwin Smith; "Swift," by John Morley; "Burns," by Principal Shairp; "Shelley," by J. A. Symonds; "Byron," by Professor Nichol; and "Defoe," by W. Minto. The reader will probably agree with us in thinking that no literary enterprise of recent date promises a larger measure of entertainment and profit.

THE latest collection of Mr. Swinburne's poems[1] raises very pointedly the question which was recently discussed at some length in these pages—whether a mere melodious conjunction of words is sufficient to constitute poetry, or whether beneath the music there must lie some definite thought or process of reasoning. If we may infer his creed from his practice, Mr. Swinburne would maintain the former proposition. He has always insisted that there is no relationship whatever between moral-

[1] English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. No. 1. Samuel Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. 12mo, pp. 195. No. 2. Edward Gibbon. By James Cotter Morison, M. A. 12mo, pp. 184. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[1] Poems and Ballads. By Charles Algernon Swinburne. Second Series. New York: R. Worthington. 12mo, pp. 296.

ity and art; and we think we do him no injustice in saying that he would probably supplement this doctrine with the dogma that, as between rhyme and reason, the poet should always choose rhyme. Except on this ground we are at a loss to account for much that is to be found in this second series of "Poems and Ballads." Of at least half the volume it can only be affirmed that the pages consist of a rhythmical, metrically-arranged, and melodious collocation of words; and in those few instances in which an intelligible thought or sentiment underlies the words, it can only be discovered by an effort and strain of attention which, though the reward is usually adequate, is none the less wearing and wearying. It would seem, in fact, that Mr. Swinburne deliberately tries to put his conceptions into the most baffling, intricate, and involuted form possible to them; and he has certainly taken seriously to mind the saying of Talleyrand that language is useful not to express but to *conceal* our ideas.

We are all the more reluctant to write this because we think that, judged by the totality of his work, Swinburne's position among contemporary English poets is much higher than that commonly assigned him, and because in this present volume there are several very beautiful and touching poems. "A Forsaken Garden," "The Complaint of Lisa," "In Memory of Barry Cornwall," "A Birth-Song," and a child's song of "Winter in Northumberland," should all be specifically excepted from any condemnation passed upon the remaining contents of the collection. These exhibit in a high degree the characteristic merits of Swinburne's best verse—his almost unrivaled opulence and flexibility of language, his mastery of rhythm and cadence, his fertility of fancy, and his power of ringing an infinite variety of changes upon any theme which he adopts as his key-note. In "A Forsaken Garden," too, he touches a tenderer chord than in his previous poems; and in many of the pieces there is a plaintive minor key, which receives expression in the line—

> "Sing while he may, man hath no long delight."

Nor, in marshaling the good qualities of Swinburne's verse, should we overlook the large mental hospitality which it displays, and nowhere else more conspicuously than in the volume under notice. Marlowe, Villon, Gautier, Victor Hugo, Barry Cornwall, and even so obscure a man as the late James Lorimer Graham, receive his cordial tribute—nor tribute only, but just and discriminating appreciation.

In the case of Villon, his own warm and admiring tribute, twice expressed in different forms, is supplemented by translations of ten of Villon's most characteristic poems. These translations are unexpectedly successful, and form, perhaps, for the general reader, the most enjoyable section of the book; while for those of another taste there are several original pieces in French, and an ode, "Ad Catullum," in Latin. To these the American publishers have appended Mr. Swinburne's version of the old story of Tristram and Iseult, which, though interesting, must be ranked among his least happy efforts.

THE literature of any subject which awakens a wide popular interest is usually found to pass through at least three gradations or stages: 1. Learned and technical treatises in which the minutiæ and details of the subject are explained to the apprehension of specialists; 2. Popular expositions addressed to those who, without being specialists, are willing to take the trouble to acquire complete and systematized information; and, 3. Sketches, essays, and tales, in which the instruction plays a strictly subordinate part, and designed to furnish "easy reading" for those who must be seduced, as it were, into partaking of the tree of knowledge. Recent as is the origin of the present china-mania (for there have been several distinct attacks of the epidemic), the literature of ceramics has already reached the third of the enumerated stages. The elaborate works of Chaffer, Marryat, and Jacquemart, may be taken as representative of the first stage; Mr. Elliott's and Dr. Prime's books are happy illustrations of the second; and the era of the third is most successfully ushered in by a little book entitled "The China Hunters' Club,"[1] and written by a young lady who, we venture to predict, will not long be suffered to remain anonymous. Dr. Prime bears testimony to the fact that "the little book contains a large amount of valuable information not to be found elsewhere, and which lovers of old pottery and its associations have in vain sought heretofore to obtain." The information referred to pertains chiefly to the history of English ceramic art, as exemplified by the china and pottery found in American houses. The entire history of this art in England embraces less than two hundred years (it began with Dwight's gray stone-wares, made at Fulham, about 1680); and the "finds" of the China Hunters' Club, chiefly in New England, prove that specimens of the very earliest as well as of the later productions found their way to America. In fact, according to Dr. Prime, these "finds" (which are vouched for as veritable discoveries) "illustrate the origin and advance of the general use of decorated pottery as one of the embellishments of advancing civilization in both the Old World and the New." The chapter devoted to American history as illustrated in pottery supplies a hitherto missing link in the records of the ceramic art, and is, of course, of special interest and value to its devotees in this country.

But the most noteworthy feature of the book is not the information which it contains, but the literary skill with which that information is imparted. The account of how the club began, and how it ended, is an admirable bit of comedy, which of itself would vindicate the author's right to be heard; yet this is far surpassed by the stories and sketches in which rustic character is delineated and the rustic dialect reproduced. The dialect is as rich and racy and full of local flavor as anything in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Stories," and the character-sketches are fine examples of a humorous but kindly realism, which moves irresistibly to mirth without degenerating into satire, or overstepping in any respect the modesty of Nature. Quite remarkable, too, is the dexterity with which the author manages to work such information as she wishes to convey into the substance of her stories and sketches. In reading them we escape the painful sense of a forced union between materials that were never designed to be joined together, and the animation and vivacity of style are an unfailing source of pleasure.

The illustrations (for the fidelity of which Dr. Prime also vouches) are numerous and useful, and the entire volume is gotten up in exceptionally dainty and tasteful style.

LIKE many other explorers in the vast field of religious and theological literature, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child has been struck with the substantial concurrence of sentiment and opinion among the best men of all ages and nations concerning the most essential facts of human life, human obligations, and human destiny. Opinion

[1] The China Hunters' Club. By the Youngest Member. With an Introduction by Dr. W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 274.

and dogmatic beliefs, as she says, have always divided mankind, but in feeling, in aspirations, in common hopes and fears, they have been and are united. From the earliest extant Egyptian papyrus, dating from 2200 B. C., to Theodore Parker and Dr. Channing, there has been a surprising unanimity of opinion regarding those most profound of all questions connected with the existence of a God, his relation to the world as creator and judge, and the immortality of the human soul. This she rightly regards as a deeply suggestive and even consoling fact, and with the object of emphasizing and illustrating it she has brought together in an attractive little volume a very great number of pertinent passages gleaned from an extensive course of reading in ancient and modern literature.[1] The plan and the arrangement are similar to those of Mr. Conway's "Sacred Anthology," and the lessons conveyed are substantially identical; but Mrs. Child draws her material from secular literature as well as the sacred writings, and finds a passage from Plato, Epicurus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Bossuet, Wordsworth, or Carlyle, as useful for her purpose as the similar ones drawn from the Vedic Hymns, the Bible, the Zendavesta, the Koran, and the traditional utterances of Confucius. The selections are classified under such heads as "Life," "Death," "Immortality," "Judgment," "Duty," "Honor," "Faith," "Charity," "Benevolence," etc.; and with the limitation that points of agreement are insisted upon while equally obvious differences are ignored, the collection is a fair and representative one, as it is certainly profoundly significant for every thinker upon the mysteries and problems of life.

Not the least valuable and interesting feature of the book is the elaborate and carefully-reasoned introduction, in which Mrs. Child points the moral of her selections, traces the evolution of belief, and inculcates the lessons of tolerance, of mutual concession, and of the utterly fruitless and frivolous but rancorous controversies into which the *odium theologicum* has in all ages plunged the world. The influence of the now venerable poetess has always been a wholesome and elevating one upon the minds of her readers, and of this ripest and latest product of a calm, meditative, and studious old age, it may be said without any exaggeration of praise that *finis coronat opus*.

A STEAMER-VOYAGE from Venice to Athens, a few sight-seeing excursions about the latter city and its environs, and a return-voyage from Athens to Corfu, would seem to offer but a slender basis for a book; but in "Greek Vignettes"[2] Mr. James Albert Harrison shows that he is oppressed by no sense of poverty in dealing with such materials. He is gifted with an exuberance of language, the flow of which is wholly independent of the inherent interest or importance of the topic, and he writes with equal facility and at equal length of cloud-forms on the horizon or of the storied ruins of the Parthenon and Acropolis. To say this, however, is not to express an unfavorable opinion of his book. It is essentially a record of travel, written *currente calamo* in order to catch the first vivid impressions, and dealing with no abstruse questions of archæology, race, or language. The number of Greek sentences in the text would convey the impression on a casual examination that it at least touched upon learned topics; but these are mostly attempts to illustrate the modern conversational language of the Greeks, and are generally interpreted to the reader. Incidentally more or less suggestive remarks are dropped regarding the history, character, and politics of the Greeks, the apparent causes of their decadence, the curious contrast between their passionate appetite for politics and their hopeless incapacity for administration, and the points of difference and relationship between the ancient and modern forms of their language; but, with these comparatively rare asides, the author simply aims to reproduce those momentary and infinitely-varied impressions of social life and external Nature which would catch the attention of an acutely-interested and well-informed traveler. In the descriptive passages—especially those which attempt to depict the evanescent scenic effects that are observed from shipboard along a broken and luminous coast—the style is polychromatic to a degree which may serve as an example of what the lately-developed appetite for "word-painting" is leading us to.

[1] Aspirations of the World: A Chain of Opals. Selected and arranged, with an Introduction, by Lydia Maria Child. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 316.

[2] Greek Vignettes. A Sail in the Greek Seas, Summer of 1877. By James Albert Harrison. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Little-Classic Style, pp. 258.

IT is said that Turgeneff has pronounced Count Tolstoy's "The Cossacks" the finest and most perfect production of Russian literature; but, basing our own opinion of it upon Mr. Eugene Schuyler's version,[1] we should be inclined to except at least every one of Turgeneff's own stories that we have had the privilege of reading. "The Cossacks" abounds in delicate touches and discriminations of character, in acute reflections upon human life and conduct, in vivid and doubtless faithful pictures of Cossack life and customs, and in simple but impressive descriptions of natural scenery; but into that higher walk of constructive art in which Turgeneff's novels are so preëminent it does not even pretend to enter, and, where Turgeneff delineates a complete human being, Tolstoy offers a few hints which, if luminous as lightning-flashes, leave many essential details to be filled in by the reader's imagination. It is a pleasing device to carry a rich and nobly-born young man, sated with the luxury and dissipations of Moscow, to the remotest outposts of the Cossacks when first brought under the Russian yoke and in their primitive social state, thus securing the most effective possible contrast; but it is almost too ingenious to work in harmoniously with the otherwise studied simplicity of the story, and there is a lack of coherence among the several parts which, as we have said, seriously impairs the merit of the book as a work of constructive art. It seems to us, indeed, that the pictures of Cossack life which form the *raison d'être* of the story are less adapted for a novel than for such a series of semi-detached sketches as those which Count Tolstoy wrote about the siege of Sebastopol, and which first brought him into notice. But, in spite of all defects, the story is profoundly interesting; and, once begun, the end will probably be reached before the reader pauses for curious questionings as to its quality.

As to the translation, it shows unmistakable evidences of haste and lack of careful revision; in regard to its fidelity, which Mr. Kennan has challenged, only a familiar acquaintance with the Russian would enable any one to pronounce upon it.

A COMPLETE contrast to "The Cossacks," though the scene of the story is also laid in Russia, is "Ariadne,"[2] from the French of Henry Gréville. This

[1] The Cossacks: A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 313.

[2] Ariadne. From the French of Henry Gréville. Collec-

author's skill lies chiefly in depicting the manners and modes of life of "good society," and nothing less than the highest nobility can fill all the requirements of her *dramatis personæ*. It is true that Ariadne, the heroine of the present story, is low-born and poor; but the divine gift of song rescues her from companionship with the *canaille*, and places her in the circle of the Princess Orline and other lords and ladies of high degree. Only the accident of birth links her with the people, and throughout the story she is the friend, associate, social equal, and almost rival in love, of the Princess Olga. In an English novel of similar character the reader would be apt to be offended by a display of flunkeyism and toad-eating on the part of the author, but it is due to Henry Gréville to say that she apparently delineates high society simply because she is most familiar with its ways, and is aware of the pictorial and striking effects to be obtained from luxurious surroundings. "Ariadne" is a simple and affecting love-story, diversified with a charming picture of schoolgirl life in a Russian *pension* and a few vivid glimpses of the operatic stage and green-room, the whole written in that exquisitely easy, graceful, and polished style which we remarked upon in reviewing "Dosia" by the same author.

UNDER the plausible title of "Play-day Poems"[1] Mr. Rossiter Johnson has collected a volume of poetical pieces ranging in kind from *vers de société* to the grim humor of Bret Harte and John Hay and the broad burlesques of Hood and Barham, and in quality from the exquisite miniatures of Austin Dobson and Frederick Locker to the "pigeon-English" translation of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Mr. Johnson does not pretend that his collection is adequately representative of the humorous poetry of the language—the limitations of his book as to size would have been sufficient to prevent that, even were he not still further fettered by the fact that previous collections (one in the "Leisure-Hour Series") have encroached somewhat upon his field. "The primary object has been to gather from recognized sources and from fugitive publications as many pieces of this character as can be put into a convenient volume." A fair proportion of the contents has been taken from authors who have become classic in this department; but the greater portion is derived from the new school of wits and humorists that has arisen within the last dozen or twenty years, so that the book will serve as a sort of supplement to Mr. Parton's "Humorous Poetry of the English Language." The editor's standard is flexible, as perhaps it should be; but, if there is no uniformity of merit in the pieces chosen, the collection is certainly varied enough to present something for every taste. Besides an alphabetically-arranged "Table of Contents," there are an "Index of First Lines" and an "Index of Authors" containing sufficient biographical and bibliographical data to serve the purposes of the reader "who desires to extend his acquaintance with any of the writers selected from."

COLERIDGE, we believe it was, who said that civilized life touches its highest point in the homes of the English rural clergy, and the saying might very well have formed the motto to Mrs. Molesworth's "Hathercourt,"[1] the latest issue in the "Leisure-Hour Series." It is a singularly pure, graceful, simple, and pleasing story, with an air of refinement and high-breeding about it which will prove very grateful to appetites jaded with pictures of so-called high life, which are only less vulgar than the companion-pictures of low life. Not that the book is in the slightest degree "goody," or that it attempts to portray people of unattainable and undesirable perfection: Mrs. Molesworth knows too much of human nature not to have realized that it is "of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." She takes men, women, and things, as she finds them, and all she attempts to show is that the life and possible experiences of two young ladies in the quietest of country rectories are adequate and attractive materials for the novelist willing to make the best of them. The chief interest of "Hathercourt" lies in the delineation and development of character, and in this the author has been remarkably successful. Each of the personages in her story is clearly and firmly drawn, distinctly individualized without being exaggerated, and, if the female characters are more satisfactory as portraits than the male, it is because the author has purposely concentrated her attention upon them. The narrative never becomes exciting, but the interest is steadily maintained throughout, and if the reader speedily discovers the inevitable *dénoûment*, he is none the less willing to follow the regular and easy steps by which the author leads him up to it.

THE twenty-third number of the "International Scientific Series" is a handsomely-illustrated volume, containing "Studies in Spectrum Analysis,"[2] by Professor J. Norman Lockyer, who is perhaps the most eminent worker in this department of scientific investigation. In it he explains by analogy and illustration the physical laws on which spectrum analysis is based; describes the origin of the spectroscope, the structure of the different kinds, and the methods of using them; summarizes the important results that have already been achieved by spectroscopic research, and points out the directions in which further investigations promise to be fruitful. It is evidently the opinion of Mr. Lockyer that the telescope has accomplished substantially all that can be hoped for from it in penetrating the mysteries of the stellar universe, and that the spectroscope is destined speedily to supersede it as the great instrument of astronomical discovery. His book, as the first popular and yet thorough account of the subject, was much needed; and the author's skill in exposition has enabled him to render a peculiarly difficult and intricate subject easily intelligible to all who are familiar with the elementary principles of physics and mathematics. To the reader not familiar with these principles, no really adequate exposition of spectrum analysis is possible. The illustrations, it may be added, are mostly reproductions of photographic spectra, and are very fine and delicately rendered.

tion of Foreign Authors, No. 10. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 229.

[1] Play-day Poems. Collected and edited by Rossiter Johnson. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 309.

[1] Hathercourt. By Mrs. Molesworth (Ennis Graham). Leisure-Hour Series. No. 96. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 380.

[2] Studies in Spectrum Analysis. By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. Illustrated with Plates and Engravings. International Scientific Series. No. 23. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 258.



"She was moaning Lawrence's name over and over to herself."

"*Bro*," *page* 424.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

"THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS."

SECOND PAPER.

ONE of the indications that a ship has reached the edge of the Gulf Stream is the Gulf-weed, as it is called, floating by first in small patches and then in masses, growing larger and larger and more frequent, and giving the idea that land is not far distant, when perhaps it is yet many hundred miles away. The origin of the Gulf-weed has been a subject of much speculation, the first and natural conjecture being that it was kelp torn off the reefs washed by the southern portion of the current; but it now seems more probable that the weed is generated on the surface, and is in every sense of the term



GULF-WEED.

an aquatic plant. It is studded with berries like seed-pods, which are really air-floats, without which it would sink, while later investigations have shown that some of the sea-birds deposit their eggs in nests formed in the weed, and thus their young are literally rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Large deposits of this weed grow and float on the surface of the ocean, in the centre of the Atlantic eddies, at a spot called the sea of Sargasso, south and westward of the Canary Islands; it collects there in such dense masses as almost to seem like fen-lands overflowed, and presents considerable resistance to the progress of a ship. Similar floating islands of verdure exist north of the Sandwich Islands and in the neighborhood of Australia, which have not been much explored, being out of the regular track of ships. They are doubtless due, like the sea of Sargasso, to an eddy or neutral point between ocean-currents. Such a place is the Lumber Yard, as it is called, north of the line in the East Atlantic, where there appears to be a common centre or point of convergence for the currents of the North Atlantic. Thither, at last, came fragments of wreck —planks, barrels, or bottles, thrown overboard in a tempest from foundering ships, after floating hither and thither about the stormy seas. There at last rot and waste away all vestiges of many a tragedy, all memorials of many an ill-starred bark whose mysterious fate has caused suspense and despair. The career of a ship is like the career of man: launched with hope and pride to battle for its existence and win renown, perchance it goes down when it has scarcely started on its first voyage; perchance after many wild adventures it endures through all to end a green old age at last in the port where it was built; or, perchance, it wanders off to perish miserably on a hidden shoal, or to vanish mysteriously and leave no record of its fate, while those at home linger and wait in vain. It is not strange that the Anglo-Saxon, with his passionate sea-love, also loves his ship, and affectionately regards it as of the feminine gender. The beauty of form, the coquetry of action, the alternate wayward willfulness and willing submissiveness, the proud bearing, the listless, graceful languor, remind one of the nature of woman; while he remembers, too, that his fate has often been combined with that of his ship, his destiny bound up with hers; together they have battled for very existence; with her aid he has wrested whatever rewards he has won from Fortune; without her he is at a loss what to do; and, with her, perchance he will at last shuffle off this mortal coil, this chrysalis shell of mortality, and going through a sea-change pass away to the ocean of eternity.

Akin to ocean-currents, because suggesting them in appearance, are those smooth, whitish, phosphorescent streaks that often appear on the surface, called sometimes milk-canals. Usually they are caused by myriads of animalcules; those seen in the daytime look more as if oil had been poured on the surface. It is difficult to assign the certain origin of this phenomenon, although sometimes I think it may be due to the presence of a school of fish—especially large fish, such as blackfish or whales. At certain seasons the whale exudes much oil, and its presence can be detected some distance when it is to windward. I remember a case of this sort one breezy moonlight night. The air was suddenly filled with the odor of whale-oil: convinced that whales must be about, we looked out sharply for them, and soon discerned a school of sperm-whales gamboling across the wake of the moon a quarter of a mile off. It is astonishing how a little oil spreads on the sea in a storm, and the slightest film on the surface prevents the wind from tearing it to foam, and hinders a wave from breaking. Fishing-vessels, especially whalers, often ride easier in a gale on account of the oil which has saturated the wood, and ships have repeatedly been saved by allowing a minute stream of oil to trickle over the side. It has seemed to me that ships carrying passengers, particularly ocean-steamers, might well be compelled by law to carry a cask or two of oil to be used for this purpose during a hurricane. Of the advantage of this means of safety there is no longer the slightest doubt; it saves a vessel from getting strained or taking heavy seas on board, and lessens the dangers of foundering. It is only a false and pitiful economy that at present interferes with its use.

The Gulf Stream is not the only current of the ocean; as already stated, there is a southward stream running under that, and over the whole ocean we find these currents, sometimes circling the globe, sometimes of briefer course. Through the straits of Gibraltar rush two fierce currents: one, a surface-stream from the Atlantic; while another goes out with such speed that, if a weight be dropped low enough to reach it, it will tow a boat out against the upper current. The ocean with all its inland seas is also fed by innumerable submarine fresh-water springs, sometimes so copious that their influence is felt far out from land. These currents all result from the law that for each current or tide there must be a counter-current or vent, as naturally and inevitably as cause precedes effect, and hence come fierce, rushing streams, eddies, whirlpools, and the cruel undertow which often tears away the shipwrecked mariner to destruction when he already grasps the rock of safety. It is easy to see how an ignorant and superstitious age would magnify such terrors, and ascribe to them a supernatural origin. The swift current which rushes into the mouth of the Thracian Bosporus from the Black Sea is attended with some hazard, producing as it does numerous eddies, and it was the difficulty of clearing its perils which gave rise to the legend of the reefs of the Symplegades which closed in and crushed whatever passed in the channel between them. Aware of this alarming obstaclè to his Colchian expedition, and warned by the oracle, Jason let fly a dove, which, in attempting to pass between the rocks, was caught; but, when they separated again, he shoved his galley between them and escaped before they could again close in. This happy device seems to me a proof that there was once really a man and a hero called Jason, preëminent in his age for daring and ability

as a leader, for it is by such happy expedients in national or individual crises that the great representative men of an age assert themselves and win their renown.

The velocity of the Black Sea current that pours into the Mediterranean is very remarkable. In some parts of the Bosporus it is impossible for a sailing-ship to pass without tracking, which can be done easily, as the shores are so steep that a ship can everywhere go alongside the land.

Scylla and Charybdis also had their legend. In our time the currents and eddies shooting between Sicily and Calabria present no insurmountable obstacles to the seaman, but it is easy to see that they might have been formidable to the mariner ages ago; and, besides, it is quite possible that it was more dangerous at that time, for the sea is constantly undergoing changes. This may also have been the case with the Maelstrom, the most celebrated and dangerous of all the water phenomena of the sea. The old-time statements about it were somewhat exaggerated, but still it is a most formidable foe to the mariner. It lies to the southward of the Loffoden Islands, off the coast of Norway, near a large rock between Moskenes and Var. In summer-time, just before the turn of the tide, it may be safely crossed even by boats, and steamers can breast its turbulent waters at any tide, except in winter, or when the wind is against the tide, when it boils in a manner really terrific. Its danger lies not so much in its power to suck ships down in a tunnel-like vortex, as to whirl them nearer and nearer the rocks, until they are dashed to pieces.

The Pentland Firth, between the Orkneys and Scotland, is a passage also abounding in peril, the tides rush through with such fury. Large ships have beaten through it sometimes with the danger of foundering, but it is not safe except when wind and tide are going in the same direction.

The straits of Magellan, presenting some of the grandest sea-cliffs in the world, are not difficult of passage to steamers, but to sailing-ships they offer a combination of very serious obstacles, on account of the extreme and sudden fury of the squalls, the narrowness of the channel, which makes it difficult to beat against head winds, and above all for the extreme violence and velocity of the current that rushes through the straits. The Channel Islands also often trip up the unwary ship with their numerous counter-currents and tides, seeking an outlet through an astonishingly intricate labyrinth of reefs, shelves, and islets. As if these were not enough, the demons of the sea have on hand a variety of other perils, which they are prepared to display without warning, carrying with them devastation and destruction on a scale that is appalling, and to the last degree sublime. Bores, or the great waves of the incoming tide, rushing up narrow bays or estuaries, need only to be alluded to, like the bore of the Ganges or of the bay of Fundy, which rolls in a solid wall of water thirty-five to forty feet in height, and at spring tides over sixty feet high. The pigs that go down the beach to root for clams hear suddenly a roar, which announces that the tide is coming. They turn tail at once, and make for the solid shore as if the devil himself were after them. But these are regular manifestations of the power and mystery of the sea to which one soon becomes accustomed. It



FLOATING NEST.

is the unexpected rises of the sea called sometimes tidal waves (although this seems to me a term which does not quite express their character) that are more to be dreaded, and none of the destructive phenomena of Nature visible to our eyes have ever been more fraught with danger to man. They often accompany a hurricane at the equinoctial or change of the monsoon, and, sweeping inland with a fury that knows no control, overwhelm houses and forests, founder fleets, or lift them from their anchors and leave them high and dry on shore, and snatch hundreds and thousands of human beings to the remorseless deep. Such a tidal wave it was which burst over Holland five centuries ago, and formed the great gulf called the Zuyder-Zee, not only destroying the population, but actually annihilating the land on which they dwelt. Such a wave, or eagre, it was which overwhelmed the lowlands of Lincolnshire, so well described in Jean Ingelow's famous poem. Such a tidal wave it was, eighty-nine feet in height, which destroyed Callao. But the most awful event of this sort of our century was the hurricane and tidal wave which but little over a year ago devastated the alluvial shores of Bengal, and, completely submerging an island on the coast, obliterated a population of two hundred and fifteen thousand souls in one night! The captain of an American bark, which was anchored in the roads of Chittagong on that fearful night, told me that when the cyclone set in at evening he was surrounded by a fleet of over one hundred and fifty sail. Although the barometer was low, the signs did not indicate what a catastrophe was at hand. But, as the night wore on, the wind arose to a degree absolutely appalling. They could not stand on deck; he watched in the wheel-house, every moment expecting the vessel to founder or part her cables, and drag on shore. She buried her bowsprit under, and, as they found the next day, the spray, loaded with mud, was blown up to the top-gallant yards. When day broke at last over the raging scene, he discovered that of all the large fleet anchored there at evening every ship but his own had foundered or drifted ashore, while the town was prostrate, and the cocoanut-groves which surrounded it had disappeared. He attributed the safety of his ship to the very excellent ground-tackle with which she had been provided before leaving Boston. There are three things which are liable to be neglected on board a ship until the necessity for using them reveals their defects from overuse—these are the steering-gear, the pumps, and the ground-tackle. This is quite as often the fault of the owner as of the captain; for it is difficult to convince owners seated comfortably in their counting-rooms of risks which they do not encounter, or of the value of the lives of those they meet or employ only in business relations. Too many men, naturally humane, are open to this accusation. It is for the same reason that so many steamers are sent to sea with insufficient canvas to be of any avail in case the machinery breaks down. In those ocean lines in which there is much competition this mistake is very carefully avoided. A friend of mine commanded a very pretty little clipper; he was justly proud of her paces, for she had made two or three crack voyages, and was one of the jauntiest craft that ever walked the waters like a thing of life. But he was soon convinced that she was altogether too heavily sparred for safety, and so informed the owners. They finally consented to reduce the spars, but, just as they were about to put their good resolution into practice, a cargo was offered; they could not resist the temptation. It was with dark forebodings that the captain started on the outward voyage; but what could he do? he was in their power, for they could discharge him, and such a position is not so common as to be had for the asking. He sailed, and was never heard of again.



MILK-CANALS.

But to continue about tidal waves. They are often caused by submarine earthquakes in apparently fine weather, without any relation to hurricanes, although often accompanying them. The tidal wave of 1868, which broke on the shores of Peru, and swept in eight hours to Japan, overwhelming cities and fleets, was accompanied by the most tremendous earthquake of our century. Submarine convulsions also often occur which hurl vast surges on shore without producing any other effect. These are called "rages" in the English West Indies. Such a wave, over forty feet high, heaved up without warning at the island of Eleuthera about six years ago, surging completely over the island at its narrowest part, and sweeping away several from a picnic-party who were enjoying themselves there, and little suspecting the approach of such a calamity. It was doubtless caused by a submarine earthquake.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the larger number of the world's volcanoes are either on islands or directly on the coast, showing a direct relation between the two; indeed, it seems to be proved that the rush of the sea into the caves or fissures at the base of volcanoes produces a force of steam which must find vent, and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are the result, often attended with the discharge of large quantities of water. The coast of the Pacific has what is called a line of fire, a row of active volcanoes encircling it, from Mount Erebus in the south to Mount St. Elias in the north. It is a very important fact that the large central cluster of one hundred and nine volcanoes in the Sunda Archipelago is exactly at the antipodes of the Antilles, the largest group of volcanic islands of the Atlantic. That there are submarine volcanoes is also a well-known fact, some parts of the sea being especially devoted to the display of these marine pyrotechnics. The central and eastern Mediterranean has for many ages been subject to such displays. The islands of Santorini and Macri, near Rhodes, have within a few years given us some fine examples of the volcanic violence sometimes witnessed at sea. In the harbor of the former island a very remarkable occurrence happened in 1866. After much rumbling and disturbance of the water, a small island arose to the surface, and upon it, astonishing to behold, were two houses of solid masonry still well preserved! It was an old island that had simply gone below for a matter of twenty centuries, and had concluded to rise again for a while, as a whale comes to the surface to blow.



THE MAELSTROM.

Near Sicily there is also a celebrated laboratory where volcanic islands are tossed up to the surface, and after exciting hopes on the part of the various European powers that they are about to add another island to their territory, completely disappear again. Graham's Island came up in 1861 at that spot, vanished and reappeared in 1863, but where it lay at that time there is now a depth of over seven hundred fathoms. But Stromboli is the most celebrated of the islands which the Mediterranean has contributed to science within historic times. It rose above the sea two thousand years ago with a vast uproar and convulsion, and assumed the form of a symmetrical cone twenty-six hundred feet high, which has ever since been in perpetual action. A thin column of smoke rises from it constantly, and at night the fires seething in the crater give a reddish glow to the atmosphere above, like that which hovers over a large city on a dark night. At sunset Stromboli is one of the most beautiful islands in the Mediterranean.

The Atlantic, traversed by more vessels than any other sea, is not less liable to these submarine dangers, which, rising suddenly in spots where no land is indicated on the chart, trip up the vessel traversing the solitary main in fancied security. On the charts are shown the Three Chimneys, between Newfoundland and Ireland, which no living man has ever seen; but that is no reason why they may not have existed there at a period not so very remote. In 1783 the island of Nynoë arose above the sea off Iceland, and sank at the end of a year. The same phenomenon has frequently occurred among the Azores. St. Michael is a cluster of volcanoes and sulphur-springs; St. George only a few years ago was overflowed by a current of lava; and Pico, seven thousand six hundred and thirteen feet high, and the most picturesque peak in the Atlantic, although lower than Teneriffe, is always moderately active. Its minute crater at the extreme summit is a vent for hot vapor always issuing from it, and the rim is too warm for comfort. Near St. Michael an island called Sabrina has appeared in the same spot five times in two centuries. It was last seen in 1867. The first time I passed through the strait between St. Michael and St. Mary, a high surf was breaking on a reef which was not on the chart; on her previous voyages the ship had sailed over the very spot where a reef now showed its formidable barrier of pitiless rocks lying in wait to crunch the ribs of any hapless bark that might ignorantly attempt to sail over them in the night-time.

The weird sense of mystery with which the imaginative observer contemplates the sea is increased when he considers how many isles, and perchance continents, lie hidden within those green waves that so carefully conceal whatever they have once clutched for their own—isles which have given rise to legends that undoubtedly were founded on some remote reality. Atlantis is no myth; St. Brandon's, or the Isle of Seven Cities, once existed somewhere in the broad Atlantic. Julin, the one-time far-famed mart of northern luxury and trade, once had an actual existence, although now swallowed up by the sea; while the musical peal of her bells is muffled by the rush and roar of the surges which roll over them for evermore. But there are some who maintain that there are times when the sound of those bells can still be heard—who knows?

But of all the inexhaustible phenomena of the sea there are none more interesting than the winds, their laws, and their effects on the water, and the ships which sail thereon. It is true, winds very similar to sea-winds often blow on land, but the action of the waves is absent, there is less reason for observing the wind, the results are less apparent, and, except at the top of high mountains, the winds are far more violent at sea, having an unobstructed course. To go into an analysis of all the laws which regulate air-currents, producing storms or trade-winds, is not within the scope of such an article as this; but a few facts may not come amiss, drawn from personal observation. Of the trade-winds it may be said that they add more to the poetry of life, the pleasure of simple existence, than any other physical element after the nervous system. They impart a magic peace, a delicious languor, a tranquil exhilaration, to the lives of those who dwell in



TIDAL WAVE.

the enchanted isles fanned by those delightful breezes. Not only do they give a purity and freshness to the heat of tropic climes, but by their long, unvarying regularity they convey to the soul a sense of serenity, a feeling of permanence, a stoical indifference to and freedom from many of the ills which elsewhere vex and disturb the peace of man, and a sublime and joyous forgetfulness of the past or unconsciousness of the inevitable hereafter; while to sail with the trade-winds day after day and week after week is to achieve the highest possibilities of satisfaction attainable in the mariner's career. The freedom from harassing uncertainty brings relief, added to the mild excitement of running down the degrees with prodigious velocity, and that while everything is set, and all drawing alow and aloft, there is no toilsome reefing or bracing of the yards. The speed attained by some of the American and English clippers in the trade-winds surpasses all popular notions on the subject, and exceeds the fastest transatlantic runs made by the fastest ocean steam-lines. The reason why a steamer passes a fast sailing-ship with a fair wind is because of the unsteadiness of the wind, which generally travels in waves of force. But in the "trades" this difficulty has sometimes been overcome, and for four or five days together runs have been made which surpass anything ever achieved by an ocean-steamer for the same period of time.

The reverse of the trade-winds are the winds which "box the compass" at rapid intervals and with every appearance of freakish fickleness, treachery, and fury, off Cape Horn in July, or in the North Atlantic in January. Squalls, calms, gales, and hurricanes, succeed each other with bewildering audacity and rapidity, and without the slightest regard for the feelings of those who are tossed on the boisterous waves. The fascinating and cruel Mediterranean comes in for a share of this bad reputation. There dwelt the sirens of old, and they are there still. One of the most seductive summer mornings that ever were seen in this sinful world was a certain fair morning in June of which I well remember; and the day closed with one of the stiffest gales that ever occurred anywhere. By great good luck we were able to make a snug port, and with both anchors down ride it out in safety. Falconer's "Shipwreck" very graphically describes, in a somewhat stilted style, a storm in the Ægean. One is in good company in the storms of the Mediterranean. Ariadne, Ulysses, Æneas, Cæsar, St. Paul, were all practically acquainted with its manifold perils. The Greeks were excellent sailors in those days, and they are so still. They rivaled the Phœnicians as navigators and colonists, and it is an interesting fact that a larger proportion of the Hellenic colonies exist to our time than of those planted by the Tyrians and Sidonians. And they loved the sea. How could they help it? Does the world contain anything more fair than the isles of Greece when, purple-tinted by the setting sun, they repose on the Ægean like rubies set in amethyst?



VOLCANIC ROCKS.

"The sea! the sea!" Xenophon and the Ten Thousand cried with wild enthusiasm and unutterable rapture when once more from the heights behind Trebizond they saw the sapphire line of the

Euxine gleaming across the verge of the sky, and spreading to their feet. Ay, the sea was their native element; in sight of it they had first drawn breath, and they had missed and longed for it amid the savage mountain-crags of Armenia. Ay, the sea, the sea—what is the spell which the spirit of the wild sea throws over those who linger on its bourn or wander tempest-tossed on its limitless spaces? It is the spell of a witch, an enchantment that by an irresistible power lures the soul away from green woods and musical brook-sides, and the quiet hearthstone, to wander day after day, and month after month, the sport of treacherous calms and howling storms. It is this secret fascination which early steals over the youth of some races, and lures them out as the Pied Piper charmed away the children of Hamelin town, until they find too late that they are enslaved to a cruel mistress who so shapes their character and life-habits that they can nevermore be free from her while life lasts.

A genius for the sea, if one may so phrase it, is born with a man like a turn for poetry, and, even when he cannot gratify it practically, it shows itself in other ways. The finest sea-poem ever written was by Coleridge, who knew little of it except in imagination; it is true, not because it deals with technicalities, but because it truthfully interprets the impressions which the sea leaves on the mind that loves and lives on it. Defoe had little actual familiarity with the sea, but he wrote the finest of sea-stories, grand and true, for the same reason that "The Ancient Mariner" is true.



WHITE SQUALL.

The allusions to the sea and ships in the Scriptures are characterized by an Homeric happiness of epithet, a terse, graphic, picturesque power that seems remarkable in writers who probably never saw, or at least never sailed on, the sea. The swart pilots who brought apes, and peacocks, and spices, and gold from Tarshish, doubtless told simple but thrilling narratives of their adventures to David and Solomon. Very likely, among all of Solomon's wives and concubines, there were some who had come from afar to him in ships, like princesses recorded in the "Arabian Nights;" doubtless there was among them some Scheherezade who often related to the voluptuous but knowledge-loving monarch, in the still moonlight hours by the tinkle of the timbrel and the fountain, the story of how from her childhood's home she had sailed over the gray seas to him.

But my pen has been driving hither and thither with baffling airs and currents, and now returns with a fair breeze to the subject of sea-winds. The Mediterranean, the Azores, West Indies, and the straits of Magellan, are noted for squalls, although they are raised at short notice almost anywhere in the winter season. The sailor always keeps half an eye on the lookout for them. Generally they give warning of their approach by clouds and rain-bars in the offing. The violence of a squall is, to a certain degree, announced beforehand by the rate at which the clouds advance. But it is a never-failing rule in the Atlantic that when it lightens in the southwest after the first of October, sail cannot be taken in too soon. Squalls often come with a change of wind, which, in the Atlantic north of the line, goes round with the sun, or with the hands of a watch with its face up. That is the general course of the winds when shifting in the normal way, generally occurring in a leisurely manner, occupying several days or weeks, according to the season. But I have

seen the wind actually go completely around the compass in the normal way seven times in eight days, and part of each day we were either running easily under studding-sails or hove-to, or scudding off our course under close-reefed topsails.

White squalls come almost without warning, and with fearful rapidity and violence, and twist the masts out of a ship or capsize her, and near the line the squalls sometimes pounce on a ship with warning signs that are perceptible only to the most experienced eye. Even in the finest weather vigilance cannot be relaxed a moment. Some years ago two large ships met in mid-ocean, one heading for Australia and the other homeward bound. The day was fair, and, the wind dying away, the vessels were becalmed close together. The passengers at once busied themselves to write letters home, and officers and crew became occupied in the interchange of courtesies. The placidity of the weather led to a feeling of careless security that can never be safely indulged in at sea. All the canvas was set, idly flapping against the masts, when a terrific squall struck both ships, and passed off in a few moments. When the confusion and excitement resulting from it were over, and the crew of one of these vessels was able to relax the attention demanded for their own safety, they looked to see what damage the other vessel had suffered, but they looked in vain. She had gone down with all on board, and not a vestige of her was to be seen anywhere on the wide sea, which looked serene and beautiful as if nothing had happened. To be taken aback by a sudden squall or shift of the wind is one of the greatest perils that menace a square-rigged sailing-ship, especially if there is a high counter-sea running. The sails are pressed with such violence against the masts that they fail to come down or brace around, while the stern presents such resistance to the waves that unless the after-canvas can be instantly taken in, to enable the bow to pay off, the surges boil over the taffrail and draw the ship down almost before the danger can be realized. I was a witness to a scene of this sort once when nothing saved us but the dropping of the spanker; we climbed up the hoops, and the sail at last yielded to the sheer weight that drew it down. An English frigate was thus taken aback once when running under press of sail: the officer of the deck manned the yards with her numerous crew, and they cut the sheets with their knives in time to keep the frigate from sinking.

The subject of storms and hurricanes is a vast one, and many of the laws by which they work are now codified and well understood by the experienced and intelligent navigator. In a gale the wind travels thirty to forty miles an hour. Its velocity increases to fifty or sixty miles in a storm, and reaches eighty to a hundred miles in a cyclone or hurricane; it has even been estimated as high as one hundred and twenty miles an hour on some occasions. This excessive speed, of course, was during the squalls. One would hardly imagine that anything could withstand the fury of such a wind, and a real old-fashioned West India hurricane does prostrate houses and trees, and destroys almost every ship it can lay hold of. The well-remembered hurricane of 1873 caused a loss of one thousand vessels in the North Atlantic; the whole coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton was strewed with them. Forests and houses went down before it along the Bras d'Or. And yet there were some small fishing-schooners of not over forty tons' burden that rode out the hurricane in safety. The typhoons of the Indian Ocean, or of the Pacific, are very like the Atlantic hurricanes under a different name. In the North Atlantic a revolving storm goes against the hands of a watch; south of the line it pursues the opposite direction. The omens preceding a hurricane are of a nature to arouse awe and apprehension. A long, mountainous swell sets in; the winds are light, baffling, uncertain, as if playing with their prey, accompanied by a low, moaning sound; the sea-birds disappear, including the Mother Cary's chickens, those gypsies of the sea, which always announce an ordinary gale; and a misty haze obscures the sky, which gradually gathers around the horizon in a dense wall of appalling and lowering mystery and gloom. One feels as when he goes into his first battle; he knows that a great peril and struggle for existence is pending; but he cannot tell its exact nature and extent, or whether he will survive to tell the tale.

The height of sea-waves is a question that has been much and not always satisfactorily discussed. One difficulty arises from a misunderstanding of terms. Some mean by the height of a wave the actual elevation above the surface of the sea in smooth weather; others mean the distance between the bottom of the hollow of a wave to its crest; and that seems to me the only rational, practical way to arrive at any sure data. Taking that, then, as the mode of measuring wave-heights, it may be said that Atlantic waves in a gale often rise twenty-five feet; thirty feet is by no means uncommon in mid-ocean, and the second wave sometimes heaves to a height of thirty-five to forty feet. Storm-waves have a curious rhythm of motion. At intervals three waves larger than usual rush by, of which the middle one is the highest. At longer intervals five large waves come together, and very rarely seven. They often come just as a squall begins to moderate, springing up elastically from the pressure of the wind. Sometimes the fury of the wind fairly beats down the sea, and lashes and tears it into foam or spoon-drift, that sweeps over the ocean a white mist, like snow blown over a frozen lake, and, when such a tremendous squall lulls, the waves instantly rise to enormous dimensions. The length and form of waves depend upon the room in which they have to run, and the direction of the tides. They are short and abrupt in small seas or lakes. Among the Channel Islands the counter-currents and tides sometimes raise the waves to over forty feet in height. These estimates, the result of long and careful observation, have been confirmed by comparing them with the experience of others who have also given the subject careful study, among whom I may mention the captain of one of the Cunard steamers.

In hurricanes of course the waves are far more tumultuous and broken, and near the storm-centre pyramidal in form, owing to contrary forces or cross-seas, and their height is greater. It is not uncommon, off the Cape of Good Hope, to see the waves sixty feet high, but they come such a distance that they have a long, easy ascent, which renders them generally less dangerous than the more rugged waves of the Atlantic. On the Shetland Isles the breakers, rolling from a distance of several thousand miles, have a perpendicular height of sixty feet when they heave on shore. In the hurricane of 1866 the sea broke completely over Hog Island in the Bahamas, and the foam-crest was repeatedly on a level with the top of the lighthouse, sixty-eight feet above the sea. There are photographs of rollers at Madeira whose vertical elevation is nearly forty feet above the beach. Nor is it difficult to ascertain the length of waves: one way of measuring them is when an ocean-steamer over four hundred feet long is head on to the sea, and is rising to meet a wave just as another one rushes from under the quarter, a vast, roaring mass, running over thirty miles an hour, and leaving behind a long, streaming mane of foam.

One of the most remarkable of those characteristics of the sea which tend to leave on the mind the effect of mystery is its system of highways traversed by the ships of the nations. There are vast tracts of ocean that are rarely marked by a ship's keel, except now and then by some solitary whaler, while elsewhere certain lines of travel exist that are constantly ploughed by thousands of vessels, owing to the direction of the prevailing winds; and, on the other hand, some roads once greatly frequented are now falling into partial disuse, because of the opening of new channels. The passage around the Cape of Good Hope has been partially supplanted by the Isthmus of Suez, and the time is not so very far distant when the improved means for passing the straits of Magellan, together with the Pacific Railways, will cause Cape Horn to relapse into its primitive solitude. Two great ocean highways run between the Azores, and by the Madeira Islands. Day after day one may go eastward and discern not a sail along the ocean's verge; nothing but the mystery and loneliness of sea and sky. But, perchance, when nothing is seen from the deck, if one goes aloft he will be astonished to discover a procession of ships reaching north and south on the great highway to the South Pacific.



A TYPHOON.

The mystery of the ocean impresses one not only as a type of eternity, but also as a symbol of oblivion. The wake of the stateliest ship is soon erased, and as completely effaced as the memory of a man

after he is gathered to the all-absorbing nihilism of the past; and Oblivion not more tenaciously conceals what is once hers than the sea refuses to give up the wrecks, the treasures, and the dead, that have once been absorbed into its dark, unfathomed caverns.

Is it strange, then, that the sea, so vast, so capricious, so full of types and suggestions, so full of beauty, fascination, and cruelty, so abounding in weirdness and mystery, should attract the thoughtful and imaginative mind; or that the mariner, whose life is spent in combating with these phenomena, should be superstitious, and often inspired with presentiments? Is it strange that, of all the sad, solemn, impressive scenes to which suffering humanity is a constant witness, none is more affecting than that of a funeral at sea? But wilder, more bewildering, more heart-rending, is it when, without even the short shrift in the forecastle, without the rude coffin of deal covered by the flag, without the knell of the ship's bell, without the prayer broken by the sobbing of the wind in the rigging, the homeless, friendless seaman is suddenly washed out of sight into the ocean of oblivion, as when I saw a poor fellow in the prime of life as we were setting the anchor and breasting a high sea at the mouth of the port. The ship dove into a wave, and when we looked for him as she rose he was gone, nevermore to be seen again living or dead in this world. Another case happened on a brig in which I made a voyage, more strange because apparently combined with a presentiment. He was a young man, cheerful and jolly as any on board. The weather was fine, and it was on a week-day. But when his watch was called he came on deck and went aloft with the tar-bucket, dressed, to the surprise of all, in his Sunday suit, an unaccountable proceeding. He had been aloft half an hour, busily at work, when his foot slipped; as he fell he struck on the rail of the bulwarks, and, bounding off into the sea, disappeared forever.

Such, then, is the sea—

> "Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
> The image of eternity, the throne of the Invisible"—

the survivor of empires and continents, the source of mystery, the emblem of oblivion.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH.

IT was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hill-side, and sifted along through the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and her little keen ears made turn.
Then the buck leaped up, and his head as a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form of a deer;
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slowlier came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds shot by,
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvelous bound,
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn for a sign that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed wild,
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand,
But he hurried tall Hamish, the henchman, ahead:
"Go turn," Cried Maclean; "if the deer seek to cross to the burn—
Do thou turn them to me; nor fail, lest thy back be red as thy hand!"

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath with the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does
Drew leaping to burnward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away to the burn.
But Maclean, all unweeting, stood watching and waiting below.
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was greenish and stern.

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eyeballs shone,
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish, full mild,
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and they passed;

I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a snail's own wrong!"
Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen all:
"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of the thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the last he smiled.
"Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still may be,
If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and over the hill
Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward shame;
And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about turns he.
"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams under breath.
Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart goes dead for a space,
Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all the tale untold.
They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the sea,
And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and ever she flies up the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle and strain.
But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her knees,
Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child, with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a gibe, and a song,
Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye all,
Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth was red,
Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never shall be!
Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the sea, if dead?

Say yea!—Let them lash *me*, Hamish?"—"Nay!"—
"Husband, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to the earth.
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would tremble and lag;
"Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace down the height,
And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and pallid Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip-dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to shine.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

VI.

WHEN Annot had time to consider her words in the garden, and the impression which they would naturally make upon Thyrle, there were no bounds to her mortification and vexation. She cried herself to sleep that night, and, when she woke the next morning with heavy eyelids and an aching head, her first thought, like her last, was, "What will he think of me?"

It is doubtful whether it would have been altogether a comfort to her to know that Thyrle did not think a great deal about the matter. To many a more obtuse man the truth would have been revealed, since vanity would have supplied the place of penetration; but no man was ever more free from this besetting fault of his sex than Julian Thyrle. Indeed, if there was anything morbid in his nature, it was to be found in an almost excessive self-depreciation, which more than one circumstance of his early life—especially one notable event—had strengthened. Moreover, there were reasons why he regarded himself as so entirely set apart from all ideas of love and marriage that he failed to realize that his acts were as open to misconception as those of men with whom Fate had dealt differently.

Under these circumstances, it is likely that Annot's outbreak might have passed without making any serious impression upon his mind if her manner afterward had not been calculated to deepen such an impression. She shrank nervously from meeting him, avoided him as far as possible, and, when she was unable to avoid him altogether, took refuge in a constraint which first waked his surprise, and then renewed a suspicion which had occurred to him when she broke away so passionately in the moonlit garden.

To a man who had not a grain of the coxcomb in his character, and whose sensitiveness to pain in his own person was so great that it made him keenly alive to the possibility of inflicting it upon others, such a suspicion was no light matter. His first thought was one of self-reproach.

"If this thing is so, I have been to blame," he said to himself—and following this thought came its natural corollary—"It is certain that I must face the consequences of my own fault."

But the nature of these consequences was not yet clearly apparent, and so, with the exception of the change in Annot, matters remained for a time unaltered. Meanwhile Ellis Kane came, saw, and went away as angrily jealous as his mother could have desired. But since many waters cannot drown love, neither can the hottest anger of the human heart extinguish it in a day. Kane's love for Annot had been too long the controlling sentiment of his life for him to put it down at the bidding of pride without an effort to retain that which he believed to be justly and entirely his own. Yet how this effort could be made was not very clear. Life still retains much of its idyllic simplicity among these mountains, but even here it is not permitted a man to forcibly seize, place upon his horse, and ride away with, the woman whom he wishes to marry. Something of this kind Kane would have liked—something strong, simple, direct—but in tactics of courtship he was utterly out of his element. That he would at least express his feelings was, however, naturally to be expected, and it was chance which gave him the opportunity for this expression. Not since his return had he seen Annot without the presence of a third person, until one afternoon when, as the mellow gold of the slanting sunshine was filling the forests with glory, he suddenly met her in a path which led through the hills from one cultivated valley to another. Both were surprised, and Annot was evidently not pleased. She had been singing as she walked, but the song ceased on her lips, and her face changed as a landscape changes when a cloud passes over the sun.

"You here, Ellis!" she exclaimed. "I was not expecting to meet any one."

"Not expecting to meet me, at any rate," said Ellis, grimly, "and not over-glad, it appears. I am sorry to force my company upon you, but I think I had better see you home, as in my opinion it is not safe for you to be going through the woods alone."

"I don't know what would harm me," she said, carelessly. "I have been going through them alone for a good many years."

"That's very true," he answered; "and it was safe enough so long as there were only the neighbors, but it's *not* safe now that a force of rough, drunken miners have been turned on the settlement."

This was not conciliating, since Annot, with the spirit of a partisan, embraced even the miners in the affection with which she regarded the mine.

"I don't think the miners are much more rough and drunken than some of the neighbors," she retorted; "but, if they were, they would know better than to trouble *me*."

A dark flush rose to Kane's face.

"You are kind to people who have tried to be friendly toward you when you count them no better than such creatures as those," he said. "Probably, however, we have all come to be held as dust under your feet."

The concentrated anger of his tone showed her that she had gone too far, for she did not wish to entirely alienate him—yet.

"You know I did not mean that," she said; "I was only vexed, and spoke hastily. Don't let us begin to quarrel as soon as we meet—especially since I have not seen you for such a long time."

"Whose fault is that?" he asked, curtly, walking by her side, yet plainly not mollified by this graciousness.

"I can't tell, unless it be yours," she answered, lightly. "I could not exactly go to see *you*."

"No; but you could make me understand when I went to your house that I had better have staid away. There is no good in denying it"—as she opened her lips—"I am not quite blind, if I *am* a fool about you."

Silence followed this statement. Having had the words she was prepared to utter stopped so abruptly, Annot felt disconcerted, and did not know what to say; therefore, for a minute, they walked on without either speaking. Then the girl said:

"Of course, you'll believe what you please, so there's no use in saying you are unjust; but I think you are very uncivil. If you can't make yourself more agreeable, you might let me walk home alone."

"Uncivil!" repeated the young man. He stopped before her in the path, with his face wearing an expression from which she instinctively shrank. "Am I uncivil because I speak the truth?" he said. "You know it is the truth! You know that, although I had been away so long—although I thought more of you than of any other human being in coming back—you couldn't trust yourself alone with me for a minute for fear I might say something you wouldn't care to hear. It was nothing that I loved you—it was nothing that I have loved you so long—it was nothing that your own lips have told me and your own hand written to me that you loved me—none of this mattered in comparison with the hope of being rich, and with the attentions of a man who thinks you as much below *him* as you think me below you!"

It is probable that the speaker hardly knew to what point his indignant eloquence was tending until the last words were uttered. But he was wrought to a pitch in which he was not likely to regret them—not even when the heat-lightning of anger flashed from Annot's eyes.

"How dare you talk to me like this?" she said, uncertain what line of defense to adopt, yet perfectly certain that she had just cause for wrath. "You have no right—no right at all—to say such things!"

"If I have no right, what gives a right?" demanded Kane, whose wrath was to hers as a river to a brook. "You'll not deny, I suppose, that you've given me every reason that a woman could give a man to believe you meant to marry me!"

She flung her head back defiantly.

"I never promised that I would," she said; "and a woman is not bound till she promises."

"So that's why you always refused to promise, is it?" he asked, scornfully. "If all women are as fair and honest, I don't wonder men are slow to trust them. You wouldn't bind yourself by a word, and yet you haven't held back from binding yourself in a hundred other ways. You've let me believe you would be my wife as sure as the sun shone in the heavens; you've led me on, you've owned that you loved me, and now—my God! was it all a lie?" he cried. "Have you never been honest from first to last? Or did you only want to hold me in hand until you knew how the mine would turn out?"

Annot's cheeks were blazing like carnations, and her eyes shining like stars, by this time. She was angry enough to lose sight altogether of prudence, else she would have thought more of conciliation and less of defiance.

"I never promised to marry you!" she repeated. "If you chose to take it for granted I would, that was your affair."

"My affair, was it?" he said, bitterly. "Well, take care that the same game you have played with me is not played with you. This man Thyrle may amuse himself with you while he has nothing better to do, but he will never marry you."

"You know nothing about him!" she cried, passionately. "I will not stay to hear another word. Let me pass!"

"I'll let you pass as soon as I have said one thing more," returned Kane. "If he *should* be in earnest, you had better think twice before you marry him. I swore long ago that no woman should ever jilt me with impunity. If you mean to do it, Annot Lawlie—for I consider you as much engaged to marry me as if you had promised a thousand times—it will be at your peril. Remember that!"

"I'll remember as long as I live that you are a coward to threaten me like this!" she cried. Then she sprang past him, and ran swiftly along the homeward path.

Kane made no effort to follow her. He stood quite still, and watched her disappear, with an expression on his face indicative of conflicting feelings. As the last flutter of her dress vanished, he wheeled sharply around, and walked away in the other direction.

Annot, meanwhile, ran rapidly on, until she paused, somewhat out of breath, on the bank of a small stream, where the slippery stepping-stones required caution in crossing.

It was a charming spot at all times, but doubly so just now, when out of the depths of greenery, on the verdure-clad hill-sides, and along the course of the flashing water which came tumbling over its rocks in eager haste, clouds of rosy-white blossoms shone, for the laurel was in its height of bloom, and from the loftiest mountain-crest to the lowliest stream that sang along the valleys, crowning the rugged cliffs and brightening the dark defiles, its royal flowers were to be seen in prodigal profusion.

The arched opening of shade at the miniature ford framed the girl's pliant figure as she paused and glanced back over her shoulder, listening for sounds of pursuit. The attitude of unstudied grace, the spirited poise of the head, the bright masses of hair, shaken down by exercise, struck Thyrle, who chanced to be advancing toward the stream on the other side. Involuntarily he paused—and, when Annot turned quickly, she saw him regarding her.

That his unexpected appearance surprised her greatly, there could be no doubt. She started violently, and the expression of her face, together with the significance of her attitude, made him instinctively advance, and spring across the stream to her side.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Has anything frightened you?—has any one troubled you?"

"Why should you think so?" she inquired, trembling still from excitement, but trying to smile. "I am not easily frightened, and—and who would trouble me? I am only out of breath from running," she added, with a faint, forced laugh, "and I stopped a minute to rest."

"It seemed when I saw you first that you had stopped to listen," he said. "You reminded me of a deer pausing to hear if the dogs are on its track. Something must have startled you."

She flushed under his gaze, and, after a moment's consideration, said:

"It was nothing that matters. I met Ellis Kane, who provoked me so that I ran away from him, and I was half afraid he might follow me—that is all."

"It is more than enough!" said Thyrle, with a flash of indignant anger in his eyes, and a thrill of the same feeling in his voice. "It is too much that this man should annoy you so greatly. Why do you allow it?"

"How can I help it?" she asked, in a hopeless tone. Anger was dying away within her, and only wretchedness remained. Surely, disappointment—which is hard to bear in small things—is in great things one of the sorest trials which human nature is called upon to endure. So Annot found it. Even Kane, she said to herself, was able to see the great, the mortifying mistake which she had made with regard to Thyrle. Was not this enough, without the perversity of accident bringing the latter at this moment across her path? She glanced at him with a kind of impatience.

"It does not matter," she said. "Why should you trouble about it? I am sorry I was fool enough to tell you anything. One should be able to bear one's own trouble without complaining of them to a stranger."

"Am I *that* to you?" he asked, in the gentle voice which she knew so well. "I am sorry to hear it. Pray do not go. There is something I wish to say to you, and this seems a very fitting time and place. You are trembling, too, and need rest. Here is a good seat."

She certainly was trembling, but it was solely with excitement, and she would fain have passed him and fled, as she fled from Kane; but that was not practicable, and there was a lump in her throat which made speech impossible; so she sank involuntarily on the seat he indicated—a rock over which a wreath of laurel clung. As she sat down, she slightly shook the bushes, and they dropped a shower of their blooms upon her, the pink-and-white petals covering her head and falling into her lap. Almost unconsciously she gathered them up in her hands, and the sight of laurel-blossoms ever after brought vividly back to her that minute with all its complex feelings—the fair sylvan scene, and Thyrle's kind, steadfast face, as he stood looking down upon her.

"Perhaps you will think that I, as well as Mr. Kane, lack courtesy," he said, "since I see that I am detaining you against your will—but I will not detain you long. Though you called me a stranger a moment ago, I think you will let me ask if this man's persistence seriously troubles you, and if you would like to be relieved from the annoyance?"

"I told you once before how much he troubles me," she answered, in a voice that quivered slightly. "Of course I would like to be relieved, but what is the good of talking? There is nothing to be done—at least *you* can do nothing for me!" she added, with sudden vehemence. Then she gave a low sob. "I am vexed and tired," she said; "I am not fit to talk—please let me go."

She looked up as she spoke. Was she really in love with the man who stood there, full of doubt, drawn in one direction by an impulse of supreme generosity, yet held back by other influences? Who can tell? It is only certain that she fancied herself so, and that her eyes—brimming with tears, like blue flowers full of dew—revealed as much.

That fact made clear, irresolution with Thyrle was at an end. Before this he had said to himself: "I may be mistaken; I will wait and see; but if what I fear proves to be true, then my hesitation is at an end. I must think no longer of my own life—which is not worth considering, and must lie apart from happiness whatever happens—but of the happiness of another. Perhaps in this, as in other things, it may prove more blessed to give than to receive."

Now that the hour for acting on his resolution came, he was not a man to falter. Afterward, when the dark waters closed over him, he could not call himself to account, he could not think, "Had I been less hasty I should have acted differently." There was no haste in what he did. If action was quick, the reflection which preceded it had been long.

"You shall go if you like," he said, in answer to Annot's last words, "but let me tell you first that there is one way by which you may be relieved at once from this annoyance. If you can promise to marry *me*, Mr. Kane will either let you alone, or I shall know how to make him do so."

"Mr. Thyrle!" said Annot, with a gasp. Had her life depended on it, she could not have uttered another word. After being tossed like a shuttlecock between hope and despair, the sudden assurance of all that she most desired was fairly overwhelming.

"Is the remedy worse than the evil?" asked Thyrle, with a smile. "If so, we need think no more of it; but if you can trust your future to me, it shall be no fault of mine if you regret it. Tell me, dear"—he took the hands which still idly held the laurel-blossoms—"will you be my wife?"

As he spoke, did Annot think how often Kane had asked the same question with all love's eager, passionate force? Doubtful, indeed. On the earth there is nothing so absorbing as egotism. She had gained the desire of her heart—that was all she thought, as, with a face like an April sky, she answered softly:

"Yes."

VII.

THERE were, or there seemed to Thyrle, several very good reasons for the step he had taken in asking Annot to be his wife. Among other things was the fact that the mine, regarding which he had encouraged her sanguine expectations, had not altogether justified the opinion he had formed of it. As time went on, the yield of gold was by no means in proportion to the capital expended, and the superintendent of the work did not hesitate to declare his belief that money was being sunk instead of being made, without any hope of ultimate success.

"There's some gold, of course — nobody can doubt *that*," he said, "but it's not enough, and it'll never be enough, to pay for the working. There's many such mines, and the best thing to do, in my opinion, is to let 'em alone; for, when a man once begins to spend money on 'em, he never knows when to stop. It's something like gambling. He's always hoping he'll strike a rich vein at last, and so he keeps on till he's spent more than the mine would ever yield if he worked it till the day of judgment. And that," the speaker concluded, "is going to be the case here if the company don't give up the business pretty soon."

Such a view of the matter was naturally very discouraging to Mr. Lawlie, who went for comfort to Thyrle. The latter could not deny that the yield of the ore had not been great; but he still maintained a firm belief that the veins would increase in richness as the work penetrated farther. "The mountain hides its treasure well," he said, "but if we have patience I think we shall reach it at last. Having spent so much money, it would be very short-sighted policy not to spend a little more, in order to make the outlay profitable."

This was the substance of his report to the company, and he strove to animate Murphy with his faith, but found it impossible to do so. The superintendent had made up *his* mind that time and labor were simply being wasted; and nothing could move him from this opinion. The men shared his belief, and consequently there was at this time all about Thyrle a subtile yet most penetrating atmosphere of discontent. To stand firm against such a state of affairs required not a little resolution, and it was, moreover, impossible for him to close his eyes to the fact that the entire responsibility of continuing the work rested on him. He felt a sense of personal accountability for every dollar expended, and, if his interest in the mine had needed quickening, this feeling would have quickened it. As it was, he spent his time in overlooking the progress of the work, examining rocks, and testing ores.

Under these circumstances, Annot saw very little of him, and she was less disposed to bear this patiently because now that her own future was assured she felt a sensible diminution of interest in the mine. Fortune's wheel had turned for *her*, and whether or not it turned for others concerned her very little. Hence she wondered more and more over Thyrle's absorption in a matter that could under no circumstances benefit him greatly.

"Why does he not give it up at once?" she thought. "I cannot understand why he should trouble about it *now*."

From which it may be inferred that she had learned to believe that the attraction which had so long kept the young mineralogist was to be found in herself rather than in the mountain which looked with calm disdain upon the pygmies burrowing into its heart. When she chanced, one day, to reveal this opinion to Thyrle, he did not undeceive her.

"I came in search of one treasure, and I found another," he said, with a smile.

Then a question, which had trembled on her lips for some time, passed them quickly:

"If you have found one treasure, why are you not satisfied?" she asked. "Why do you still persevere in trying to find the other?"

He looked surprised.

"Do you mean that you, too, are losing heart about the mine?" he said. "I am sorry for that."

"I mean that I do not care about it as I did," she answered. "Why should I? It was my only hope *then*, but now"—with a flitting blush—"I do not feel as if it mattered at all. And I cannot help wondering why it should matter so much to you."

"Yet the reason is very plain," he said, quietly. "Whether the mine is worked successfully or not, matters very much to your father as well as to the company which sent me here. Hence I cannot be content with having secured *my* treasure; I must still endeavor, by every means in my power, to wrest from the mountain the treasure which it holds."

"But could not some one else do so?" she asked. "Surely there is no need for *you* to spend time and labor in such a manner."

The expression of surprise came again to his face.

"I have the same need which every other man connected with the work has," he said. "It is my profession, and my means of support."

"Your—means of support!" stammered Annot. Her amazement was so great that she forgot that there was any reason why she should not betray it in excessive degree. "I do not understand," she said. "I thought—that is, I was told—that you worked in this way only because you like it."

"I do like it," he replied, "as every man must like the profession of his choice, but it is not optional with me whether I shall work or not. My fortune is a small one, and not likely ever to increase very greatly. I should, perhaps, have told you this before," as he saw the blankness of disappointment which settled on her face, "for it is no brilliant future that I can offer you. I am only a professional man with fair prospects and a moderate income."

Annot would have said again, "I do not understand," if she had been able to utter the words; but she was literally stricken dumb by astonishment and consternation. She hardly knew what dreams of gorgeous fabric she had reared until they were shattered by those few sentences.

It chanced that they were interrupted at this point, so the conversation went no further; but

Thyrle found himself thinking of it afterward, and wondering over the surprise which had been so apparent on Annot's face. It seemed impossible that she could have heard anything of his circumstances, and yet there was no other means of accounting for her belief that he worked in this way "only because he liked it." For a time he was deeply puzzled, but suddenly a light broke upon him, and he sought Mr. Murphy straightway.

"See here, Murphy," he began, at once, "have you been talking of my affairs to these people?"

"What affairs do you mean?" asked Murphy, who knew perfectly what he meant.

"I mean my private affairs," replied Thyrle, rather sternly. "The amount of what is supposed to be my fortune—anything of that kind?"

"I've got something else to do besides talking of anybody's private affairs," answered Murphy, "but I may have mentioned to Lawlie that it's odd to see a man worth as much as folks say you are working here as if you wasn't worth a dollar over and above what you make."

"And how do you know that I *am* worth a dollar over and above what I make?" demanded Thyrle, with unusual heat. "What people say is no authority, and a man of your age ought to know as much."

He walked away then, conscious that there was little good in losing temper over what was done; but he realized fully that the mistake seriously affected his relations with Annot. He did not suspect her of being entirely mercenary, but he did understand that she was counting on a very different position in life from any that he was able to give her.

"I will tell her the exact truth," he thought, "and then she must decide whether or not she cares to marry me as I am."

The day on which this "exact truth" was told was one that Annot never forgot. By Thyrle's request she had accompanied him to the summit of the mountain in which the treasure that had so deeply influenced both their lives—and through them other lives again—lay hidden. But, even though it had represented a kingdom's wealth, it could not have equaled the other treasure of loveliness unsurpassed which lay outspread beneath them, "from the orient to the drooping west." At their feet the green coves and valleys nestled in the folds of the splendid heights, while afar countless mountains stretched in azure fairness until the most remote mingled their form and color with the bending sky. Of the majesty of form, the ineffable delicacy of tint, and the abounding glory of verdure in these noble highlands, words can give no adequate description. To stand as Thyrle and Annot stood that day, and overlook its wide beauty, with the lucid atmosphere melting in the distance to radiant haze, is to realize an exultation of feeling beyond mere pleasure. East, west, and north, mountains, girt by farther mountains still, bounded the horizon of their view; but southward the gaze passed over chains of intervening heights, and from the greater elevation beheld far off a wide, plain-like expanse, steeped in a magical blue light. This was what mountaineers call "the low country"—the land of cities and railroads, of rushing life and energy. The dreamer in the clouds is apt to turn his eyes and his thoughts from all that it suggests; but Annot, now as ever, clasped her hands, and looked thither with wistful, longing gaze.

"Down there is *life!*" she said, as if speaking to herself. Then she turned abruptly to Thyrle. "Are you not tired of these mountains, which are so lonely and so still?" she added. "Do not you feel as if you wanted to be there"—she made a motion of her hand toward the distant plain—"where there is something besides stagnation and weariness?"

He looked at her and smiled.

"It is you who are weary of Arcadia," he said, "not I. Perhaps I have had too much of the tumult and fret for which you are so eager. But a soldier cannot drop out of a fight because he is weary of it, and so I must, before long, go back to the world which lies so far and misty yonder. Do you think you will be willing to go with me?"

"I thought I had answered that question," she replied, with some surprise.

"Yes," he said, "but I have begun to fear that you answered it under a mistaken impression. Annot, do you think that I am a rich man?"

The direct question startled and confused her—she blushed crimson, and the truth impulsively slipped from her lips:

"Mr. Murphy says that you are."

"Mr. Murphy has no knowledge of my affairs," said Thyrle. "I am very sorry that such an idea was suggested to you, for I fear you will be disappointed when I tell you that it is a mistake. The truth is simply this: my uncle died a year ago, leaving his fortune in my hands for the use of his daughter. It was apparently bequeathed to me, but in fact it is not mine at all—it is merely a trust which I hold for another. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," she said, slowly; "but it seems very strange. Why did he not leave it to his daughter?"

"Because she had married very unhappily, and he did not wish her husband to derive any benefit from that for which he married her."

"And have you given it to her?"

"I have not yet made it over to her, but I will do so whenever she desires."

Annot was silent for a minute—looking not at him, but at that distant, shadowy plain where her heart and her hopes were set. Presently she said, impetuously:

"I do not think it was treating you right to do such a thing! Of course, everybody thinks the fortune is yours—and all the while you are bound to give it up!"

"What everybody thinks is not a matter of any importance," he said, quietly; "but what *you* think does concern me greatly. I recognize that this may change everything between us. When you accepted me you did so under an entire mistake with regard to my worldly affairs. Now that you know the truth

—now that you are aware that if you marry me you will be the wife, not of a rich, but of a poor man—I shall not blame you if you decide differently."

Silence for another minute—a minute which both felt to be fraught with the fate of their future lives. Still Annot gazed at the far blue world, which spread until it melted into the sky. The strife of thought is lightning-like, and in that moment she debated and decided the whole question within herself. She *was* horribly disappointed by the assurance she had just received, and for an instant she was tempted to think that she had made a great mistake—for were not Kane's rich acres lying in their green beauty below?—but then the recollection came to her that it would be better to reach the distant elysium of her dreams even with a comparatively poor man than to enjoy prosperity in her present life. Unconsciously she was acting upon the axiom that it is the first step alone which costs. "Let me once get there," she thought, watching the distant cloud-shadows shift and play over the misty expanse—"that is all I ask." Furthermore, there can be no doubt that it would have cost her a pang to resign Thyrle himself. She was not—it is doubtful whether under any circumstances she could have been—in love as unselfish, tender-hearted women understand that term; but he was the only man who had ever touched her fancy, or pleased her taste.

So, after what seemed a long interval of silence, yet which was in truth very short, she answered his last words without turning her eyes.

"It is strange that you should say such a thing to me. How can you think I would be ready to change because you are not rich? Of course I am sorry that the fortune is not really yours, but—but it can make no difference unless you wish it to do so."

"Do you think that likely?" he asked, with a smile. "I have but one regret connected with it—and that is for your disappointment."

It was a regret which Annot keenly shared, but she said to herself, when reviewing the matter afterward more coolly, that she had gone too far to turn back. Day by day the success of the mine seemed more uncertain, while Kane was absolutely estranged. This fact, however, was rather pleasing than otherwise. Her dread of his reckless character was not dead, and she devoutly hoped that he would remain estranged to the end.

VIII.

As the days went on, deepening in beauty as summer approached her meridian, Thyrle did not relax his efforts with regard to the mine. A little encouragement had come, in the shape of a slight increase in the yield of gold, but it was not sufficient to stop the grumbling of Murphy, and the opposition of the latter became so great that Thyrle was finally forced to agree that if a large blasting operation which they were planning did not result, as he hoped, in laying bare richer veins, he would advise the company to abandon the work.

"Don't be startled if the noise of an explosion seems about to bring the house down on your head," he said, in leaving Annot one morning. "We are going to blow off an enormous piece of the cliff today. I don't know what the mountain must think of us, but we are determined to have its hidden treasure, whether or no."

"I don't know what the neighbors must think," said Annot. "The last explosion was heard for miles—and this will be greater than that, will it not?"

"Much greater. This will be really tremendous. I am doubtful myself whether it may not be too great—but Murphy thinks not."

"And this—this will decide everything, will it not?" she said, going close to him, and beginning to pin a flower in his button-hole.

"It will decide whether the work shall be continued or abandoned for the present," he answered. "Do you wish us good luck?"

"What do you mean by good luck?—that the work shall be continued?"

"Certainly. Could I mean anything else?"

"Then I *don't* wish it," she said, lifting her eyes with an appealing look to his face. "I am so anxious—oh, you can't tell how anxious—to go away from here! I should be glad of anything that would take you away—for you would take me, would you not?"

"There is not much doubt of that," he answered—and with the touch of her hands upon his arm, the wistful fairness of her face uplifted, he did not heed at the moment the absorbing selfishness of her words. "If you are so anxious to go," he went on, "you shall do so whether the work is abandoned or continued. *I* can go at any time, and for your sake I will leave—shall we say next week?"

A swift wave of color leaped into her cheek, a swift light of gladness into her eyes.

"*Next week?*" she said. "Will you really go, and—and take me?"

"I will really go, and take you," he answered. "Tell me when I come back what day it shall be."

He kissed her as he spoke, and went away—saying something about the necessity of his presence at the mine.

But if this necessity had been great, it was hardly likely that he would have loitered so slowly through the green forest which led to it. In the fair sylvan shade he took off his hat and walked bareheaded along the path, with softly flickering shadows falling over the pale gravity of his face and the deep sadness of his eyes. For many days a settled depression had rested upon him, the cause of which he would not acknowledge even to himself, but which, on the contrary, he had steadfastly striven to ignore. To-day, however, he could ignore it no longer, and his spirit rose up to meet and overcome it as if it had been a material foe. The bitterness of such a conflict is known alone to the soul which suffers it—"for who can read or understand another's mood?"—and no token of it passed Thyrle's sternly compressed lips until at last he uttered half aloud these words:

"'Say unto all kinds of happiness, "I can do without thee"—with self-renunciation life begins.'" Then he added gravely, "Amen."

Annot, meanwhile, after parting with him on the piazza, had turned blithely into the house. *Her* heart was lighter than it had been for a long time, for the shadow of Kane's resentment hung over her so constantly that of late her nervous desire to escape beyond his reach had increased day by day. She never saw him, but, whenever she heard of him, she seemed to listen again to the passionate tones of his voice, and meet the passionate light of his eyes as he said that no woman should ever jilt him with impunity. She had not the vaguest possible idea of what form his retaliation might take, but she felt that she could not know rest or peace until safely married to Thyrle and gone away.

"An—not!"

It was the shout of one of the boys from the gate, and Annot answered it carelessly.

"Well, Tom, what is the matter?"

Tom's answer—delivered in the same loud key—was unexpected.

"Here's a lady wants to see Mr. Thyrle, and mother's out and father's away, so you must come and see her."

That a lady should be wanting Mr. Thyrle was such surprising intelligence that Annot rose quickly, dropped on the floor the sewing of which her lap was full, and, without even a glance toward the mirror to observe her appearance, went hastily out of the house.

At the gate a carriage was drawn up, while beside it—having evidently descended with the intention of entering the yard, when met by Tom, who was emerging from the gate—stood a tall, graceful lady dressed in deep black.

She looked round as Annot approached, and the latter saw what seemed to her the most beautiful face on which she had ever gazed—pale, delicate, clear-cut, with large, dark eyes of wonderful lustre.

"Good-day," said the lady, speaking courteously, yet with the indefinable tone of one who addresses a person of lower rank—a tone which Annot instinctively felt and quickly resented. "This young man tells me that Mr. Thyrle, whom I wish to see, is not here just now?"

"No," answered Annot. "He has gone to the mine."

"And is the mine far? Can I not go there?"

"You can, if you are very anxious to see him," Annot replied, "but I think you had better come into the house and wait till he returns."

"Thanks," said the lady, with the slightest possible accent of *hauteur*, "but I prefer to go to him at once if I can do so. What is the distance to the mine?"

"About half a mile," replied Tom, for Annot could not speak. All in an instant jealousy, undefined but passionate, seized her in its grasp. Who was this woman—so beautiful, so graceful, so far above her in refinement of manner and appearance—who had come to seek Thyrle, upon whom it was plain that she had some more than ordinary claim of relationship or friendship? Of late her sense of the gulf between herself and the man who had asked her to marry him had been diminishing in Annot's mind; but the appearance of this stranger seemed suddenly to make her conscious again of all its width. She felt inclined to cry peremptorily: "Who are you?—what do you want with him? I have a right to know!" But there is something in the reserve of the high-bred which even lower breeding is forced to respect; and so she remained silent, while Tom went on:

"If you follow the road that turns into the woods there to the left, you can drive to within a hundred yards of the mine—and then get out and ask the first man you see for Mr. Thyrle, and that's all."

"Thank you," said the lady. She turned to reenter the carriage, but with her foot on the step hesitated a minute. "Am I likely to disturb him?—is he very busy?" she asked.

Still Annot did not speak, so Tom again responded:

"I don't reckon you'll disturb him—he's not what *I* call busy, any time."

"Then I will go," said the lady, with a smile. She entered the carriage as she spoke, said a few words to the driver, and the equipage rolled away, turning into the green forest and vanishing from sight as if it had been part of a dream—a most unwelcome dream, it seemed to Annot as she stood gazing blankly after it.

The surprise which she had felt at this unexpected appearance was hardly greater than that of Thyrle when he learned that a lady was inquiring for him. He left the mine at once, and, descending to the foot of the cliff, found the slender, beautiful figure seated on a pile of stones, with graceful foliage drooping overhead, the *débris* of the work in front, and the enchanted greenness of the solemn woods behind.

"Helen!" he exclaimed, in overmastering astonishment, as she rose and advanced toward him with both hands outstretched. "What possible chance brings you here?"

"No chance at all," she answered, with a tremulous smile. "A deliberate resolution is not a chance, is it?—since you would not come to me, what resource had I but to come to you? You are not sorry to see me, surely?"

"Sorry—no!" He spoke cordially, but the expression of his face was not of unmixed gladness. "I only regret that you should have taken such a journey, when of course I should have gone to you if you had really wanted me."

"And have you doubted that I really wanted you? How could I fail to want my best, my only friend? Have I not begged you to come to me, and you—have you not failed to do so? I did not blame you; but I feel that I must see you, and so—I have come to *you!*"

There was that in her voice, in her face, above all in her eyes, which thrilled to Thyrle's inmost

heart, waking passionate emotions which he had fancied dead—having fought them as a man fights the mortal enemy whom he must conquer or die—and bringing over him a keen sense of the irony of Fate. When he spoke, his voice, though still gentle, was almost cold.

"Tell me what I can do for you," he said. "I am sure you must have had some purpose in coming, apart from merely desiring to see me."

"I would have traveled a hundred times as far merely to see you," she answered, impetuously, "but I had a purpose, moreover. I have heard tidings—of my husband."

Thyrle started, and the whole expression of his face changed.

"Tidings of what kind?" he asked, quickly. "Has he been troubling you again?"

"No," she answered—and there was a strange, solemn gladness in her manner, which was almost startling—"he will never trouble me again. The agent whom you advised me to put on his track has brought me proof that he died abroad, more than a year ago. I have tried not to rejoice—I endeavor not to thank God, for I fear that it may be wicked to do so—but to feel that I am free again, that the haunting dread of him is lifted from my life, is a relief which words can poorly express. You do not blame me for feeling so, do you?" she asked, fixing her lustrous, wistful eyes upon his. "*You* know what I have suffered and endured—*you* know what freedom means for me. Tell me, Julian, am I wrong to be happy?"

What could Thyrle say? It was a question of moral casuistry quite beyond his power of answering; but he spoke his honest conviction when he replied:

"Right or wrong, it is simply impossible that you could feel otherwise. You might profess regret—that could be easily done—but I do not think it would help matters in the sight of God, and, so far as the judgment of man is concerned, you are more than justified in being thankful to be free. I do not hesitate to say that I rejoice for you! Now, my cousin, my dear cousin, you can take your place in the world, and live the life for which you are fitted."

"I have outlived all desire of that," she said. "My suffering has taught me wisdom—of one kind, at least. I have learned that there are only a few things worth valuing in life—and chief of them, Julian, is such a heart as yours."

"Don't!" he said, sharply, lifting his hand with a gesture of warding off a blow. "The time is past for such words, Helen—do not utter them."

"But it is not past!" she cried, passionately. "It has only come. Do you know why I have traveled here to seek you? It is to tell you that I am ready to make amends for all the past—if you will let me: it is to put my heart, my pride, everything that a woman holds most dear, at your feet—as long ago you laid your faithful and tender heart at mine, and I madly turned away from it. Julian"—what softness and sweetness her voice took as it uttered his name!—"is it too late?"

Ah, the irony, the cruel irony of Fate! Thyrle's brain seemed on fire, and his pulses were beating madly; but, through all the whirl of passion—for he knew with terrible distinctness that the woman bending toward him, and offering him all that she had to give, all that in days gone by he would have periled his soul to win, possessed his heart now as she had possessed it then—through all the strife of thought and feeling—he did not lose his consciousness that there was but one thing to do. He had buried his face in his hands when she began to speak; now he lifted it, stamped with a pallor that was almost ghastly.

"Forgive me that I have let you speak like this," he said, slowly, as one who utters his words by a supreme effort. "If I had imagined that your generous desire to atone for any pain you gave me in the past would have carried you so far, I should have told you before what I must tell you now—I am engaged to be married!"

It is not too much to say that he could not have amazed her more if he had leveled a pistol at her breast and fired. She gazed at him for an instant with dilated eyes, then growing white—white to the very lips—sank back on the pile of stones from which she had arisen.

In the absolute silence which followed it seemed to Thyrle as if he lived an eternity of pain—pain the keenest which he had ever endured. He felt like one around whom the bonds of Fate had tightened hopelessly; but, while it was possible to bear this for himself, it appeared to him almost impossible that he could bear it for her. Yet what was to be done? what remained to be said?

How long the silence lasted, neither knew; but it was the woman who recovered self-control first, and spoke—in a voice which hardly sounded like her own, so tense and full of effort was it:

"You may think it very strange that I—I did not consider that such a thing might be. But, in thinking much of one's self, one grows narrow-minded; and then, though I had no right to your confidence, I fancied you would have told me—"

Her power of speech failed; but Thyrle, knowing what she intended to say, answered the unfinished sentence.

"If such a thing had been when I saw you, I should certainly have told you. It is since then that I have become engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Miss Lawlie—the daughter of the man at whose house you probably stopped before coming here."

She looked at him with astonishment, which was akin to consternation.

"To *that* girl!" she said. "O Julian! what does it mean?"

"It means," he answered, "that I lost utterly—lost long ago, Helen—all care for my own life, all hope of my own happiness, and that there seemed a prospect of my being able to bestow happiness on her. That is all."

"Do you mean, then," she said, quietly, "that you do not love her?"

Their eyes met in a glance which to the day of her death Helen Huntley was destined never to forget.

"I never loved but one woman," Thyrle said, quietly, "and she told me, ten years ago, that she cared nothing for me."

"But she has learned wisdom since then, Julian," the woman before him cried, entreatingly, "and she tells you now—"

He made a gesture which, almost against her will, stopped the passionate words on her lips.

"Tell me nothing," he said. "The past, for which you desire to atone, is dead; and there is no resurrection possible for anything connected with it. As for the future, I can face it with courage, I hope, while for you it may be as bright—"

She interrupted him vehemently.

"There is no brightness possible in it," she said. "You know this—you must know this—and yet you will sacrifice me to a girl whom you do not love!"

If he thought of the past, and of the time when with little thought or care she had sacrificed *him* to a caprice which was destined to wreck her life, he made no sign of such a recollection. He only said, with a gentleness full of compassion, yet under which she felt that absolute determination lay:

"There is no sacrifice in my power which I would not make for you; but to sacrifice my honor is out of my power. Let us talk no more of this."

"But there is one thing of which we *must* talk," she said, with quick, gasping breath. "The fortune which you have settled on me—Julian, you cannot expect that I will keep all of it. Half, at least, should be yours."

"Not a sixpence should be or ever will be mine," he answered, almost sternly. "Do not speak of it again. It is a subject which I will not discuss. The fortune is yours, and yours alone."

"And this is the end!" she cried, despairingly. "You will not let me be anything to you—you will not let me do anything for you—"

"This is the end," he said, taking the hands which she held out to him appealingly. "What you have been to me, I need not tell you; of what you are to me, I must not speak. This is the end, Helen. Good-by!"

For the first time since the long-past day when they had been betrothed lovers they kissed each other; then saying, brokenly, "I have deserved this, and more; but *you*—God bless you, Julian!" Mrs. Huntley turned and went away.

IX.

AFTER the appearance of the visitor who had so suddenly flashed upon her and disappeared, Annot felt too unsettled in mind, too restless in spirit, to return to her quiet work in the house. She was excited, curious, jealous, not so much of the woman herself as of the associations which she felt she must embody for Thyrle; and, since such a state of feeling is generally incompatible with repose of body, she, too, turned and entered the woodland-path which led to the mine—not so much with any intention of going thither as with the mere desire to be in movement.

So it came to pass that, as Mrs. Huntley was returning, she met, half-way between the house and the mine, the girl of whom her thoughts were full. She was a woman with whom feeling was ever stronger than reflection, and, acting on an impulse, she stopped the carriage and descended.

"Go on to the house and wait for me," she said to the driver; then, as he disappeared, she turned to Annot.

"I forgot to ask your name when we met an hour ago," she said, "but you are Miss Lawlie, are you not?"

"I am Miss Lawlie," replied Annot, somewhat disarmed, yet instinctively ready to resent patronage should this fine lady be inclined to bestow it.

But there was no suspicion of such a thing in the lady's look and manner. On the contrary, she held out her hand, gazing the while wistfully at the fair face before her.

"I have been talking with my cousin—I believe I forgot to mention that Mr. Thyrle *is* my cousin," she said, "and he has told me that you are engaged to him. You must let me congratulate you, for he has always been to me as a brother, and no one knows so well as I that you have won the noblest nature and truest heart in all the world."

Underlying the sweet, cordial words, there was a strain of sadness which Annot's ear was quick enough to detect, and as she clasped the slender white hand offered her she thought, "*You* are the cousin to whom he has given up the fortune," while aloud she said:

"You are very kind. I am sure Mr. Thyrle is all you say, and I—I wish that I were better suited to him."

Self-depreciation was usually not at all in her way, and it was almost unconsciously that these words were forced from her—partly by the searching gaze of the dark eyes bent on her, and partly by a renewed sense of the great difference between herself and this graceful woman.

"If you love him as he deserves to be loved, differences of habit and thought will prove but trifles," the other replied. "Love is the one great essential for happiness—nothing else matters in comparison, and I am sure you *must* love him."

"I—I think I do," said Annot, more and more surprised. This was a strange conversation, yet she did not know how to show her sense of its strangeness. Though generally ready enough in thought and speech, she was, in a manner, overborne by the magnetism that seemed to dwell in Mrs. Huntley's eyes and in the clasp of her hand.

"You are the woman whom he has chosen to share his life, and you therefore will hold his happiness in your hands," the thrilling voice went on. "Oh, remember—pray remember that! And remember that I, who know him better than any one else can ever do—for I have tested him as no one else can ever test him—tell you that his generosity,

his faithfulness, his tenderness, are far beyond all words."

"I don't understand why you should think it necessary to tell me," said the girl, with a strain of resentment in her voice. "I may not know him as you know him—I may not have tested him as you have tested him—but, at least, I know him well enough to love him, and to feel sure that he *is* faithful, and generous, and tender."

"Shall I tell you how it is that I know it so well?" Mrs. Huntley asked. "Have you ever heard him speak of his cousin Helen Rowland?"

"I never heard him mention that name," Annot replied; "but I heard him speak—once—of a cousin who married unhappily, and whose father disinherited her. I am sure that he would not have told me anything about it," she added, quickly, as she caught an expression of pain on the face before her, "but that he wanted to explain why it was that people said he was rich when he was not."

"Let us sit down," said Mrs. Huntley, turning to a fallen tree near the path. "I am not strong, and excitement unnerves me. Well"—after they sat down—"I am glad he told you, for it leaves less for me to tell. I am the woman of whom he spoke—his cousin Helen Rowland. Did he tell you I was engaged to him when I eloped with the man who became my husband? No, I am certain that he did not tell you that. But I was—I had been ever since we were very young. We grew up together, and my father was always devoted to him. I, too, liked him—no one could help doing so—but I was foolish, and wild, and perverse, and I imagined that I fell in love with Edward Huntley; and, as much to defy my father as for any other reason, I married him. I need not speak of my marriage, except to say that it was very unhappy; and, when my father died, he left his fortune to Julian Thyrle. Then Julian sought me out—me, the woman who had shamefully jilted him!—and, with a kindness and consideration far beyond all poor words of mine, settled that fortune on me. So much you know; but you do not know that I have been to him to-day to urge him to take part of this fortune which he resigns, and that he refuses absolutely to do so. But I cannot accept his refusal—I cannot!" she cried, as passionately as if Thyrle had been before her. "It is not just: my father loved him as a son, and he should keep a son's share of the property. He will not listen to me; but, surely"—here she took Annot's hand once more in her eager clasp—"*you* will have some influence with him. Can you not go to him? Can you not plead my cause? Can you not say to him, 'Unless you want to break your cousin's heart, you will keep part of this money—none of which would be hers but for you?' Surely, you will not refuse to do this!"

"I think you are right—I think he ought to keep part of the fortune," Annot said, after a moment's hesitation; "but I fear he will not listen to me any more than to you. I do not feel as if I had any influence over him."

"But you will try!" said the other, eagerly. "I will stay here and wait if you will go to him and plead for me, who have pleaded in vain for myself. Do not speak of its being just—say, rather, that it will be generous—more generous than anything he has done yet! Pray go, and God grant you success!"

Thus urged, what could Annot do but yield—the more readily because she believed as firmly as Mrs. Huntley could possibly desire that it was madness in Thyrle to resign the entire fortune. Yet she rose with the air of one who consents reluctantly.

"I will do what I can, because you seem so anxious," she said; "but you must not think that I will succeed. I have no hope at all that Mr. Thyrle will consent to what you desire—but I will go and beg him to do so for your sake."

"Yes, for my sake," said the other, with a strain of bitterness in her voice. "The plea had no influence on him when *I* uttered it, but it may have more weight from *your* lips."

Annot doubted this exceedingly; but it was not displeasing to have such power attributed to her, so she said again, "I will go;" and, rising, followed the path which led into the green depths of the forest.

As she found herself alone, walking rapidly toward the mine, the excitement which possessed her rose higher. Fail! She could not, she *would not* fail! Now, indeed, and at last, the key of fortune was in her hand, and there was nothing she would not say, nothing she would not do, in order to retain it. If she only knew how best to influence Thyrle, if she only could tell— At this point she suddenly started and recoiled with an involuntary cry, for a step on the path had made her look up, and Ellis Kane stood before her.

.

There are some blows which stun the spirit into apathy, deadening thought, and for a short, merciful space even numbing feeling, and such a blow was that which Thyrle had suffered. After his cousin left, he remained for several minutes motionless; then turning—as one who moves mechanically—he retraced his steps toward the mine. Climbing up the zigzag path which led from one escarpment of the cliff to another, he finally reached a broad ledge, where the principal excavations had been made.

As he stepped upon this, at a point distant several hundred yards from where the miners were at work, a man who had been sitting at the foot of a tree rose up and confronted him.

Rather a formidable-looking figure to meet unexpectedly on a mountain-side, yet one which seemed thoroughly at home there in its athletic strength and freedom of bearing. No need of the rifle in the strong right hand to give assurance that the man was well versed in all manly exercises, and the bold, bright eyes were never bolder or brighter than at this moment.

"I believe you have seen me before, Mr. Thyrle," the resolute voice said, as Thyrle looked at him. "My name is Ellis Kane."

"Pardon me," said Thyrle, with the instinct of

courtesy which never deserted him. "I did not recognize you for an instant, but I remember you now. Can I do anything for you, Mr. Kane?"

"You can give me your attention for a few minutes," the other replied. "I ask nothing more of you."

"I would rather you asked that at another time," said Thyrle, "since I am occupied at present."

"I shall not detain you long," Kane answered, with the resolution deepening on his face and in his voice; "but I have come to say a few words to you, and they must be spoken."

"Let me request, then, that you will speak them as briefly as possible," Thyrle said, with a quietness which was in great measure born of indifference. The pulse of life was beating just then very sluggishly in his veins, and it mattered little to him what this rejected lover of Annot's might have to utter.

But it was natural that to Kane this indifference should bear the aspect of superciliousness, and a gleam of passion came into his eyes, as he brought the end of his gun down on the rock with a ringing sound.

"Briefly, then," he said, "is it true, as I hear, that you are to marry Annot Lawlie?"

"It is quite true," Thyrle replied, rousing now to sufficient interest to exhibit a significant degree of haughtiness; "and, being true, I must request more courtesy from you in mentioning the lady's name."

Kane uttered a low, unmirthful laugh.

"I have known her too long and too well to think of changing my manner of speaking of her even to oblige you," he said. "See here, Mr. Thyrle, I know nothing about you except that you seem to be a gentleman, and therefore I am tempted to ask if you think it honorable to come between a man and the girl who has been engaged to him for years, and by rousing her vanity and love of the world to make her false to him, and win her for yourself?"

That there is a magnetism in truth to make itself felt and known, who can doubt? The earnestness of Kane's face and manner brought—not for the first time—a doubt of Annot's sincerity over Thyrle. He looked at the mountaineer steadfastly for a minute, and then said:

"Let me advise you to pause before you make assertions which you may not be able to prove. That you were Miss Lawlie's suitor for years, I know; but I think you hardly had reason to hold her engaged to you."

"I had every reason that a man could have short of a distinct and absolute promise of marriage," Kane replied. "She not only encouraged my passion, but she acknowledged repeatedly that she loved me, and she only held back from promising to marry me because she hoped to do better. She thinks that in marrying *you* she will do better, else she would play the same game with you, without hesitation. You wonder, perhaps"—as Thyrle still steadily regarded him—"why, if all this is true, I should regret such a woman. I have wondered myself, and I have fought against the madness until at last it has come to this—I *don't* regret her. She is not worth an honest man's having, and, if she were ready to marry me to-morrow, I would not marry her. I have not learned this in a day, however. You do not know how often during the past month your life has been in jeopardy. I have haunted this mountain-side, and again and again—when from some point of the cliff I have seen you alone—the devil has urged me to come down and have it out, you and I alone together. But I was always drawn back at the last moment. I hated you and wanted to kill you, and yet I felt all the time that Annot Lawlie was not worth wrecking one's soul for. So, wisdom came to me at last, and I made up my mind that I would never see her again, or you either—having stolen her you might make what you could of such a bad bargain. To let you alone began to seem the best revenge I could take. But last night I couldn't sleep, and I began to think that it wasn't your fault that you had been fooled as I had been, and that it might not be a bad thing to give you such a warning as one honest man may offer another. If you don't heed it, well and good—*I* have no interest in the matter, for I tell you on my oath that there is not gold enough in this mountain to bribe me to marry Annot Lawlie, knowing her as I know her now."

The passionate voice rang out stern and true, the passionate eye shone with the light of honest indignation, and Thyrle seemed for a moment half inclined to extend his hand—but, apparently thinking better of the impulse, he drew back.

"It is difficult to doubt you, Mr. Kane," he said, "but you must understand this—that your assertions are directly opposed to those of Miss Lawlie, and it would scarcely be just if I—who stand pledged to marry her—credited you to her discredit. She has assured me that, although you were a persevering suitor, she never for one moment loved or gave you reason to believe that she could ever love you."

The smile which came to Kane's lip was half bitter, half contemptuous.

"She went a little too far," he said; "it would have been safer if she had restricted herself to denying that she had promised to marry me. If you care to glance over these"—his hand went to the breast-pocket of his coat, and he drew out a package of letters—"you will perceive whether or not she ever owned that she loved me."

For an instant Thyrle hesitated—then with the manner of one who constrains himself to a disagreeable yet stern necessity, he received the letters and opened one of them.

No need to doubt or question longer who had spoken truth. He was answered by the first words on which his eye fell—words which no woman could ever have written and forgotten, however much it might prove to her interest to disown them. He read a few lines, then glanced at the date, folded the letter, returned it to its envelope, and handed the package back to Kane.

"I am satisfied," he said, calmly. "Whether or not you have done me a service I do not know at present; but I thank you for your candor, and I regret that I have unintentionally been the cause of so much pain to you."

"That does not matter," Kane replied. "I am sane enough now to know that you have done me no injury. Will you shake hands? I"—he hesitated, with Thyrle's hand in his—"I hope I have not hurt you much."

"You have not hurt me at all," said the other, with a slight smile. "Believe that."

Left alone a moment later, for the young mountaineer sprang down the rocks like a goat, and disappeared, he looked out over the fairness of the outspread earth, and up at the blueness of the encompassing sky, wondering, with the strange, vague feeling of one who has been heavily stunned, what part he should play in the perplexing web which Fate had drawn around him.

X.

"You!" cried Annot sharply, overwhelmed by the surprise of meeting Kane so unexpectedly. "What are you doing here?"

"I have just come down the mountain," he replied, lifting his hat, ceremoniously. "I had no idea of meeting you, Miss Lawlie"—when had Ellis Kane called her Miss Lawlie before?—"else I might have taken another path, to spare you the annoyance of seeing me."

"I—oh, I was only startled," said she, hastily. "I did not expect to see any one—that was all."

With this half apology, she glanced at him apprehensively, and, if she had spoken her thought, it would assuredly have been, "Come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?" for, let her fortify her courage as she would, the fact remained that she was afraid of this man whom she had jilted, and she would gladly have welcomed any overture of peace from him—failing which, she hoped that he would pass on and leave her alone.

But this he had plainly no intention of doing. He paused before her with much the same air which he had worn when he first confronted Thyrle—the air of one who, having something to say, has made up his mind to utter it.

"It may be a good thing that we have met," said he, abruptly. "We are not likely to meet hereafter except by accident, and I happen to have some property of yours with me for which I have no further use, and which you may probably like returned."

She did not comprehend his meaning, so there was wonder as well as the same vague shadow of apprehension in the eyes she lifted to him as she said:

"I do not understand—I do not know what property of mine you can have."

"You have forgotten, then, the letters you wrote to me when I was absent in Georgia?" he asked. "I don't know whether I ever thanked you for them. They were worth more than all the gold in the earth to me when I got them; but, naturally, they decreased in value when I came home and learned how you had been occupying yourself in the intervals of writing them, and—having served their last purpose to-day—they are now perfectly worthless to me."

She lifted her head haughtily. Though appreciating the full danger of the situation—for what, she thought, if Thyrle should suddenly come upon them!—she was determined to hold her own to the last boldly and defiantly.

"I understand you *now*, Mr. Kane," she said, "and you are as kind and courteous as you have always been. Yes, I would certainly like my letters returned, and I assure you there is nothing in the world of less importance to me than whether you do or do not place any value on them."

"I can believe that easily enough," said he, with quick scorn in his face and voice. "How should *you* be able to reckon the worth of a man's faith or a man's love? I am glad of this chance to tell you that, although I have been a fool about you longer than I care to remember, it is all over now—over and done forever! So long as I live I shall never waste another thought on you; but it is only honest to let you know that I have paid the debt I owe you—in part, at least. For a time I was mad enough to think of killing the man you had promised to marry, but instead of that I have told him the story of your conduct to me, and showed him these letters"—he drew them from his pocket—"as proof of my assertions. He said he needed proof, as your statements and mine were directly opposed, and I don't think it will give you much trouble to tell which story the letters supported."

He offered them to her as he spoke, but she seemed incapable of extending her hand to receive them. Despite the bitterness which he felt toward her, Kane had no malice or cruelty in his nature, and he was conscious of a thrill of absolute compunction as he saw how pallid her face had grown, and how full of consternation were her eyes.

"You—you showed him those letters!" she gasped. "I did not think that even *you* would have been so false and so mean as that! Oh, why did I not always hate you?" she cried, with a shiver of passion over her whole frame. "You are a coward, a cruel coward, to strike in the dark like this, Ellis Kane!"

"I gave an honest man an honest warning, more for his own sake than to revenge myself on you," said Kane, sternly. "You have the mine left, you know, and here—take your letters. They are worth nothing to me."

"Keep them in remembrance of this manly and generous act!" she cried, with eyes blazing through burning tears. "If I were a man I would *kill* you; but I am only a weak girl, so you can injure me without fear. I will not give up everything for lost, however, because you have spoken falsely, and used my own folly as a weapon against me. I will go to Mr. Thyrle and tell him—"

The words were taken from her lip, the sentence left forever unfinished, by the sound of an explosion

which at that instant came, filling the air, and shaking the solid earth beneath their feet.

It is no trifling thing to be in the neighborhood of such a blast, and in the present instance the shock was augmented by the dull, thunderous noises—apparently the crash of falling rocks in large numbers—which followed the explosion. To judge from the sounds—they were too near and yet too remote from the foot of the cliff to *see* what was going on—the mountain appeared to be hurling destruction upon those who had so long braved its might. One heavy report followed another in quick succession, and the impression created upon the mind of a listener was that the entire cliff must be blown into fragments.

"What can it mean?" asked Annot, turning involuntarily to her companion. "Surely, they must have made the blast greater than they intended!"

"I think they must!" he muttered. As crash after crash smote upon his ear, he had grown suddenly pale. He was conscious that in leaving the cliff when he did he had barely—with no margin of time to spare—escaped destruction; and, therefore, it was not strange that it occurred to him to question if Thyrle were safe. The last that he had seen of the latter was when he glanced back at the upper ledge from the foot of the cliff. He was then standing motionless where he (Kane) had left him. If he remained there until the explosion occurred, there could be no doubt that he must have been crushed by the masses of rock which the tremendous shock dislodged and sent down the mountain-side.

Without uttering a word of this fear to Annot, he turned and strode swiftly back toward the cliff. Before he had gone far in that direction, one of the miners rose up from ambush behind a mass of rocks and trees, and shouted warningly to him.

"Don't go there yet!" he cried. "The danger's not over from them falling bowlders."

"Where is Mr. Thyrle?" asked Kane. "Did he get to a place of safety?"

"Mr. Thyrle!" repeated the man. "He left the mine an hour before we touched off the blast."

"But he was on the cliff fifteen minutes before!" cried Kane, realizing that this assurance gave additional ground for his worst fears. "Do you mean to tell me you didn't warn him?"

"I—I don't know," stammered the man. "*I* had nothin' to do with it. Mr. Murphy gave the orders to light the fuse and leave the mine, and we all left; but we saw nothing of Mr. Thyrle."

"Which side did you come down?" asked Kane, with a lingering hope that they might have descended along the path where he left Thyrle.

"We come down by the left side—it's the steepest but the shortest way," answered the miner.

And Thyrle had been on the right! Hope died in Kane's breast at this moment—a horrible moment, which in all his after-life he never forgot. For many a day his feelings toward this man had been those of a murderer; and now, by his deed—for, if he had not detained him, would he not have returned to the mine in time to seek safety?—he had perished miserably!

"My God! when a man thinks evil, is he led to do it in spite of himself?" was the thought which flashed through his mind.

Then he turned fiercely upon the miner.

"By gross carelessness Mr. Thyrle was left unwarned on that cliff," he said. "Where is Murphy? We must see what has become of him."

When Murphy was found, his dismay was exceedingly great; but he insisted—not without reason—that he was not to blame.

"Mr. Thyrle knew that we were nearly ready to touch off the blast when he left the mine," he said. "How on earth could I conceive that he would be coming back just at the time when he ought to have known that it would be dangerous to do so? I could not believe it of him if you didn't tell me that you *saw* him, Mr. Kane!"

"I not only saw him, but I talked with him," said Kane; "and I would give everything I possess if I had not detained him to talk; but he uttered no hint of danger to me."

"His wits must have been strangely wool-gathering," said Murphy, "and you may thank your stars that *you* got away when you did. Poor fellow! I don't think there's any hope that we'll ever find him alive," he added.

It was a long time before they found him at all, so entirely had the face of the cliff been changed by the explosion which loosened its great bowlders and sent them crashing downward. Strong arms toiled faithfully, however, and at length they discovered and drew him forth from under a mass of irregularly-piled *débris*. He had evidently taken refuge beneath an outward shelving ledge of the cliff; and this shelter had partly saved him, for he was alive, though entirely unconscious and terribly crushed. As they laid him gently down, no man imagined that his eyes would ever open again to the light of day.

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But Nature, which sometimes succumbs so utterly under the slightest injuries, at other times proves her wonderful restorative powers by raising up to renewed life those whom even science has declared to be on the threshold of death. So it came to pass that the breath which fluttered so faintly through Thyrle's lips gradually grew stronger, until at last the day came when—though still weak as a child, and with one helpless arm bound in a bandage—he looked about him and knew that he was alive.

But he did not know, he had no means of judging, how long he had lain unconscious, any more than he knew aught of the brain-fever and delirium which had alternated with heavy stupor. He waked in a strange yet pleasant world made up of the things which are most soothing to the sick—fresh linen draping about him, a faint whiff of aromatic fragrance on the air, an open window with green boughs drooped across, and sunshine streaming softly through.

As he lay quiet, striving vainly to knit together the broken threads of thought, yet too indifferent or

too weak to be very curious, a voice spoke outside his door—a voice which had power to rouse him out of languor, and send his blood with quickened motion from his heart.

"What!" he thought. "Is *she* here?"

The next moment a step crossed the floor, a woman's hand—soft, light, and cool—touched his brow, and, looking up, his eyes rested on the face of his cousin—a thinner, paler face than when he saw it last, but more full of serenity and gentleness than he had ever seen it before.

"Helen," he said, "how does this come about?"

"How does what come about?" asked she, smiling. "Do you mean how is it that you are lying here helpless? My poor Julian, have you forgotten that you were frightfully injured by the explosion at the mine? For a long—oh, for so long a time, I never hoped that you would recover or be like other men again; but now, thank God! the doctor says you will get well."

"I am not sorry," said he, slowly, "though the last thing that I remember about the explosion is thinking that perhaps it was the best thing that could happen to me just then."

"O Julian! could you think that? And was it my fault?"

"Very far from your fault, my dear," he answered, kindly. "It was mine altogether, and mine alone; but we will not talk of that just now. Tell me, as the convalescent heroes in books say, where am I? and how long have I been in this interesting condition?"

"You are in the Lawlie house," said she, "though not in the room you formerly occupied; and you have been in this condition six weeks. That is enough information for the present. Now you must take your medicine and something to eat."

Thyrle did not demur—conscious, perhaps, that he had at present sufficient food for reflection; but several hours later, when she brought her work and sat down near him, he propounded another question.

"If I am in the Lawlie house," he said, "pray what has become of the Lawlies?"

Mrs. Huntley laid down her work, and looked at him hesitatingly and a little apprehensively.

"I did not want to tell you just yet," she said; "but I suppose it is better than to let you worry yourself with ungratified curiosity. The Lawlies are gone."

He stared at her blankly, repeating the word, "Gone!"

"They have been gone two weeks," she continued. "That blast which nearly killed you revealed so much of the wealth of the mine that Mr. Lawlie sold it for fifty thousand dollars, and he and his family have gone to enjoy their prosperity."

Thyrle was too weak for any great manifestation of emotion—he only said:

"I am glad to hear it—about the mine, I mean. And Annot?"

Mrs. Huntley bent her head over her sewing again.

"Annot went with them," she said.

There was silence for a minute—Thyrle lay quite still, gazing at the golden sunbeams dancing through the green leaves outside the window, then at a patch of sapphire-like sky, and then at his cousin's dark, graceful head. Finally, he spoke, and the first tone of his voice assured Mrs. Huntley that she had done no harm in telling him the truth.

"This is surprising news. We are always surprised that the world has not stood still while we have in a measure dropped out of it. But did Annot leave no word for me?"

Hesitation again on Mrs. Huntley's part—hesitation which Thyrle this time perceived and abruptly ended.

"Tell me whatever is to be told, Helen," he said. "You need not fear that I can be affected in any degree likely to injure me."

"I only feared that you would be pained," said she, lifting her dark eyes with their old, wistful look to his. "Annot went away before the others did—to some relations of her mother's, I think—but she left a letter which I was to give you if you recovered."

"Indeed!" said Thyrle, with a flicker of sarcastic light in his quiet eyes. "How considerate of her to provide for an event which must have seemed very unlikely at that time! And the letter, Helen? Let me know all and be done with the matter, my dear."

She rose without a word, left the room, and returned a moment later with the letter.

"I do not know what may be in it, Julian," she said, "but I hope you will believe, whatever it is, that I had no share in bringing it about."

He took her trembling hand and laid it on his lips.

"I can believe nothing unworthy of you," he said. "I hardly thought I should need to tell you that. Open the letter, and we will read it together."

She broke the seal, drew forth the inclosure, and this was what Annot had written:

"If you should ever be able to read this letter, you will think that I am utterly selfish and heartless to go away and leave you hanging between life and death; but I go because there is nothing here for me to do, and I may forget everything sooner by going. In consequence of my father's good fortune, one of my mother's relations has wakened to a recollection of my existence and written to me. I am going to visit and make use of her. What you heard concerning me just before your accident, I know—perhaps you may believe me if I say that if I did not tell you *all* the truth, it was only because I liked you too well to be willing to risk losing you—and I know, too, from your own delirious ravings that you love your cousin. Under these circumstances it does not seem to me that there is anything to say but good-by.

"ANNOT LAWLIE."

Thyrle looked up from the letter with a smile which relieved any fears which Mrs. Huntley may have entertained lest Annot's desertion might hurt him worse than he expected.

"So the knot is cut," he said, "and I am free. Helen, it may be a little premature to ask, but do you think a rejected man, a poor man, and a crippled man, worth having?"

Helen's answer is not hard to imagine; and so he found at last the hidden treasure of love which was to brighten all his days.

[THE END.]

THE DIALECTS OF OUR COUNTRY.

IN proposing a subject like this, some may be ready to ask, "What does it mean?" or be slow to admit that our country has any dialects. That depends, however, on what is meant by dialects. The word has a wider and a narrower meaning. In general, dialects may be defined as varieties of the same language. But in some cases the variety is much more distinct and full than in others. The Chaldee may be called a dialect of the Hebrew, or the Portuguese a dialect of the Spanish, yet the dialects in these cases have so much of a grammar and a vocabulary of their own as to seem almost distinct languages. At the same time, such varieties as those of the Doric, Ionic, Attic, and Eolic, in the Greek, are called dialects; while the same is true of the varieties afforded by some of the districts of England and the departments of France. If we may say that a dialect is the language of a part of any country deviating from the authorized language of the country as a whole, whether in grammar, words, or pronunciation, then it may be affirmed that each principal portion of our country has its dialect. Each principal portion of our country has so many peculiarities of speech that it is not difficult in most cases for any one, who has paid much attention to the matter, to determine the section of country a stranger belongs to after conversing with him for a few minutes. Let a man "go to Congress," as we say, and he will soon find that he is amid a variety of dialects. The House of Representatives assembles its members from every portion of every State of the Union, and, although many of the members are sufficiently educated and traveled to have shed many of their peculiarities of speech, there will still be found abundant opportunity to study our dialects. Many will betray their "native," as Kentuckians term it, at the first opening of their lips. It may only be a cry of "Order!" or it may only be an address to the chair, "Mr. Speaker," or it may only be an allusion to "the gentleman from New York," or "the gentleman from Virginia"—it is enough. In a casual looking in on the Senate, I have heard as characteristic New-Englandisms as are to be found in the sayings of Sam Slick, and as choice specimens of Tennessee eloquence as are to be found reported in the pages of Davy Crockett. Some years ago it was said that Mr. Chambers, of Pennsylvania, was so vexed with the pronunciation given his name by the Clerk of the House, that he at length refused to answer to it. The clerk was a Virginian, and persisted in calling, "Jeems Chawmbers! Jeems Chawmbers!"

My attention was first called to the subject of our dialects on entering college at Princeton. The college gathered its students from various parts of the land; great varieties of speech were soon made evident. The recitation after dinner was called by some the *afternoon* recitation, by others the *evening* recitation. The hour at which it was held was, according to some, half-past three (*a* as in *far*); according to others, half-past three (*a* as in *fat*). It was heard, as some said, by a *chooter;* as others said, by a *tooter;* while according to others still, the person was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather something between them, namely, a *tewtor*. The greatest variety of pronunciation was accorded to the little word *here*, in answering to the calling of the roll. One would say *here* (*r* full), another *heah*, another *heaw*, and another *yhur*. It soon became evident that such differences marked the different sections of the country from which the students came.

It will be observed that the differences just indicated are mainly differences of *pronunciation*. Pronunciation, however, is not altogether an unimportant matter. The Latin phrase, "*Pax tecum*," when the words are pronounced as we commonly hear them, conveys to us the sense of a beautiful and benignant prayer, "Peace be with thee;" whereas the same phrase, when the words are pronounced after the Continental fashion, is transformed into an Anglo-Saxon expression, and is no longer a benignant prayer, but instead, to wit, "Pox take 'em!" a ribald curse.

Those who have not traveled much are often unaware of the fact that they themselves are guilty of dialectic peculiarities in their talk, even when they have detected such peculiarities in others. A Southern lady, who had been sojourning North, was once entertaining a company of friends in Baltimore with specimens of New England peculiarities of speech, when a young man present, who was greatly amused, exclaimed, in perfect innocence: "That's a right smart heap of Yankee vulgarisms; where did you pick 'em up at?" Indeed, each section of our country, in turn, seems to regard itself as the standard of correct speaking, and is ready to laugh at everything differing from its own usages. Noah Webster makes New England the standard for the whole country (in the Introduction to his "Dictionary"). The Virginians and the South Carolinians have insisted, respectively, on the purity of their speech. Baltimoreans, as between the North and the South, congratulate themselves on a happy

exemption from the extremes of either. And those of the West, representing all portions of the land, and mingling all its dialects, may be ready to imagine that they have settled upon a happy average of speech. There is no surer mark of a man's provincial character than is to be found in his boast that his own locality is free from provincialisms.

Dialects are a necessary incident to a living language. Nothing human is more permanent on the one hand, nor more fluctuating on the other, than language. Language in its great essential attributes is as permanent as the human mind, to which it is most nearly and strongly related. Yet language in its essential forms is so flexible as to adapt itself to every variety of human condition, and does actually share with man in the vicissitudes of his changeful life. Let a people possess a perfectly uniform language, yet let them be so scattered over a country as to come under different conditions of life in its different parts, and corresponding variations in their language will speedily be exhibited. The people of ancient Israel, we may suppose, spoke a uniform language during their bondage in Egypt, and their wanderings in the wilderness. But no sooner were they settled in the land of Canaan, according to their tribes, than tribal differences of language sprang up; so that a few years after, at the passages of the Jordan, those unable to frame aright the pronunciation *Shibboleth* were thereby declared Ephraimites as by an infallible sign, and were therefore put to death.

The dialects of our country arise in great part, no doubt, from our diversity of local and national origin. The dialects of the mother-country are, to some extent, preserved and perpetuated here. We have, too, many Scotticisms and Scotch-Irishisms. Then, besides the *mother*-country, the *father*-land is represented among us, as also, to some extent, France, Holland, and the other nations; and each foreign language, in its absorption into our own, leaves some traces of its existence on our own. It will not consent to die and be buried without thus securing a monument.

It may seem strange to some persons that, in a country like ours, with such sameness of institutions through its whole extent, where the circulating literature is so immense, and where the mania for travel is so great—it may seem strange that existing differences of language should not be obliterated. Yet it need not be thought so if we consider how early in life we learn to speak, and how closely our habits of speaking adhere to us; if we consider, too, that standard *reading* tends to correct only a part of these differences—namely, those which address themselves to the *eye*, while the greater number address only the ear; and if we consider also that, with all our mania for travel and migration, the larger part of the people spend the greater part of their lives on the soil and amid the society of their birth.

It is not the object at this time to exhibit the dialectic peculiarities of the different portions of our country; they are altogether too numerous to be gathered into a small compass. They are not a few, as many imagine, but they number their hundreds and their thousands. It is rather the object to show, in some respects, the interest and importance which belong to the *study* of our dialects. In doing this, of course, some of our dialectic differences will be given by way of illustration.

There are two principal respects in which the knowledge of our dialects is of importance. The first is to be found in the connection subsisting between language and history. A knowledge of our dialects gives important hints in regard to the early colonization of our country, and in regard to the various movements of the different elements of our population from the first until now. The second respect in which a knowledge of our dialects is important is to be found in the connection subsisting between language and manner of life. Our different social customs and habits of thought find expression, and may be learned to some extent from our different forms of speech.

Let us see, then, first, how our history is illustrated by our dialects. Any one going into the neighborhood of New York City will speedily be made aware that the descendants of the Dutch are about him. He will discover it from the names of the people, from the names of localities in the country and streets in the city, and from the use of Dutch words which he has not heard elsewhere. Among the people to whom he is introduced he will find an extraordinary number of *Vans*—Van Dyke, Van Bokkelm, Van Buren, Van Benskoven. The localities of *Hoboken* and *Staten Island*, and Cortlandt Street, in New York, and Schermerhorn Street, in Brooklyn, will constantly be heard. He will find himself making an excursion on the Harlem Railroad and crossing Spuyten Duyvel Creek. If it is winter, he will be eating *crullers*, or Dutch doughnuts; if it is summer, he will be resting after dinner in the cool *stoop* or porch of the Dutch farmhouse. And, when Sunday comes, it will surely be the dominie whom he will hear preach. Now, in the prevalence of such names and words may the existence of the descendants of the Dutch be detected and their movements be traced wherever they have gone in our land. By glancing at a map of our country we see the footprints of the French in the geographical names which are heard every day. Whence are the names Vincennes and Terre Haute in Indiana, and Fond du Lac and Prairie du Chien in the Northwest, but from the early French settlers? The single word *prairie*, in universal use to describe the immense natural meadows of the West, is a sufficient testimony that the French were the first of Europeans to explore the regions to which they belong. Why is it that Illinois is spelled with a final *s*, yet pronounced without it? Would not this indicate that the French were the first to make the acquaintance of the Illinois Indians and to write their name? We may infer with certainty the early establishment and permanent abode of a French population in *Missouri* from the geographical names. See the number of saints—St. Louis, St. Charles, St. Genevieve, and St. Joseph. See such other names as

Des Moines on the north and Cape Girardeau on the south. In St. Louis they measure land not by *acres* but by *arpens*. The word was not unknown in England centuries ago, having come over at the Conquest and become somewhat current. Yet it has died out from our language, and now lives purely as a French word. Much the same might be said of the marks of the French left in Louisiana and along the Gulf coast. The admixture of French is undoubtedly much larger in the people of the South than in those of the North. Not only was Louisiana a French territory, but the Huguenots were an important element of population on the Southeast coast, while of those emigrating to the South of English origin, the Norman element was more important than in the case of English emigration to the Northern colonies. And, accordingly, we find the Southern dialects assimilating to the peculiarities of the French language. This is seen particularly in the disposition to throw the accent of words *forward* at the South, and the opposite disposition at the North. Thus, at the South the vulgar almost invariably say president′ and testament′ and excitement′ and gentlemen′. So in words of two syllables, the accent is frequently placed on the last syllable, when at the North it would be placed on the first. The proper names, Sli′dell and Shu′mard and Cor′inth, are with them Slidell′, Shumard′, and Corinth′. The tendency North in such cases to draw the accent back when it probably is thrown forward, appears in whole classes of words. Thus in words of three syllables, persons are disposed to say il′lustrate for illus′trate, and op′ponent for oppo′nent, and in′quiry for inqui′ry. So in words of two syllables, there is a disposition to say re′cess for recess′, and suc′cess for success′, and sup′port for support′.

A more important variety of our speech is that which is of Scotch-Irish origin. The dialect of Pennsylvania is mainly Scotch-Irish. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the first settlers of Pennsylvania were largely of the class of English Quakers; and that subsequently the Germans have come in in almost overwhelming force. From Eastern Pennsylvania the Scotch-Irish spread abroad, going up the Cumberland Valley into Virginia, and crossing the Alleghanies both in Pennsylvania and Virginia. Their dialect is broadly defined, both as against the people of New York on the north and the people of old Virginia on the south and east. No one at all acquainted with the Scotch-Irish dialect would be at a loss to identify the main peculiarities of speech exhibited in all the region indicated. The Pennsylvanian says *strenth* and *lenth* for *strength* and *length*. He says *cannle*, and *hannle*, and *bunnle*, for *candle*, and *handle*, and *bundle*. He says "I want out" and "I want down" for "I want to get out" and "I want to get down." He says he will wait *on* you when he means that he will wait *for* you. If a person has had a slight sickness, and has speedily gotten over it, the Pennsylvanian will say of him that "he took sick," but it was only "a brash," and he soon got "quite better." The Pennsylvanian often uses *nor* for *than* after a comparative adjective. One thing is "more *nor* another," or "better *nor* another." So *till* is often substituted for *to* in the Pennsylvania dialect. A horse comes *till* the stable, or a boy *till* the schoolhouse. The word *into* is much used for *in* in Pennsylvania. A horse will be said to have a white spot *into* his forehead, or a field to have a fine spring of water *into* it. The Pennsylvanians use the word *whenever* to signify "as soon as." Thus it will be said that, "*whenever* the carriage came, the lady got in." In Pennsylvania they "lift a collection," and "take up church," and ride to town "in a *maćhine*," with a *horse-beast* drawing the machine. Moreover, if the horse is a lively animal, what some call *skittish*, he will be called in Pennsylvania a *wild beast*. Now, all these peculiarities are evidently of Scotch-Irish origin, and by means of them, and others like them, we can trace in our country the movements and the influence of this element of population.

The Scotch-Irish, at an early period, came in large numbers to the Southern part of our country. We might infer that North Carolina was largely colonized by them from the prevalence of Presbyterianism in that State, and from the frequency with which Scotch-Irish names occur. Who that has been at all acquainted with the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has not become familiar with such names as McIver, and McQueen, and McNeil, and McIntyre, of North Carolina? And, accordingly, we find Scotch-Irishisms marking the speech of North Carolina people. Those who have paid attention to the subject have remarked the general agreement of dialect between the Pennsylvanians and the North-Carolinians. Indeed, the Scotch-Irish element in the population of the South has been sufficient to impress some peculiarities of speech on the whole people. Such is their frequent use of the auxiliary verb *will*, where correct English requires *shall*. Scottish writers freely use the auxiliary *will* in such phrases as this, "We *will* make the tour of the Continent this summer," or this, "We cannot foretell when we *will* die," where only simple futurism is meant to be asserted. Illustrations of this usage abound in Chalmers, in Guthrie, in Macduff. And so this usage is found all over our Southern country, and indeed the whole country, except New England and its dependents. In New England, where the Scotch-Irish element has made no impression, the English usage strictly prevails.

South of New England there is another usage which is probably due to the Scotch-Irish, though it has an affinity for the French. It is the constant employment of the words "any place," and "some place," and "no place," instead of the words "anywhere," and "somewhere," and "nowhere." The child of Scotch-Irish and of Southern parents will exclaim concerning its lost toy, "I can't find it *any place!*" The child of New England parents will exclaim, "I can't find it *anywhere!*"

But, leaving Scotch-Irishisms, we find there are varieties of speech to be found of a more subtile kind still, and which have relation to history. For

example, the people of New England generally speak in a sharper, shriller, and more nasal tone, than Southern people. The Southern people are more open-mouthed, and speak in a louder tone, rolling out their words. It is precisely in accordance with the general tendency at the South, whether due to it or not, to say *whar*, and *thar*, and *bar*, for *where*, and *there*, and *bear*. Professor Marsh accounts for this difference from the influence of climate on the vocal organs. But, while this may account for it in part, must we not suppose that in part the difference existed before climatic influence had time to be felt? New England is essentially Puritan, while the rest of the country is a mixture of classes. And the Puritans in England were noted for their nasal twang and whining tone, and for these received unbounded ridicule from the Cavaliers. The difference would seem to look back beyond geographical position—to influences which, as history shows, governed the class of English population from which New England was colonized.

There is a feature of our dialects which, historically considered, seems a complete puzzle. New England and the population to the west of her, and then Virginia, agree in an extensive use of the Italian sound of the vowel *a*, and also in the suppressed sound of the letter *r*; while between these regions—to wit, in all the region of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Northern Maryland—the narrower sound *a* prevails, and a fuller consonantal sound of *r*. Thus in New England and Virginia they say (*a* in *far*) *calm* and *balm*, and *laugh* and *grass*, and *past* and *command*; while in the region between they say (*a* in *fat*) *calm*, *balm*, *laugh*, *grass*, *past*, and *command*. So in New England and Virginia they say *fō-ah*, *mō-ah*, *caud*, *betteh*; while in the region between they say *four*, *more*, *cord*, and *better*. Just how it has come to pass that the two belts of population on the North and on the South thus agree together in their speech, while between them a belt of population differs from them both throughout its extent, it is difficult to say.

Before passing from this historical branch of the subject it may be well to say something further respecting our dialects, as they mark the *movements* and *migrations* of our people. Perhaps no civilized nation on the globe is quite as restless and migratory as our own. Vast numbers of our population are at all times to be found in transit from one home to another on the highways of travel. The older communities are constantly overflowing into our newer Territories and peopling them. So the people carry their peculiarities of speech along with them wherever they go. And we may trace the streams of migration as they flow through the land by the dialects of the different portions of the newer countries. It is interesting to find that the great laws which have governed the migrations of nations since the beginning of history have controlled the more limited movements of the different portions of our own population. Since the beginning, migrations have been chiefly on parallels of latitude. Movements to the north or to the south, movements on meridian lines, have been incidental to these. They have been little more than *eddyings* on the margin of the great tidal current. It has sometimes occurred to me that probably the reason why the spherical form of the earth was not earlier discovered, when ancient sages were so busy with astronomical observations, was probably just this, that the movements of the ancient nations being for a long time limited within a few degrees of latitude, no difference of declination in the heavenly bodies was perceived. Had they traveled far to the north or to the south, they must have observed the rising or the declining of the pole-star, and must have inferred the spherical form of the earth.

But not only have the migrations of nations been chiefly on parallels of latitude, they have been, since the period of recorded history, mainly migrations westward instead of eastward. Not only in modern times is it true that—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way!"

The very first notice of any movement of the earth's population is in the following language, in the early chapters of the book of Genesis: "And it came to pass as they journeyed *from the east* that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." We read in Scripture of "wise men" coming "from the east." And it was the remark of a certain modest individual that the farther West *he went* the more fully persuaded was he that wise men came from the East. But this same individual, if he had informed himself yet more fully, might have discovered that the fools as well as the wise men come from the East. The whole movement of the race since the dawn of its historic existence has been a movement toward the setting sun.

Well, so has it been in our country. The movements of the people have been chiefly westward upon parallels of latitude. New England has peopled New York, Virginia has produced Kentucky, North Carolina has extended herself to Tennessee, Georgia claims Alabama as her offspring. The best illustration of this law is probably that afforded by Ohio. In traveling across the State of Ohio from north to south, we find that we pass through three distinct layers of population. The layer on the north is essentially New England; that across the middle of the State is equally Pennsylvanian; then that upon the south is a mixture mainly of New Jersey and Virginia and Kentucky people. The dialectic differences make known these zones of population beyond mistake. And so throughout the land the dialects confirm and illustrate the whole history of our migrations.

It remains to speak briefly of our dialects as illustrative of manners and customs of life. All that will be said on this branch of the subject will be in the way of giving as specimens a few such illustrations.

In New England they make use of the points of the compass in designating the direction of movements and the relation of localities to an extent not known in other parts of the land. They do not so

much use the terms *forward* and *backward*, to *the right hand* and *to the left*, as the terms *north* and *south* and *east* and *west*. If a traveler inquires his way, he will be told to take the road leading east until it forks, then take the north fork, etc. The habit extends to the most limited movements—not merely to those about one's own premises or house, but even to those about the same room in the house. The piano will even be said sometimes to stand on the north side of the parlor; while the proper place for the principal arm-chair will be a little to the south of the centre-table.

Now, it is not difficult to connect this habit with a peculiarity in the life of New England people. As compared with the rest of the nation, they are *maritime* in their character. Perhaps New England has twice as many of her people afloat on the seas as the whole country besides. And sailor-language must, in New England more than elsewhere, prevail on shore. And with the sailor the compass is, of course, the constant guide in matters of local direction. And so, all along the coast, it is much more the habit of the people than in the interior to watch the changes of the winds and weather. On almost every court-house and church and barn and out-house of every sort, in New England and New Jersey, is seen a weather-vane of some kind, with perhaps the points of the compass indicated. Almost any man alongshore will at any time tell you the various directions the wind has been blowing for several days past, and in his narrative he will use the phraseology of the sea. "Day before yesterday," he will tell you, "the wind was blowing *nōthe*-east, while yesterday it had hauled to *sou*-west."

The Yankee, as everybody knows, is of a curious and inquisitive disposition. And this disposition evinces itself not only in the extraordinary number of questions which he asks, but in some of his frequent and peculiar expressions. Tell him what you may, however interesting, however wonderful, and you do but stimulate him to seek for further knowledge. He still exclaims: "Du tell!" "I want to know!" Yet the genuine Yankee is modest, and, while anxious for information, is fearful lest meanwhile he should weary or annoy the one he questions. And his modesty is seen in the very form of his inquiries. He does not come plump against you, and thrust his questions at you like so many pointed weapons, compelling you to put yourself in battle array, and enter upon conversational combat. Rather, he gently puts forth a statement, to which you may respond or not, as you please. Indeed, he even makes his statement in a negative form, so as to touch you more lightly. If he chances on you in traveling, and desires to know where you live, "Wal, I s'pose you don't come from West Brookfield?" or from whatever other place he may think you *do* come from. The following inquiry after a lost hat is probably an extreme case: "Nobody ain't seen nothin' of no old hat nowhere?"

In New England the words *pretty* and *ugly*, instead of being limited to physical attributes, as is common elsewhere, are mainly employed to describe moral and intellectual character. Young ladies, however plain or uncomely of feature, if yet they are pleasant in their manners, and entertaining in their conversation, will be called in New England "very *pretty* girls." A New England gentleman, living in the South, told me that he was once completely nonplused when about to call upon some ladies by the remark of his companion, who was a Southerner, that the ladies, although unquestionably *ugly*, were yet of amiable disposition. An *ugly* person in New England is an *unamiable* person, and a person of simply unagreeable features is a *homely* person.

Much the same may be said of the word *likely*. In New England a *likely* person is a sensible, well-educated person. Elsewhere the word refers to physical excellence. On this word Pickering, in his "Glossary of Americanisms," remarks as follows: "Throughout the British dominions, and in most parts of the United States, the epithet *likely* conveys an idea of mere personal beauty, unconnected with any moral or intellectual quality. But in New England a man or woman as deformed as a Hottentot or an orang-outang may be *likely*, or very *likely*. The epithet there refers to moral character." In New England, as nowhere else, "handsome *is* as handsome *does*."

Now, in thus taking words which elsewhere imply physical character, and using them only of moral and intellectual habits, we discover a tendency of the New England people to undervalue that which is physical in man, and to exalt that which is moral and intellectual. In contrast with this, let a man go into Virginia from the North, and he will be surprised to find how much more is made of personal beauty and personal accomplishments than he has been accustomed to. The *points* of a person will be discussed by his friends much the same as if he were a blooded horse. He will be admired for his *form*, but condemned for his *complexion*; he will be praised for his *eyes* and *ears*, but censured for his *nose* and *mouth*. His stock will be taken into the account, and it will be observed that his father or grandfather appears in him in his legs and arms, while he has his maternal grandmother in his forehead and cheek-bones. So, personal accomplishments are highly valued. Especially must every young man learn the graces of the saddle, and become a centaur with some ambitious horse; and in comparison with personal beauty and accomplishments, and the virtues of gentleness and courage with which they are most readily associated, that which is more purely moral or intellectual will be found too lightly esteemed. But in New England the moral and intellectual are all in all. The institutions of religion have exerted a wide and profound influence on the morals of the people, so that a man can hardly maintain social respectability who does not habitually respect the Sabbath, and attend church, and preserve himself even from what are elsewhere regarded as small vices. And the educational appliances are such as to make prominent intellectual cultivation and accomplishment. The New England boy of genius, born in greatest obscurity, without *stock*, and without personal en-

dowments, is reached by the divining-rod of popular education, is quickened, and guided, and elevated, by the whole system of higher institutions of learning, until—a man—he occupies the highest position in church or state, and becomes in turn the model of a thousand other boys of genius.

In New England the moral is accorded a corresponding superiority over the intellectual. In Puritan New England goodness, rather than talents, receives the popular homage. This is seen in the use of the word *clever*. The proper English use of this word is that which prevails in this country outside of New England and its colonies. It signifies brightly intelligent, or quick-witted. Yet in New England the word is used almost wholly to signify an easy, amiable disposition. A half-idiot in New England, if good-natured and inoffensive, will be denominated "a clever fellow."

Connecticut is called "the land of steady habits," but it may be that New Jersey has equal claims to this honorable designation. In these days, when boys so suddenly become men, when parental authority is so much set at naught, perhaps the older communities of New Jersey exhibit as fair specimens of general good order and of family subordination as are to be found anywhere in the land. And to this we have a testimony in a peculiarity of dialect among the old-time people in portions of that State. They show a deference to persons of station or worth, or to strangers, by speaking to them in the third person. Instead of saying, "How do *you* do?" in inquiring after your health, they will say, "How does *he* do?" or perhaps will use your name, and say to you, "How does Mr. Brown do?" And such persons are particular to demand of their children that they shall say *he* and *she* in addressing their father and mother, and would be as ready to chastise them for daring to say *you* as for any other token of disrespect. It is, however, an ominous fact that this usage is fast disappearing. The usage is only a remnant of those courtly times which have themselves wellnigh disappeared.

In all the South conversation is more cultivated among educated people than at the North. It is a noteworthy fact that conversation, considered as an accomplishment, scarcely exists in all our Northern States. Scarcely one educated person in a hundred is a skillful and practised talker in general society. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that the whole nation is given to public talking. Let almost any man, who in a parlor is wholly quiet, or who speaks only in an awkward and embarrassed way, once mount a stump, and he will harangue a crowd by the hour. But at the South almost every educated person of either sex will converse in a mixed company with freedom, and tact, and intelligence. Conversation is cultivated. There is an ambition to excel in it. From this, no doubt, in part, it has come to pass that pronunciation at the South is more old-fashioned than at the North. Conversation at the South has given the law to pronunciation, while at the North we have followed books, and have changed the pronunciation to suit the spelling. Thus at the South it is common, if not universal, to hear *clerk* pronounced *clark*, and *James Jeems*, and *keer* for *care*, and *skeer* for *scare*, and *rigiment* and *siminary* for *regiment* and *seminary*. And not only do old-fashioned pronunciations prevail at the South, but also old-fashioned phrases and expressions. A young man attaining his majority becomes "one-and-twenty" instead of "twenty-one." Instead of dining with a friend or taking tea, they eat "a meal's vittles" with him. The preservation of antique pronunciations and forms of expression is, no doubt, due also in part to the illiterate character of the mass of the common people. Book-language is almost unknown among these, and they cling to the English of their remote ancestors. Nowhere but in the South will you hear the old English words *mought* for *might*, *crope* for *crept*, and *holp* for *helped*. There you will hear them constantly from the common people. And that the common people help to form the speech of those who are educated and refined is evident from the fact that negroisms may be traced in the speaking of the whole Southern people.

Perhaps a sufficient number of illustrations has been given of the connection of our sectional habits with our modes of speech, yet it would hardly answer to dismiss the subject without some reference to our Westernisms of life and speech. Such words as "clearings," and "diggins," and "openings," point out sufficiently the new character of the Western country.

There is that, however, in Western language which is yet more significant of peculiarity in Western life. Western people are much in the habit of using words in odd and unexpected ways, and of instituting grotesque comparisons, and of indulging in picturesque expressions. They indulge in a sort of wild freedom of speech which seems very truly to harmonize with the freedom of life belonging to a new country. For example, they prefer to call whiskey *corn-juice*, because therein is the conception of the *make* of the article. And when they go further and call it *chain-lightning*, they very vividly set forth the style of its working. The Western man sometimes designates a groggery as a *juice-pen*, and therein intimates the beastly character of intoxication. They say of a man whose pretensions have been exposed, or who has egregiously failed in carrying out his plans, that he has "*flatted out*." Then a man of stanch character is not only "*there*," but, further and especially, he is so safe that "he will do to tie to." And what can a man do when thrown upon his own responsibility, launched out alone upon the stream of life, what can he do but "paddle his own canoe?" A Western man in traveling, when he happens to see a church, and desires to know who is its pastor, will ask the question, "Who runs the concern?" It is common everywhere to hear the word *badly* used for *much* or *greatly*. Thus, a man caught in a shower will say that he wants an umbrella very *badly*. But see the emphasis which the Western man obtains by a little twisting of the expression. He says, "I want an umbrella *the worst kind*."

I would only add, in conclusion, that a study of the dialects of our country may lead to the discovery of greater diversities of speech among us than we had imagined. Yet, if at the same time we study the dialects of other countries, we shall find that the people of this whole land are one in language, in a higher and more perfect sense than is true of any other nation—one also in race, history, literature, religion, geography—and that nowhere under the sun are seen so many unities among a people, of such high and controlling sort, as exist in reference to the American people.

"BRO."

TWO houses, a saw-mill, and a tide-water marsh, with a railroad-track crossing it from northeast to southwest; on the other side the sea. One of the houses was near the drawbridge, and there the keeper lived, old Mr. Vickery. Not at all despised was old Mr. Vickery on account of his lowly occupation; the Vickerys had always lived on Vickery Island, and, although they were poor now, they had once been rich, and their name was still as well known as the sun in Port Wilbarger, and all Wilbarger district. Fine sea-island cotton was theirs once, and black hands to sow and gather it; salt-air made the old house pleasant. The air was still there, but not the cotton or the hands; and, when a keeper was wanted for the drawbridge of the new railroad, what more natural than that one should be selected who lived on the spot rather than a resident of Port Wilbarger, two miles away?

The other house was on Wilbarger Island, at the edge of the town, and, in itself uninteresting and unimportant, was yet accepted, like the plain member of a handsome family, because of its associations; for here lived Mrs. Manning and her daughter Marion.

The saw-mill was on the one point of solid mainland which ran down into the water cleanly and boldly, without any fringe of marsh; the river-channel was narrow here, and a row-boat brought the saw-miller across to the Manning cottage opposite three times each day. His name was Cranch, Ambrose Cranch, but everybody called him "Bro." He took his meals at the cottage, and had taken them there for years; new-comers at Wilbarger, and those persons who never have anything straight in their minds, supposed he was a relative. But he was not—only a friend. Mrs. Manning was a widow, fat, inefficient, well-born, and amiable. Her daughter Marion was a slender, erect young person of twenty-five years of age, with straight eyebrows, gray eyes, a clearly-cut, delicate profile, and the calmness of perfect but unobtrusive health. She was often spoken of as an unmoved sort of girl, and certainly there were few surface-ripples; but there is a proverb about still waters which sometimes came to the minds of those who noticed physiognomy when they looked at her, although it is but fair to add that those who noticed anything in particular were rare in Wilbarger, where people were either too indolent or too good-natured to make those conscientious studies of their neighbors which are demanded by the code of morals prevailing on the coast farther north.

Port Wilbarger was a very small seaport, situated on the inland side of a narrow island; the coastwise steamers going north and south touched there, coming in around the water-corner, passing the Old Town, the mile-long foot-bridge, and stopping at the New Town for a few moments; then, backing around with floundering and splashing, and going away again. The small inside steamers, which came down from the last city in the line of sea-cities south of New York by an anomalous route advertised as "strictly inland all the way," also touched there, as if to take a free breath before plunging again into the narrow, grassy channels, and turning curves by the process of climbing the bank with the bow and letting the stern swing round, while men with poles pushed off again. It was the channel of this inside route which the railroad-drawbridge crossed in the midst of a broad, sea-green prairie below the town. As there was but one locomotive, and therefore, when it had gone down the road in the morning, naturally nothing could cross again until it came back at night, one would suppose that the keeper might have left the bridge turned for the steamers all day. But no: the superintendent was a man of spirit, and conducted his railroad on the principle of what it should be rather than what it was. He had a hand-car of his own, and came rolling along the track at all hours, sitting with dignity in an arm-chair while two red-shirted negroes worked at the crank. There were several drawbridges on his route, and it was his pleasure that they should all be exactly in place, save when a steamer was actually passing through; he would not even allow the keepers to turn the bridges a moment before it was necessary, and timed himself sometimes so as to pass over on his hand-car when the bow of the incoming boat was not ten yards distant.

But, even with its steamers, its railroad, and railroad superintendent of the spirit above described, Port Wilbarger was but a sleepy, half-alive little town. Over toward the sea it had a lighthouse and a broad, hard, silver-white beach, which would have made the fortune of a Northern village; but, when a Northern visitor once exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Why, I understand that you can walk for twenty miles down that beach!" a Wilbarger citizen looked at him slowly, and answered, "Yes, you can — if you *want* to." There was, in fact, a kind of cold, creeping, east wind, which did not rise high enough to stir the tops of the trees to and fro, but which, nevertheless, counted for a good deal over on that beach.

Mrs. Manning was poor; but everybody was poor at Wilbarger, and nobody minded it much. Marion was the housekeeper and house-provider, and everything went on like clock-work, even careless, disorderly old Dinah, the one servant, a marvelous cook, and equally marvelous temper-trier. Marion was like her father, it was said; but nobody remembered him very clearly. He was a Northerner, who had come southward seeking health, and finding none. But he found Miss Forsythe instead, and married her. How it happened that Ambrose Cranch, not a relative but a nondescript, should be living in a household presided over by Forsythe blood, was as follows: First, he had put out years before a fire in Mrs. Manning's kitchen which would otherwise have burned the wooden house to the ground; that began the acquaintance. Second, learning that her small property was in danger of being swept away entirely, owing to unpaid taxes and mismanagement, he made a journey to the capital of the State in her behalf, and succeeded after much trouble in saving a part of it for her. It was pure kindness on his part in a time of general distress, and from another man would have been called remarkable; but nothing could be called remarkable in Ambrose Cranch—he had never been of any consequence in Wilbarger or his life. Mrs. Manning liked him, and, after a while, asked him to come and take his meals at the cottage; the saw-mill was directly opposite, and it would be neighborly. Ambrose, who had always eaten his dinners at the old Wilbarger Hotel, in the dark, crooked dining-room, which had an air of mystery not borne out by anything, unless it might be soups, gladly accepted, and transferred his life to the mainland point and the cottage opposite, with the row-boat as a ferry between. He was so inoffensive and willing, and so skillful with his hands, that he was soon as much a part of the household as old Dinah herself; he mended and repaired, praised the good dishes, watered the flowers, and was an excellent listener. It would be amusing to know how much the fact of being, or securing, a good listener, has to do with our lives. Mrs. Manning, fond of reminiscence and long narratives which were apt to run off at random, so that, whereas you began with the Browns, you ended with something about the Smiths, and never heard the Brown story at all, actually retained Ambrose Cranch at her table for eleven years because he listened well. But she did not realize it; neither did he. A simpler, more unplotting soul never existed than that in the saw-miller's body. A word now as to that body: it had a good deal to do with its owner's life, and our story. O brothers and sisters, if Justice holds the balance, how handsome some of us are going to be in the next life! Ambrose Cranch was tall and thin, what is called rawboned; all his joints were large and prominent, from his knuckles to his ankles. He had large, long feet and hands, and large, long ears which stood out in plebeian fashion on each side of his head; his feet shambled when he walked, his arms dangled from the shoulders like the arms of a wooden doll, and he had a long, sinewed throat which no cravat or collar could hide though he wore them up to his ears. Not that he did so wear them, however; he had no idea that his throat was ugly; he never thought about it at all. He had a long face, small, mild blue eyes, thin, lank brown hair, a large mouth, and long, narrow nose; he was, also, the most awkward man in the world. Was there no redeeming point? Hardly. His fingers were nicely finished at the ends; and sometimes he had rather a sweet smile. But in the contemplation of his joints, shoulders, elbows, wrists, and knuckles, even the student of anatomy hardly ever got as far as his finger-ends; and, as to the smile, nobody saw it but the Mannings, who did not care about it. In origin he was, as before mentioned, a nondescript, having come from the up-country, where Southern ways shade off into mountain roughness; which again gives place to the river-people, and they, farther on, to the Hoosiers and Buckeyes, who are felicitously designated by the expressive title of "Western Yankees." He had inherited the saw-mill from an uncle, who had tried to make something of it, failed, and died. Ambrose, being a patient man, and one of smallest possible personal expenditure, managed to live, and even to save a little money—but only a little. He had been there twelve years, and was now thirty-eight years old. All this the whole town of Wilbarger knew, or might have known; it was no secret. But the saw-mill had a secret of its own, besides. Up-stairs, in the back part, was a small room with a lock on the door, and windows with red cloth nailed over them in place of glass; here Ambrose spent many moments of his day, and all of his evenings, quite alone. His red lights shone across the marsh, and could be seen from Vickery Island and the drawbridge; but they were not visible on the Wilbarger side, and attracted, therefore, no attention. However, it is doubtful whether they would have attracted attention any way; Wilbarger people did not throw away their somewhat rarely-excited interest upon Ambrose Cranch, who represented to them the flattest commonplace. They knew when his logs came, they knew the quantity and quality of his boards, they saw him superintending the loading of the schooner that bore them away, and that was all. Even the two negroes who worked in the mill—one bright, young, and yellow; the other old, slow, and black—felt no curiosity about the locked room and Cranch's absences; it was but a part of his way.

What was in this room, then? Nothing finished as yet, save dreams. Cranch had that strong and singular bias of mind which makes, whether successful or unsuccessful, the inventor.

It was a part of his unconsequence in every way that all persons called him "Bro;" even his negro helpers at the mill. When he first came to live with Mrs. Manning, she had tried hard to speak of him as "Mr. Cranch," and had taught her daughter to use the title; but, as time wore on, she had dropped into Bro again, and so had Marion. But now that Marion was twenty-five and her own mistress, she had taken up the custom of calling him "Ambrose,"

the only person in the whole of Wilbarger who used, or indeed knew, the name. This she did, not on his account at all, but on her own; she disliked nicknames, and did not consider it dignified to use them. Cranch enjoyed her "Ambrose" greatly, and felt an inward pride every time she spoke it; but he said nothing.

There was a seminary at Wilbarger—a forlorn, ill-supported institution, under the charge of the Episcopal Church of the diocese. But the Episcopal Church of the diocese was, for the time being, extremely poor, and its missions and schools were founded more in a spirit of hope than in any certainty of support; with much the same faith, indeed, which its young deacons showed when they entered (as they all did at the earliest possible moment) into the responsibilities of matrimony. But in this seminary was, by chance, an excellent though melancholy-minded teacher; a Miss Drough, equally given to tears and arithmetic. Miss Drough was an adept at figures, a genius, and, taking a fancy to Marion Manning, she taught her all she knew up to trigonometry, with chess problems and some astronomy thrown in. Marion had no especial liking for mathematics in the beginning, but her clear mind had followed her ardent teacher willingly; at twenty-five she was a skilled arithmetician, passably well educated in ordinary branches, well read in strictly old-fashioned literature, and not very pious, because she had never liked the reverend gentleman in charge of the seminary and the small church—a thin man who called himself "a worm," and always ate all the best bits of meat, pressing, meanwhile, with great cordiality, the pale, watery sweet-potatoes upon the hungry schoolgirls. She was also exceedingly contemptuous in manner as to anything approaching flirtation, with the few cavaliers of Wilbarger. It is rather hard to call them cavaliers, since they no longer had any good horses. But they came from a race of cavaliers, the true "armed horsemen" of America, if ever we had any. The old-time Southerners went about on horseback much more than on foot or in carriages; and they went armed.

"Bro, will you mend the gate-latch?" said Mrs. Manning, at the breakfast-table. They did not breakfast early, Mrs. Manning had never been accustomed to early breakfasts; the work at the saw-mill began and went on for three hours before the saw-miller broke his fast. Bro mended the latch, and then, after a survey of the garden, went up to the open window of the dining-room and said:

"Shall I water the flowers, Miss Marion? They look sadly this morning."

"Yes, if you please, Ambrose," replied the erect young person within, who was washing the three thin china cups, relics of better days, and the few old spoons and forks she called "the silver." The flowers were a link between them; they would not grow, and everybody told her they would not save Bro, who believed in them to the last, and watched even their dying struggles with unfailing hope. The trouble was that she set her mind upon flowers not suited to the soil; she sent regularly for seeds and slips, and would have it that they must grow whether they wished to or not. Whatever their wishes were, floral intentions necessarily escaping our grosser senses, one thing was certain—grow they did not, in spite of Bro's care. He now watered the consumptives of the day tenderly, bringing water from the square, shallow well which was never full and never empty; he coaxed straggling branches and gently tied up weak ones, saw with concern that the latest balsam was gone, and, after looking at it for a while, thought it his duty to tell its mistress.

"I am sorry, Miss Marion," he said, going to the window-sill, "but the pink balsam is dead again."

"What can you mean by 'dead again?'" said a vexed but clear voice within. "It cannot be dead but once, of course."

"We have had a good many balsams," replied Bro, apologetically, "and even a good many pink ones, like this; I forget sometimes."

"That is because you have no *real* love for flowers," said the irate young mistress from her dish-pan; she was provoked at the loss of the balsam—it was her last one.

Bro, who could not see her from where he stood, waited a moment or two, shuffled his feet to and fro on the sand, and noiselessly drummed on the sill with his long fingers; then he went slowly down to the shore, where his boat was drawn up, and rowed himself across to the saw-mill. He felt a sort of guilt about that pink balsam, as though he had not perhaps taken enough care of it; but, in truth, he had watched every hair's-breadth of its limp, reluctant growth, knew its moist veining accurately, and even the habits and opinions, as it were, of two minute green inhabitants, with six legs, of the size, taken both together, of a pin's point, who considered the stalk quite a prairie.

When she was eighteen and nineteen years old, Marion Manning had refused several suitors, giving as a reason to her mother that they were all detestable; since then, she had not been troubled with suitors to refuse. There were girls with more coloring and brighter eyes in Wilbarger, and girls with warmer hearts; so said the gossips. And, certainly, the calm reserve, the incisive words, and clear, gray eyes that looked straight at you of Marion Manning were not calculated to encourage the embarrassed but at the same time decidedly favor-conferring attentions of the youths of the town. Mrs. Manning, in the course of the years they had been together, had gradually taken Bro as a humble confidant; he knew of the offers and refusals, he knew of the succeeding suitorless period which Mrs. Manning, a stanch believer in love and romance, bewailed as wasted time. "*I* could never have resisted young Echols," she said, "sitting there on the door-step as he used to, with the sun shining on his curly hair. But there! I always had a fancy for curls." Bro received these confidences with strict attention, as valuable items. But one peculiarity of his mind was that he never generalized, and thus, for instance, instead of taking in the fact that curly hair plays a part in winning a heart, he only understood that

Mrs. Manning, for some reason or other, liked kinks and twists in the covering of the head; as some persons liked hempen shoestrings, others leathern.

"But Miss Marion is happy," he said once, when the suitorless period was two years old, and the mother lamenting.

"Yes; but we cannot live our lives more than once, Bro, and these years will never come back to her. What keeps *me* up through all the privations I have suffered but the memory of the short but happy time of my own courtship and marriage?" Here Mrs. Manning shed tears. The memory must, indeed, have been a strong one, the unregenerated humorist would have thought, to "keep up" such a weight as hers. But Bro was not a humorist; that Mrs. Manning was fat was no more to him than that he himself was lean. He had the most implicit belief in the romance of her life, upon which she often expatiated; he knew all about the first time she saw him, and how she felt; he knew every detail of the courtship. This was only when Marion was absent, however; the mother, voluble as she was, said but little on that subject when her daughter was in the room.

"But Miss Marion is happy," again said Bro, when the suitorless period was now five years old.

"No, she is not," replied the mother this time. "She begins to feel that her life is colorless and blank—I can see she does. She is not an ordinary girl, and needle-work and housekeeping do not content her. If she had an orphan asylum to manage, now, or something of that kind— But, dear me! what would suit her best, I do believe, would be drilling a regiment," added Mrs. Manning, her comfortable amplitude heaving with laughter. "She is as straight as a ramrod always, for all her delicate, small bones. What she would like best of all, I suppose, would be keeping accounts; she will do a sum now rather than any kind of embroidery, and a page of figures is fairly meat and drink to her. That Miss Drough has, I fear, done her more harm than good; you cannot make life exactly even, like arithmetic, nor balance quantities, try as you may. And, whatever variety men may succeed in getting, we women have to put up with a pretty steady course of subtraction, I notice."

"I am sorry you do not think she is happy," said Bro, thoughtfully.

"There you go!" said Mrs. Manning. "I do not mean that she is exactly *un*happy; but you never understand things, Bro."

"I know it; I have had so little experience," said the other. But Bro's experience, large or small, was a matter of no interest to Mrs. Manning, who rambled on about her daughter. "The Mannings were always slow to develop, Edward used to say; I sometimes think Marion is not older now at heart than most girls of eighteen. She has always been more like the best scholar, the clear-headed girl at the top of the class, than a woman with a woman's feelings. She will be bitterly miserable if she falls in love at last, and all in vain. An old maid in love is a desperate sight."

"What do you call an old maid?" asked Bro.

"Any unmarried woman over—well, I used to say twenty-five, but Marion is that, and not much faded yet—say twenty-eight," replied Mrs. Manning, decisively, having to the full the Southern ideas on the subject.

"Then Miss Marion has three years more?"

"Yes; but, dear me! there is no one here she will look at. What I am afraid of is, that after I am dead and gone, poor Marion, all thin and peaked (for she does not take after me in flesh), with spectacles on her nose, and little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, will be falling in love with some one who will not care for her at all. I should say a clergyman," pursued Mrs. Manning, meditatively, "only Marion hates clergymen; a professor, then, or something of the kind. If I only had money enough to take her away and give her a change! She might see somebody then who would not wind his legs around his chair."

"Around his chair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Manning, beginning on another knitting-needle. "Have you not noticed how all the young men about here twist their feet around the legs of their chairs, especially when telling a long story or at table? Sometimes it is one foot, sometimes the other, and sometimes both, which I acknowledge *is* awkward. What pleasure they find in it I cannot imagine; *I* should think it would be dislocating. Young Harding, now, poor fellow! had almost no fault but that."

"And Miss Marion dislikes it? I hope *I* do not do it then," said Bro, simply.

"Well, no," replied Mrs. Manning. "You see, your feet are rather long, Bro."

They were; it would have taken a giant's chair to give them space enough to twist.

So Bro's life went on; the saw-mill to give him bread and clothes, Mrs. Manning to listen to, the flowers to water, and, at every other leisure-moment night and day, his inventions. For there were several, all uncompleted: a valve for a steam-engine, an idea for a self-register, and, incidentally, a screw. He had most confidence in the valve; when completed, it would regenerate the steam-engines of the world. The self-register gave him more trouble; it haunted him, but would not come quite right. He covered pages of paper with calculations concerning it. He had spent about twenty thousand hours, all told, over that valve and register during his eleven years at the saw-mill, and had not once been tired. He had not yet applied for patents, although the screw was complete—that was a trifle. He would wait for his more important works.

One day old Mr. Vickery, having watched the superintendent roll safely past down the road on his way to Bridge No. 2, left his charge in the care of old Julius for the time being, and walked up the track toward Wilbarger. It was the shortest road to the village—indeed, the only road; but one could go by water. Before the days of the railroad, the Vickerys always went by water, in a wide-cushioned row-boat, with four pairs of arms to row. It was a great day, of course, when the first locomotive came

over Vickery Marsh; but old Mr. Vickery was lamentably old-fashioned, and preferred the small days of the past, with the winding, silver channels and the row-boat, and the sense of wide possession and isolation produced by the treeless, green expanse which separated him from the town. To-day, however, he did not stop to think of these things, but hastened on as fast as his short legs could carry him. Mrs. Manning was an old friend of his; to her house he was hurrying.

"You are both—you are both," he gasped, bursting into the sitting-room and sinking into a chair—"you are both—ah, ugh! ugh!"

He choked, gurgled, and turned from red to purple. Mrs. Manning seized a palm-leaf fan, and fanned him vigorously.

"Why *did* you walk so fast, Mr. Vickery?" she said, reproachfully. "You know your short breath cannot stand it."

"You would, too, Betty," articulated the old man, "if—if *your* boy had come home!"

"What, Lawrence? You do not mean it!" she exclaimed, sinking into a chair in her turn, and fanning herself now. "I congratulate you, Mr. Vickery; I do, indeed. How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Thirteen years; thir—teen years, Betty! He was fifteen when he went away, you know," whispered the old man, still giving out but the husky form of words without any voice to support them. "Under age, but would go. Since then he has been wandering over the ocean and all about, the bold boy!"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Manning; "how glad I shall be to see him! I was very fond of his mother."

"Yes; Sally was a sweet little woman, and Lawrence takes after his mother more than after his father, I see. My son was a true Vickery; yes, a true Vickery. But what I came to say was, that you and Marion must both come over to-morrow and spend the day. We must kill the fatted calf, Betty—indeed, we must."

Then, with his first free breath, the old man was obliged to go, lest the superintendent should return unexpectedly and find him absent. There was also the fatted calf to be provided; Julius must go across to the mainland and hunt down a wild-turkey.

At dinner Mrs. Manning had this great news to tell her listener; two now, since Marion had only just entered.

"Who do you think has come home?" she said, enjoying her words as she spoke them. "Who but old Mr. Vickery's grandson, Lawrence, his only living grandchild! He went away thirteen years ago, and one of the sweetest boys I ever knew he was then.—You remember him, Marion."

"I remember a boy," answered Marion, briefly. "He never would finish any game, no matter what it was, but always wanted to try something new."

"Like his mother," said Mrs. Manning, heaving a reminiscent sigh, and then laughing. "Sally Telfair used to change about the things in her workbasket and on her table every day of her life. Let me see; Lawrence must be twenty-eight now."

"He has come back, I suppose, to take care of his grandfather in his old age," said Bro, who was eating his dinner in large, slow mouthfuls, in a manner which might have been called ruminative if ruminating animals were not generally fat.

"Yes, of course," replied Mrs. Manning, with her comfortable belief in everybody's good motives.

When Marion and her mother returned home the next day at dusk a third person was with them as they walked along the track, their figures outlined clearly against the orange after-glow in the west. Bro, who had come across for his tea, saw them, and supposed it was young Vickery. He supposed correctly. Young Vickery came in, staid to tea, and spent the evening. Bro, as usual, went over to the mill. The next day young Vickery came again, and the next; the third day the Mannings went over to the island. Then it began over again.

"I do hope, Bro, that your dinners have been attended to properly," said Mrs. Manning, during the second week of these visitations.

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Bro, who would have eaten broiled rhinoceros unnoticingly.

"You see Mr. Vickery has the old-time ideas about company and visiting to celebrate a great occasion, and Lawrence's return is, of course, that. It is a perfect marvel to hear where, or rather where not, that young man has been."

"Where?" said Bro, obediently asking the usual question which connected Mrs. Manning's narratives, and gave them a reason for being.

"Everywhere. All over the wide world, I should say."

"Oh, no, mother; he was in Germany most of the time," said Marion.

"He saw the Alps, Marion."

"The Bavarian Alps."

"And he saw France."

"From 'the banks of the blue Moselle.'"

"And Russia, and Holland, and Bohemia," pursued Mrs. Manning; "you will never make me believe that one can see all those countries from Germany, Marion. Germany was never of so much importance in *my* day. And to think, too, that he has lived in Bohemia! I must ask him about it. I have never understood where it was, exactly; but I *have* heard persons called Bohemians who had not a foreign look at all."

"He did not *live* in Bohemia, mother."

"Oh, yes, he did, child; I am sure I heard him say so."

"You are thinking of Bavaria."

"Marion! Marion! how can you tell what I am thinking of?" said Mrs. Manning, oracularly. "There is no rule of arithmetic that can tell you that. But here is Lawrence himself at the door.—You *have* lived in Bohemia, have you not?" she asked, as the young man entered; he came in and out now like one of the family. "Marion says you have not."

"Pray, don't give it up, but stick to that opinion, Miss Marion," said the young man, with a merry glint in his eyes. Ah! yes, young Vickery had wandered, there was no doubt of it; he used contractions, and such words as "stick." Mrs. Manning and Marion had never said "don't" or "can't" in their lives.

"I do not know what you mean," replied Marion, a slight color rising in her cheeks. "It is not a matter of opinion one way or the other, but of fact. You either have lived in Bohemia, or you have not."

"Well, then, I have," said Vickery, laughing.

"There! Marion," exclaimed Mrs. Manning, triumphantly.

Vickery, overcome by mirth, turned to Bro, as if for relief; Bro was at least a man.

But Bro returned his gaze mildly, comprehending nothing.

"Going over to the mill?" said Vickery. "I'll go with you, and have a look about."

They went off together, and Vickery examined the mill from top to bottom; he measured the logs, inspected the engine, chaffed the negroes, climbed out on the roof, put his head into Bro's cell-like bedroom, and came at last to the locked door.

"What have we here?" he asked.

"Only a little workshop of mine, which I keep locked," replied Bro.

"So I see. But what's inside?"

"Nothing of much consequence—as yet," replied the other, unable to resist adding the adverb.

"You must let me in," said Vickery, shaking the door. "I never could abide a secret. Come, Bro; I won't tell. Let me in, or I shall climb up at night and break in," he added, gayly.

Bro stood looking at him in silence. Eleven years had he labored there alone, too humble to speak voluntarily of his labors; too insignificant, apparently, for questions from others. Although for the most part happy over his work, there were times when he longed for a friendly ear to talk to, for other eyes to criticise, the sympathy of other minds, the help of other hands. At these moments he felt drearily lonely over his valve and register; they even seemed to mock him. He was not imaginative, yet occasionally they acted as if moved by human motives, and, worse still, became fairly devilish in their crooked perverseness. Nobody had ever asked before to go into that room. Should he? Should he not? Should he? Then he did.

Lawrence, at home everywhere, sat on a high stool, and looked on with curiosity while the inventor brought out his inventions and explained them. It was a high day for Bro: new life was in him; he talked rapidly; a dark color burned in his thin cheeks. He talked for one hour without stopping, the buzz of the great saw below keeping up an accompaniment; then he paused.

"How do they seem to you?" he asked, feverishly.

"Well, I have an idea that self-registers are about all they can be now; I have seen them in use in several places at the North," said Lawrence. "As to the steam-valve, I don't know; there may be something in it. But there is no doubt about that screw; for some uses it is perfect, better than anything we have, I should say."

"Oh, the screw?" said the other man, in a slow, disappointed voice. "Yes, it is a good screw; but the valve—"

"Yes, as you say, the valve," said Lawrence, jumping down from his stool, and looking at this and that carelessly on his way to the door; "I don't comprehend enough of the matter, Bro, to judge. But you send up that screw to Washington at once and get a patent out on it; you will make money, I know."

He was gone; there was nothing more to see in the saw-mill, so he paddled across, and went down toward the dock. The smoke of a steamer coming in from the ocean could be seen; perhaps there would be something going on down there.

"He is certainly a remarkably active young fellow," said Mrs. Manning, as she saw the top of his head passing, the path along-shore being below the level of the cottage. "He has seen more in Wilbarger already than I have ever seen here in my life."

"We are, perhaps, a little old-fashioned, mother," replied Marion.

"Perhaps we are, child. Fashions always were a long time in reaching Wilbarger. But there! what did it matter? We had them sooner or later, though generally later. Still, bonnets came quite regularly. But I have never cared much about bonnets," pursued Mrs. Manning, reflectively, "since capes went out, and those sweet ruches in front, full of little rose-buds. There is no such thing now as a majestic bonnet."

Bro came over to tea as usual; he appeared changed. This was remarkable; there had never been any change in him before, as far back as they could remember.

"You are surely not going to have a fever?" asked Mrs. Manning, anxiously, skilled in fever symptoms, as are all dwellers on the Southern seacoast.

"No; I have been a little overturned in mind this afternoon, that is all," replied Bro. Then, with a shadow of importance, "I am obliged to write to Washington."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Mrs. Manning, for once assuming the position of questioner.

"I have invented a—screw," he answered, hesitatingly—"a screw, which young Mr. Vickery thinks a good one. I am going to apply for a patent on it."

"Dear me! Apply for a patent? Do you know how?"

"Yes, I know how," replied the inventor, quietly.

Marion was looking at him in surprise.

"You *invented* the screw, Ambrose?"

"Yes, Miss Marion." Then, unable to keep down his feelings any longer—"But there is a valve, also," he added, with pride, "which seems to *me* more important; and there is a self-register."

"Lawrence was over there this evening, was he not? And you showed him your inventions then?"

"Yes, Miss Marion, I did."

"But why in the world, Bro, have you not told us, or indeed any one, about them all these years?" interposed Mrs. Manning, surveying her listener with new eyes.

"You did not ask; nobody has ever asked. Mr. Vickery is the only one."

"Then it was Lawrence who advised you to write to Washington?" said Marion.

"Yes."

"You will take me over to the mill immediately," said the girl, rising; "I wish to see everything. —And, mother, will you come too?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Manning, with a determination to go in spite of her avoirdupois, the darkness, the row-boat, and the steep mill-stairs. She was devoured by curiosity, and performed the journey without flinching. When they reached the work-room at last, Bro, in his excitement, lighted all the lamps he had in the mill and brought them in, so that the small place was brilliant. Mrs. Manning wondered and ejaculated, tried not to knock over small articles, listened, comprehended nothing, and finally took refuge mentally with the screw and physically in an old arm-chair; these two things at least she understood. Marion studied the valve a long time, listening attentively to Bro's eager explanations. "I can make nothing of it," she said at last, in a vexed tone.

"Neither could Mr. Vickery," said Bro.

She next turned to the register, and before long caught its idea.

"It is not *quite* right yet, for some reason," explained the inventor, apologetically.

She looked over his figures.

"It is plain enough why it is not right," she said, after a moment, in her schoolmistress tone. "Your calculations are wrong. Give me a pencil." She went to work at once, and soon had a whole sheet covered. "It will take me some time," she said, glancing up at the end of a quarter of an hour.—"If you are tired, mother, you had better go back."

"I think I will," said Mrs. Manning, whose mind was now on the darkness and the row-boat. Bro went with her, and then returned; the mother no more thought of asking her daughter to leave a column of unfinished figures than of asking a child to leave an unfinished cake.

"Do not interrupt me now, but sit down and wait," said Marion, without looking up, when Bro came back. He obeyed, and did not stir; instead, he fell to noticing the effect of her profile against the red cloth over the window. It took Marion longer than she expected to finish the calculation; her cheeks glowed over the work. "There!" she said at last, throwing down the pencil and pushing the paper toward him. She had succeeded; the difficulty was practically at an end. Bro looked at the paper and at her with admiring pride.

"It is your invention now," he said.

"Oh, no; I only did the sum for you. Astronomers often have somebody to do the sums for them."

"I shall apply for patents on all three now," said Bro; "and the register *is* yours, Miss Marion. In eleven years I have not succeeded in doing what you have just done in an hour."

"So much the worse for you, Ambrose," replied Marion, lightly. She was quite accustomed to his praise; she had had it steadily from childhood. If not always gracefully expressed, at least it was always earnest; but, like Ambrose, of no consequence.

Bro made his application in due form. Young Vickery volunteered to write to an acquaintance in Washington, a young lawyer, who aspired to "patent business," asking him, as he expressed it, to "see Bro through." "No sharp practice in this case, Dan," he wrote, privately. "Cranch is poor, and a friend of friends of mine; do your best for him."

But, although he thus good-naturedly assisted the man, he laughed at the woman for her part in the figures, which Bro had related with pride.

"What will you do next?" he said. "Build a stone-wall—or vote? Imagine a girl taking light recreation in equations, and letting her mind wander hilariously among groves of triangles on a rainy day!"

Marion colored highly, but said nothing. Her usual incisiveness seemed to fail her when with Lawrence Vickery. But then, as he was never more than half in earnest, it was as hard to use real weapons against him as to fence with the summer wind. The young man seemed to have taken a fancy to Bro; he spent an hour or two at the saw-mill almost every day, and Cæsar had become quite accustomed to his voice shouting for the boat. But the old negro liked him, and came across cheerfully, even giving him voluntarily the title "marse," which the blacks withheld whenever they pleased now, and tenaciously. Vickery took Bro over to see his grandfather, the old house, and the wastes which were once their cotton-fields. He had no pride about the old gentleman's lowly office; he had roamed about the world too much for that. And when Bro suggested that he should take the position himself and relieve his grandfather, he answered carelessly that his grandfather did not want to be relieved, which was true—old Mr. Vickery deriving the only amusement of his life now in plans for outwitting, in various small ways, the spirited superintendent.

"However," said Lawrence, "I could not, any way; I have plans of importance which are waiting for me."

"Where?" asked Bro.

"Well—abroad. I don't mind telling *you*," said Vickery. "But it is a secret at present."

"Then you do not intend to stay here?"

"Here? Bless you, no! The place is a howling, one-horse desert. I only came back awhile to see the old man."

The "while" lasted all winter. Young Vickery exhausted the town, the island, and the whole district; he was "hail fellow" with everybody, made

acquaintance with the lighthouse-keeper, knew the captains of all the schooners, and even rode on the hand-car and was admitted to the friendship of the superintendent. But, in the way of real intimacy, the cottage and the saw-mill were his favorite haunts. He was with Marion a part of every day; he teased her, laughed at her flowers, mimicked her precise pronunciation, made caricatures of her friend Miss Drough, and occasionally walked by with Nannie Barr, the most consummate little flirt in the town. Marion had changed—that is, inwardly. She was too proud to alter her life outwardly, and, beyond putting away the chess-problem book, and walking with Miss Drough in quiet paths through the andromeda and smilax thickets, or out on the barrens among the saw-palmettoes, rather than through the streets of the town, what she *did* was the same as usual; but she was not what she had been. She seemed to have become timid, almost irresolute; she raised her eyes quickly and dropped them as quickly—the old calm, steady gaze was gone; her color came and went. She was still erect as ever, she could not change that; but she seemed disposed to sit more in the shadow, or half behind the curtain, or to withdraw to her own room, where the bolt was now often used which had formerly rusted in its place. Bro noticed all this. Marion's ways had not been changeable like those of most girls, and he had grown into knowing them exactly; being a creature of precise habit himself, he now felt uncomfortable and restless because she was so. At last he spoke to her mother. "She is certainly changed; do you think there is any danger of fever?" he asked, uneasily. But Mrs. Manning only blinked and nodded smilingly back in answer, holding up her finger to signify that Marion was within hearing. Supposing that he had comprehended her, of course, and glad to have a confidant, she now blinked and nodded at him from all sides—from behind doors, from over Marion's head, from out of the windows, even throwing her confidential delight to him across the river as he stood in the saw-mill doorway. Marion, then, was going through something—something not to be mentioned but only mysteriously nodded—which was beneficial to her; what could it be? She had taken to going very frequently to church lately, in spite of her dislike to "the worm," who still occupied the pulpit; Bro went back to the experience of his youth in the up-country, the only experience he had to go back to, and decided that she must be having what they used to call there "a change of heart." Upon mentioning this in a furtive tone to Mrs. Manning, she laughed heartily, rather to his surprise, for he was a reverent sort of non-church-going pagan, and said, "Very good, Bro—very good, indeed!"

He decided that he had guessed rightly; the Episcopalian was, he had heard, a very cheerful kind of religion, tears and groaning not being required of its neophytes.

But his eyes were to be opened. The last trump could not have startled him more than something he saw with his own eyes one day. It happened in this way: There was an accident on the wharf; a young man was crushed between the end of the dock and the side of the steamer; some one came running to the cottage and said it was Lawrence Vickery. Mrs. Manning, the hands at the mill, and even old Dinah, started off at once—the whole town was hurrying to the scene. Bro, shut up in his work-room, going over his beloved valve again, did not hear or see them. It was nearly dinner-time, and, when he came out and found no boat, he was surprised; but he paddled himself across on a rude raft he had, and went up to the cottage. The doors stood open all over the house as the hasty departures had left them, and he heard Marion walking up and down in her room up-stairs, sobbing aloud and wildly. He had never heard her sob before; even as a child she had been reticent and self-controlled. He stood appalled at the sound. What could it betoken? He stole to the foot of the stairs and listened. She was moaning Lawrence's name over and over to herself—"Lawrence! Lawrence! Lawrence!" He started up the stairs, hardly knowing what he was doing; her grief was dreadful to him. He wanted to comfort her, but did not know how. He hardly realized what the cry meant. But it was to come to him. The heart-broken girl, who neither saw nor heard him, although he was now just outside the door, drew a locket from her bosom and kissed it passionately with a flood of despairing, loving words. Then, as if at the end of her strength, with a sigh like death, she sank to the floor lifeless; she had fainted.

After a moment the man entered. He seemed to himself to have been standing outside that door for a limitless period of time; like those rare, strange sensations we feel of having done the same thing or spoken the same words before in some other and unknown period of existence. He lifted Marion carefully and laid her on a lounge; as he moved her, the locket swung loose against her belt on the long ribbon which was fastened underneath her dress around her throat. It was a clumsy, old-fashioned locket, with an open face, and into its small frame she herself had inserted a photograph of Lawrence Vickery, cut from a *carte de visite*. Bro saw it; the open face of the locket was toward him, and he could not help seeing. It occurred to him then vaguely that, as she had worn it concealed, it should be again hidden before other eyes saw it; before she could know that even his had rested upon it. With shaking fingers he took out his knife, and, opening its smallest blade, he gently severed the ribbon, took off the locket, and put it into her pocket. It was surprising to see how skillfully his large, rough hands did this. Then, with an after-thought, he found a worn place in the ribbon's end, and severed it again by pulling it apart, taking the cut portion away with him. His idea was, that she would think the ribbon had parted of itself at the worn spot; and she did think so. It was a pretty, slender little ribbon, of bright rose-color. When all was finished, he went to seek assistance. He knew no more what to do for her physically than he would have known what to do for an angel. Although

there was not the faintest sign of consciousness, he had carefully refrained from even touching her unnecessarily in the slightest degree; it seemed to him profanation. But there was no one in the house. He went to the gate, and there caught sight of Mrs. Manning hurrying homeward across the sandy waste.

"It is all a mistake," she panted, with the tears still dropping on her crimson cheeks. "It was not Lawrence at all, but young Harding. Lawrence has gone down the road with the superintendent; but poor young Harding is, I fear, fatally injured."

Even then automatic memory brought to Bro's mind only the idea, "He will never twist his feet around chair-legs any more! It was almost the only fault he had, poor fellow!"

"Miss Marion is not quite well, I think," he said. "I heard her crying a little up-stairs as I came in."

"Of course," said the mother, "poor child! But it is all over now.—It was not Lawrence at all, Marion," she cried, loudly, hurrying up the path to the doorway; "it was only young Harding."

Love has ears, even in semi-death, and it heard that cry. When Mrs. Manning, breathless, reached her daughter's room, she found her on the lounge still, but with recovered consciousness, and even palely smiling. The picture was safely in her pocket; she supposed, when she found it, that she must have placed it there herself. She never had any suspicion of Bro's presence or his action.

The saw-miller had disappeared. Mrs. Manning supposed that he, in his turn, had gone to the dock, or to the Harding cottage.

When he came in to tea that night he looked strangely, but was able to account for it.

"Letters from Washington," he said. Then he paused; they looked at him expectantly. "The idea of the register is not a new one," he added, slowly; "it has already been patented."

"My inheritance is gone, then," said Marion, gayly.

She spoke without reflection, being so happy now in the reaction of her great relief that she was very near talking nonsense, a feminine safety-valve which she hardly ever before had had occasion to seek.

"Yes," said Bro, a pained quiver crossing his face for an instant. "The valve also is pronounced worthless," he added, in a monotonous voice.

Mother and daughter noticed his tone and his lifeless look; they attributed it to his deep, bitter disappointment, and felt sorry for him.

"But the screw, Bro?" said Mrs. Manning.

"That is successful, I believe; the patent is granted."

"I knew it," she replied, triumphantly. "Even *I* could see the great merits it had. I congratulate you, Bro."

"So do I," said Marion. She would have congratulated anybody that evening.

"The valve is a disappointment to me," said the man, speaking steadily, although dully. "I had worked over it so long that I counted upon it as certain."

Then he rose and went over to the mill. They agreed after he was gone that they had never seen a man so crushed before.

In the mean time Lawrence Vickery was riding homeward comfortably on the hand-car, and had no idea that he was supposed to be dead. But he learned it; and learned something else also from Marion's sensitive, tremulous face, delicate as a flower. A warm-hearted, impulsive fellow, he was touched by her expression, and went further than he intended. That is to say, that, having an opportunity, thanks to Mrs. Manning, who went up-stairs, purposely leaving them alone together, he began by taking Marion's hand reassuringly, and looking into her eyes, and ended by having her in his arms and continuing to look into her eyes, but at a much nearer range. In short, he put himself under as firm betrothal bonds as ever a man did in the whole history of betrothals.

In the mean time the soft-hearted mother, sitting in the darkness up-stairs, was shedding tears tenderly, and thinking of her own betrothal. That Lawrence was poor was a small matter to her, compared with the fact that Marion was loved at last, and happy. Lawrence was a Vickery, and the son of her old friend; besides, to her, as to most Southern women, the world is very well lost for the sake of love.

And Bro, over at the saw-mill?

His red lights shone across the marsh as usual, and he was in his work-room; in his hand was the model of his valve. He had made it tell a lie that night, he had used it as a mask. He gazed at it now, the creature of his brain, his companion through long years, and he felt that he no longer cared whether it was good for anything or not! Then he remembered listlessly that it *was* good for nothing; the highest authorities had said so. But, gone from him now was the comprehension of their reasons, and this he began to realize. He muttered over a formula, began a calculation, both well known to him; he could do neither. His mind strayed from its duty idly, as a loose bough sways in the wind. He put his hands to his head and sat down. He sat there motionless all night.

Oh, how happy Marion was! Not effusively, not spokenly, but internally; the soft light shining out from her heart, however, as it does through a delicate porcelain shade. Old Mr. Vickery was delighted, too, and a new series of invitations followed in honor of the betrothal; even the superintendent was invited, and arrived on his hand-car. Bro was included also, but he excused himself. His excuses were accepted without insistence, because it was understood that he was almost heart-broken by his disappointment. Joy and sorrow meet. When the engagement had lasted five weeks, and Marion had had thirty-five days of her new happiness, the old grandfather died, rather suddenly, but peacefully, and without pain. Through a long, soft April day he lay quietly looking at them all, speechless but content; and then at sunset he passed away. Mrs. Manning wept heartily, and Marion too; even Law-

rence was not ashamed of the drops on his cheeks as he surveyed the kind old face, now forever still. Everybody came to the funeral, and everybody testified respect; then another morning broke, and life went on again. The sun shines just the same, no matter who has been laid in the earth, and the flowers bloom. This seems to the mourner a strange thing, and a hard. In this case, however, there was no one to suffer the extreme pain of a violent separation, for all the old man's companions and contemporaries were already gone; he was the last.

Another month went by, and another; the dead heats of summer were upon them. Marion minded them not; scorching air and arctic snows were alike to her when Lawrence was with her. Poor girl! she had the intense, late-coming love of her peculiar temperament; to please him she would have continued smiling on the rack itself until she died. But why, after all, call her "poor?" Is not such love, even in itself, great riches?

Bro looked at her, and looked at her, and looked at her. He had fallen back into his old way of life again, and nobody noticed anything unusual in him save what was attributed to his great disappointment.

"You see he had shut himself up there, and worked over that valve for years," explained Mrs. Manning; "and not letting anybody know about it, either, he had come to think too much of it, and reckon upon it as certain. He was always an odd, lonely sort of man, you know, and this has told upon him heavily."

By-and-by it became evident that Lawrence was restless. He had sold off what he could of his inheritance, but that was only the old furniture; no one wanted the sidling, unrepaired house, which was now little better than a shell, or the deserted cotton-fields, whose dikes were all down. He had a scheme for going abroad again; he could do better there, he said; he had friends who would help him.

"Shall you take Miss Marion?" asked Bro, speaking unexpectedly, and, for him, markedly. They were all present.

"Oh, no," said Lawrence, "not now. How could I? But I shall come back for her soon." He looked across at his betrothed with a smile. But Marion had paled suddenly, and Bro had seen it.

The next event was a conversation at the mill.

Young Vickery wandered over there a few days later; he was beginning to feel despondent and weary; everything at Wilbarger was at its summer ebb, and the climate, too, affected him. Having become really fond of Marion now, and accustomed to all the sweetness of her affection, he hated to think of leaving her—yet he must. He leaned against the window-sill and let out disjointed sentences of discontent to Bro; it even seemed a part of his luck that it should be dead low water outside as he glanced down, and all the silver channels slimy.

"That saw makes a fearful noise," he said.

"Come into my room," said Bro; "you will not hear it so plainly there." It was not the work-room, but the bedroom. The work-room was not mentioned now, out of kindness to Bro. Lawrence threw himself down on the narrow bed, and dropped his straw hat on the floor. "The world's a miserable hole," he said, with unction.

Bro sat down on a three-legged stool, the only approach to a chair in the room, and looked at him; one hand, in the pocket of his old, shrunk linen coat, was touching a letter.

"Bah!" said Lawrence, clasping his hands under his head and stretching himself out to his full length on the bed, "how in the world *can* I leave her, Bro? Poor little thing!"

Now to Bro, to whom Marion had always seemed a cross between a heavenly goddess and an earthly queen, this epithet was startling; however, it was, after all, but a part of the whole.

"It is a pity that you *should* leave her," he replied, slowly. "It would be much better to take her with you."

"Yes, I know it would. I am a fickle sort of fellow, too, and have all sorts of old entanglements over there besides. They were opera-people whom I knew best—Italians, ever so kind to me, all of them."

Bro felt a new and strange misgiving, which went through three distinct phases, with the strength and depth of an ocean, in less than three seconds: first, bewilderment at the new idea that anybody *could* be false to Marion; second, a wild, darting hope for himself; third, the returning iron conviction that it could never be, and that, if Lawrence deserted Marion, she would die.

"If you had money, what would you do?" he asked, coming back to the present, heavily.

"Depends upon how much it was."

"Five thousand dollars?"

"Well—I'd marry on that, but not very hilariously, old fellow."

"Ten?"

"That would do better."

Nothing has as yet been said of Lawrence Vickery's appearance. It will be described now, and will, perhaps, throw light backward over this narration.

Imagine a young man, five feet eleven inches in height, straight, strong, but decidedly slender still, in spite of his broad shoulders. Imagine, in addition, a spirited head and face, thick, closely-cut curls of golden hair, heavy golden eyebrows, bright, steel-blue eyes, a bold, well-curved profile, and beautiful mouth, shaded by a golden mustache. Add to this, gleaming white teeth, a dimple in the cleft, strongly-moulded chin, a merry, boyish laugh, and a thoroughly proud, manly air—and you have Lawrence Broughton Vickery at twenty-eight.

When at last he took himself off, and went over to see Marion and be more miserable than ever, Bro drew the letter from his pocket, and read it for the sixth or seventh time.

During these months his screw had become known, having been pushed persistently by the enterprising young lawyer who aspired to patent business in the beginning, and having held its own since by sheer force of merit. The enterprising young lawyer had, however, recently forsaken law for poli-

tics ; he had gone out to one of the Territories with the intention of returning some day as senator when the Territory should be a State ; it is but fair to add that his chance is excellent. But he had, of course, no further knowledge of the screw, and Bro now managed the business himself. This letter was from a firm largely engaged in the manufacture of machinery, and it contained an offer for the screw and patent outright—ten thousand dollars.

"I shall never invent anything more," thought Bro, the words of the letter writing themselves vacantly on his brain. "Something has gone wrong inside my head in some way, and the saw-mill will be all I shall ever attend to again."

Then he paused.

"It would be worth more money in the end if I could keep it," he said to himself. "But even a larger sum might not serve so well later, perhaps." And his mind wandered vaguely to the "opera-people," of whom he had about as clear a conception as he had of Egyptians. It was all to be Marion's in either case—which would be best? Then he remembered her sudden pallor, and that decided him. "He shall have it now," he said. "How lucky that he was content with ten!"

Some men would have given the money also in the same circumstances ; but they would have given it to Marion. It was characteristic of Bro's deep and minute knowledge of the girl, and what would be for her happiness, that he planned to give the money to the man, and thus weight down and steady the lighter nature.

He dwelt a long time upon ways and means ; he was several days in making up his mind. At last he decided what to do ; and did it.

Three weeks afterward a letter came to Wilbarger, directed in a clear handwriting to "Mr. Lawrence Broughton Vickery." It was from a Northern lawyer, acting for another party, and contained an offer for Vickery Island with its house, cotton-fields, and marsh ; price offered, ten thousand dollars. The lawyer seemed to be acquainted with the size of the island, the condition of the fields and out-buildings ; he mentioned that the purchase was made with the idea of reviving the cotton-culture immediately, similar attempts on the part of Rhode Island manufacturers, who wished to raise their own cotton, having succeeded on the sea-islands farther north. Lawrence, in a whirl of delight, read the letter aloud in the cottage-parlor, tossed it over gayly to Mrs. Manning, and clasped Marion in his arms.

"Well, little wife," he said, happily, stroking her soft hair, "we shall go over the ocean together now."

And Bro looked on.

The wedding took place in the early autumn. Although comparatively quiet, on account of old Mr. Vickery's death, all Wilbarger came to the church, and crowded into the cottage afterward. By a wonderful chance, "the worm" was at the North, soliciting aid for his "fold," and Marion was married by a gentle little missionary, who traversed the watery coast-district in a boat instead of on horseback, visiting all the sea-islands, seeing many sad, closed little churches, and encountering not infrequently almost pure paganism and fetich-worship among the neglected blacks. Bro gave the bride away. It was the proudest moment of his life—and the saddest.

"Somebody must do it," Mrs. Manning had said ; "and why not Bro? He has lived in our house for twelve years, and, after all, now that old Mr. Vickery is gone, he is in one way our nearest friend.—Do let me ask him, Marion?"

"Very well," assented the bride, caring but little for anything now but to be with Lawrence every instant.

She did, however, notice Bro during the crowded although informal reception which followed the ceremony. In truth, he was noticeable. In honor of the occasion, he had ordered from Savannah a suit of black, and had sent the measurements himself; the result was remarkable, the coat and vest being as much too short for him as the pantaloons were too long. He wore a white cravat, white-cotton gloves so large that he looked all hands, and his button-hole was decked with flowers, as many as it could hold. In this garb he certainly was an extraordinary object, and his serious face appearing at the top made the effect all the more grotesque. Marion was too good-hearted to smile ; but she did say a word or two in an undertone to Lawrence, and the two young people had their own private amusement over his appearance.

But Bro was unconscious of it, or of anything save the task he had set for himself. It was remarked afterward that "really Bro Cranch talked almost like other people, joked and laughed, too, if you will believe it, at that Manning wedding."

Lawrence promised to bring his wife home at the end of a year to see her mother, and perhaps, if all went well, to take the mother back with them. Mrs. Manning, happy and sad together, cried and smiled in a breath. But Marion was radiant as a diamond ; her gray eyes flashed light. Not even when saying good-by could she pretend to be anything but supremely happy, even for a moment. By chance Bro had her last look as the carriage rolled away ; he went over to the mill carrying it with him, and returned no more that night.

Wilbarger began to wonder after a while when that Rhode Island capitalist would begin work in his cotton-fields ; they are wondering still. In course of time, and through the roundabout way he had chosen, Bro received the deeds of sale ; he made his will, and left them to Marion. Once Mrs. Manning asked him about the screw.

"I have heard nothing of it for some time," he replied ; and she said no more, thinking it had also, like the valve, proved a failure. In the course of the winter the little work-room was dismantled and the partitions taken down ; there is nothing there now but the plain wall of the mill. The red lights no longer shine across the marsh to Vickery Island, and there is no one there to see them. The new keeper lives in a cabin at the bridge, and plays no tricks on the superintendent, who, a man of spirit

still, but not quite so sanguine as to the future of Wilbarger, still rolls by on his hand-car from northeast to southeast.

Bro has grown old; he is very patient with everybody. Not that he ever was impatient; but that patience seems now his principal characteristic. He often asks to hear portions of Marion's letters read aloud, and always makes gently the final comment: "Yes, yes; she *is* happy!"

It is whispered around Wilbarger that he "has had a stroke;" Mrs. Manning herself thinks so.

Well, in a certain sense, perhaps she is right.

SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE.

IN front of Venice, facing the Lion of St. Mark, and within gunshot of the Ducal Palace, lies the island-church of San Giorgio Maggiore. It is the central point which focuses the eye from the *Piazzetta*, and fixes itself like an isolated, distinct spot of color upon the confused, half-blurred background of images travel leaves on the memory. The wonder you feel at the spectacle before you—that soft blueness of the water broken into a million ripples of light, and the exquisite color that glows over every wall and house or bridge, transfiguring them into so many pictures beautiful to look at—only matches your admiration for the noble, proud mass of buildings. Even under the rain, San Giorgio Maggiore is to the idler a vivid surprise, while it remains the despair of every painter who vainly attempts to reproduce its flamboyant and illusive sunset splendor. Under certain conditions of the atmosphere, when the sirocco blows a silvery mist over the sturdy sycamores of the Public Garden, the color deepens and comes out as in a burst of fire on one side of the church, and the façade retains its luminous, mellow, marble whiteness.

Such as we see it to-day, San Giorgio Maggiore was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by the famous Palladio, the sculptor-architect, whose palaces and churches give distinction to so many Italian cities. He has illustrated his striking sense of the nobility of space and of harmonious proportions in his conception of the old church, which is impressive by its noble simplicity. The life-size statues which adorn the façade are by Albanesi, and above the high altar are four bronze figures of the Evangelists, by Campagna. But what mostly made the glory of San Giorgio Maggiore, what threw around it an aureole of fame, were the pictures it once contained.

No one who has not lingered in Italy, and mostly in Venice, can form an idea of the impression one receives upon entering a vast, silent church, and suddenly standing before some marvelous picture by Tintoretto, Titian, Palma, Veronese, or Bellini. It is an experience like none other upon earth, being at the same time the revelation of a beauty never dreamed of, and of a new sense to enjoy it. If you live in Italy and have what has been called the sixth sense—the æsthetic sense—the works of the masters become the conditional nourishment of your soul; and, as you contemplate them more lovingly and more reverently, a sweet serenity enters your life. Do they not hold up before us the ideal loveliness and the supremest pathos of humanity?

The perfect picture of "The Marriage of Cana," which Veronese painted at the order of the monks of San Giorgio Maggiore, and which for two centuries was the treasure of their refectory, is now at the Louvre, and Time blurs every day more ruinously the pictures of Tintoretto at San Giorgio, which must necessarily perish. What remains untouched in its perfection of workmanship is the decoration of the choir by Albert de Brule, a young wood-carver, only twenty-five years old, who has immortalized his talent in representing the life of St. Benedict, the patron saint of the monastic order of San Giorgio. The varied scenes of his ascetic existence, and finally his martyrdom, he has most exquisitely carved in black-walnut. Every separate figure is alive with expression, and touched with a deep sentiment.

We have no certain record about the condition of the island of San Giorgio Maggiore previous to 978. On that year a monastery was built upon it in honor of St. Benedict. But we can imagine what fervor of piety inspired the work, since Europe was then given over to the compelling spiritual influence of momentous ideas of sacrifice and of devotion. An ardor of martyrdom had seized upon the imagination of the noble youth of every country, and the most austere discipline did not check the desire of consecration to God in those patricians who gave away all that they had to buy heaven, then withdrew from the enchantments of the world, put on the monastic robe, and entered the cell. In mountain solitudes and on far-off islands of the sea, convents were built for the purpose of offering a refuge to pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land, or a final resting-place to those who, returning to their country, found in it no home.

It was on his return from Gascogne that Giovanni Morosino obtained in gift from the Doge Memo the island of San Giorgio Maggiore and all its dependences, consisting of a vineyard, a large grove of olives and oaks, a windmill which supplied the Ducal Palace with water, and a tract of marshy land. Morosino, after distinguishing himself by his intrepid courage in a campaign against the infidels, felt the desire to withdraw from secular life. He had enough of the tumult of arms and of the tumults of passions, and, in the full years of his manhood, he entered the order of St. Benedict, consecrating all his wealth to the building of the monastery of which he became the superior.

At the immense distance of time and at the greater distance of ideas which separates our modern life from the spirit of those days, we are perhaps too ready to undervalue the services rendered to letters and to civilization by those pious men who did

so much more than merely count their beads and do penance for their sins, or, in sensuous idleness, watch the procession of the seasons. Have they not scrupulously treasured for us the very soul and savor of antiquity in the manuscripts they multiplied with such patient labor? And what would we know of art but for them? Take reverently into your hands those marvelous missals and contemplate with humble admiration the delicate beauty of their illumination. No silk embroidery from the opulent East is more vivid than the color on those imperishable pages, whose margins glow and glisten like the flower-bed of a summer garden, or scintillate like some rare jewel.

For centuries the monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore remained the fountain-head of learning, and in its delightful seclusion princes and doges often sought a temporary diversion from the tyranny of their public investiture and the leisure necessary for study, while they found an ever-new stimulus for their devotion in the presence of the relics of saints. That of St. Stephen, the first martyr, was held in extraordinary veneration. Represent to yourself the whole people of Venice assembled in a compact multitude of men and women kneeling down in the streets at the time when, as the greatest of all trophies, the body of the saint was brought from Constantinople. Afterward, on each Christmas-day, the doge, the senate, the embassadors, the nobles, went in a solemn procession to San Giorgio Maggiore to see the precious body and to implore the saint's protection, which having done they were entertained at a banquet by the monks. This remained the custom during the twelfth century. One hundred years later, however, and after the head of St. George, the patron saint of England, had also been deposited under the altar, the tranquil monastic life of the island was most tragically destroyed. And it happened in this manner:

A young son of the reigning doge, while bathing at the island, was set upon and torn to pieces by wild dogs. Now for a curious trait of the arbitrary will and violence of the time. So grieved and infuriated was his father that he ordered the monastery to be burned down, which was done, several of the monks perishing in the flames. The indignation of the people and the rebuke of the pope awoke in the savage doge a deep contrition. He had the monastery rebuilt at his own expense, and, after years of a lugubrious expiation, he died within its walls. Donations of princely fortunes, and the accumulation of precious gems from the Orient, rapidly enriched the church. And placed, as it was, at the entrance of the lagoon, and near enough to Venice to blow in its very face the fresh and spicy breath of the soil, and surrounded by the silence and the peace of secret and unprofaned gardens, it soon became hallowed to the imagination of the people, who found in its poetical situation a favorite place of devotion till the year 1229, when it was completely destroyed by an earthquake.

To-day, as we look at the lovely island, resplendent in sunlight like a blossom of the sea, it is impossible to represent to our mind the barren desolation that settled around its ruins. It seems as if the radiance and the joyous look of San Giorgio Maggiore could never have been missing where we are so accustomed to find it. Is it not the smile of a familiar face we cannot do without?

Unless one lives in Italy, one can hardly imagine what depths of *naïve*, childlike credulity replace our inexorable northern intelligence in the minds of the people. As you enter any church, how you wonder at those oldest of men and those oldest of women living, who, with faces made beatific with rapt adoration, and having in their eyes the strange look of those who through the mystery of prayer have penetrated into worlds unseen, go and prostrate themselves before an image of the Madonna or of some saint, and devoutly kiss it—perhaps waiting for a miracle to be performed in their behalf!

This childhood of faith began with the beginning of all religious enthusiasm in the middle ages, and is now the instinctive poetry by which simple souls appropriate to themselves the consolation and the hope they need. And it was this that sent thousands of people to San Giorgio Maggiore on each occasion when after some signal victory won by the republic over the Turks new relics were intrusted to the church as the pledge of a new divine protection. At one time great multitudes had gone to San Giorgio Maggiore to worship the body of Santa Lucia, when a squall of wind suddenly came up, and in an instant the barks were upset and several persons were drowned. To prevent the occurrence of such calamity, the senate ordered that the body of Santa Lucia should be transferred to one of the city churches, where without danger it would continue to receive the homage of popular adoration. But, upon hearing of the irreparable loss it was so soon to sustain, the monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore was turned into an abode of sorrow; but happily on the dreaded day, when every cell had been left empty, and the monks were all assembled kneeling and weeping in the church, gazing for the last time at their precious relics, suddenly an arm was seen detaching itself from the body, and it clung to the robe of the superior! The fervid piety of the monks was satisfied by so manifest a favor of the Lord shown to them; and to-day, if you are at all interested in fleshless bones or the legend that consecrated them centuries ago, you may ask the old sacristan to show them to you. But I would advise you to look at him rather. He has lived so long enveloped in the lifeless atmosphere of stagnant superstition that with the dead glance of his wan eyes, and his slow, silent tread, he is surely the most remarkable of all relics in San Giorgio Maggiore.

It was during the years of his exile in Venice that Cosmo de' Medici, the princely patron of art, built the superb library of the monastery of San Giorgio, and made it the receptacle of precious books, rare old manuscripts and engravings, and antique coins, by which he communicated to his court the love for study and the love for beauty he so illustriously professed. We can think of him enjoying the works of his favorite poets in the island-grove where a century before Petrarch and Boccaccio had spent

together so many summer days discoursing about Virgil or reading over his "Æneid," while the warm evening air became full of soft murmurs, and the first star shone over the garden. Who knows if from the very cloistered solitudes of San Giorgio Maggiore the brilliant blossom of Italian corruption did not scatter its vigorous seeds all over Europe, planted so deep as it had been by the light touch of the genius of the Medici, in the first reaction against Christian spiritualism?

The church of San Giorgio, which has the form of a cross, is built of stone brought from Istria, the former quarry of Venice. Two figures of marble—that of St. Stephen and of St. George—stand over the door. Within are several monuments of princes, and, among others, you notice the marble portrait of the Doge Memo, he who after governing the republic fourteen years renounced the world and became a monk in that monastery. The haughty features have great dignity, and an expression of untroubled peace makes us look again at the face.

I had walked again through the church with the same interest of a first visit, and with the same wonder for all that it keeps from the mute past, when unawares I found myself before an abandoned chapel of the dead entirely given over to the devouring damps of a sunless place. A young American painter was there engaged in copying that most pathetic "Entombment" by Tintoretto so few people know. Everything was awfully still! I heard no noise but the faint, low lapsing of the water against the wall outside, and the careless twittering of swallows flying in the golden sky. The floor was made of sunken slabs of tombs bearing carved escutcheons and names of high import half hidden by great spots of green lichen no one cared to remove. What an epitaph of all earthly grandeur it was! and what inexpressible relief I felt to breathe again the living fresh air, to see Nature steeped into the delicious autumn sunshine, and to hear the joyous ring of boys' voices!

A few evenings ago I walked in the famous gardens of San Giorgio Maggiore. Summer after summer I had had a wish to know what lay behind that mysterious wall, and beyond that gate always closed. I thought of the awful, untold tragedies the place had witnessed when, under the Austrian occupation, right at the farther end of the grounds, the sentinel on guard had so often stopped on his lonesome beat to watch the execution of so many brave patriots who, so close to their beloved Venice, yet could not be saved. And I thought of other days—days when the elegant Bembo, the gay cardinal-poet, attended by a court of the choice men of the age, walked up and down the shaded groves of the richest of monasteries, and love-songs were written and sung in lieu of psalms to lovely women, and the festive spirit of a licentious existence reigned there. I went in. First I saw two pretty girls seated by the kitchen-door, sewing on a new summer dress, while two young soldiers (half of the monastery is turned into barracks) made love to them. Bushes of oleanders shaded them with boughs of full-petaled, brooding blossoms faint and sweetish. And roses and carnations gave an air of home to the flower-bed close by. A long avenue, made sombre and cool with the leaves of grape-vines, lay before me. I walked under them, and I found myself surrounded by the rankest luxuriance of weeds I ever saw, so that I had to tread over them. There were tall, unsightly plants of a dark-green hue on both sides of the path. As they bore no flowers, they seemed blind, and as if they needed not the gladsome joyance of the sun, nor felt the movement of any sap within their poisonous-looking branches. A fetid, heavy odor rose about me, and increased at every step I took. Before entering the garden I had noticed several small baskets set in a row and ready to be taken to market. I fancied they contained raspberries or currants, or some delicious fruit fresh picked and covered with leaves. Now, as I walked, I saw—what did I see? What were those strange, leafless stalks, looking each one of them like things suffering, and shorn, and bare? What could they be? I looked, and as I looked the sickening smell increased. They were—O mystery of imagination, violated and gone! O cruel punishment of my curiosity! Why had I ever penetrated into that place of my dreams to discover the ignominy of its desecrating abandonment? I was in the very heart of a *snail-plantation!*—yes, a breeding-place for snails!—chains, garlands, festoons, heaps of those disgusting, sticky creatures all coiled together, clinging in masses all over the plants that nourish them and make them the relished food of the common people. And those rural, trim little baskets were full of snails! There never was a greater shock given to any illusion. The whole purpose of creation and of life seemed for one instant to be the infinite multiplication of snails. I made sure that not the smallest one had crawled upon me, and I left.

Think of the ineffable love-moon of Venice, shedding the delight of its tranquil beauty in that garden *now*, just as it did when the young Tasso, then a student, first found among its laurels the inspiration of his fame!

CARDINAL-FLOWER.

NO purer joy the glad midsummer holds
For those who love to seek in secret nooks
Of wood or mead, or by the marge of brooks,
The hidden treasures she for love unfolds,
Than on a morn when skies are perfect blue,
And clouds are far and fleecy, loitering slow,
To follow some wild streamlet's wayward flow,
And spy afar, O flower of matchless hue,
Thy wondrous brightness flashing through the green,
As if a flock of red-birds stooped to drink
In airy flutter at the brooklet's brink,
Or, as a troop of Indian girls half seen,
Half hid, were wading in the crystal stream,
While through the leaves their scarlet 'broideries gleam.

THE JUMPING-PROCESSION OF LUXEMBURG.

OF all the religious displays and processions that still exist in the countries of Europe, none is so little known as that which lures thousands of honest, simple, pious people to the quaint town of Echternach, in the duchy of Luxemburg, once a year; and yet none is more interesting or more suggestive of the lines that—

". . . . Time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion."

Superior to the Passion Play in weirdness, color, and dramatic power, this ceremony, in which the actors are numbered by thousands, is one of the strangest imaginable, and an excellent criterion of the effect of devotional sentiments and traditions on the minds of conservative, religious people. Intended primarily for a prayerful gathering to return thanks for relief from a terrible scourge, it has become a saltatorial display in which the young and old of both sexes try to outdo each other in an exhibition of physical power. Its principal interest to the student lies in the fact that those participating in it believe in a new mode of salvation, and expect to jump out of all their transgressions by a few hours' demonstration of physical agility. This quaint ceremony is known as *Die Springprocession*, or "jumping-procession," which is a very appropriate name for it, as jumping is its principal feature. For weeks before it is held the natives of the duchy and those of the adjoining Prussian districts are busily engaged in making preparation for its proper observance, seeing that it is announced to the neighboring people, and that the few tourists loitering about so early in the season are made acquainted with the novel spectacle; for the latter, as a rule, pay rather liberally for any jumping done for them, and leave the inns an unusual number of florins. Although Echternach is the second town in the duchy in importance, and distant only twenty miles from the capital, Luxemburg, yet it remains comparatively unknown to the mere *flaneurs* of travel, and few of even the regular *habitués* of Germany visit it unless they are made acquainted with the unique spectacle that has made it famous for the last five or six hundred years. When once they have seen it, however, it is impossible to forget it and its ceremony, so strange and unreal does the latter seem in this materialistic age. The procession takes place on Whit-Tuesday, that being the anniversary of the first pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Willibrord, the patron saint of the Sauer and Eifel, in whose honor it was originated. Our party heard of it for the first time at Pallien the night before it was to take place, and, when made aware of its character, were all enthusiasm to witness it. As we would be compelled to start early in the morning in order to get to our destination before the opening of the ceremony, we engaged a carriage and driver at the hotel that evening; and each member of the party was allotted to some special duty, so that nothing of interest in the procession should be left unnoted. Some were to sketch it, others to collect the folk-lore, traditions, and songs; while others were to make copies of the weird chant which the processionists were said to sing. These preliminaries arranged, we retired to bed, thoroughly determined to be awake at daybreak, despite the sensuous wooing of sleep; but in our anxiety to be up in time, some did not enjoy even a gentle slumber, and the result was that we were astir at 4 A. M. and on our way an hour later.

The first part of our journey led over the Eifel Range, a pine-clad, mountainous district of volcanic origin, so barren as to be only capable of supporting a few charcoal-burners that lived in a state of the most abject poverty. Their miserable hovels, which nestled in the shelter of some crags or gaunt pines, were inferior in comfort to an Indian *tepee*, while the looks of the women and children expressed a deplorable scarcity of nourishing food. How these poor creatures could find life bearable in that inhospitable solitude was a puzzle to us, and we reasoned with ourselves whether it were worth possessing under the circumstances. Our speculating was unexpectedly terminated before we had come to a unanimous decision by finding ourselves suddenly transplanted from the rude Eifel to the lovely valley of the Sauer —a valley so beautiful that it seemed to us a veritable land of enchantment, and the home of those nymphs that dwell amid peace and plenty. Presenting the strangest possible contrast to the rude and gloomy mountains, it burst upon us so suddenly that it seemed more like a beauteous dream than a reality; but, once over, our surprise gave way to feelings of pleasure, the ladies being especially enthusiastic—so much so, in fact, that they could not find superlative adjectives enough in their memory to describe it in fitting terms. We learned subsequently that this charming region had been so famous for its beauty since the eighth century that poets had sung its praises in their softest lays, and troubadours had dedicated to it their sweetest melodies. When St. Willibrord, the patron saint of the valley, entered it for the first time, he was so captivated with its scenic attractions that he wandered through it lost in admiration, though foot-sore and weary, until the approach of night caused him to seek shelter. On awakening the next morning, he offered up a prayer to the great Omnipotence for revealing to him such a vista of beauty, and made a solemn vow to erect a monastery there that the people inhabiting it, who were little more than barbarians, might be taught to pay homage to Him who had created such a paradise. He set about fulfilling his vow immediately, and in a few years had the pleasure of seeing the finest Benedictine monastery in Germany erected there, and occupied by men whose zeal, piety, and learning, made their name famous throughout the land. In this magnificent

edifice, which commanded one of the finest views in the valley, he led a life of saintly tranquillity, and died almost worshiped by the rude people to whom he had brought joy, peace, and holiness.

Leaving this beauteous vale, we crossed the bridge leading to the duchy of Luxemburg, and had scarcely touched its soil ere we were made aware of the importance of the day the people celebrated. Large numbers of persons, principally peasants, in a high state of excitement, trudged along the highway to Echternach, and though they looked to be the most clayey of mortals under ordinary circumstances, under the present they seemed to have lost all control of themselves and to be guided only by the wildest impulses.

Many were humbly kneeling by the road-side and fervently praying; some were singing hymns with an unmistakable fervor that proved they came from the heart; while others repeated the rosary on their beads, silently or aloud, singly or in groups. All were evidently impressed with the sacred character of the day, and determined to extract all the spiritual consolation possible from it. Some there were, however, who had an eye to business as well as prayer; in fact, more to the former than the latter, as it was the only day in the year in which they could hope to receive a financial equivalent for their pious petitions.

One old lady volunteered to do a little jumping, enough to clear away the sins we had committed during the previous month, for one franc; a girl, apparently twelve years of age, expressed a desire to wipe out the transgressions of a fortnight for half a franc; and a burly peasant, who looked as if he could jump until the day of judgment, promised to bound the whole length of the procession for five francs, and by that means get us absolution for all the sins both venal and mortal which we had committed during the twelve months past.

"You have an herculean feat to perform for a very small amount of money," said the cynic of the party, in a rather humorous tone; "yet, if you can furnish me any proof of the efficacy of your labor, I have no objection to paying you double the amount you demand."

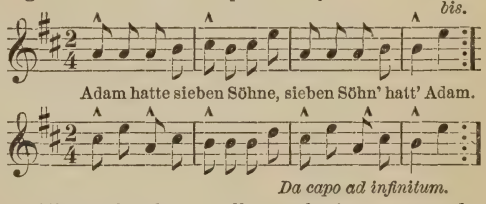
"It is very cheap, Herr," said the jumper; "some charge more than that, but I am reasonable. I have jumped for tourists before, and they were well satisfied with the way in which I did it."

"I have not the least doubt of your ability to jump over the Eifel Range," said our speaker, "but I don't consider bouncing a very efficacious means of grace, especially for a heathen like myself. Yet, if you can do a franc's worth for yourself it may do you good;" and giving him a franc, the jumping pilgrim saluted and went in search of others more tender-hearted. This *douceur* brought other petitioners, placid individuals with physiognomies indicative of deep humility, but they were politely refused, for fear the demands might be continued by others. Entering Echternach, we found it crowded with representatives from all the adjoining districts, and some even from the farthest limits of the duchy; but, instead of devoting their attention to prayer and penance, they were quietly enjoying themselves over foaming glasses of beer wherever that beverage was sold. All the refreshment-booths were thronged, and from several came the rustic refrains of mountain maidens, or those male choruses so peculiar to the German people, in which warbling, falsetto tones are the main feature. In none, however, could we hear the least indication of the boisterousness that usually accompanies revelry; and though songs were sung and gayety reigned, yet there was no relaxation from the decorous manners and kindly, grave politeness so characteristic of a certain class of Germans. As the procession had not commenced moving, we visited the attractions of the village, which consisted exclusively of the churches. The peasants informed us that their celebrated abbey church, in which formerly reposed the remains of the good St. Willibrord, was destroyed by the French soldiery in 1791, and not content with this act of vandalism they had scattered the bones of the holy man in every direction, to prove their contempt for superstitious reverence, and to show that mouldy remnants of venerated saints are of no use except as fertilizers! They also turned the Benedictine monks out of the castellated abode which their predecessors had occupied in succession since the year 721, and, as they passed out in single file and with downcast eyes, jeered at them, or insulted them by inviting them to be present at the destruction of their home. This wanton act on the part of the invaders has left a deep prejudice behind; and many, forgetting the radicalism of the time, still execrate the name of Frenchman, and associate it, most unreasonably, with vandalism. Several years after the invasion, a priest, who had heard nothing of the war, owing to the isolated region in which he lived, came to Echternach to offer up his prayers at the shrine of St. Willibrord; but, on arriving at the site of the well-known spot, he found, much to his surprise, that church and shrine were gone, and that not a vestige of their existence remained. Horror-stricken at their loss, he commenced making inquiries about the remains of his favorite saint, and, on learning what had become of them, he vowed never to rest until they were again collected, and deposited where they rightfully belonged. He set about his mission immediately, and in a short time had the lost treasures restored to the mourning people, who welcomed them home with every demonstration of joy. How he happened to select the right bones when so many at that time bestrewed the ground in every direction, may seem a matter difficult to comprehend, but that he was completely successful must be inferred from the fact that they were placed in the original stone coffin—which had been saved from the general ruin, and deposited under the high altar of the parish church. St. Willibrord was a Northumbrian by birth, and soon after being ordained spent several years in Ireland, whence he went to Friesland to carry the light of the gospel to the northern pagans. There his mission was so successful that he was denominated the Apostle of the Frisians, and among them, even to the present day, he occupies the same position that St.

Patrick does in Ireland, St. Denis in France, or St. George in England. The pope appointed him Bishop of Utrecht for his ability, and it was this barren distinction that sent him among the barbarians dwelling along the Moselle, and subsequently led him to select the lovely valley of the Sauer for his final resting-place and the perpetuator of his fame. His monastery in that delightful region was the resort of many pious pilgrims, and so great had his name become that Erminia, daughter of Dagobert II., assisted him in his good works with land and money.

His charitable deeds, and the earnest labors of his zealous Benedictines, had endeared him so much to the peasants of the wild and rugged Eifel that they accredited him with supernatural powers, and almost worshiped him. As the cause of the jumping-procession, it is necessary that such details of his life as the legends have preserved should be known, that its origin may be understood. There are various theories about its origin, but, as they are enveloped in the mists of tradition, it is hard to tell which is the one to accept. One, and the most plausible of all, is, that a terrible malady, supposed to be the St.-Vitus's-dance, afflicted the people of the Sauer and Eifel during the lifetime of the saint, but that through his special intercession it vanished, and has not since appeared. In gratitude for his great kindness a procession, in which the participants acted some features of the disease from which they had been so miraculously freed, marched to the monastery each year to return thanks to its venerable abbot and to receive his blessing. The probability of this story is founded on the fact that the St.-Vitus's-dance scourged a large portion of Germany and the Netherlands in (I think) the fourteenth century, and it is possible that the simple mountaineers, having heard of the great power of their saint, marched to his shrine and asked his intercession in their behalf, and that in the course of time the legend had lost its accuracy, and the event was carried back to the existence of the saint himself. Another theory is, that the venerated bishop, with crozier in hand, suddenly appeared among the herders during the prevalence of a terrible plague that was destroying the cattle, and by a few words banished it forever. Since that time annual pilgrimages have been made to his shrine, and, to make it a joyous one, dancing was introduced; but, as they did not wish it to be like ordinary terpsichorean movements, they introduced a *pas* of their own to make it, according to the assertion of a peasant, *sehr elegant*, and more in harmony with their hymn-like chant. Those who join in the dancing pilgrimage are popularly supposed to have the sins of a year forgiven them if they jump the entire length of the line of march; but, if they accomplish only a portion of the distance, their transgressions are remitted in proportion. Those who do not join can have their sins absolved by employing others to take their place, and this belief causes many persons, from a mere child to a senile old woman, to volunteer their services for a small sum, varying from ten groschen to a five-franc piece.

After enjoying the gossip of the peasants, we strolled toward the parish church; but, before we had proceeded half-way, we heard in the distance the loud, heavy tones of many bands, the weird, melodious chants which soon swelled into a grand chorus, and the ponderous, measured tread of an advancing multitude. Looking at them from an elevated knoll, they presented a strange appearance, so unlike anything seen before that we could only compare their movements to the rise and fall of billows in a chopping sea. Steadily they advanced, four abreast, with hands entwined and ranged by parishes, jumping high in the air, and shouting in loud yet cadenced melodious tones. As they approached us, we could see intense earnestness and solemn gravity depicted on their faces; and all were so evidently impressed with the importance of the occasion that each acted his part with as much zeal as if the success of the entire procession depended on his individual efforts. Each parish was headed by its full corps of musicians, many of which were exceedingly large, for, should any rural Amphion who has played for money during the year fail to appear on that day, his lot for the future would be a most unhappy one. As the solemn, chanting hosts advanced, they presented an exceedingly strange if not ludicrous appearance; for, though keeping time to their song with the precision of a machine, and moving as one person, yet their grotesque forward and back and wild bounds caused them to resemble a carnival-procession rather than an army of pious, unsophisticated devotees engaged in a pilgrimage for improving their spiritual welfare. Many of the more enthusiastic, who insisted upon jumping as high as they possibly could, had weary, bloodshot eyes and haggard faces, a complete proof of the intensity of their labor. The dance or jump consisted of two steps in advance with the right foot and one to the rear with the left, the movements being measured to this simple melody:



Those who do not allow enthusiasm to get the better of their judgment, and confine their limping jumps to reasonable limits, generally complete the pilgrimage; but the majority, yielding to the music and the excitement produced by an assembled multitude, spring back, forward, and upward, with all their might, and, as a natural consequence, are soon left by the way-side overcome with fatigue and nervous exhaustion. The men are more excitable than the women, and their strength, great as it may be, is always forced to yield before the quiet, steady perseverance of the gentle sex. The same difference was noticeable between the boys and the girls, for, when the wearied yet enthusiastic pilgrims approached the church, many of the latter were keeping time to their rhythm with the same unflagging

patience and steadiness with which they started; but none of the former were visible, the wild excitement and fierce labor having subdued them to the most passive condition, and left them mere physical wrecks along the highway.

While the pilgrims passed through the streets of the village kind hands furnished them liquid refreshments, which were most thankfully received, for many were so exhausted that they could scarcely move; yet they persevered with the devotion of martyrs, and even while drinking managed to retain their measured pace, a feat that must have required a large amount of practice to perform it so successfully. All looked wearily haggard, and presented anything but an agreeable aspect with their parched lips, bloodshot eyes, and smoking faces covered with dust and perspiration. Their enthusiasm never lagged, however, until they fell by the way-side; and, while the prostrate lay panting on the ground, they looked with envious eyes upon the strong and steady who still jumped on, keeping perfect time with both feet and voice.

When the procession approached the church it was but a mere skeleton of what it was when it started, and not a few of its members were girls and women who acted in a most decorous manner, whereas several of the men were bounding as high as they could, some going head and shoulders above the others, and shouting as loud as their parched throats would permit them. It took about three hours for the pilgrimage—which must have numbered ten or twelve thousand persons—to reach the stone staircase leading up to the church, which is situated on an eminence; but several who had persevered thus far were forced to fall out of the line, not having strength enough to mount the steps without breaking the measure, and this would have obliterated the good results gained by the distance marched.

As it is only those who accomplish the entire journey, including the church, that have their yearly transgressions forgiven, those compelled to drop out of the ranks at an earlier period begin to calculate how much of their sinful debts is canceled, and what effect their efforts in behalf of others will have on their patron saint. This calculation causes them, if they have strength enough left to open their eyes, to watch with intense interest those that enter the church, and their physical condition. On this occasion, however, the number was quite small, for many fell on the staircase. Those fortunate enough to enter the sacred edifice were delirious with joy, and once inside they seemed to have gained renewed strength, for they bounded wildly around the high altar where the remains of St. Willibrord are supposed to rest, then around a tall crucifix, and out by a door opposite to that which they entered, only to fall on the turf outside mere masses of inanition. Lying on the greensward they seemed so exhausted as to be ready to drop into that eternity for which they were preparing; but the joyous though subdued light that illumined their weary faces and bloodshot eyes, the devout sentiments that came gasping from their bloodless lips, and the martyr-like patience and enthusiasm which they displayed, proved that their moral natures still governed the physical, and that their exhaustion would be of short duration. One could readily understand from these simple and sincere people how it is that religious excitement could so overpower the body and defy fatigue as to make feats impossible to perform under ordinary circumstances, not only possible, but within the ability of even children.

Half an hour after the ceremony was over not a pilgrim was to be seen around the church, though several human wrecks were prostrated along the highway, principally the aged and the young.

It would be naturally expected that such a day and such a scene would make the people subdued in tone, and inclined to religious reverie, yet the reverse was the case, and from every *Gasthof* and *Wirthshaus* came the gay sound of revelry, and the sensuous strains of dancing-music. A peep into these abodes of pleasure showed many of the pilgrims who had been trying to hop away their sins during the morning, indulging in a tearing gallopade, a whirling waltz, or a stately quadrille, oblivious, apparently, of the fact that they had ever transgressed the commandments, or knew aught of such a thing as penitential jumping. Although mirth reigned supreme, and glasses clinked merrily as neighbors quaffed each other's health, not a sign of boisterousness, not to mention intoxication, was to be witnessed. This might have been due to the presence of women and children, which the uxorious Teutons as a rule invite to share in their pleasure; yet it would seem as if they were always placid and companionable in their merry-making, and opponents of the flowing bowl by nature, for lager-beer and cider were the only beverages used. All seemed to be as unsophisticated as guileless children, and the last in the world, judging from appearances, to be guilty of violating the commandments; so the materialist would be apt to reason that they had wasted much energy and some time to no purpose; and that a devotional ceremony which consisted of mere physical display, and was followed by quiet though heedless revelry, could have little effect for good on the minds of the people, or, if it had, that it must be very transient.

By five o'clock the greater number were on their way homeward, and at dusk the sleepy village had returned to its usual tranquillity. The strange procession, as a mere religious demonstration, has of course no significance, as it was originated in honor of a good man; but as a procession, characterized by quaintness, novelty, and intense dramatic effects, it is interesting alike to the student, artist, and tourist, and once seen it leaves so vivid and, in some instances, so painful an impression on the mind, that it is impossible to forget even its most unimportant phases. The general effect is very pleasing, however, and though a person may not sympathize much with a pilgrimage so destructive to the health of many, yet he cannot help admiring the devotion, simplicity, and self-sacrifice, of the enthusiastic pilgrims.

A NEW CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

I.

WE made two mistakes at Tunbridge Wells: we bought a shilling guide-book, conspicuously bound in green paper; and we went to see Toad Rock. The latter mistake was a consequence of the first, for the guide-book contained an ardent description of the rock, accompanied by an illustration that called to mind Pelion piled upon Ossa. After surveying this picture with kindling expectations, we went into a cobbler's shop; and, while the cobbler was cutting down the heels of my boots to a practicable walking height, we inquired of him our nearest road to the aforenamed natural curiosity. He said we must go across the common.

"And how far is it, governor?" inquired George —my florid, long-legged traveling-companion.

At this the gray-headed occupant of the bench glanced up from his work with a sturdy chuckle broadening his wrinkled visage.

"We mostly calls it a mile 'n a 'arf," quoth he; "but Pintley, what keeps the pub. there, 'e says, 'Mile 'n a 'arf be blowed! it's a mile 'n two-quarters —that's what it is!'—'n 'as it put up so on the sign-board: cluck, cluck, cluck!"

There is humor, then, at Tunbridge Wells. The town is not otherwise specially attractive, although pretty enough in a conventional way. Many of the houses are built of solid gray stone; many more of gray stucco made to look like stone, and only too immaculate. The site is all risings and declivities; there are enough churches, but none venerable. We climbed the common, and were soon descending its farther slope, not expecting the Toad Rock for some time yet, when suddenly there it was before us. Yes, it was a mistake. George might have jumped leap-frog over it. Moreover, it was neither a mile n' a 'arf nor a mile 'n two-quarters from town; it was barely three-quarters of a mile. But the truth may as well be told at once—the people of Kent have no proper notion of distances. To believe them, Kent would be as large as California, and England as the United States. They are so persuaded of the greatness of England that they believe it is communicated to her mileage. Subsequently during our expedition we made a point of inquiring distances of every person we met, for the pleasure, as George expressed it, of hearing them lie. They did lie, without an exception, until we got past Canterbury. They always said it was farther than it was; sometimes twice as far, sometimes only half as far again, but inevitably farther. We had spent a week previous to the start in diligent study of the Ordnance Map, and jotted down all the distances on the back thereof; and this map George carried in his pocket, and was forever pulling it forth to show me where we were, and how soon we would arrive elsewhere. He did this showing with his two huge thumbs clasped tightly down over the spot indicated, and, as we were always moving at our full pace at the time, I was never the wiser for his demonstration. However, the ordnance-surveyors must have been less patriotic than the men of Kent, for their plotting was always rigorously correct, and Kent was made out to be not much larger than many an American's back-garden. And when, as the afternoons waned, we began to wax weary of putting one foot before the other, we used to feel a malignant triumph in the knowledge afforded us by our map that the man who said it was five miles to the next inn had told a falsehood—say, two miles in length.

After the Toad Rock, we threw away our green-backed guide-book, regretting the shilling we had paid for it. Then, being unwilling, categorically, to retrace our route to the town, we ventured along a tortuous foot-path that promised to bring us round by the other side. Midway down a winding descent we came upon a bevy of small boys and girls, none of them over five years old, and we asked them:

"Can we get to Tunbridge Wells this way?"

The most intelligent of the boys looked to every point of the compass, and then at us, and finally answered:

"T'other way's shortest way."

"But will this take us there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far is it?"

This question staggered the intelligent boy, who, in his rambles through his native lanes and by-paths, was evidently accustomed to estimate distances rather by the gauge of his appetite for dinner, or his fear of being late for school, than by rod and chain. However, he at length pulled himself together and made this unassailable reply:

"'Tain't very fur, sir, but it's more'n a little way!"

In fact, it turned out to be just a mile—for which the above phrase is possibly Kentish vernacular, and not inexpressive.

On reëntering Tunbridge Wells, it occurred to us that the Wells themselves were still to be visited, and we looked about for some imposing building worthy of being the pump-room. Nothing exactly suitable was to be seen. At last we went into a public-house near the railway and made inquiries of the landlady behind the bar. She was a bright-faced, rather quizzical-looking young body, and seemed to find us amusing. In fact, we were both clad in Knickerbocker suits, and looked wild and unconventional.

As we drank her ale, she told us that the Wells, or one of them, was down by the Parade, which faced the Common. In confirmation, she turned to another customer, evidently an old familiar. He was a smallish man of convivial complexion and irregular attire, who looked as if he would have been a man of the world if he had enjoyed proper opportunities; as it was, he was fain to make the

most of being a man of Tunbridge Wells. He wore a smile while talking with us, half of modest pride at the extent of his knowledge, half of embarrassment at being called on to make a parade of it. He talked discursively about Tunbridge Wells, which, he said, was not to be seen altogether in a day, nor yet, perhaps, in a week. "Myself," he added, with demure rhetoric, "has lived here eight-and-twenty years"—here he paused, that this colossal fact might have time to sink into our minds—"Yes, sir, eight-and-twenty years; well, it was but three days since, I was up back of the hill, and there I see some 'ouses as I never see before!" In short, we might prolong our stay here for upward of a quarter of a century, and still depart unsatisfied. As we had thus far found no cause to doubt the gratuitous truth of this proposition, we inquired how far it was to Maidstone?

"'Bout thirty-two miles," says our interlocutor, with the quiet smile of intense conviction.

You would have supposed he had measured the road with a yardstick every day of the twenty-eight years. George and I glanced at each other, wondering whether our map might not have been wrong, for once in a way. It had said twenty-four miles and a half. Our informant went on to describe the road in encouraging terms, and in particular dwelt upon a superb prospect which would greet our eyes on rising the crest of a hill some two miles out of the town. But that prospect we never found. It was lost along with the seven and a half miles in the shadow of the eight-and-twenty years.

We did see a well before we left. It was a small spring at the end of a paved walk some sixty or seventy yards in length, called the Parade. Steps led down to it, and a couple of iron dippers were chained to the basin. The water tasted very strongly of dipper; but that, I believe, was no more than its bounden duty. We were satisfied with very little of it, being fresh from our ale, and the weather crisp and cool, and the water dipperish, as aforesaid. But we found the Parade quite worth a visit. Indeed, it is the only place in the town that repays examination. It has an antique flavor. I could easily imagine Beau Nash and the ladies sauntering, and complimenting, and smirking, to and fro in their silk stockings and farthingales beneath the arcade—which is not as ordinary arcades, but is formed by the second story of the line of shops, which projects seven or eight feet horizontally over the walk, and is supported by posts. We sauntered after their shadowy figures for a few minutes, ere turning our backs finally upon Tunbridge Wells. Of course, the well I have described is not the principal, fashionable well; that was somewhere near, but we had not the curiosity to search further for it. We had drunk the water, we had had our vision of the old Beau and his surroundings, and that was enough.

II.

As we addressed ourselves to the long hill which begins the road to Maidstone, it was near one o'clock of a fine March day. We carried neither knapsacks nor carpet-bags, having previously sent on our luggage by train to Canterbury. My only incumbrance was the light, silver-headed switch which has been my walking-companion for many years, and is really anything but an incumbrance; George, at the outset, had nothing but his hands and feet, which would have incumbered any but a man of his inches; but, before we had walked a mile, he cut himself a sapling from the hedge, and retained a fragment of it as far as Dover. It had been a very forward season, but the trees were, of course, still leafless, and the crops had not begun to sprout. Our way led us through the centre of the famous hop-country, the rural beauty of which has, I believe, gained it the name of the Garden of England. The luxuriant greenness and fragrance of the flowering season we necessarily missed; but we gained other advantages by our early visit which were, perhaps, equally well worth having in their own way. We were free to please our eyes with the keen-edged, flowing curves of the undulating land, and with the lovely mingling of half-tints that colored the wide fields. The naked woods, seen from a distance, took on all shades of purple, from reddish to blue, and seemed to harmonize more subtilely with the bare earth than the utmost verdure would have done. Nature is always in harmony with herself, down to the smallest particular; and from the pallid sky, blue overhead, but swathed in thin clouds horizonward, down to the smallest twig that whistled in the dry March wind, there was nothing out of keeping. Even the houses looked as if they had been built expressly to match the complexion of the month; and our own mood and spirit were similarly attuned. There was nothing of lazy summer geniality, either in the atmosphere or in our physical and mental feelings; it was a time to step out briskly along the smooth white road; to whistle rather than sing; to jest rather than sentimentalize; and to be rather hungry than thirsty. In truth, we achieved marvels of trencher-work from the very outset of our journey, and indulged in the smallest possible amount of serious or edifying conversation. There is no better way of making a happy and active animal out of a man than by setting him to walk thirty miles a day through bright March weather. He will come back with a moral and intellectual development that would do credit to a horse.

But though the hops were not in bloom, nor even so much as planted, we were in no danger of forgetting that we were in a hop-country. Oh, those hop-poles! Whence, in the name of wonder, do they come? They must be imported—possibly from the pathless forests of the Great West; for I am sure that so many tall, straight stakes never grew in dear little England. Upon my first entrance into these districts I was at a loss to account for the limitless Indian encampments that everywhere met my eye. Miles and miles of ploughed land were covered with conical wigwams, all precisely alike in size and contour, and of a uniform dark-brown color. Each wigwam had four entrances, arranged opposite each other two and two; and they were placed in mathematical order, in such a way that from whatever

point they were regarded they appeared aligned. There was one marked peculiarity about them—there were no Indians. Not a single wigwam showed a sign of an inhabitant. The tribes seemed to have migrated without taking their dwellings with them, and not leaving so much as a squaw or a papoose to look after them. I was at first inclined to suspect a general massacre; but then there were no dead bodies, no grave-mounds, and not a single one of the innumerable tents had been either burned or overset. In this emergency I turned to George, who, being an Englishman born and bred, was bound to know everything about his own country.

"What are those encampments?" I inquired.

"Hop-poles," was his ready reply.

Of course; hop-poles stacked in anticipation of the time when they should be ranged out singly, in serried ranks, for the hops to twine about them. In the course of our progress farther southward, we came to regions where this second stage had actually taken place. The mathematical precision of the straight lines was even more remarkable there than in the case of our present wigwams. Every four poles were planted at the four corners of an accurate square. Not only so, but in many districts the rows of poles which bounded the several sides of the fields were joined at the top by other poles fastened horizontally; while the interior array were connected with one another by strings, also horizontally. Thus the whole formed a vast, complete network, amid which the hop-vines might wriggle, run, and disport themselves to their spirits' content.

The poles themselves appeared to be about ten or twelve feet in length, a foot or two at the lower end being sharpened and blackened, for thrusting into the earth. They are scraped clean of bark, and their brown hue is due to their exposure to sun and rain. In stacking them, four bundles, of about fifty poles to the bundle, are taken and leaned against each other, as soldiers stack arms. The four wigwam-doorways which I had noticed were the four gaps between the bundles. In one of the fields by which we passed we saw a group of peasant-women manufacturing the poles from the raw material with hatchets and two-handled scrapers; and I don't think we noticed anything further about hop-poles which is worth putting down.

But hop-poles were not the only symptom of a hop-country. In every valley, beneath the shelter of every hill-crest, nestled one or more little conical turrets, like small church-steeples without the churches; generally painted white, and surmounted by wind-vanes shaped like the fin of a shark. The round body of the turret was made of brick; the conical top of wood, constructed to revolve according to the direction of the wind, like the top of a windmill. For curiosity's sake we went into one of these turrets and examined it. We saw a circular, polished wooden floor, some ten feet in diameter; overhead the conical roof. On this floor the hops are laid out to dry. How they are put in, or how taken out, or whether anything else is done to them besides drying them, I know not. I fancy something else is, but I omitted to ask, being, as usual, anxious to escape anything like useful information. George and I called them hop-mills during our journey for convenience' sake. Whatever their practical use, they are a considerable æsthetic addition to the landscape, and call to mind the pointed towers of old French and German châteaux. England is, as a rule, so oppressively English that anything with a foreign flavor is apt to seem especially palatable.

After the malignant flatness of the county of Middlesex, the gentle ups and downs of Kent were as inspiring as so many Alps. There are no long, level lines and plains in this Garden of England. The contours change, subside, and swell constantly, yet never violently. The valley of the Medway, through which our road lay, is broad and shallow and winding, the same in its main features from beginning to end, but with just sufficient variety of detail to keep the attention pleasantly alert throughout. Over all were stretched, like a garment of many colors (all, however, quiet and subdued, and such as are, just now, fashionable for wall-papers, furniture-coverings, and ladies' dresses), the smooth-ploughed fields, the woodlands, and the fallow lands. The ploughed parts often appeared curiously shaded from dark to light-brown or almost white, the gradation being as even and soft as if done by an artist's brush. This appearance is due to the fact that the lower soil hereabouts is of a chalky character, and, in places where the upper soil is thin, the chalk comes to the surface beneath the action of the plough. It gives an aspect of artificial finish to the landscape that is far from being disagreeable. On heights of vantage here and there windmills swing their giant arms in meditative silence; but of dwellings or buildings of any kind there are few to be seen; and, to a soul strangled with the breathless multitude of hideous houses that break virulently out all over the unhappy face of Middlesex, these broad, free tracts are inexpressibly soothing. You feel as if there were elbow-room left even in England, after all. It does sometimes seem as if houses were the most unjustifiable feature of all our specious civilization. We blame women for wearing corsets and tight boots, but, good Heavens! we all wear brick and mortar, and thereby make ourselves petty-gestured, restless-eyed, and spiritually humpbacked and dyspeptic. A truly great soul finds the clay of its own body burdensome enough, without baking it in an oven, cementing it with mortar, and putting a Mansard-roof over it.

III.

THESE considerations did not prevent us from feeling glad when, after about twelve miles' walking, we came in sight of a cluster of buildings standing a little back from the road-side. It was a farmhouse improved into an inn. The main building was a venerable and weather-worn structure, of a general reddish hue, with low, oblong windows, and on one side of the door a rough table and benches. Nearer the road was planted a tall post, with a square sign-board swinging at the top of it, whereon was written "The Chequers Inn." Crossing the intervening

plot of turf, and giving a respectful berth to a very unsympathetic-looking black dog which was chained to its kennel close by, we sat down on the bench and beat a tattoo on the table with our canes. After a due interval, forth hobbled from the low-browed interior a wrinkled crone, who surveyed us curiously but not unkindly, and, on our making known our needs, presently brought forth two large vessels of fresh milk, a huge loaf of bread, and a pound of cheese.

When the pangs of hunger had been allayed sufficiently to allow of our bestowing thought upon anything else, we noticed that the black dog had advanced as close to us as the limits of his chain would permit, and was regarding us with an unswerving fixedness of eye that was almost embarrassing, the more as it was accompanied at intervals by a low, unsatisfied growl. George, however, who is more at home with dogs than I am, affected a confident air, and threw the animal a piece of bread. It was promptly gobbled up, but seemed to produce no visible relaxation of that rigid stare, while the growls became if anything more frequent, and no sign of genial activity was observable in the tail. Nevertheless, as it seemed possible that it was our provender rather than our calves that he was after, I felt encouraged to try the softening effects upon him of a piece of cheese. The experiment was a success, so far as instantaneous acceptance of the gift was concerned; I shudder to think in what a condition of raw, unmasticated haste that large piece of cheese must have sailed into that dog's stomach. Yet the surly cur manifested no gratitude whatever, seeming to separate in his sordid mind the sweetness of the cheese from the benevolence of the giver. To make matters worse, a piece of cheese, which George contributed at this juncture, rolled to a spot a few inches beyond the limit to which the dog's chain allowed him to stretch his nose. This accident, however, had the good effect of demonstrating the value of the chain as a factor in the situation: if it would not break for a piece of cheese, it might be expected to hold good for our calves likewise. Accordingly, it ceased to be of moment to us whether the dog loved us or not, and we even made a jest of his impotence to make his wish father to his deed.

A diversion was now created by some half-dozen hens, who, under the escort of their rooster, had been standing anxiously off and on during the late episode, with inquiring croaks and tentative peckings and scratchings, longing for a share of the good things, but too delicate-minded to step boldly up and ask for it. One of these respectable fowls, observing the piece of cheese which the dog could not reach, did cautiously, and with an affectation of unconcern, put herself in neighborly proximity to it. She strutted innocently to and fro, her thoughts evidently to the last degree abstracted and refined away from farmyard interests, and concerned about anything rather than a piece of cheese. It happened, nevertheless, quite by accident, that her meditative strollings brought her nearer and ever nearer to this toothsome quarry, much as the sublime reveries of the alchemic philosopher are fabled to have stumbled him upon some grand, practical discovery which he wot not of. The ingenious dignity of that hen, the moment before she made her sudden swoop, was worthy of comparison only with the utter exposure and degradation of her scrambling escape—the cheese, half-way down her beak, pursued by the angry yelp of the defrauded dog, and by the whole sisterhood of partlets, all intent upon at least flavoring their palates with a dab at the stolen booty. Hens are the most ridiculous, because the most transparent and shameless humbugs in the world — and one cannot help loving them. For my part, I forthwith lost my heart to all the little old trollops collectively, and so plied them with crumbs that they speedily became quite familiar in their approaches, insomuch that I could not move my feet or change my position upon the bench without raising a flutter in some one of their feathered bodies. The uncongenial dog was quite forgotten, and, had not George occasionally taken pity on him with a bit of crust, he must have lost all faith in Nature, farm-yard or human.

Meanwhile, I had rolled a cigarette, and was feeling as corporeally serene as ambiguous-fated man may. George, who cannot smoke for all his six and a quarter feet of stature, and had fed away all the bread-crumbs, and bestowed a large remnant of the cheese into his coat-pocket, along with the map and a dog's-eared note-book (in which he occasionally made mysterious entries during our journey, writing them down with a visage of portentous earnestness and solemnity, but invariably reading them over with fond gigglings afterward), George at length became impatient, grumbling out that it was already after four o'clock, and that we had at least thirteen miles yet to go. And, since his companion was one of the most compliant and obliging of mankind, he delayed but to finish the cigarette he was engaged upon, and to roll another, and then they bade farewell to the black dog, and to the hens, and to the withered crone, and to the venerable inn itself, and once more set forward upon their travels.

Speaking about varying estimates of distances, something of the kind was noticeable (had we been open to confess it) in our own procedure. Suppose our day's walk to be, as on this occasion, something inside of twenty-five miles, and that somebody had assured us at starting that it was thirty-two. After a mile or two George would pull out his map and say:

"We may have been wrong, you know, after all. Perhaps that fellow was right."

"He certainly ought to know," I would reply. "I have plotted maps myself, and I know how easily mistakes creep in."

"I shouldn't wonder if it were thirty-two miles. It looks that, doesn't it?"

"Over thirty, certainly. We must make allowance for the hills and the turnings."

Thus at the outset. But toward the end of the fourth hour the conversation would have taken some such tone as follows:

"That blackguard must have lied about the thirty-two miles."

"Of course he did. The only notion such fellows have of distances is the time they take to walk them. But it isn't likely the Ordnance survey would be out."

"We've been going fully five miles an hour, don't you think?"

"Four and a half to five, certainly."

"We must be nearly there. I'll bet it's not over twenty-four and a half. Only about an hour more."

Is this all? Alas for human fickleness! Arrived at our destination and comfortably seated at a well-earned beefsteak.

"Come to think of it, I believe we have done thirty-two, take it altogether."

"Just what I was thinking. Recollect that *détour* we made, and then that tramp to Toad Rock—we must count that in."

"Safe to say thirty-two, eh?"

"Perfectly."

The most conspicuous feature of the valley of the Medway is, perhaps, the absence of all appearance of the Medway itself. The only symptom of it that we saw was a distant view of the bridge. English rivers are not apt to be Amazons nor even Mississippis; but this Medway—at all events so much of it as lies between Tunbridge Wells and Maidstone—is one of the most retiring streams with which I am acquainted. After this, the next most striking objects are the solid stone walls and houses. The stone is of a charmingly picturesque gray hue, overgrown with lichens and cemented with moss, and altogether invaluable as foregrounds for young ladies' water-color drawings. The walls are low, but quite solid, and often a good deal more than a foot in thickness. As for the houses, they are quite as often brick as stone, and as apt to be tiles as either. In the latter cases, the color being uniformly reddish, it is difficult to decide where the roof ends and the sides begin. They have generally stood so long that the walls have bulged and the ridge-poles sunk until the outline is rather that of an irregular mound than of a square-set, gabled edifice. The picturesque gain is of course great, and I dare say the practical comfort is in no way diminished. The superiority of such dwellings over the bilious brick boxes that obtain in Middlesex is enough to make the angels laugh and weep. But, as the latter structures are a pet grievance of mine, I will not further allude to them.

Then there are the little churches, with their square, gray towers, rising peacefully amid the lowly hamlet. To my fancy, these square towers are more pleasing than pointed spires; there is more stability and calm about them, and less of artificiality and effort. At any rate, they suit better with English skies and environment. Attached to the main tower was generally a narrow, round turret, looking something like a magnified water-pipe, and for what purpose designed I know not. The body of the church would appear, from a distance, to be built of the same stone as the tower; but a closer examination will show it to be composed of rough flint-stones imbedded in mortar. The extreme hardness of this material prevents it from being affected by the weather, as is the comparatively friable substance of the tower, and of consequence the former has the appearance of being of much more modern date than the latter. Nevertheless, some of the oldest buildings in the country are made of these impassible flints. In Canterbury, and along the approach to Dover, such flinty walls and houses become markedly frequent. I do not like the material; it is harsh and unpleasing to the eye; but it certainly seems to wear unexceptionably well.

In passing through a small, straggling village, named Yalding on the maps, and called Yah-a-alding by its inhabitants, as if they could not so much as mention it without a yawn, our road led us so near one of these gray churches that we passed in through the little graveyard-gate (a very sturdy and compact little gate of massive oak), and, stepping across the close-lying rows of green mounds, peeped in through the diamond-paned windows. But the interior was disappointing, as the interior of most Protestant churches is. The walls and groined arches were whitewashed; the pews were made of stained deal, and looked both modern and comfortless; there was nothing dignified nor rich in the aspect of the pulpit. It was as if an antique volume, bound in sombre leather and heavy with clasps and bosses, should turn out, on being opened, to be not an ancient illuminated Bible or mediæval book of magic, but a year's numbers of a modern religious weekly journal, price sixpence. I suspect that the Anglo-Saxon race has an aversion to being made party to anything picturesque, especially during their seasons of devotion.

As we approached the vicinity of Maidstone the road gradually mounted, until, on coming round a corner, we looked down upon the town from a considerable elevation. A huge, yellowish building on the right we took to be the jail, but were afterward told that it was something quite different—I forget what. The town lies very cozily and affectionately between its hills, and the river (visible at last) winds its way through with lazy enjoyment, like a pleasant memory of youth in the heart of age.

IV.

FROM our bird's-eye point of view, the principal occupation pursued by the inhabitants of Maidstone seemed to be kite-flying. Kites floated high aloft over the town at all points. They were of the ordinary bow-topped figure — no strange birds and monsters such as the Chinese affect; but, such as they were, they were well made and balanced, evidently by hands which long practice had rendered skillful. Some of them flew so high that it seemed incredible there should be any string long enough to attach them to the earth. String-making must, I should think, be a profitable industry hereabout. But what an enviable life—one passed in flying kites over one's native town, in a steady, northwesterly breeze! Do the maidens of this happy vale yield their favor to the swain whose canvas floats the highest? Is the bestowal of civic honors determined by

the length of a man's string? Is social disgrace the consequence of an ill-proportioned tail; and does summary banishment or the scaffold overtake those wretches whose kites won't get up, or, being up, stay there? What a strange instance of the irony of Fate, the establishment of a jail in Maidstone, the minds of whose inhabitants are so constantly fixed on things that are above the earth!

Down the long hill we briskly strode, our steps enlivened by the anticipation of a bath and dinner. Looking back upon one's predominant thoughts and desires during a prolonged tramp of this kind, it is humiliating to find how often they were solicitous for the merely bodily wants. As fresh towns and villages arose along our route, George and I might, perhaps, talk with our outward voice about its picturesque charms, its historical associations, its antiquarian interest; but inwardly we were asking ourselves: "Which is the best pub.? Shall we get milk there? Have they any tubs? Are the beds feather-beds?" and so on. So now, as we walked into Maidstone, we made an hypocritical pretense of admiring the architecture of the great church which rose gray and mountainous at the entrance of the town; but in the bottom of our hearts we regretted that it was not a good hotel. For us, at such a time, there could be nothing in art so admirable as a well-hung tavern-sign.

A few minutes brought us into the central street or market-place, and here, in all conscience, were inns enough; the only difficulty was to make a choice between them. Immediately we became squeamish and difficult to please; we rejected this house because the view from its front-windows was uninteresting; we looked askance upon that by reason of its uncouth name; we scorned the other for that the bar-room was full of loafers. At length, however, we condescended to make trial of one which stood at the head of the market-place, commanding an outlook in three directions. Would I had the pen of a Walter Scott to do justice to the reception we met with there!

The landlady, with whom we conferred about rooms and appliances, was a well-looking woman of forty, with an inviting eye, and yet methought right modest, and withal discriminating. She was dressed in gray, and as neat as a Hollander. She was evidently accustomed to judge of her customers by their faces and voices, and I am proud to say that her expression, as we conversed, grew ever more and more genial, and that she ended with giving us two front rooms on the first floor, with a parlor between them, for the consideration of one shilling apiece. Everything was on a like scale of reasonableness and excellence. The beds, it is true, were feather-beds, but by the time we were ready to retire we were too sleepy to be troubled by that. The tubbing was glorious. The beefsteak afterward was, as George expressed it, a regular thirty-two-miler; the ale was mighty, and the coffee black. Breakfast next day was a morning edition of dinner, and the bill for all this, and more that I have forgotten, was seven and threepence each. Upon the whole, I never took mine ease at a more satisfactory inn than The Castle, Week Street, Maidstone; and I counsel all those who find themselves in that part of the world to seek out Mr. and Mrs. Ison, and be ministered unto by them. But I am anticipating.

As has been already mentioned, we had sent our portmanteaux on to Canterbury, so there could be no change of raiment that night. After tubbing, we brushed our clothes and shook the dust out of our stockings; but, when it came to resuming our travel-stained shoon, we hesitated. George said that his were new, and had not yet accommodated themselves to his feet. I rejoined that mine were old, and that I feared the soles would come off if they were worn unnecessarily. There may have been other causes for our disinclination which we neither of us chose to mention; but no matter. In this quandary—for we revolted from the idea of going down to dinner in stocking-feet—we happened to look out of the window. On the opposite side of the street—behold! a boot-shop, and hanging up at the door several pairs of list slippers. We rang the bell, and sent off the chambermaid with instructions to buy the two largest and softest pairs of list slippers that the shopkeeper had in stock; and then we sat down at the window to watch the progress of the negotiation.

To our surprise, no negotiation took place. No emissary left the hotel-door to chaffer at the boot-shop. But after an interval of several minutes there was a knock at our door.

"If you please, sir," said the chambermaid, entering with two enormous pairs of slippers, "master says, would these do you, 'e'd be 'appy you should wear 'em, if you'll try 'em on, sir."

We accepted the slippers, I am sorry to say not without misgivings. We could not believe that their imprint, life-size, would not appear on the bill next morning. We did Mr. Henry Ison injustice, for which I take this opportunity of apologizing. I wonder whether he flew kites in his younger days, and so got him a soul above ordinary innkeepers? Well, we put on the slippers, which fitted us to admiration, and paddled down to dinner. It was served in what seemed to be an ancient manorial hall. Swords, halberds, and trophies of various kinds, adorned the walls; ranged round the room were chairs enough to seat a company of men-at-arms, and the board, at one end of which our meal was spread, was long and broad enough for them all. On the hearth a huge fire was burning, and above the mantel-piece hung a wide scroll of parchment, illuminated with quaint designs and figures, and thus inscribed:

"ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS,

Instituted from time immemorial."

But for the inexpugnable and incorrigible matter-of-factness of his companion, who was given to scoff at all flights of fancy, one of us might have felt disposed to quote poetry, and summon up reminiscences of mediæval romance. That "instituted from time

immemorial" especially flattered my imagination. But I may at least repeat now that the whole episode was such as Walter Scott would have worked into a glowing chapter. This was an inn of the old and of the right sort.

I will not linger over the incidents of that banquet; only the author of "Memorials of Gormandizing" could do it justice. After it was over, I took from the mantel-piece the longest of a dozen long-stemmed virgin clays, filled it with my own fragrant honey-dew; we stretched our legs luxuriously toward the blaze, which toasted our eleemosynary slippers, and I smoked. Presently in came a lovely young woman bearing on a tray two smoking and aromatic tumblers of something hot. The fact is, I believe George had taken it upon himself to order some punch. We sipped, and the firelight glimmered over the ancient armor on the walls, and the smoke eddied upward from my pipe-bowl (George, as I have said before, would *not* smoke, and that defect on his part was the sole occasion of heart-burning and recrimination between us during the whole expedition), and we were (subject to that sole exception) very happy. Sublunary existence had little more in the way of solid comfort to offer us.

According to all rational and poetical precedent, the evening ought to have gently concluded thus. But, since I am writing a narrative of facts, I must needs admit that it did not. I know not which of us it was that proposed an evening ramble through the town: I think it was George; but he seems equally persuaded that it was some one else. The upshot was, at all events, that on a ramble we went, in Mr. Ison's slippers, and to the best of my belief we explored every street of Maidstone. It being dark, we were, of course, unable to form any notion of what the town was like; and the only piece of information that we acquired was what we might just as well have discovered by sitting at our parlor-window, namely, that the population was composed of equal parts of young women of fourteen to sixteen years old, and red-coated militia—which last, as our landlord told us, had been called out throughout the county the day before. This mixture was tempered by here and there a policeman, who, like the generality of provincial police, wore a far more truculent and implacable aspect than is ever assumed by the "city and metropolitan." After prolonging our researches for some two hours, and finding all barren, we slippered it back to The Castle, where Mr. Ison hospitably insisted upon lighting a fire for us in the parlor. We were too sleepy to get much good out of it; and, though George made a plucky effort to read aloud a chapter of "Tom Jones," we both fell asleep in the middle of it; and, upon awakening, got to bed with all convenient dispatch. Then a delicious blank of ten unbroken hours before the house-maid's knock warned us to prepare for Canterbury.

V.

"I DON'T know, I'm sure," said the lovely young woman to whom I introduced the reader last night in her *rôle* of Hebe. "Oh, here's Mr. Simpson.—Can you tell these gentlemen how far it is to Canterbury?"

"Thirty-six miles by road," was the confident reply of Mr. Simpson, who entered by the bar-room door at that moment, with the aspect and garments of a prosperous cabbie. And he proceeded, with much kindness and volubility, to describe particular features of the route, ending with the observation that it was a very pretty walk. George, meanwhile, was burying his nose in his tumbler to conceal his emotion; for we had just been consulting the map anew up-stairs, and had decided that the distance was within a hundred yards, one way or the other, of twenty-nine miles. However, we presently made shift to thank Mr. Simpson very earnestly, and indeed practically, in the form of a nip of something; and then we bade the lovely young woman farewell; and Mr. Ison gave us a couple of his cards; and his neat, gray wife smiled a hospitable adieu; and Mr. Simpson volunteered a few parting admonitions as to our route; and so we sallied forth into the windy morning sunshine, and once more took up our line of march.

It was indeed very windy, and in certain stretches very dusty likewise; but the wind was steadily on our backs the whole way, and rather helped than retarded us, so far as pace went. The character of the surrounding country had altered very much from yesterday. It was more hilly, the earth showed less admixture of chalk, and there was a marked famine of hop-poles. The unploughed fields seemed more numerous, and the general aspect of the scenery was therefore greener and darker. The road was almost irritatingly straight, and its straightness was gratuitously emphasized by an inevitable procession of telegraph-poles, which stalked past and ahead of us, seventy or eighty yards at a stride, and staked out our road along the horizon long before the road itself came into view. To add to the mischief, each pole was numbered in a consecutive series; a precaution which, though perhaps useful in the detection of evil-minded persons inclined to feloniously abstract such trifles, was harassing to the guileless pedestrian, who found himself under a morbid necessity of noting each number as he passed, and entering into exhausting calculations as to how many posts went to the mile, and how many were yet to come between this and his journey's end. Meanwhile the wind sang shrill music in the telegraph-wires; and once we fancied we could hear the irregular pulsations of a message resounding keenly along the line.

In addition to the telegraph-posts, we suffered considerable torment from sign-boards, directing us to side-issues which we had no intention or desire of following up. George had a fatal eye for these sign-boards; his superfluous three inches enabled him to descry them some while before I could; and, in spite of my earnest protestations, he persisted in announcing them at the instant of vision; and then we must press headlong on to see what was written on them. Nor did the nuisance cease here; for out came George's everlasting map, and his opaque thumbs

would be obtruded before my unwilling eyes, pretending to demonstrate—what I never denied—that we were "all right," and that such and such an officious village lay so many miles to our right or left. "And Harrietsham is the next place we pass through," says the statistical George; "it is just a mile and a half from this corner—see!"

Moreover, there were the milestones, seducing us into making "time," and beating our own record from each successive goal. For this annoyance, however, I was not long in finding a remedy; for, being the possessor of the only watch in the expedition, I read off the minutes to suit myself; and it was not until we had thus attained an imaginary speed of over eight miles an hour that my companion began to have his suspicions. I then represented in strong terms the folly of maintaining such a race with nothing, and by degrees succeeded in getting the milestone mania under control. But it was followed by another form of lunacy almost as bad, and, in its moral effect upon character, perhaps even worse. We fell into the habit of putting all our remarks and observations upon various passing occurrences or objects into the form of vile rhymed couplets, as thus—

> "Yon hill's bald outline cuts the sky;
> What lies beyond? Who knows? Not I."

Such doggerel as this, only infinitely more fatuous and offensive, did we spin out interminably, not in the least because we enjoyed it (though each fresh perpetration was greeted with a cackle of vacant and despairing laughter), but because we had got agoing, and lacked the intellectual self-control to put a stop to it. In fact, we never entirely cleansed ourselves of this vice; it flared up in us from time to time to the end of our journey.

Harrietsham—which we found to be situated exactly where George's map said it was—was one of the most aged, oxygenated-looking villages in my recollection. It was merely a straggle of cramped buildings along a couple of hundred yards of crooked street; but the houses, besides being high-shouldered and heavy-browed, had acquired a color only comparable to the rustiest of rusty iron. They were tiled from ridge-pole to coping; they had quaint, disproportionate chimneys, and the queerest, blinking, irregular windows and narrow chinks of doorways. The sidewalks mounted high above the roadway, as if they belonged to a different geological formation; and, unless I am much mistaken, there was not so much as a single pub. from one end of the village to the other. This probably accounted for another remarkable fact—the absence of anything resembling a population. The only living beings seen by us in Harrietsham were three small fugitive children and one woman dressed in black, whom George at once greeted with effusion as Harriet, the lady to whom the "ham" belonged. Upon consideration, I am inclined to think there must have been a pub. somewhere about, after all. It was either here or at a neighboring hamlet called Lenham that we met the Maidstone and Ashford stage-coach, just drawing up before an inn-door. In spite of the dusty weather, it had its fair quota of "outsides," and the driver, beaming upon us with a friendly smile, wished us a pleasant walk, and congratulated us upon having the best of the wind. That driver's face attracted me. I should have liked to sit beside him for an hour, and listened to some local anecdotes and political wisdom.

He, however, could scarcely have approved himself so valuable an acquaintance as we made in the person of a certain small boy at the King's-Head Inn, Charing, a few miles farther on. This young gentleman, prompted by a healthy curiosity, entered the room in which we were waiting for our noonday bread-and-milk, and examined us with a deliberation which awoke a responsive interest on our own part toward him. He seemed to be about five years old, and had apparently come into the world with a set grin upon his chubby features, which his experience of life had not thus far served to abate.

"Johnnie, what is your name?"

"He! he! Horace. He-e!"

"Are you the son of the lady who conducts this establishment?"

"He-e-e!"

"Does your mamma live here?"

"Iss! e-e!"

"Have you a father?"

"E! zink a 'ave!"

"Ah! you mean to insinuate that the gray mare—? Where were you born?"

"He-e! never wuz borned!"

"Oh! Do you go to school?"

"No-ah! e-e!"

"Did you ever hear of London?"

"He! no-ah!—e!"

"Would you like to go there?"

"He-e! no-ah!"

"Did you ever hear of Russia?"

"E-e-e!"

"Do you know the value of this coin?"

"Iss—he, he, he-e-e!" (Exit, grinning, with bronze penny of the realm.)

I would not, however, advise any traveler to stop for bread-and-milk at the King's-Head Inn, Charing, kept by I. Catt. They charged us two shillings. Upon our remonstrating, they pointed to a half-pound of butter, neatly stamped, and adorned with sprigs of parsley in a plate at the other end of the table.

"But we haven't touched it!" cried George, indignantly.

"It's charged for, sir," was the imperturbable reply.

"All right!" said George, with ominous cheerfulness. "Here's your two shillings." The hardy Briton then produced from his inexhaustible pocket an old number of the *Sporting News*, tore it in two, folded up the butter in one half and the remains of the loaf in the other, put the former in his pocket, handed the latter over to me, bade the malignant Catt an emphatic good-by, and we marched out! At the top of the next hill we took out our forage, ate what we could of it, and only forbore when an

aged matron opportunely hove in sight, whom George thus addressed: "Hallo, missus! would you like some fresh butter?"

"Ho-o! Thankee, zur! You be very kind. Well, a doan't mind ef a do!"

Thus, like Robin Hood, my stalwart friend benefited the poor at the expense of the rich. Indeed, I think we were both relieved at this issue of the adventure: had we been forced to eat all that half-pound of butter ourselves, even in the cause of justice, I guess it would have lain heavy on something else besides our stomachs.

VI.

BUT I find I must curtail my reminiscences if I wish to come in sight of Canterbury at all. It was certainly a long day's march, though enlivened with many thrilling episodes, not the least important of which was a memorable game of tip-cat, played between ourselves and a little reprobate three feet high, who beat us both, and who, on being asked the familiar conundrum—whether his mother knew he was out?—replied, tauntingly, that she did, and that she had given him a halfpenny to buy a monkey, and was either of us for sale? This occurred near Chilham, an imperceptible village about five miles from Canterbury; and with that sarcasm ringing in our ears did we come in sight of the great tower of the cathedral.

Canterbury is an old, historic town, the cradle of English Christianity, and the goal of many pilgrimages—among others, of a famous one described by Chaucer. All this and much more I read in Black's guide-book on the night of our arrival; but none of it occupied our thoughts during the first hour of our entry into the time-honored precincts. What we were concerned about was the whereabout of the railway-station to which our portmanteaux had been sent, and, after that, the choice of an hotel where good dinners and beds were to be obtained. Our luck was not very brilliant. There were two stations, one at one side of the city, and another, a mile distant, at the other side. We called first at the nearer station, and found that our luggage was at the farther one. Thither, accordingly, we tramped, across aggressive cobble-stones, along meagre sidewalks overshadowed by impending second and third stories, through narrow alleys, underneath darksome archways, in and out of graveyards, and past the mighty cathedral itself, at which, however, we hardly glanced, our appetite for Gothic architecture being temporarily quelled by that for beefsteaks. At length the other station presented itself, and our portmanteaux along with it. We laid hands upon them, and found them quite as heavy as when we last parted from them. Nevertheless, as they were to be sent on next morning *via* the other railway to Dover, we must lug them back across the mazy town to the inn, hard by the first station, where we had determined to pass the night. The Railway Hotel, I think, was the name of it. It was not very comfortable; compared with our beloved Castle in Maidstone, it was in every respect uncomfortable. The landlady was sour and silent; the lovely young woman was frivolous and untrustworthy; the landlord was shabby and insignificant; the dining-room was new-fangled and crude; above all, the steak was dry and leathery. As a matter of course, the bill next morning was exorbitant. But, as a set-off to this ill-fortune, we enjoyed the priceless blessings of a complete change of raiment; and the steak, once swallowed, was impotent to affect us otherwise than agreeably. I am aware that these details are not of historic dignity, and I regret that I cannot bring them up more nearly to the orthodox level; but, the truth is, so it was to us, and so it must be written. We cared not a fig for Canterbury that night, save as a place to eat and sleep in. I may add, on my own behalf, to smoke in. George would not smoke. It was a defect in him which I tried in vain to cure him of; his obstinacy was the cause, I fear, of an occasional, not coolness exactly, but pensiveness between us. A more unsociable— But no more! He has been forgiven, and the subject shall not be again alluded to.

We again fell asleep prematurely—this time in the middle of Black's guide-book. And oh, what a night of dreamless, infant-like repose that was! Next morning, at breakfast, George said emphatically, as he shoveled a fresh load of fried potatoes on to his plate:

"Well, I do feel thundering well?"

And his *vis-à-vis*, setting down his empty coffee-cup, echoed him heartily. Insomnia, nerves, feeble appetite—had such things ever been?

We had but a morning stroll of twenty miles before us to Dover, so, having dispatched our luggage thither by train, we sallied forth to ransack the beauties of Canterbury. We visited the cathedral, but it was too early to get in; we were obliged to admire the painted windows from the outside, and could only imagine how the spot looked on which Thomas à Becket was murdered. From there we went to the park, walking along the broad path on the top of the old city-wall, with the ancient moat still traceable on one side, and the neatly-kept lawns and flower-beds on the other. Ever and anon a dull, faint reverberation shook the air: was it the report of the great guns at Chatham, twenty or thirty miles away? George got out his map, and was of opinion that it must be. At the end of the garden was a large, rounded hillock, one of those prehistoric erections which are referred to the agency of the Druids. Some public-spirited citizen (whose name and virtues were recorded on a monument at the summit) had overlaid it with sods, and made an upward winding path upon it, climbing which we took a parting view of the town of Canterbury. To tell the truth, there was not much of melancholy mingling in our gaze. It was a fine old place enough; one that would be pleasant to live in, perhaps; but our hearts were now fixed upon the sea, and looking southward we half fancied we could sniff the salt breeze and catch a distant gleam of the Channel.

It was another bright day, cool, but with less

wind than heretofore. We mounted the long acclivity which trends toward Dover, and, ere plunging down the descent beyond, we turned for yet another look at the city of the archbishop. Shadows of clouds, alternating with sunshine, were drifting across it, making the massive height of the Gothic tower appear itself as unsubstantial as a shadow. They say the archbishop comes here only a few days in each year, and that then he sits at ease in his chair of state and—chews tobacco! Delightful old man! And for doing this he receives fifteen thousand pounds sterling per annum. And yet heretical malcontents exist who murmur for disestablishment! Madmen! What day the Archbishop of Canterbury stops chewing tobacco for fifteen thousand pounds a year, let England look to herself. Her end will be nigh!

The walk to Dover is particularly uninteresting, being straight and hilly beyond all precedent, cursed with many telegraph-posts, and relieved by the fewest possible villages. The latter all lie in the valley a mile or two on the right; all we saw of them was their names upon the sign-boards, and, of course, in George's map. At one point we crossed a high table-land, cold and barren; at its farther extremity, some two miles in advance of us, we could descry a man on horseback, slowly moving in the same direction as ourselves. In the course of an hour we caught up with him; he turned out to be a young gentleman of agricultural proclivities, going to Dover on one of the farm-horses. A fine old giant of a horse it was, of the Flemish breed apparently. Kent, however, is remarkable for good horses of all kinds, so far as our observation went; certainly it is as far ahead of Middlesex in that respect as in some others. But to return to the young agriculturist. We entered into conversation with him:

"Good-morning, Johnnie!"

"Good—maw—nin'."

"How far is it to Dover?"

"'Bout—twelve—mile."

Dover Castle was by this time actually in sight, between four and five miles away.

"Is this Lidden that we're coming to?"

"Ye—es."

"Can we get milk there?"

"Eh—h?"

We thanked him and pushed on. We did get milk there, and saw the cows it came from—not a common spectacle in this county. In the midst of our carousal, Johnnie appeared at the bar, and called for a glass of ale. George paid for it. Johnnie slowly put back his tuppence in his pocket, with a dull, bewildered stare. The like adventure was a new thing in his experience, and he understood it not. After standing a while in silence, he turned slowly away and got to horse, revolving the incident in his mind. He moved away with no backward glance or word of acknowledgment. But when, half an hour later, we overtook him for the second time, a light had begun to dawn. He looked at George, nodded, and, as we passed, was heard to murmur sluggishly:

"Thank—e—e!"

.

A little way farther, and Dover had actually begun, though we were yet two miles from the sea. But beyond this I shall not force the reader to accompany us. We will part just as the sound of the surf falls upon our ears, and upon our eyes breaks the first glimpse of the wide, gray salt-water, and the clustering masts of ships, and the long, curving pier of granite, with the iron lighthouse at the end of it. Then the lofty, white-faced cliffs open right and left, and there lies the town between them, where Cæsar landed two thousand years ago, and which is now a half-way house on the road to Paris.

A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

WHEN I first saw Lady Aglaia Mount Pansy (how long ago it seems now!) she was in the still-room of Violet Towers.

Suggestive name, still-room! It brings to mind sweet waters, conserve of roses, decoctions of elder-flower, St.-John's-wort, things known to early English housewifery before "Fortnum and Mason" had existence. The very word brings back those delicious beauties, our great-grandmothers, in their chintz, tucked-up dresses, their red-satin petticoats, clocked stockings, and high-heeled shoes! Alas! the ungallant years came to rob them of their charms, and to reduce their pretty feet to the flat, uninteresting, yielding, and sympathizing prunella!

Although I went down to Violet Towers by special invitation, I managed to get into the wrong train, and the official who met me mistook me, as I afterward found out, for a chemist from a London shop who was sent for.

I did not find out who I was, however, until I reached the still-room.

It was a large, neat apartment, filled with shelves, boxes, and bottles, cupboards, and clean wooden tables. Clean, did I say? I have gained a new sense of the word "cleanliness" since seeing that room. It had the neatness of the clover-blossom, the sweetness of the mint, the spiciness of the caraway-seed.

And at a table stood a real little model young great-grandmother! Yes, a picture by Sir Joshua, or perhaps a Wilkie, or a Copley.

A beautiful young woman in a striped, cherry-and-white gingham, under which gleamed a cherry-colored petticoat, a white cap, more dignified than Dolly Varden's, with a cherry bow, and, oh! help me, Sir John Suckling!—

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,"

clad in high-heeled, broad-buckled country shoes, evidently built from a picture. And before her a pile of apricots, as fresh as her cheeks—such was the picture. My good angel brought back to me my friend Marigold's description of his sister Aglaia.

"Delightfully pretty, with a passion for usefulness, also a little quaint," said he, "cut out for an old maid. You see we have the three Graces—Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne—and lots of younger ones, so that Aglaia must be a little old-maidish; she knows how to cook and loves housewifery. Thalia is superior, and wishes to go to Gurton College; Euphrosyne cares only for flowers and dancing."

All this talk of Lord Marigold, my friend, whom I had come to Violet Towers to see, flashed across my brain as I looked at the sweet, fresh young cook.

When I entered, announced by the John Thomas who had picked me up at the door as "the chemist from London," Lady Aglaia motioned me to a high settle.

"Lay your coat and hat there," said she.

"But I am no chemist from London; I am Mr. Delano, from America," said I, on whom my new profession now burst for the first time. "Do I speak to Lady Aglaia Mount Pansy?" Lady Aglaia rivaled her cap-ribbons for a moment, sent all the apricots to the right-about, and denounced John Thomas as "stupid."

"Mr. Delano, I am exceedingly mortified!—a most ludicrous blunder! You were expected in another train, and the professional person by this; I trust you will forgive the mistake.—Chandler" (this to the housekeeper), "see to Mr. Delano's things—and you—will you go to your room?"

"Not unless your ladyship sends me, for I suppose I am speaking to Lady Aglaia Mount Pansy? I have had only a half-hour in the train—I was brushed off at the station; I understand all about apricots. Why not allow me to stay here, and help in the preserving process — I am not asking too much, am I?"

Lady Aglaia gave a pretty little smile, but the housekeeper looked shocked.

"I have heard of your ladyship as a *cuisinière incomprise* from Marigold," I hastened to explain.

"Oh, yes; I dare say my brother, who laughs at me, has told you many a false story. And I have yet to verify some of his stories of you—of buffalo-hunting on the Plains, of the fashionable season in New York, of the beauty of your American ladies, of the 'good times'—as you say, over there. Pray remember some of Marigold's follies and mistakes, I dare say he committed many, that I may laugh back."

"I will," said I, "if you will only allow me to stay here and help."

"Could you pare the apricots?" said she, shyly, looking at them and at me.

"Perfectly; in fact, they should not be pared, but dropped in hot water. Would you oblige me" (to an attendant satellite) "by bringing a bowl of hot water?"

The maid seemed ready to faint at my impudence.

"Bring it," said Lady Aglaia, in a gentle voice, but one which had never been disobeyed.

I proceeded to ruin the fruit, but to make the acquaintance of the oldest of the Graces.

She *was* a little old-maidish, and, being really very young, it became her much.

"I want to make apricot-wine," said she. "Do you know anything about apricot-wine?"

The fact that I was *not* the "chemist from London," and had to confess to ignorance on the subject of apricot-wine, decided us to make apricot-jam, a conserve which I imagined would be an easy form of preparation, done somewhat on the principle of packing portmanteaus in college: given so many coats, and vests, and impedimenta, so many square inches of portmanteau, application of boot, and the thing is done. I intended to mash the apricots—not with my boot, but with a silver spoon (the principle remains the same). Lady Aglaia read out of an antiquated book a recipe written in a pretty old-fashioned hand, and weighed the sugar herself. The housekeeper watched us with furtive smiles, which she tried to conceal behind her decent apron. What were we to *her* but children playing on the sea-shore of cookery?

"Shall we put the apricots in the preserving-kettle first, or the sugar?" said Lady Aglaia.

"Oh, the sugar!" said I, boldly.

"That would be apt to burn, would it not, Lady Aglaia?" said Chandler, softly.

At this moment a tall figure darkened the pretty, latticed window of the still-room. I had noticed this window; it looked out on a kitchen-garden, and was shaded by honeysuckle and sweet-brier. The tall, dark object which stopped before it now was dressed in clergyman's attire, and I noticed that the hand which held the sugar trembled—Lady Aglaia trembled.

"Our rector, Mr. Herbert," said she, softly.

I thought the rector put his nose through the lattice-work in a very unreverend and familiar manner, and addressed his high-born and beautiful parishioner with too much ease.

"So you are cooking, are you?" said he, looking askance at me in no friendly manner.

"Just making the apricots into wine—no, jam! Let me introduce Mr. Delano from—from the United States, Mr. Herbert," said Lady Aglaia.

Mr. Herbert was a very handsome person, young, straight, dark-haired, and dark-eyed, blessed (or cursed, as the case may be) with regular features, fine complexion, and soft, silky mustache.

When my name was mentioned, for some reason or other, he lighted up with a radiant smile, and became all sweetness and light, apricots and sugar, and the sugar first.

I should not have said, to look at this ecclesiastic, that pious lectures, severe austerities, ecstasies of prayer, occupied all the hours of his day or the watches of the night. He seemed to me to have a lively sense of beauty; he had not entirely renounced the vanities of this world; the solitude of the cloister was evidently not for Mr. Herbert. Per-

haps he loved picturesque contrasts, and came from his library, where he had been poring over the Fathers, to see the flowers bloom in the fine season, to taste the apricots, and to look at Lady Aglaia. No saint in his calendar ever received such a look as he gave *her* through the latticed window, I will be bound!

Nothing can make two men hate each other so sensibly, securely, and immediately, as a beautiful woman. I was not deceived by Mr. Herbert's radiant smile, although I smiled back serenely.

"I knew he envied me—so fair she was!"

That game was destined to be spoiled. Lady Aglaia asked some questions about the parish-work, the child's hospital, the choir, and the bishop's visit. Mr. Herbert leaned in a graceful attitude against the lattice, plucked a sweet-brier rose and put it in his button-hole, and handed a honeysuckle in to Lady Aglaia. He even, in the plenitude of his sweetness, gave me a flower for my button-hole. Then he bade us good-morning and walked away.

He had ruined my morning for me, and he utterly spoiled the jam. Lady Aglaia lost her interest, and weighed wildly, and not too well.

"You may finish them," said she to Chandler, "and I will go to my room.—We will meet at luncheon," bowing to me politely.

I reflected when I reached my apartment upon the rapidity with which I had gone through a first-class passion and a three-volume novel in three-quarters of an hour.

I had had a romantic introduction to a beautiful woman, quite a foundation for a deathless attachment and a modern comedy. I had progressed favorably, had shown presence of mind and impudence, had played my part extremely well (so I thought), had seen my rival win, had seen the lady's interest in me diminish, had found out that Lady Aglaia was in love with the curate, and had been summarily dismissed—to my room!

That was doing up business in American style! Was *this* sober England, the country of precedent, formality, manner, Court of Chancery, and red-tape? If this was the slow Old World—where were we? It struck me the mother-country was getting the better of us.

However, I did not mean to wear the willow. Better to go and smoke a cigar in the shrubberies. Marigold I knew would not be down until dinner. I did not expect to meet my host and hostess until then. I had two hours before luncheon even. I boldly sallied forth.

Violet Towers is one of those superb places which defy description; it is also a gentle and lovely place, not too magnificent to be pretty. You could not, of course, apply the latter adjective to those stone battlements, those records of the past, on whose imperishable pages the Mount Pansys had been writing their history for centuries, but now that spring was hiding these stone outlines with clambering roses; now that the rhododendrons clumped themselves in gorgeous array on the green lawn or against the southern wall; now that the ivy put forth green shoots of a lighter tint than the conventional sober livery of its winter dress; now that great, yellow roses clambered high, and then hung down heavy with gold from every lattice and coign of vantage; now that an especial and prim pink rose outlined the glorious old mullioned window of the library with a sweetness and propriety which reminded me of Lady Aglaia; now that the fingers of Proserpine were touching Violet Towers with a tender, perennial caress—you might call the place anything—pretty, beautiful, charming—in fact, no epithet of praise equaled it, language became inadequate as your soul reveled in its perfection.

I found a sort of summer-house perfectly covered with ivy, and from its open spaces I could see much of this beauty.

Presently a pretty boy with square collar and long curls rode by on his pony. Then came three or four children with dogs. I was evidently on a high-road of Violet Towers domain.

Then a young lady with a book in her hand, who came directly to my ivy-clad bower. I saw by her resemblance to Marigold that she was one of the young ladies of the family, so I threw away my cigar and introduced myself.

"Mr. Delano, from America," said the young lady; "oh, I am so mortified!"

And she went through the explanations which had so troubled Lady Aglaia.

"And you are Lady Thalia? I knew you by Marigold's pictures and description."

"Yes, I have his short, black curls, you see," and the Muse of Comedy took off a rather masculine head-covering, and showed me a head which would have driven Sir Thomas Lawrence wild.

She was a tall, well-developed creature, with the darkest skin and the highest color I had ever seen out of gypsy-land; her teeth were superb; they were so white, and regular, and strong, that I thought of young lionesses, and tigers, and such ungentle images; her eyes, however, were gray, which gave a becoming and unusual surprise to this dark face, and added a fascination of the highest.

If I had not seen Lady Aglaia in the still-room, I should have fallen in love with Lady Thalia in the ivy-bower, but I was still (strange to say!) under the influence of my first passion. This was a glorious creature to gallop across-country with, but she was not the beauty of the still-room, not a "creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food," and all that sort of thing—no, I still hated the curate!

Lady Thalia talked with great vigor and originality. She told me the story of the house, its different eras, restorations, and improvements. She knew the dates and the legends, and was proud of her family. "The daughter of a hundred earls," Lady Thalia was full of race, blood, beauty, aristocracy, but not unpleasantly so. She was the splendid flower of a splendid tree; and I liked her pride—it was rich, racy, and natural.

"There is the luncheon-bell," said she, rising.

We walked along together, and saw the children and their governess trooping behind us; the boy on the pony came trotting along; the golden pheasants scurried away in the grass.

"Our English ibis, you know," said Lady Thalia, laughing—"the sacred bird for whom we legislate."

"Oh, how lovely your England is!" said I, as I took in anew all these various colors, and odors, and outlines.

"Mamma and Euphrosyne have gone to town to the rose-show," said Lady Thalia, "but Aglaia is at home.—Miss Southgate—Mr. Delano" (I bowed to the governess); "and now — you — Theodore, say grace"—as we all seated ourselves at luncheon.

The boy of the broad collar said his grace with correct simplicity, and then attacked his cold roast beef with unrelenting British valor. A soft *frou-frou* at the door, and Lady Aglaia floated in, in the costume of the period. She was dressed for driving, and I cannot say that her dove-colored pelisse was unbecoming, or the hat which bore out the plumage and breast of the English pheasant was ugly, or that the fair blonde, fresh girl, looked otherwise than well in them, but so deceitful is the human heart, and so desperately wicked, that I found myself regretting the cherry-and-white gingham and the white apron. Now, she was a copy of a hundred others; then, she was an original of the highest value.

I liked to hear her explain to her sister as to our meeting in the still-room. I liked their sweet voices, gentle laughter, and pretty, rare intonation. She told them about my visit and of the apricots, but she did not mention the curate.

"Did Mr. Herbert find you?" said Miss Southgate, the governess, and it struck me that there was a cold, northeast corner in her voice.

Lady Aglaia commenced carving a chicken very violently.

"Yes, he came along by the kitchen-garden window, and gave me the bishop's message."

"He dines here to-night, I believe," said Lady Thalia.—"Mr. Delano, let me tell you that our curate is of the handsome kind, and he sings—oh, such a tenor voice! Cannot you imagine his popularity? I always think of Thackeray's account of the Reverend Charles Honeyman, to whom slippers came in such quantities that he could only have worn them all had he been a centipede! and who had lozenges sent him for his dear bronchitis, and a silver teapot full of gold sovereigns from his devotees. Don't you remember the immortal phrase, 'The *devotee* pot he has still, but the sovereigns, where are they?'"

I was glad to see that Lady Thalia had escaped the infection of love for the curate.

Lady Aglaia asked me to drive in the basket-wagon. Lady Thalia showed us her superb figure in a riding-habit. She and her groom preceded us as we drove through the green hedge-rows, the long, silent avenues of old trees, the ever-changeful, ever-beautiful, ever-refreshing English landscape.

"Thalia rides better than anybody," said Aglaia, looking at her sister. "Do your American ladies ride?"

"Oh, of course they do! not across-country so much, but at home, about our parks, and at Newport."

"We expect an American lady to-night—a very important, well-introduced personage. Do you know we all feel rather awkwardly—we don't know how to treat her."

"Oh, I think she will be a human being!" said I.

"Undoubtedly; but we hear that this is a rather artificial personage—a woman of fashion, who has been in Paris and Nice, and Baden-Baden, all her life. Marigold met her somewhere; he says she is very anxious to *not* be considered a typical American woman, but rather a woman of the world."

"What is her name?" said I, for I saw a little cloud rising no bigger than a man's hand.

"Mrs. Perkin Warburton," said Lady Aglaia.

"Oh, I know her well, and I am very glad that she disdains the name of American; she is a sublime egotist, who has no topic of conversation but herself; she does not belong to any country or any civilization peculiarly; she is *sui generis*—she paints her cheeks, her eyebrows, and her blue veins; she is not quite old enough to be Mrs. Skewton, but when she gets a little older she will be."

I looked at the fresh blood mantling in the clean cheek of this healthy English girl, and thought with a shudder of Mrs. Perkin Warburton's cosmetics. I thought, too, of certain American complexions and of the real charms of my countrywomen, the most beautiful women in the world. I was sorry to have an enameled copy come in their place to this noble, sincere English home, for, do and say what we will, English people are very apt to accept our poorest specimens as types of the best.

At dinner I was presented to Lady Mount Pansy, and I saw where the beauty came from. I was not ignorant of the fact that the Mount Pansys were one of the crack regiments of beauty in the English peerage—one of those quoted and talked-of families, like the handsome Sheridans, the Howards, and the Montagues. Lady Mount Pansy had been so long a renowned beauty, like the Duchess of Sutherland, that I expected to see what we call, after a mummy way of speaking, "a well-preserved woman," but I beheld instead Owen Meredith's "Madame la Marquise:"

> "The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
> Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
> As she sits in the air of her loveliness
> With a smile for each and all.
>
> "Half of her exquisite face in the shade,
> Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings,
> Through the gloom glows her hair, in its odorous braid,
> In the firelight are sparkling her rings."

She made me a place beside her on the sofa, and received me with kindest cordiality. She had "that slow smile half shut up in her eyes," the crimson lips, the pearl-white teeth, the long, silken lashes, which are included in the general inventory of beauty, and then she had, as all great women have had from

Helen of Troy down, something which was utterly indescribable. Beyond all this prodigality of Nature, she looked the pure, noble, spotless woman, the core of this great house—the mother undefiled, the monarch of this domestic sovereignty.

"You are Marigold's friend," said she, as her two soft, warm, taper hands infolded mine; "it is twenty letters of introduction!"

We, of course, talked first of Marigold, who was evidently her passion. She had a woman's weakness for her grown-up son; he was a good fellow, no doubt, but she thought him an Adonis, an angel, and a hero, and Marigold was none of these.

I feared my cup was to be too full, as she presented Euphrosyne, youngest of the Graces, her blond daughter, who had been to the rose-show with her in London.

Euphrosyne was a great, white rose, a superb and a showy creature; but I was glad to observe that she had big blue eyes, a little too prominent; white teeth, a little too long; blond hair, a trifle too heavy; and a head a little too large—for I was becoming satiated with beauty.

I must confess that I afterward observed that Lady Mount Pansy was unbecoming to all her sweet daughters. She was one of the great, commanding beauties of the world, and had also that gift of quiet, still, unobtrusive fascination which does not always accompany beauty.

The earl, a short, fussy, big-headed, fair-complexioned man, bustled in, kissed his wife's beautiful hand, and greeted me cordially. The earl was one of those men who are eternally busy doing nothing, who believe that they carry the world on their backs. For my part, I was not impressed with my friend's father; and, hereditary noble that he was, I found him innately vulgar, and a snob. "Why, oh why, did his wife marry him?" thought I; and it was a question I never answered.

Then came the guests—a German Baron of Climpen Clampenhausen, or something of the sort, tall, white, fluffy, soldierly, and learned; many young honorables and old honorables; and then softly came the handsome curate, who entered with the air "L'église, c'est moi," and to whom I gave my seat, for I have always noticed the immense significance of that part of the game of chess—the bishop stands next to the queen.

Then hurried in my dear old Marigold, who gave me the best and most sincere of unobtrusive English welcomes, and who gathered up all his mother's attention. She devoured him with her sleepy eyes while talking to other people. The party began for Lady Mount Pansy when Marigold arrived.

There were Ladies This and Ladies That, charming pendents to these masculine attractions, and heavy old dowagers, and the witty man, and the silent man, and the great parliamentary debater—the usual mob, I had almost said, of a great dinner, at a great house, of a great earl, who lived an hour out of London, and who could, therefore, unite the pleasures of the country with the duties of the season.

I took down Lady Euphrosyne, while the curate had the good luck to secure Lady Aglaia. *He* did not sit below the salt, this priest of the nineteenth century!

Lady Thalia in evening-dress came next to her glorious mother in beauty. She was deliberately murdering the German baron, who looked, as he was contrasted with her dark beauty, like a white bear making up to a gazelle.

The earl himself took in Mrs. Perkin Warburton, with her painted cheeks, and her flaxen wig, and her tinted lashes, and her penciled eyebrows, and her tulle, and gauze, and silk, and satin, and puffs, and furbelows, and other inventions to conceal thinness and the ravages of time.

Mrs. Warburton used gestures presumably like a Frenchwoman, and laughed much a meaningless, mirthless laugh, which was sadder than many tears. Every one laughed at her; she was the stalking-horse of the world's sarcasms; she carried along epigrams enough to make a jest-book of the things which had been said of her. And yet from her wealth and family connection she had always a position in society, was always invited. These scapegoats of fashion, who point many a moral; who are never found wanting when one would satirize human folly, yet who never hear the echo of their own silliness; who never see themselves as others see them; who are never disturbed in the desirable calm of their self-conceit; who go through life believing themselves belles, beauties, wits, and Graces, women without reality or worth, but who by the vital power of vanity alone hold a large place in the world's esteem—or at least its outward respect—are very curious, but they are very much to be envied: they are the most satisfied of all self-deluders.

I have met these characters in all countries, and I have wondered whether if, some day, the mask could fall, not from their eyes, but from their ears, and if they would hear what the world said of them!

The gifts of other egotists, however, paled before those of Mrs. Warburton. She was the high-priestess, and kept the lamp alive before the altar of self, undisturbed by the gibes of the populace.

Lady Euphrosyne was most agreeable. Like her sisters, she had the crowning grace of good manners. There were no wandering eyes, no lapses of memory. They paid you the compliment of devoted attention, these fair women, and saw nothing but yourself, while you were the happy man who commanded the situation. She told me more about roses than I had ever expected to know. She was prettier than I had first thought, and such a complexion would have covered a multitude of sins if Lady Euphrosyne had any sins, which I doubt.

But I looked down the table at Lady Aglaia. I was not won from *her* yet.

After dinner the Reverend Herbert sang. It was an ecstasy of a voice, one that touched a chord in your heart, and reverberated all through. You might as well attempt to resist a nightingale.

The young ladies listened with rapt admiration. I could not blame them. A tenor voice is a power-

ful gift—the old fable of Orpheus is a significant myth.

"You played that tremendous accompaniment very well, Sylvia," said Lady Mount Pansy to the governess, when the song was over.

"Thanks, your ladyship; it is difficult," said she whom she called Sylvia.

The words and music of Herbert's song were alike admirable, for the words were those noble ones which Sir Walter Raleigh composed the night before his death:

"Even such is Time, who takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

The vision of this figure in the Tower, who amid cold, and sorrow, and neglect, awaited his unjust sentence; who went from his living tomb to his scaffold—came strangely enough into the picture of luxury which surrounded me: these women in the pride of their loveliness, in their exquisite dresses (for the Mount Pansy family belonged to that fortunate small portion of the British aristocracy who know how to dress themselves). I could but remember Sir Walter's gloomy cell as I looked down the vista of the grand *salon*, filled with pictures, and porcelain, and statues, busts, ebony pillars, gold ceilings pointed with vermilion, hangings of brocade and satin, flowers of every hue, and breathed that rich air of luxury which has a perfume of its own.

"It is well to have some great impersonal passion," whispered Lady Thalia to me, as she wiped a tear from her gray eyes. "Patriotism is mine: Sir Walter Raleigh is my hero; I go back and fall in love with him when I am noble and good. His memory strikes the massive chords of my being."

"Do you believe in spiritualism, Lady Thalia?" said I; "for, if you do, and Sir Walter hears that, we shall have his ghost back at Violet Towers."

"I think I *must* have a love-song now," said Mrs. Perkin Warburton, who had caused the musical and handsome curate to be brought to her painted shrine.

The governess had excused herself, and Lady Aglaia was asked to play, as the next best musician.

"Miss Southgate is wonderful, you know," said Lady Thalia; "we are only pretty good, and Mr. Herbert is very particular about his accompaniments. Aglaia, however, has a great passion for music, and he says that she is getting to play them very well."

I should think she did play very well! The moment Lady Aglaia swept those white hands up and down the keys, I saw that she was one of the favored few who know what music means.

To gratify Mrs. Warburton, Herbert sang

"A CHAIN TO WEAR."

"Away! away! the dream was vain,
We meet too soon, or meet too late:
Still wear as best you may the chain
Your own hands forged about your fate—
Who could not wait!

"Well, I have left upon your mouth
The seal I know must burn there yet;
My claim is set upon your youth;
My sign upon your soul is set—
Dare you forget?

"For me, you say the world is wide—
Too wide to find the grave I seek—
Enough! whatever now betide,
No greater pang can blanch my cheek—
Hush, do not speak!"

This lighter strain was received with loud acclamations, and then Marigold called for "Here's a health to King Charles!" and other mannish songs. I suppose no one but I, who had seen the episode of the morning, knew or noticed that, after the singing was ended, Lady Aglaia played with one hand a soft, monotonous air, and talked to the curate, who leaned on the piano.

When we met at breakfast the next morning Mrs. Warburton, very much gotten up, was seated again beside the earl, and was talking of herself.

"My dear friend the crown-prince," said she, "the very dearest friend I have on the Continent, said to me: 'Dear Mrs. Warburton, why don't you always wear pink? It is your color, and you should never wear *any other*, except blue;' and then he talked some nonsense about eyes—I don't remember what; I only know that he is the most wretched flatterer in Europe."

"His royal highness was right," said the earl. "However, the last color one sees Mrs. Warburton in is always the best."

"Oh! ah! dear me! this morning-wrap of mine must be the cestus of Venus, I always get so many compliments in it! I must really write them all out for Worth; he ought to have them, for you know *he* makes the woman—ha, ha, ha!—Lady Aglaia, how is your mamma this morning?"

"Oh, she is well, but she never breakfasts with us! She has the younger children and the governess to breakfast with her."

After my second cup of tea, I whispered to Lady Aglaia, "*How about the apricot-jam?*" but she blushed and smiled, and pushed away the subject after a young-lady fashion. She did not again admit me to the still-room, although during my six weeks' visit, amid all the glorious festivities of such a house in the height of the season, I often remembered and referred to it.

The curate and I got to be friends. He talked much of America; seemed to think he might one day come to live among us.

"I like the freedom of your church," said he. Well, that was important.

I talked music with him, which he understood better; and one day at a garden-party asked him about the Sir Walter Raleigh song.

"That was a very pathetic strain of music," said I; "where did you get it?"

"I composed it myself," said he, "and Miss Southgate, who is a first-rate musical scholar, wrote it out for me."

She passed us at this moment, and I thought looked hard at the curate, who absolutely blushed.

"A very disagreeable-looking woman," said I.

"But a very clever one, who has had a sad history. Lady Mount Pansy treats her with the greatest confidence and consideration, as you observe."

"Lady Mount Pansy has all the virtues as well as all the graces."

"She is a theorist, and somewhat romantic. She has but one fault: she loves her sons better than her daughters."

"Probably to equalize matters, for the rest of the world can love her daughters for her."

"The German baron is proposing to Lady Thalia at this moment, I should think," said Mr. Herbert.

Very red and fluffy looked the German baron as he sat under the flowering lime-tree and talked to Lady Thalia. She, in a Gainsborough hat, was simply delicious, and neither red nor fluffy, but she did look pleased with the baron.

Lord Marigold joined us at this moment, and took up my case at once.

"Come, Delano, you must know Lady Alicia Lilacs; she is the nicest *débutante* of the season."

"We are watching the baron's sufferings," said I.

"Queer fellow that; he kissed me once," said Marigold, looking disgusted.

"It is a foreign fashion, you know. He evidently wished to ingratiate himself with the family."

"A very poor beginning, so far as I am concerned," said sturdy Marigold.

Lady Alicia Lilacs favored me with a walk, a *boutonnière* from her bouquet, and a great deal of abuse of my country. She asked me if Mr. Reverdy Johnson was our President, and if Alabama was a pretty city. She also asked if New York did not burn down constantly, because it was all built of wood. She wanted to know if American ladies painted as badly as did Mrs. Perkin Warburton; and, when I brought her a strawberry-ice, asked if I had ever seen ices in my own country. I told her that Alabama was not so pretty a city as Wisconsin; that we always stabbed a "Britisher" when we saw one; and that we had no ices, except the veiled priestess of Isis, who lived in New York.

Her ignorance and indifference about America were so complete that I think she did not mind my sarcasms or understand them; so, after admiring her youth and beauty, and burning the proper amount of incense under her nose, I took my departure.

I joined Lady Mount Pansy, who was resting under the ivy-bower. Her little son Theodore was leaning across her lap, and laying his curly head in his mother's hand.

"You find my garden-party a pretty sight?" said she.

This opened the flood-gates of my enthusiasm.

"Oh, your ladyship knows that I am in that besotted state of adoration of everything English which attacks the American mind. The green, the luxuriance, the finish, the perfections of a country like this, must always overwhelm us, who have as yet only carved out a sort of unfinished, pioneer splendor, even in our great cities. When we have laid our hand on Nature, she, like the giantess that she is, treats us as rebels at first, and will not let us woo her. Left alone, she is grand and unapproachable; but, when we desecrate her with railroad-cuttings and new paths, and even when we try to subdue her with lawns and hedge-rows, she is recalcitrant, and refuses for a long time to smile. Here she has smiled for a thousand years. Then we have, as Ruskin says, 'no castles in America.' We can never have either Lady Mount Pansy or Violet Towers."

"I do not see why you should not have the first—do you, Theodore?" and she patted the golden head in her lap.—"You have very happy homes, beautiful and good women, and excellent, noble, and educated men. I have many friends in America."

"Thanks, your ladyship; you remove the stings lately implanted by Lady Alicia Lilacs."

"O Mr. Delano! don't expect a young English girl, who has not traveled, to know anything about America. We know it through Marigold, perhaps."

"But your daughters know so much about my country; they know everything that is desirable—that goes without saying."

I had seen Lady Mount Pansy in all her diamonds at a court ball, in all her splendor at a royal wedding; I knew that she was the handsomest woman in the peeress's gallery, even before I looked up at that combination of stateliness and beauty; but I never saw her look so perfectly well as she did this day under the shadow of the fluttering leaves in the ivy-bower. She was simply all that woman should be, and I had occasion to remember it, for it was the last time that I ever saw her alive. Yes, my splendid vision passed away in a tragedy. The next day Lady Mount Pansy went out to drive in her pony-phaeton with her pretty boy Theodore, her youngest darling; and the horses ran away, frightened by some perfectly common thing—one of the unnecessary tragedies, coming to help us to realize Holbein's "Dance of Death"—and Violet Towers received back two corpses, maimed, bruised, and broken, in place of the beauty that went out so gayly from its noble portals. I could not at first accept Death as a visitor in this perfect place. All was life, all was beauty, all was grace, all was success, and yet the mailed warrior could climb this castle-wall!—the enemy that modern civilization has not conquered, has not baffled, has not built out—Death came and took this mother and her young son, he of the square collar, the velvet coat, the golden curls! I keep him in memory's picture-gallery, as he lay, an *enfant d'Edouard*, fresh from the pencil of the great

master, leaning across his beautiful mother's lap—and that mother !—

> " Death ! ere thou shalt take another
> Wise, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee ! "

I saw none of the family at Violet Towers, after this dreadful event, but Marigold. He was utterly crushed.

" It had never occurred to me that my mother could die ! " said the poor fellow, who had accepted her love as a matter of course.

Marigold went to India, and I heard very little of Violet Towers and its inmates for a long time.

It was after a journey through the East, which had taken a year and a half, that I arrived in Paris, to read in *Galignani* the following announcement : " Married, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Earl of Mount Pansy to Lucilla, widow of Perkin Warburton, Esq., of New York."

I went off to Kansas, and took up sheep-farming. The episode of my visit to Violet Towers became almost a dream. Sometimes the odor of honeysuckle would bring back the picture of the still-room, and once the voice of an Englishwoman in the house of one of my shepherds brought back Lady Thalia's deep, clear tones. The waving of vine-leaves over my head reminded me of a still nobler memory, the mother and son in the ivy-bower, as the Fates, all unseen by me, were marking them as the next victims for the great conqueror.

But a life of toil, of pioneer simplicity, brought few reminders of the luxury and serenity of Violet Towers.

They say that sailors and shepherds think much of their past, and of the girls they left behind them. I will not say that I did not dream of the three Graces, but what had they to do with my hard-working adventures and not too successful life ?

Four years had passed over my head, and I got tired of Kansas. I determined to try my fortunes in West Virginia, and, starting from one of the large towns which touch that then much-talked-of region, I meandered off on horseback toward a little settlement, which was called Rollhaus, where I was told that I should find some Germans and cultivated English people, a church, and some vestiges of civilization.

Everywhere around me I saw the remains of an imperfect and a vanished attempt at living, and that mournful combination of Nature's luxuriance and man's ruin which exist in that as in other portions of our sunny South. Nature, superb in noble outlines, grand in forests, wildly profuse in bud and blossom, was only ugly where some imperfect attempts had been made to improve her. After a few hours' ride, I saw the houses of Rollhaus in the near distance, and gladly greeted the spire of a church. I am not a religious man, I am sorry to say, but, after years of absence from this once familiar type of civilization, it greeted me somewhat tenderly.

I determined to ride up to the little church first, before going to that always most disagreeable place in an American village—the tavern—and to try my newly-awakened piety by a visit to its interior.

Why should I not, like a knight of the middle ages, consecrate my new enterprise by a prayer? Why not, instead of following Hood's instruction, as I had done often before—

> " To kneel with faith upon the simple sod,
> And sue *in forma pauperis* to God ? "—

why should I not go into this homely country church, and, kneeling before its humble altar, pray for a blessing on my lonely life ? No mother, no sister, no wife knelt for me. I was alone in the world, a wanderer, and without friends. No wonder that I felt like stretching out a hand, however tardily, to that Friend who is always waiting for us.

I rode up to the church ; and, as I did so, I heard some one playing the organ within.

I stopped and tied my horse to a post just under the window of the old, tumble-down, picturesque church, evidently a relic of colonial times, and whose humble walls were covered with a luxuriant wistaria-vine, now hanging thick with long, purple blossoms.

Where had I heard that strain of music before ? Why did a strong emotion seize my heart ? Why did a picture paint itself upon my brain of a splendid *salon*, beautiful women, and luxurious surroundings? I have not a good memory, it has ever been the poorest faculty of my mind ; but, seized by some subtile thread of association, I heard Lady Thalia's voice saying, as if in the air:

" It is well to have some great impersonal passion. Patriotism is mine : Sir Walter Raleigh is my hero ; I go back and fall in love with him when I am noble and good. He strikes the massive chords of my being ! "

Then, as I entered the church, I heard these words, sung by a tenor voice :

> " Even such is Time, who takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have "—

and I recognized, as I walked farther on, the handsome figure and head of the curate of Violet Towers —Mr. Herbert.

Thousands of men, of all nationalities, had passed across my field of vision since I had seen him. I might not have known him had I met him in London or Paris ; but here, in West Virginia, the place where he could not possibly be, I knew him perfectly.

He finished his song ; and, after allowing him to extemporize on the organ a few minutes, I went up and interrupted him.

" Delano ! " said he, as if he saw a ghost.

" Mr. Herbert !—then I am not mistaken. How came you here ? "

" And you have not heard ? You do not know our history ? "

" *Our* history ? Whose history ? No ! "

We talked on indifferent subjects for a few minutes, Mr. Herbert not answering my question. His face had grown older ; it was marked with care, and his beautiful black hair, which still lay gracefully

over his brow, was luxuriant, but streaked here and there with silver.

I gave him my history, and told him that I had come to Rollhaus to try my fortunes at farming.

"Come with me," said he, "and see an old friend."

We walked down a village street, as I led my horse along. It was as ugly, prosaic, and white-wooden-housed a village street as I had seen. Here and there, however, some tumble-down old house seemed to point to the vanished civilization of which I have spoken.

Mr. Herbert stopped at the squarest and most unpicturesque of the white wooden houses, and entered it.

I tied my horse to the gate-post, and followed him. Not a tree, or a shrub, or a vine, ornamented this unlovely house.

"Here," said he, to a lady—"here, Aglaia, is an old friend."

And in a poor little parlor, rocking a cradle, and sewing on some humble garment, sat the eldest of the Graces!

She took pity on the confusion and the astonishment depicted on my face.

"You see I have 'given the world for love,' and consider it well lost," said she, smiling and blushing, and looking as lovely as when I had first seen her—the "daughter of a hundred earls"—in the still-room at Violet Towers.

"We ran away, and have been disinherited," she added, gayly. Then from time to time she told her story.

It took me a week to pick up all the dropped stitches—how miserable all the daughters had been after the death of their mother, and how disgusted at the second marriage of the earl.

"And our flight and marriage was precipitated by the conduct of Sylvia Southgate, our governess," said Lady Aglaia. "She discovered our attachment, our correspondence, and betrayed us to my father, who forbade Mr. Herbert the house. Then, after long, trying days, and much persecution from the woman who reigns in my mother's place, I eloped. We were married, and sailed for America."

Then clouds came over the faces of both husband and wife. Without money, and without friends, this fugitive pair had evidently eaten of the bread of bitterness in a strange land.

"Your sisters and Marigold?" I ventured to ask.

"They are as unforgiving as the rest," said Lady Aglaia. "I have wounded their pride."

Then I remembered Lady Thalia, and her talk of her race as I sat with her in the ivy-bower. Lady Aglaia cooked my dinner that day, for there were no servants in Rollhaus, except a few very lazy, very independent negroes. Not in vain had been the training of the still-room. She turned a beefsteak and an omelet with those aristocratic hands as delicately as she had handled the apricots.

"You know," said she, "that I was always a *cuisinière incomprise*."

And in my next six weeks' experience of this uncommon and most romantic woman, and her handsome and adored husband, I perceived that here, as elsewhere, the most worthy of the two, the one who had sacrificed the most, was the least complaining, the most generous and giving, the most unselfish, and by far the most in love. Herbert complained, Herbert found fault, Herbert railed over the change of fortune; he regretted his comfortable rectory, his pretty church, his English finish, quiet and the luxury of Violet Towers, far more than did the woman who had been born in the purple.

The wilds of West Virginia did not suit the pampered curate; but never did I hear a word of regret from her lips, she whom he had induced to forsake all for him. She hushed the child's cries, that Herbert's study-hours should not be disturbed. She cooked, wrought, scrubbed for him. I cannot say that he did not love her, for she was a creature whom no man could help loving; but he was selfish, and poor, and unworthy, beside her.

"Sylvia Southgate's story was a queer one," said she to me one day. "She ran away from Violet Towers before I did. You see, she was in love with Mr. Herbert."

It was the only poor thing I ever noticed in Lady Aglaia, the pleasure which beamed from her face as she thought of this unrewarded worshiper at Herbert's shrine.

"And she made all the mischief she could for me. Then she disappeared, and all my mother's jewels with her; and, what was worse, a large budget of family letters and papers. She appeared in India, and made her own terms with Marigold, some of whose early indiscretions were more than hinted at in these letters, and who had not heard about the jewels; in fact, we did not know of their disappearance until long after. Now, I have an idea that she is in this country, somewhere, and no doubt in trouble."

"But she had had a romantic history before she came to you?" said I.

"Oh, very: she had been betrothed to a young officer of the navy, who left his ship to come on there to see her, without permission, and who was cashiered and ruined, and committed suicide. After that Sylvia spent her life, I think, in falling in love with men who did not love her, and in hating the rest of the human race."

"Lady Mount Pansy liked her and trusted her," said I.

"My dear mother," said Lady Aglaia, reverently, "loved and believed in everybody who was unfortunate. She pitied Sylvia, and tried to help her. Perhaps, had she lived, everything would have been different—she would have saved us all!"

My efforts at farming in Rollhaus were not crowned with success. Mr. Herbert, whose romantic story had reached the bishop, perhaps not without my aid, received the offer of a better parish, and we separated, having forged, however, the chain of an undying friendship. I could not entirely resist his fascination: he had that God-given faculty of irresistible attraction; his genius, his music, his beau-

ty, his external amiability, made one forget his selfishness and his want of depth. There was no honorable, high living in Herbert, although there was decency of deportment. He wore his livery with sufficient regard for the appearance of serving, while his wife kept the sacred fire alive. I suspect that she wrote the sermons after making the bread.

Such load-stars exist in this world—we cannot help being drawn toward them any more than if we were straws—people with certain external gifts of pleasing, women who fascinate all men, men who are fatal to all women. We cannot catalogue their fascinations, reason is of no avail; we must bow before them and respect their power, for it is Heaven's own gift. As well attempt to resist the caress of a child, the breath of the soft south over a bank of violets, the song of the thrush, the serenity of moonlight, the first flower of spring.

As for Lady Aglaia, I felt no shame in confessing that I worshiped her, wherever and whenever I should have a chance to confess such a sentiment. I could not say that she had shown much worldly wisdom in her marriage—perhaps not the sternest filial duty; but when I remembered the earl, her father, and the countess, her painted step-mother, I must say I was not too severe on this point. She worshiped a very inferior idol in Herbert, but her manner of worship would have made a stock or a stone respectable.

> "There was a lady loved a pig:
> 'Honey!' said she,
> 'Shall I give you a silver stye?'
> '*Hunc!*' said he."

Our sympathy in this nursery-rhyme has always been with the lady, and not with the pig. It is a parody on some cases in married life, not too severe—often, unfortunately, scarcely a *parody*.

Having failed in sheep-farming in Kansas, and again in Rollhaus, I determined to try my fortunes amid those human sheep and goats whose wants, fortunately, are so numerous that we self-appointed shepherds will always have plenty to do.

I came to New York, and went rather largely into business, and got drafted, without knowing it, into the charitable work which is so energetically carried on in that great town. I always thought of Canute, and his address to the on-coming waves, as I visited Blackwell's Island; tried my hand at reforming reformatories; became a committee-man in several societies for the relief of the poor, the lame, and the lazy—the last-mentioned class having my sincerest compassion; and finally came very near asking myself the undevout question as to whether we could not make over this world, and leave out the ugly, positive, and disagreeable fact of sin, and the miserable inconvenience of poverty: if I were to make a world, I should, with my present lights, leave out those two very unmanageable ingredients. However, I am not likely to be consulted on any such lofty enterprise as the making of worlds, so those already created need not tremble before me. It is I who must tremble, and own up to my own incompleteness.

However, I gained much and varied experience by my visits to jails, prisons, hospitals, and reformatories. It was at one of the latter that I picked up the last note of my strain of music.

Sister Mary Agatha, one of my good friends, and a woman who by a sublime piety and self-renunciation had made herself very eminent in one of our Protestant sisterhoods, often talked to me of the interesting characters who floated through her retreat.

"Abandoned women!" said she; "it is we who abandon them: so long as one woman comes to me with words of repentance on her lips, I will take her in!"

"In the words of the lady abbess in the play," said I, "if society sends you a criminal, you will return society an honest woman?"

"I will do my best," said Sister Mary Agatha.

We were sitting in her little parlor just outside the chapel, as she said this, and the organ began to play, or rather some clever hand began to play on the organ.

"There is a case in point," said Sister Mary Agatha—"a woman, accomplished, agreeable, refined, and in a certain way strong, but who cannot help sinning; she was brought to me as a thief—a wretched, fallen creature. I shall keep her as long as I can, for I feel as if she were the victim of some strange and miserable destiny."

Yes, there it was again. A strain of music once heard at Violet Towers, again at the wistaria-clad church in West Virginia, now in a refuge in New York.

Presently a woman's voice sang the words:

> "Even such is Time, who takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have."

"Sylvia Southgate!" said I.

"That is not the name she gave," said Sister Mary Agatha.

"Will you take her my name, and ask her if she will see a gentleman whom she once met at Violet Towers?" said I.

When Sister Mary Agatha returned, she was in tears.

"It is she," said the good woman; "and, hearing that you have come as a friend, she will see you."

I should not like to repeat that interview. It is not pleasant to see a soul in rags, to go down with human nature into its worst charnel-house, where it grovels in the presence of its own self-destruction, and looks backward on a ruin.

Over the walls of a certain school in Germany is engraved the fine motto—

> "When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
> When health is lost, something is lost;
> When character's lost, all is lost!"

But after hearing Sylvia Southgate's dreadful story, and seeing her still with Sister Mary Agatha's one hand on her shoulder, while the other pointed upward, I could not say that all was lost.

"Woman, thy sins are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more."

This was Sister Mary Agatha's motto.

A year later I was invited again to Violet Tow-

ers. Marigold was now the Earl of Mount Pansy, for the old earl slept with his fathers; his painted second countess retired with her ample jointure to Baden-Baden or Nice, or wherever she chose; and Mr. and Lady Aglaia Herbert had been summoned home.

It was a great meeting of the clans. The German baron and Lady Thalia had been married several years; and she added his sixteen quarterings to her own proud escutcheon, and a flaxen-headed heir to the dynasty of Climpen-Clampenhausen. Pride is a very handsome sin sometimes. It was at its very best in Lady Thalia, who, like her mother, was destined to laugh at Time, and grow more lovely every year. Lady Euphrosyne, too, had married appropriately, not having had the grace to wait for the humble American citizen who had admired her, it is true, but feebly.

After all the great celebrations were over, Marigold (I could only call him by the familiar name so far) walked down to the rectory with me.

"Herbert is sure to succeed in the church," said he; "very clever, not stiff, you know—married to my sister, too."

"Yes," said I, "that is preferment in itself."

"Aglaia is a good girl," said her brother; "and then Herbert has such a delightful voice; I declare it is a perfect strain of music!"

"A strain of music set to noble words," thought I, remembering the wilds of West Virginia.

CONCERNING CLAMS.

A MOIST and muddy clam, lying with a lot of others on a fish-dealer's slimy stand, is not altogether an attractive object. Yet there is much about it that is interesting. Take up one of those "soft" clams, for instance, and look at it. The two oblong, slight, bluish-white shells hold within an unintelligible yellowish mass, while projecting from one end is a blackish, wrinkled lump that, upon being irritated, quickly withdraws, throwing out at the same time a stream of water, while the shells shut tightly together. But put this forbidding-looking creature in a shallow pan of fresh sea-water twelve or fifteen inches in length. Although this, its natural element, is no doubt instantly grateful to it, the animal must be left quietly for a few hours before it recovers confidence. Then the blackened tube—of which a glimpse was afforded before—gradually protrudes from between the margins of the two halves or valves of the shell, and slowly extends itself until a length of several inches is displayed. Now it is easy to see that this organ has two openings at the end, beautifully fringed with appendages like little feelers, and mottled with the richest brown. It really, then, consists of two tubes, one on top of the other, leading to the body of the clam; and if you observe the openings closely, you will see a current of water flowing into one of them, and another current pouring as steadily out of the other. These currents are produced by the tremulous motion of innumerable minute hairs (*cilia*) that line the interior of the animal. The extensile and contractile double tube is termed the *siphon*, and the currents *siphonal currents*.

The anatomy of the clam, like that of nearly all bivalved mollusks, is very simple. Forcing them open, we find that the two halves of the shell are held together by a pair of strong muscles, but if the animal would keep his doors quite closed he must exert a continued effort, since immediately beneath the hinge, occupying a little cup-shaped projection like a bracket, is an elastic substance which acts to throw the valves a little apart when the muscles are relaxed, just as a piece of India-rubber, squeezed into the hinge of a door, would tend to open it as soon as the pressure was removed. Having taken off one valve, we find lining it—and the other as well—a thin membrane called the mantle. The scalloped border which follows the edges of the shells is thickened and united, except a small slit through which the "foot" projects at the end opposite the siphon. The foot is a tough and muscular organ, serving as an excavator. Within the mantle are the curtain-like gills, between which lie the muscles that operate the foot and siphon, the abdomen, and the viscera, which form the principal edible part. The mouth is just under the forward transverse muscle, and opens almost directly into the stomach. The intestine, after several turns, goes back directly through the heart to its orifice near the mouth. The ordinary length of the shell is about three inches, but it is not uncommon to find it much larger, while the siphon may be projected fully a foot.

In this country the soft clams are found from South Carolina to the Arctic Ocean—where the walrus, polar bear, and arctic fox feed upon them whenever they have a chance. It is scarce south of Cape Hatteras, and most abundant on the New England coast. It occurs on the northern coasts of Europe as far south as England and France; on the northeastern coast of Asia, in Japan, and in Alaska. It is therefore essentially a northern species, and had the same general distribution as far back as the Pliocene and Miocene ages of geology.

The soft clams are everywhere denizens of the beach between tide-marks. The soil that suits them best is sand with a large admixture of gravel or mud, but all sorts of places are occupied, where the water is sufficiently brackish and it is possible for them to burrow. The specimens that live on the outer sandy beaches have a much whiter, thinner, and more regular shell than those found in estuaries; they are often really delicate in texture, and covered, even when full-grown, with a thin, yellowish epidermis, making a striking difference between them and the homely, rough, mud-colored specimens usually seen in the markets. Now, as in 1616, when

Captain John Smith wrote, "You shall scarce find any Baye, Shallow Shore, or Coue of Sand, where you may not take many Clampes," these mollusks are very numerous. More than a hundred, of different sizes, are said to be sometimes dug from a single square foot of ground in Boston Harbor.

On such beaches as I have mentioned, the young clam, as soon as old enough, turns his head down, and pushing out his foot, which he can fold into various shapes—"now a dibble or spade, a trepan or pointed graving-tool, a hook, a sharp wedge"—he digs his way straight down six or eight inches into the sand, leaving stretched behind him his siphonal tubes to keep up his communication with the surface. When the water over him is deep, the siphons are thrust well out; when shallow, as in some tide-pool, only the fringe of short tentacles is visible above the closely-impacted mud; and when, as happens much of the time in the case of those clams whose home is near high-tide mark, there is no water over him at all, his tubes are withdrawn wholly into the sand. Confined in his burrow deep in the earth, the clam cannot roam in search of its food. It is, therefore, to bring sustenance to it that the tubes are pushed up into the sea, and the cilia set in motion. A current of water is sucked in, bearing microscopic particles as aliment for the stomach, and bringing oxygen to revivify the blood brought into contact with it in the gills. Its burden unloaded, the unavailable residue of the water flows out through the discharging siphon, carrying with it all excrementitious matter. A continuous current is thus kept up. It is never long "between drinks" with this bivalve, which may, perhaps, account for the origin of the adage, "Happy as a clam."

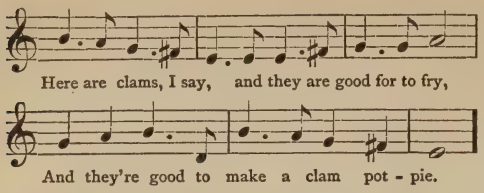
The spawning-season, according to the fishermen, occurs in June and July. The eggs, issuing from the ovaries of the female, find their way into the cavities of the outer gills, where they are fructified by spermatozoa exuded from the males of the colony at the same season, and floating about in the water. There they develop until the eggs are furnished with little, triangular, velum-like shells just large enough to see, which are discharged by thousands into the water and left to take care of themselves. How long it is before they reach a sufficient size to settle down in life and construct a burrow for themselves, is unknown—probably not a great while. It is doubtful, indeed, whether one in a hundred ever fulfills that domestic ambition before being swallowed by some one of the numberless aquatic birds, fishes, and crabs, that are on the look-out for just such tidbits. Nevertheless, the little clams do their "level best," anchoring themselves by a slender thread to the bottom, and holding on against the currents with all their tiny might. Alas! that so many of these brave little fellows must perish in their youth!

Beds of soft clams are sometimes of vast extent, and are usually found in sheltered parts of the coast, where the action of the waves is not sufficiently strong seriously to disturb the beach. The inside of the long, sandy neck connecting Nahant with Lynn, for example, is filled with them, while on the outside, where the surf pounds, not one is to be found. They are sought at low tide, betraying their hiding-places by squirting water up when the sand is shaken or pressed. That is the spot to drive in your spade. From the days of the Mayflower hogs have had sagacity enough to discover the situation of the buried bivalves at low water, and to root them out and devour them. Two hundred and fifty years ago old Thomas Morton had found that this diet "makes the swine proove exceedingly," and Long Island farmers are still of the same opinion. Such clams as have been unlucky enough to be washed out and cast high up by some rude breaker, are quickly seized upon by gulls, cormorants, crows, and other large birds that frequent the shore. During the winter months, when ice is often piled high upon the northern beaches, the clams bury themselves more deeply than ordinary, and get along as well as they can. They seem able to endure great cold without harm. Professor Agassiz found within their shells icicles, which did not incommode them in the least.

Leaving for a later paragraph the value of the soft clam as a means of human sustenance, let me speak here of its utility as bait. Our fishermen very long ago learned that most carnivorous fishes, and the cod in particular, have a special fondness for the various species of *Mya*, the codfish of Newfoundland Banks, relying very largely for nourishment upon a species allied to our edible *Mya arenaria*. It occurred to them, therefore, that it would be worth while to take our soft clams to the Banks with them, and the experiment met with such success that at present more than fifty thousand bushels are employed annually for bait in the cod and mackerel fisheries. The clams are used either alive or salted. In the former case they are enveloped in netting bags, and kept in the wells with which many of the vessels are provided. If the voyage is to be a short one, the clams may be preserved alive for a considerable period by being kept in a cool place, and stores of ice are now taken on some vessels for this purpose. The majority of the bait, however, consists of the animals removed from the shell, salted and packed in barrels, and much of it is not the edible species, but an inferior one, known to the fishermen as the "skimmer." Salted clams are also used with success in the mackerel-fisheries, according to Lieutenant Broca, where they are used, like the roe of the animal, to attract the fish.

Thus much for the soft clam, long clam, nanny-nose, manninose, sickissuog, or *Mya arenaria*, as you please to call it.

More often seen upon our streets, here in New York, is the "hard" or "round" clam, or "quahog." It is mainly this that is sold from baskets, wheel-barrows, and crazy wagons, by the peripatetic venders, whose prolonged howl—"Cla-a-a-ms! fresh cla-a-a-ms!!"—is so well known in the suburban parts of the city. In Newark I used to hear a song drawled out by these street merchants of mollusks, which would do well as the opening measures of a dirge. A friend has written it out for me:



The hard clam is of very different appearance from the other, being a Venus (*Venus mercenaria*). Like all of that genus, the shells are chalky, roundish, somewhat globose, ornamented with concentric ribs, the beaks pointing far forward, with a deeply-curved indentation in front, and the color varying from brownish-white to smoke-tint, sometimes painted with waving lines and zigzags of red and brown, there being so much difference between varieties from different localities and depths that many have been described as distinct species. It has very short siphons, slightly parted at the end, and a large, muscular foot, with a broad, thin edge, by means of which it can burrow in the sand when necessary. The foot and fringed edges of the mantle are white; the tubes yellowish-orange toward the end, more or less mottled with brown and white. Its home is on firm, sandy, and muddy flats, just beyond low-water mark, where it is frequently laid bare by spring tides, since it does not burrow like the soft clam, but crawls about only half buried in the mud, or conceals itself beneath the stones and sea-weed. Its food is similar to that of the soft clam, and secured in the same way. It abounds not only on the outer beaches, but also in estuaries, inhabits the oyster-beds, and lurks among the rocks of reefs and inlets from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, although rare and local north of Cape Cod. On the coast of Maine the only colony known is at the upper end of Casco Bay, and in the last report of the United States Fish Commission I find an interesting note concerning it.

From a critical examination of this and similar colonies, Professor A. E. Verrill concludes—"First, that in the Post-pliocene and Champlain periods the coast was at a lower level, and the marine climate of Casco Bay colder than at present, probably about that of the present Newfoundland or Labrador coast. Second, that at a subsequent period, when the coast had attained nearly or quite its present level, the marine temperature was considerably higher than at present. Third, that the temperature of these waters has gradually declined, but was still somewhat higher at the period when the Indian shell-heaps were formed than at present."

A like conclusion is reached by the examination of a somewhat similar colony on the St. Lawrence. Professor Verrill ascribes the survival of these earliest colonies to the fact that, in the increasing coldness of the water, the peculiar isolation and other favorable conditions of their position protected them against the general fate of their neighbors. The clam, then, comes from a very ancient race, and is "happy" in its long pedigree. Quahogs may sometimes be taken by hand at low water, and are often dredged; but the ordinary method is to fish them up by means of long-handled tongs and rakes, similar to those used for oysters.

Shell-fish have served as food from time immemorial, and the poorer classes of the Old World habitually eat a far larger variety than we on this side of the Atlantic are wont to esteem worthy of being cooked. Especially is this the case on the coasts of France and England. The oysters of Britain were luxuries with the Romans, who also ate many of their own mollusca. About Southampton our soft clam is known as "old maid," and in the northern islands as "smurslin;" while our hard clam is eaten in Devonshire under the name of "pullet," and used as bait by the Hebridean fishermen, who call it "cullyhock." The Scotch do not appear to relish either as well as they do the common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) and the scallop, or fan-shell (*Pecten*), both of which are also eaten in England and Ireland with avidity. It is not strange, therefore, that all the earliest voyagers to North America should have mentioned the shell-fish among the good things which they found. Thomas Morton wrote in 1632:

"There are grate store of oysters in the entrance of all Rivers; they are not round, as those of England, but excellent fat and all good. I have seene an Oyster bank a mile at length. . . .

"Mustles there are infinite store. I have often gone to Wassaguscus; where were Excellent Mustles to eate (for variety) the fish is so fat & large. . . .

"Clames is a shellsfish, which I have seene sold in Westminster for 12. pe. the skore. These our swine feed upon; & of them there is no want. Every shore is full, it makes the swine proove exceedingly, they will not faile at low water te be with them. The Salvages are much taken with the delight of this fishe; & are not cloyed (notwithstanding the plenty) for our swine we find it a good commodity. . . .

"Raser fishes there are. Freeles[1] there are, Cockles, and Scallopes, & divers other sorts of shellfishe, very good foode."

The Indians along our whole sea-coast have always been accustomed to eat some sort or another of "mustles." At Puget's Sound it is the great *Tresus*, which they smoke for winter-stores; in California, the oyster and other bivalves; in the Gulf of Mexico, the *Gnathodon*, of which the shell-roads around New Orleans and Mobile are made; on the Atlantic shores, the oyster, common and horse mussels, razor-shell, cockle, scallop, and our two clams, besides the fresh-water unios and anodons. To what an extent these various mollusks furnished sustenance to the wild tribes of the coast and of the Mississippi Valley is shown by the vast banks of cast-away shells that remain to mark the points of aboriginal habitation. The records of exploration show that some parts of the interior of Florida are so full of mounds composed of broken shells and of wide fields strewed with them,

[1] In certain parts of England, according to Fleming, the scallop (*Pecten*) is called the "frill;" yet Morton afterward mentions scallops.

consisting of unios not only, but also of the smaller gasteropods, *Ampullaria* and *Paludina*, that the fact is commonly known to the people living there ; while the savannas of Georgia, the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries—particularly along the Ohio—and even of the Merrimac and Concord Rivers, in Massachusetts, are dotted with heaps of the mussels existing in those rivers, the animals of which have been consumed by the Indians. The same sort of remains are found on the Pacific slope and in South America. As for shell-heaps upon ocean-coasts, they are world-wide in their distribution, and often prominent in appearance. On certain points of the shores of Denmark and Norway, there were disclosed, many years ago, banks of marine shells, sometimes a thousand feet in length, two hundred feet in breadth, and ten feet deep. At first these were taken for natural deposits, but it was observed that here only adult specimens of the littoral fauna were present, and closer examination revealed calcined shells, circles of blackened stones indicating fireplaces, fragments of the bones of edible animals, and remains of rude utensils and implements. Thus it came finally to be proved that these were the kitchen-refuse heaps of ancient mollusk-eaters, and are called "kjoekkenmoeddings." This discovery prompted research, and similar deposits were soon found in various other parts of the world. Our own coast is lined with them, from the piles which grew up around the doorways of fishers on the low Florida shores, until their huts stood on hillocks above the reach of the highest tides, to the layers of *Ostrea* shells exposed on the cliffs of Maine, where "mine oyster" is no longer to be found. Most of our refuse-heaps are buried under a foot or more of soil, and have long nourished the roots of a (so-called) primeval forest, but there are others which did not cease to be increased until the Indians were driven back from the coast by white settlers. At these places they spent a portion of each year, probably the winter months, when the climate of the shore is warmer than that of the interior, in feasting, while some perhaps lived there permanently, raising in the cast-away shells unconscious monuments of their sea-shore life. At such times the two clams, but mainly the quahog, formed the chief comestible. Roger Williams tells us that the Narragansett Indians called the soft clam "sickissuog"—"a sweet kind of shell-fish," which, he says, "and the naturall liquors of it, they boile, and it makes their broth and their nassaúmp (which is a kind of thickened broth) and their bread seasonable and savoury, instead of Salt." The hard clam they named "sequnnock" and "poquaúhock," concerning which Old Roger notes : "Obs. : This the English call Hens, a little thick shell-fish, which the Indians wade deepe and dive for, and after they have eaten the meat there (in those which are good) they brake out of the shell, about half an inch of the blacke part of it, of which they make their Luckahúock, or black money, which is to them precious." The black money was worth one-half as much as the wampum or white money, and the "blacke part" used was the purple scar inside of the shell, under the beak, where an adductor muscle was attached, for the anatomy of this species is much the same as that of the soft clam.

Then, as now, it appears that all the hard work of obtaining the delicacies fell upon the women. A quaint old book, written by William Wood, and published in London in 1634, entitled "Nevv Englands Prospect," etc., contains a poem upon the kinds of shell-fish, in which the following elegant verses occur :

"The luscious lobster, with the crab-fish raw,
The brinnish oyster, mussel, periwigge,
And tortoise sought by the Indian Squaw,
Which to the flatts dance many a winter's jigge,
To dive for cockles and to dig for clams,
Whereby her lazy husband's guts she cramms."

Not all the shells were thrown away. Various implements were made out of them—arrow-points, scrapers, paint-holders, and spoons.

". . . . The dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays."

The especially noteworthy one of these primitive festivals was at the time of green-corn, when a great assembling of sages and warriors with their families was held at the sea-shore, and clams and succulent ears and sea-weed were roasted together in astonishing quantity, amid all the delights of a New England midsummer by the ocean and every savage amusement. So good a custom merited perpetuation, and has, indeed, survived to the present day in a *clam-bake*—that patriarchal institution of New England, where the icy Puritan might permit himself to be won a little from his rigor by the seductive mussel, and the prim maidens enjoyed a moment's timid relax from conscientious austerity in the fun of saying *periwinkle*. Nor is the custom still extinct, although it is no longer possible that the clam-bake should be a season of universal holiday as of yore. But now and then some great occasion in Rhode Island or Connecticut is celebrated much after the traditional fashion, and the wise and renowned join in the festivity, as in the old days when Diedrich Knickerbocker and his friends sailed over to Communipaw to discuss grave questions of Dutch polity as they smoked their pipes beside the sunlit bay until the quahogs were toasted brown and they could eat them slowly, as befits the viand, and listen to Jacob Steendam as sonorously he sang his "Praises of New Netherlands : "

"En Kreeft, en Krab, en Mossels: Oesters, die
Een beter is als Europa drie
In veelheyt heel on-kenbaar voorhem, wie
't Mocht onderwinden."

Now, the manner of a modern clam-bake (I have read it in a book) is this : a circular hearth or bed is first made in the sand with large flat stones, upon which a fire is kept up until they are red-hot. A layer of sea-weed is then placed upon them, and upon the sea-weed a layer of clams about three inches thick covered by more sea-weed ; then follows

a layer of green-corn in the husk, intermixed with potatoes and other vegetables; then a layer of poultry, cooked and seasoned; then more sea-weed; then fish and lobsters, again covered by sea-weed. This arrangement is continued according to the number of persons to take part in the feast, and when the pile is complete it is covered with a linen cloth to prevent the steam from escaping. When the whole is cooked each one helps himself without ceremony to morsels from the delicious mass.

Except for local consumption along the coast, Boston and New York are the chief markets for clams; but it is difficult to ascertain, or even estimate, the total amounts annually received at these and other ports. A large number of vessels, from fine schooners of hundreds of tons' burden to ugly little sloops without shape or comeliness, are employed in the trade; but the skippers, as well as those who handle the shell-fish on shore, are a queer class of men, full of jealousy and prejudice, impossible to be persuaded that no harm would result from divulging the amounts of their cargoes or sales during a twelvemonth. But from inquiries in Fulton Market and elsewhere, it appears that not far from two million bushels are received annually at New York of each species. Immense numbers of the hard clams are shipped to the West, packed in ice or preserved in the manner of oysters, since emigrants have taken to the prairies with them the taste for the fry and chowder, perhaps because they find in their salt flavor the best reminder of the early home by the sea-side.

MADAME CHRISTOPHE.

I.

IT was raining in Registown. There had been thunder and a torrent, but the weight of the storm had subsided, leaving a permanent and persistent drizzle even more dispiriting than the tempest. The gray-stone houses shone and glistened in the wet; the occasional red-brick buildings looked dull and sodden; and the gutters flowed with a muddy stream. The streets looked melancholy and deserted, for not many people dared venture abroad on such an afternoon as that of the 9th of July, 18—.

Few passengers were in the streets, and fewer still down on the wharf, when the ferry-boat from Paradise Island came in. Two drenched cab-drivers and a sulky custom-house official formed the attendant crowd on the landing of those travelers who had braved the weather. Of those all except one were men who, empty-handed, walked or drove off independent of examination; the feminine exception, after submitting the small valise she carried in her hand to the scrutiny of the guardian of the revenue, rejected all offers of escort or assistance, and took her way through the rain and the muddy streets alone.

She was not quite so forlorn an object as might have been expected, being enveloped from neck to heel in the folds of a large water-proof cloak of dark blue; nor were there any flounces or feathers to entrap the rain, and thereby to become moist and draggled. A close-fitting black hat was confined yet closer by a veil whose texture left but little visible of the face it covered; but the slight figure denoted youth, the firm step told of health and some degree of self-reliance, and, when an occasional impatient twitch of the heavy cloak showed the dress below, "silk attire" betrayed the fact that it could not be from poverty or necessity that at so unfavorable a season its wearer was abroad.

She directed her course first to the post-office, where she inquired for, and received, a letter addressed to "D. C." She showed no surprise; but, had any one acquainted with her been there to notice her as she opened and read it, her quickened breathing would have told him of some strong emotion excited by its perusal; and yet the few words it contained were merely these, in the form of a telegram, which perhaps it was: "Cleveland down at 5 P. M. Will meet you at P. to-morrow. M. R."

The girl folded up the letter, and glanced at a church-clock which happened to be in sight and pointed to a quarter to four. After a few moments' hesitation, and a slight shiver at the sound of the still steady rain, she ventured out of the shelter, and walked bravely on with her face set westward. She persevered until she reached a point beyond the town where she overlooked the lake, now lashed by the wind out of its ordinary blue placidity into green-crested billows and curling foam; here and there appeared a close-reefed sail, and on the horizon a black trail of smoke told of a steamer's passage; but the girl fixed her eyes in one direction, and a sigh of disappointment escaped her. Evidently what she looked for was not to be seen.

The flapping of her cloak in the strong wind and a sudden increase in the dash of the rain recalled her to recollection, and she turned to retrace her steps. She walked more slowly now, as though to pass the time, and looked back now and then as if watching would hasten the appearance of the object she longed for, until at last she seemed to become aware that the rain was penetrating even the thick folds of her clothing, and that shelter was needful. Seeming to be perfectly acquainted with the way, she traversed two or three narrow and not over-clean streets of that character peculiar to river-side neighborhoods, and emerged on a broad, wooden wharf; freight-sheds and storehouses surrounded it on three sides, and to one of the latter the girl advanced, and entered it, without any previous knocking, by a heavy iron door.

"May I wait here, please, till the Cleveland comes in?" she said, to no one in particular, as she paused on the threshold.

Two dapper young men engaged at the high desk in the office, and two or three others less carefully gotten up at work among the bales and boxes, looked up at the sight of the wet apparition and the sound of the soft voice. Of the two former, one fixed his eyes on the face from which the veil had been thrown back, and the other glanced at the clock.

"Certainly," said this last. "But the Cleveland is not due till seven."

"Yes," replied the girl. "She will be here to-night at five."

The clerk looked in some surprise at the girl, scarcely more than child, who presumed to know more than he did in his own domain. Apparently the result of his observations was not displeasing, for with a half smile he brought a stool from a distant corner and placed it beside the stove, in which a fire—kindled on account of the damp—diffused a grateful warmth through the cheerless building.

"Sit by the fire," he said; "do you know how wet you are?"

"It did rain heavily, I believe," replied the girl, and the sigh with which she sank on the seat provided for her told how weary she felt. Then she loosened her cloak and removed her gloves, thereby showing a rich dress of brown silk and white hands; and then she leaned her head back against the chests piled up behind her, and in the relief of the wet and warmth together closed her eyes.

The clerk took advantage of the opportunity of her eyes being shut to use his own, and perhaps we may as well do the same. Following his look, this is what we see: a young face, that of a girl of certainly not more than twenty years, and perhaps less; a pale face, but one whose pallor may be only that of exhaustion, for repose and the glow of the fire have already begun to bring back a tinge of color; eyes whose color cannot be seen, but whose lids are thin and blue-veined, and lashes long, and round which dark circles tell of weeping not long over; a close-shut mouth, which looks as though it had forgotten the childish art of smiling; dark, wavy hair brushed away from a low, white brow; a slender, girlish figure, and the tightly-clasped white hands. Her whole appearance is one to excite tender care and pity rather than admiration, and her aspect that of timid patience. The faces of the clerks softened as they looked at her, and they ceased to whistle and joke noisily with one another as they fancied that her rest and reverie might end in the sleep she seemed so much to need.

It did not, however. Long before the others had heard a sound the girl had risen, readjusted cloak and veil, and was ready to depart. The hoarse signal of the approaching steamer in another moment showed how vigilant had been her ear; and, as soon as the first cable had been thrown ashore, she had made a slight inclination to those who had ministered to her comfort, and was gone.

In her haste, however, she had omitted to fasten the door, and the young man who followed her to repair the neglect raised from the floor the handkerchief she had dropped in her hurried exit. The little figure had already disappeared in the busy crowd with which the steamer's arrival had covered the quay, and, with a careless glance after her, the clerk turned back into shelter from the storm. Then he examined the handkerchief, carelessly at first, then closely and curiously; it was of fine cambric, wrought round with needlework, and having a name encircled by a wreath in one corner. This name the clerk read aloud, and uttered in a low tone the exclamation:

"Whew!"

"What of it?" asked his friend, looking up. "Who is she?"

"So that's the girl, eh? Did you never hear, Jim—no, you weren't here at that time—how young Christophe—him that was drowned last month—brought home a French wife one trip down below, and the row the old people raised about it? They say Paradise Island has been anything else but Paradise for the last two years; but, from her looks, I should say it must be more their fault than hers."

"But what has this girl to do with it?"

"Why, here's her name—Denise Christophe; it was the girl herself that was here. Denise—old Christophe has a vessel called the Denise; I suppose Paul named her when he was in love. She's a fine boat; she ran into harbor here once, and her captain came ashore on some business or other; he's the handsomest man on the lakes, and an educated man, too, quite superior to most of his sort. I guess he has been something else before."

"You seem to know all about it," observed the other.

"Well, I've been in this office a good while, and I've got eyes and ears. I wonder what it means?" he continued, reverting to the handkerchief, "and what she's doing running about by herself and going on board the Cleveland alone in the rain? And not a thread of black about her, and her husband drowned three weeks ago? I tell you there's something at the bottom of it; there's been a flare-up in Paradise, and she's running away."

"Well, what of it?" asked the philosophic Jim. "Did no one ever run away before?"

"It seems a pity for so young and nice-looking a girl to go alone."

"Has she no people to go to?"

"I guess not. Her mother was living when she married Christophe, but she's dead since. The girl's been awfully used among them, if half that I have heard is true. Some people say old Christophe expected money with her, and was half crazy when he found she had nothing; others say Paul found out she had a former lover; that can't be true, for she looks only a child now, and she's been here nearly four years. But there's no doubt they abuse her, and I suppose, now Paul's gone, she won't stay to stand it."

"Right she is, too, if she's able to go. They're rich, ain't they?"

"Rich! they've made money like dirt in that timber-trade these last few years."

"Suppose we're asked if we know what's become of her? Maybe she didn't say good-by."

"How should we know what's become of her? All we've got is a pocket-handkerchief, and no one need know that unless we tell. There was a girl in here, but where she's gone I know as little as where she came from, and she didn't tell her name."

"You think it's best to keep dark?"

"The Christophes are a hard lot, Jim, for all their money, that's all I say; and the less any one has to do with them, out of the way of business (they're all right enough there), the better for him. If I'm asked a question, I shall answer as little as I can. If not, I shall say nothing at all."

"All right; I understand."

The first speaker looked again at the telltale cambric before he laid it aside.

"It's like her," he said, "fine and delicate. She's too soft and pretty to go about alone. She ought to have some one to look after and take care of her."

"You're the greenest one I ever saw, Jack. Do you imagine she'll be long alone? She'll find some one fast enough, if he's not on hand already, and that's the most likely thing of the two a long way. I'll make any bet you like on it, that if you hear of her within a twelvemonth, she'll not be—what's her name again?—Denise Christophe."

II.

PERHAPS under no aspect or circumstances could the wharf at Presburg be a very cheerful place. Seen even as travelers generally have the good fortune to see it, in the glow and brightness of a summer forenoon, the prospect is not gay, for the town lies somewhat away from the water, and the freight-shed and the gaunt walls of a large stone brewery are the most conspicuous features in the scene, while the quay itself shares largely in the decay and untidiness too characteristic of all wooden constructions; but in the sunshine reflected back from the glorious river, and glistening over the white city on the opposite shore, dilapidation may be to some extent forgotten or excused. At half-past five, however, on a misty morning, when the fog hangs in sulky drops on every rope and fragment of wood, when the smoke descends heavily and thickens the air, when the distance is lost in clouds that leave it doubtful whether they will disperse as the sun rises or return in a fresh torrent of rain, then the shivering spectator can perceive no extenuation of the gloomy surroundings, and the scene appears very dreary indeed.

Such a morning was the 10th of July, but the scene was slightly diversified by the presence of a large timber-ship, which lay at anchor at a little distance from the shore. Some curiosity had been excited by her arrival; she had dropped down the river, heavily laden with the cargo that should have been discharged at Paradise Island, in the storm of the day before, which, though severe, was not sufficient (as every one who knew anything about it was well aware) to account for her being driven so far out of her way. Those, however, who had been bold enough to ask questions, had received but little satisfaction. The captain hinted that, if they would mind their own affairs, he was quite able to attend to his; and any one else inquired of simply stated that he knew of no reason whatever for being where they were except the captain's pleasure; he had told them to hold on their course for Presburg, and the captain was a man who commomly said what he meant, and didn't very often say why. There, however, the vessel lay; her long, black hull low in the water, here and there a sail half unfurled flapping softly in the breeze of daybreak; while the lazy song of one of the men at work floated over the misty river, and on the forward deck the team of strong, sleek horses enjoyed their morning meal.

A boat was made ready, and the captain, coming from below, descended into it, and was rowed ashore. As he landed, he turned to speak to the mate, who had accompanied him:

"As soon as the wind rises, Martin—it'll blow when the sun comes out—make sail back and discharge; I shall most likely be back before you are unloaded. You can tell Mr. Christophe anything you like; I can't be at the trouble of making a story. I had to come here, and, as the wind served, and I was in a hurry, I held on. If he's mad, I can't help it, and I don't care. You may expect me at Registown day after to-morrow by the cars."

The boat pushed off, and the captain was left alone. The wharf was deserted at that early hour, and he stood for a moment looking westward as earnestly as the girl had done at Registown the day before. The fog was beginning to drift upward before the rising wind, but nothing broke the expanse of water; and, brushing his hand across his forehead with a somewhat impatient gesture, he took the road to the town. He was a man whose magnificent *physique* would have excited attention and admiration at once and anywhere, and whose manly attractions no adverse circumstances would have been able to disguise. He had spoken with a slight American intonation, but his appearance belied the inference that might thence have been drawn, and bespoke him partially if not wholly of an older race. Lofty stature, strong and massive frame of fine proportions, and free, firm action; blazing dark eyes, a full black beard, and gleaming teeth; close-curled hair, and an expression at once good-natured and determined, formed a whole on which once seen you were forced to look again. It was not until that second look that you perceived that the head might have been more finely shaped, that those lines of the mouth which the beard permitted to be seen were too softly sensuous in their curves, and that the splendid eyes possessed less depth than brightness; and came to the conclusion that these defects denoted a nature in which the animal predominated over the spiritual—one which would be less under the rule of intellect than that of passion.

He followed for a short distance the course of the

dingy street, and turned into a second or third class tavern within sight of the quay. The bar-room was as gloomy as such places usually are: dark, save for the few struggling sunbeams which were endeavoring to pierce the clouds and mist, and the further difficulties of the murky window; and untenanted, except by one man, who stood before the empty fireplace, spelling through the large letters of a placard affixed above it. He had some trouble in mastering the sense, and, as though hoping for clearer comprehension on second perusal, had just recommenced at the first words:

"Five hundred dollars reward. The above will be paid for the recovery of the body of Paul Christophe, drowned in the Coteaux Rapids June 17th last. Age thirty-one years; dark hair, scar on left cheek. Wore, when lost, a suit of blue serge. Had a gold cross round the neck, and the letters P. C. on the right arm."

"It's to be hoped some one will get it," said the man to himself. "It's a tidy sum to be going begging. Well, one thousand is just twice five hundred, and perhaps easier earned than this will be. Where is Redmond, I wonder? If the Denise wasn't lying there, I should think he meant to give me the slip; and if he did—"

The opening door interrupted him, and he turned and faced the man who was in his thoughts. The two looked at each other with a peculiar expression, the one of question and the other of affirmation; and, without a word of salutation or invitation to drink, as if by mutual understanding, turned aside and sat down at a table by the window, which, while it commanded the water, was out of sight of the bar.

"You're not very sharp to time, captain," were the first words spoken.

"I'm time enough," the captain replied, in no gracious tone. "What's *your* hurry, I should like to know? What's your business here but to wait for me, and tell me at my own time what I want to know?"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, captain, or I'll tell you nothing."

"Well, if I hear nothing, you'll get nothing; so there'll be two of us. Come, Carrol, quit this fooling and go ahead. You know as well as I do what you've come to say."

"And what *you* have come to hear?"

"Exactly so. Listen, and speak low. Is Paul Christophe really dead?"

The other man glanced at the notice on the wall.

"Haven't you seen that, captain?" he asked.

The captain's heavy brows contracted in an awful frown, and a spectator might have gained some idea how savage he could on occasion be.

"Seen it?" he muttered, with an oath. "Curse them, I believe there's one on every wall between Chicago and the Saguenay!"

Carrol laughed.

"Say so? That's a useless expense—eh, governor? There ain't much use in advertising or in looking above—Cedar Island, say."

"Hold your infernal clack, and say no more than you need! It's not what the public believe, but what you know that I came to hear—and to pay for. Go on, now, and tell me just how—how the raft was lost."

"I told you before to keep a civil tongue in your head, Captain Redmond, and I tell you so again; what's the use of us two falling out? How the raft was lost? Very good. *Very* good, indeed."

And he laughed again. If this man were a villain, he was by no means one of the conventional novel type. He had no fiendish scowl, he was no giant in strength, nor was there anything sardonic in his mirth. He was simply an ordinary-looking, clean-built young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, with reddish hair and twinkling gray eyes, and a somewhat sinister expression about his mouth. But in his face was to be read no trace of kindly feeling, modesty, or shame. The strong, fierce nature of the captain might, and probably would, commit crime under sufficient temptation, but the repentance would be in proportion to the guilt, and the guilt would never be incurred for sordid motives. Carrol, if he sinned, would sin for small gain and private interest, and would never repent.

"Lose no more time now," said the captain; "the morning's getting on."

"It was a great stroke of luck, the raft coming to grief as it did—wasn't it, captain? Made things easy—eh? I expected it, though, before we left Paradise Island. Of course, it wasn't my place to speak. The old man thinks he knows it all, and Paul was conceiteder yet; and, when the captain of the raft got hurt, and Paul took his place, I knew just how it would be. The raft was too heavy in the first place; any one could 'a' told them all that oak would never float alone. We got knocked about considerable in the Gallops; and even then he'd hardly consent to put in to Château Blanc for some pine to float us. That was all that saved us, old Mack having his own way in that. Lord! you should 'a' heard the ripping, and tearing, and smashing, as we went down the Sault!"

"Get on," said the captain, impatiently, "and make fewer words about it!"

"I thought you wanted to know how the raft was lost? Well, there was another reason besides the weight. Grafty used to hire men enough, and, if he told old Christophe they had to be paid, why, they *was* paid, and no words about it. But Paul thought he knew better, and could save a little; and, where Grafty had eleven men, he tried to run with six, besides himself. I guess the devil forsook his own, and played into your hand for once, captain. Paul's brains must have been muddled, for no man in his senses would have tried to run the Coteaux with seven men to a crib of solid oak."

"They couldn't steer, I suppose?"

"Steer! we was going up and down like a cork in a kettle! Two of the men slipped off in the first half-minute, and I thought nothing else than that it was all up with the rest of us as well. Paul was game enough, I'll say that for him, and did his

good best; but the logs were as slippery as ice, and a touch of a finger would have pushed any one of us off. I don't know *exactly* how it happened, but he made a slip, and, as he did, *one of the poles struck him*, and he went over!"

The captain slightly shuddered as the other paused.

"Well?"

"There's no more. What more do you want when a man goes overboard off a raft in the Rapids? —Why, I swear you've turned pale, boss! Of all the men that get crushed and drowned every year, what's Paul Christophe's life worth more than another's to get white over?"

"You've stronger nerves than I have, I should say, Carrol," returned the captain, somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed, fixing on him a look compounded of admiration and horror. "How did you get off?"

"We got to the bottom somehow, me and the other three men and the crib—all that was left of it, that is. The rest came off no better; they was all more or less knocked to pieces, and two or three of the men lost. They're a-floating round somewhere, I suppose, with the loose logs; but, bless your eyes, no one offers five hundred dollars for *their* bodies!"

"There can be no doubt, I suppose, that Paul was—drowned?" But the captain looked steadily out of the window as he asked the question, and did not meet his companion's eyes. "Is there any chance he escaped?"

"I guess if you'd ever seen the place you'd hardly ask. If you have any doubts, just do it over again, and see how you feel about it yourself. I don't know why you're so mighty anxious to be certain—perhaps you expect to fall heir to his property, or his sweetheart, maybe—it's none of my business, that ain't; but you may be sure of this, that Paul Christophe is as dead as General Wolfe. They'll likely find him when they're hunting up the scattered logs."

There was a short silence.

"Well, boss, there's one other little matter to settle, and I'll be off. The train is due at half-past six, and I'm going west."

"Eh?" said the captain, starting from deep thought.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire, you know, governor, as somebody says," returned Carrol, with an uneasy laugh.

"You're just the one to quote Scripture," said the captain, a bitter sneer curling the lip he had been biting during Carrol's recital till it was marked with blood. "I beg your pardon for forgetting a matter of such importance to *you*."

He took from his breast-pocket a small, silver-mounted revolver, which he laid on the table, and then produced a flat parcel from the same receptacle; this he retained a moment in his hand.

"Still the same old friend, I see, boss," said Carrol, eying the pistol. "Do you always carry it with you now?"

"Sometimes," said the other, significantly. "I didn't know but I might find a use for it to-day. It would have blown your brains out if I had found you had lied."

"And how do you know I have not?"

"I *know*, and that's enough. Here, this is yours, take it," and he tossed the parcel across the table with a gesture of superb scorn.

How long will the delusion, now too common, last, and he who *gives* the price of baseness think himself, and be thought by others, less abject than he who *receives?* The captain really believed his own fingers cleaner than those greedy ones which fastened so eagerly on the spoil.

"It's all there," he added, as Carrol began to undo the string. "I've counted it, and if you've any brains you'll not open it out and finger it over here."

"Well, governor, you're the first man whose word I ever took in such a matter; but, if you say it's correct—"

"You'd better not be the first man to doubt my word," said the captain, carelessly taking up and examining the revolver. "There, take it and put it in your pocket; do you suppose a man who never told a lie in his life is going to begin to *you?* I guess there's no more to say."

"My time's up anyhow, and yours, too, for they're shaking out the schooner's sails. Good-by, captain, and good luck to you! The wind's fair, I see, for the Denise, and she'll slip up through the islands like a snake. Good-by."

But was it the movement of the schooner that had brought back the color to the captain's brown cheek, lit with soft and sudden fire the splendid eyes so dark and gloomy a minute before, and transformed the guarded and self-contained manner to one of trembling and eager haste? Scarcely; for the Denise slipped away through the gilded water before the freshening breeze, her white sails gleaming like silver in the now bright sunshine, without receiving from him so much as a thought or glance; while his eyes outstripped his footsteps, rapid as the latter were, and devoured with eager search the steamer Cleveland as she swung slowly round to the quay.

"Every man has his price," said one who was believed to have some knowledge of human nature; and I am afraid in neither of these men did his theory find contradiction, different as had been their several temptations in kind and degree. James Carrol, in whose low and callous nature there lay no seeds of remorse, went westward with the purchase-money of his soul in his pocket, well content. Morris Redmond sprang on board the Cleveland, and received *his* price of conscience in a moment of intoxication of feeling and passionate delight, in which was forgotten the dread of that remorse which, to his less depraved and more enlightened though fiercer nature, must surely come.

III.

DENISE CHRISTOPHE stood on the guards waiting; but was this transfigured, glorified being the

girl whose forlorn aspect had excited the commiseration of the storehouse-clerks hardly more than twelve hours before? As little resemblance was there between them as between him who leaned over her, all softness and tender ecstasy, devouring her with his eyes and with caresses too rapturous for aught but silence, and the man whose words of guilty inquiry had scarcely died away, and on whose fingers lay warm the taint of James Carrol's hire.

O Love! magical revivifier, thou art the one draught left us from the vanished fountain of youth; the one elixir of life whose virtue never fails! Before thy potency into what nothingness sink all other spells! In thy presence all mournful memories of the past, all doubts and fears of the future, perish and fade, and are forgotten. Time the soother, and, alas! Religion the consoler, are weak and slow to work beside thee! Thy power may be less beneficent than that of those blessed comforters, may be of less duration, and, once overthrown, may leave only desolation; but while thou rulest thou art absolute indeed!

And with these two love was for the time all-powerful. Death, remorse, and fear, had no existence for them, as they stood together in the first moments of union, looking into each other's eyes for further assurance of what both knew, and dreaming—ah, how idly!—that at last life lay smooth and fair as the sunlit river before them. Judge not Denise too harshly. That must be a rare nature, indeed, in which a duteous grief will outweigh both remembrance of years of past and present tyranny and joy at escape from thralldom. Judge her lover as you will—but the fact remains the same. What room is left in the breast of any man—any man capable of passion—for other feeling than that of triumph and delight in the first hour when he clasps the woman he wildly loves—no matter how won—as his own?

But it may last no more than an hour; and a slight accident soon disturbed the serenity of these lovers. Denise had raised her arms to meet the embrace bestowed upon her—and from one the sleeve had fallen away, revealing on the soft white flesh the livid and discolored mark of a recently-inflicted bruise. On this the captain's eyes fastened, and his face grew very black.

"Denise!" He laid his finger lightly on the spot.

"Never mind," she said, hurriedly covering the telltale traces. "It is nothing—I mean I do not feel it now."

"Is that *his* work, Denise?" His voice was hoarse with a passion of mingled hatred, love, and pity.

"No, not *this*—hush! he is dead (Heaven pardon me that I cannot grieve for him); you must never say a word against him more. But, oh! they have been very cruel to me, Morris! Had they been less so, perhaps I should not have dared to come to you; but it is over now."

"Over!" he muttered, with a deep execration. "Where was justice, that it was not over long ago? Could anything be guilt that saved her from brutality like this?" Then suddenly, with unutterable tenderness, he whispered, "Denise—my love, my flower, my tender blossom!"

"You will be kind to me, Morris? You are so strong—so good!"

"I will be kind to *you*," he returned, in a tone almost savage in its earnestness. "Before either harms you, may my tongue rot and my hand wither! But—good, Denise? Suppose I were not as good as you think me, could you love me still?"

"Why suppose it? I know you to be good."

"You thought so of *him* once, Denise."

"Ah! that was when I was a foolish child; when I thought it would be fine to be *madame* and to escape from my childhood; when I believed all that was told me, and when—when I did not know how to love."

"And you know that now, Denise? And, loving me, could you go on loving me if I were not so perfect as you believe?"

"I could never think or believe ill of you, Morris."

"But if you *knew* it? If you were *forced* to believe that I, the Redmond you love, were like—what many men are—tell me, Denise, would you hate me? Would *anything* ever make you hate me?"

"What foolish talk—I do not like it. Listen, Morris; if that were all true—if it could be true—I should never have time to hate you—for I should die!"

He slightly shuddered.

"May *I* die before you so learn to think of me, Denise!" he said, and to her ear the words could bear but one sense. "Come, we will have no more of this gloomy talk. We are together and safe at last, my dearest, my own, my wife that will be before the sun sets. Let us forget all that is over, and be happy now."

But, alas! what says the song? "En pensant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie on s'en souvient." The words are too true. When the captain had forgotten, he did not need to say, "Let us forget;" now that he desired forgetfulness, showed that recollection had returned. Even to her who had only suffered, perhaps continuance of perfect peace might be doubtful; whether he could hope for it, whose suffering was the consequence of sin, would admit of little doubt indeed.

Nevertheless the morning floated by on wings of joy to both. Swift travel, change of scene, and shining sky, are strong stimulants, and under their influence Denise soon recovered from the uneasy impression produced by her lover's persistence in a supposition she could not for a moment entertain, but his earnestness in which had puzzled and pained her. The lovely scenery, the excitement of the slight danger attendant on their journey, were new to both, and both felt their unspeakable charm; who, indeed, has not felt it, who has been happy enough to follow the course of that most glorious river? The watching, the expectation excited, only to be again repressed by many a curve in the stream be-

fore final gratification, the distant view of the white line of breakers, the dark waves beyond encircled by the darker trees, the onward sweep of the resistless river, when we feel that we are at its mercy and that power to pause is lost, the moment of tension and breathlessness while the steamer rises slowly to the effort and then plunges with a sudden thud and shock into the boiling, turbid foam—who that has thrilled to those minutes of exquisite and short-lived delight can ever forget?

Strange as it may appear, the first part of the journey was over, and the pause of rest attained, before Morris Redmond remembered that it *was* only the first part, and what remained to come. A casual remark of another passenger caused his pulse to beat and the blood to flow back to his heart in a choking tide; and it was with a struggle that he concealed all sign of agitation as he accosted the captain of the steamer on the first opportunity.

"You do not run the lower rapids in this boat, do you?" he inquired, and at the tone in which he asked the question the man to whom he spoke looked up in surprise.

"Not always; sometimes the water is too low; sometimes we have too heavy a load; but, generally speaking, it is quite safe."

"What shall you do to-day?" with a curious hesitation in the words.

"I can't say about Lachine. It will depend on the light. But we shall certainly run the others."

"Yet you seem to be very deep in the water."

"No; we have rather less freight than usual, and there is ample depth of water this year; a foot to spare is plenty, and there is more than that now. There is not the slightest danger, I assure you," he added, observing the change in Redmond's face without being able to assign a cause, and jumping to the conclusion that it must be fear.

"I was never afraid of anything yet, Captain Hanlon, and I am not going to begin now," Redmond said, with angry scorn; but the scorn and anger were more for himself than his companion, as his own heart told him that he *did* fear, though not as the other man supposed. "It was not for that reason I asked."

"All right," said the other, good-humoredly. "You'll find it pleasant enough; most people like it better than the Sault. Are you coming back? Yes? Then you'll have quite enough of canal-work without wanting it to-day."

Captain Hanlon went off, leaving Redmond a prey to severer mental strife than he had ever known. "I am not going to begin now to be afraid," he had said, and he repeated the words with an emphasis which showed the necessity of self-assurance. "Bah! what should I be afraid of? The work is done, and the price paid and received, and I would not undo it even if I could. Why should one place be worse than another? And yet—I might show something. I will send her to rest, and be alone for a time. God! I cannot sit beside her, and hold her hand, on the very spot!"

So, suppressing as best he might all trace of emotion, he told Denise that there was nothing further to be seen for a time, and that she might obtain some repose, of which, indeed, she stood in great need. Telling her where she would find him if required, he consigned her to the care of the kindly woman in charge; and Denise, ever gentle and obedient, and conscious that the tax on her strength was not yet ended, and that she was very tired, complied with his behests, and retired, to rest certainly, and to sleep if she could; and Redmond was left to the enjoyment of his own reflections alone.

IV.

THE low, level shores of Lake St. Francis were blue in the distance, and the haze twinkled and trembled in the sultry hush of the July afternoon. No breath stirred the stillness of the air; no sound broke the silence save the monotonous plash of the paddles, and an occasional unavoidable word among the crew. Passengers were resting, and recruiting their observation in readiness for the next demand; and those to whom observation was no novelty found equal satisfaction in repose. So Denise found the saloon deserted when, after an absence of some length, she returned to the place where she expected to find Redmond awaiting her. He was not there; and, to escape the heat, and breathe the purer air, she passed by the open door out upon the guards, and the man she sought was before her.

If feminine beauty and manly comeliness are attractive when waking and striving to engage our regard, still more is such the case when they are wrapped in the unconsciousness of slumber. The abandonment of self, the release from all restraint or endeavor to please, softens all defects, and brings out every charm. The grace of children, the loveliness of young womanhood, and the strength and splendor of man's prime, never show to such advantage as when they lie helpless and deprived of all knowledge of self before us. Denise thought so as she stood for the first time in the presence of the man she loved asleep, and fixed her timid eyes on his face without fear that his burning glances would return her own.

He lay on a low bench, his left hand thrown behind his head, and his fingers tangled in the dark, curling masses of his hair; his right arm, robbed of its might, hung listless, and his hand rested on the deck; his powerful frame was carelessly extended "in a strong toil of grace," while over the face, where the lids were firmly closed over the fiery eyes, and the mouth was relaxed into a smile, his mother might have bent in loving admiration. And Denise did more.

Not Psyche of old stood more breathless or spell-bound. A tide of emotions which defied analyzation or control swept over her—a rush of sensations in which she could scarcely separate delight from pain. Almost as though she dreaded that the vision might vanish in a breath, she came forward softly, step by step, and, after a pause, and a fearful glance round her, knelt down at his side.

Do not grudge her the momentary indulgence of

a feeling of contentment such as had hitherto been a stranger to her—the few minutes of poignant happiness and tumultuous peace which were the first and last she was ever to know. Wife as she had been, to her the sweet and holy name was, as far as regards the tender strength and trustful reliance implied in it, a name alone. From a dream of childish ignorance she had awakened to a woman's suffering, alas! too real. Was *this* reality, or was this too destined to prove delusion? Rather, could such feelings as she was now for the first time conscious of ever in this life pass away?

Should she kiss him? She had never yet done so, but why should she not? He was hers now. Fate—or Providence—had removed the barrier between them, and henceforward she belonged to him, and he to her. If she had ever suspected that the interest and sympathy he had expressed for her in her unhappy life meant more than the friendship he professed alone to feel, no word or sign on his part had betrayed it, while its betrayal would have been insult to her; if she had ever thought how sweet would be a love and protection like his, she had repulsed the idea with a shudder of self-contempt; but now what need was there that she should conceal either her love or her joy? Should she not reward him for his respectful forbearance? Should not she taste at last the soft happiness of mutual affection? The haste which might appear unseemly was justified by the cruelty of the treatment she had received, and her friendless position; was not too much coyness a mockery, when a day or two, perhaps that very day, would see her bound to him by the nearest of all ties?

So thinking, or rather so feeling, she bent forward to give the kiss which, like that imprinted on the lips of the Sleeping Beauty, would restore life and passion to the breathing statue. But she gave one moment to a pause and look of admiration, and in that moment Fate struck her final blow. The kiss never left her lips, for as she stooped again the sleeper stirred—and spoke.

She thought him waking, and drew back; but in another instant saw that his senses were still sealed, though he repeated the words, among which was her own name, and she listened to their incoherence with idle curiosity at first, and with a smile. Then she bent forward a little anxiously as the words came fewer and more articulate; then a fear stole over her face as he spoke again, slowly and in disconnected fragments, but intelligibly enough to listening ears like hers, and now she could not have risen and gone away had her life depended on the movement. Those intermittent words held her tranced and bound, and, even had she retained sense to know that she ought not to listen to them, she would have listened still. What did they convey? What could be the meaning of sounds that drove the springing blood from her cheek back upon her heart, that froze the look she fixed upon the sleeper into a glassy stare, and contracted brow and lip in a spasm of unutterable pain? What was the sense of speech that transformed all her warm life and loving fervor into the semblance of mortality, and left her kneeling without sense or motion, gray and cold and rigid as a stone?

Truth is good, and we pray that we may not believe a lie. Denise had learned some truth, and the knowledge had dealt death.

So she remained until Redmond woke, and, seeing at first only her and not the look she wore, held out his arms to embrace her. He might as soon have clasped her marble image, and with a cry of terror he released her, sprang to his feet, and looked her in the face.

"Denise!"

There was no answer, but a slight shiver showed that she heard his voice.

"Denise, my Denise, my love, speak to me!"

Then she looked up, consciousness creeping back into her eyes.

"Did you tell me the truth in your sleep just now? I thought you loved me."

The incoherency of the words prevented his grasping their true meaning.

"True that I love you, Denise? As true as death—or heaven!"

"You told me how—how my—my husband came to die. Was that true, or did you—can you—"

He knew all now. In one instant of wild thought his mind took in the truth, and he knew that, if he could not deceive her, all was lost. Could he have commanded himself for the effort, he might yet have won. Love and woman's trust are self-deceiving, and glad to be deceived; but, strange to say, this man, who, to serve his own ends, had not shrunk from the *action* that we know or can guess he had committed—had, as he had boasted to his accomplice, never lied in his life—and brought suddenly face to face with the necessity for open and deliberate falsehood, faltered at the lesser as he had not done at the greater sin. He hesitated for a breath, for an inappreciable moment, but that moment's hesitation sealed the doom of Denise and his own. It gave an answer plainer than any speech.

Neither had remarked how the time had passed, how the land had gathered round them, and their speed increased. Neither had noticed the warning sound of the signal-bells, the voice of the pilot, the tread of feet on the decks, the rush of the water, and the rapidity with which the shore swept by. Absorbed in their own agitation, that of Nature was unregarded by them; and it was not till a sudden lurch of the vessel almost threw Redmond off his feet that he awoke to the knowledge of where they must be. The ominous conjuncture sent a shudder through him, but he struggled for self-mastery, and his physical courage stood him in good stead. The slight danger restored his mental balance, and his nerves regained their steadiness, and his only thought was to reassure the timidity of Denise.

"Denise, dearest," he said, ignoring her last words, "give me your hand, love; we are entering the Rapids. Lean on me."

She shrank away from him.

"Do not touch me; leave me alone!"

The cold, hard words and tone cut him to the core, but he would not give way to the fear that smote him like a blow.

"Denise!"

Was the backward movement she made only an involuntary impulse to avoid the hand he would have laid upon her, or was it an instantaneous and maddened resolution to escape from life and life's last broken dream and mortal disappointment? None ever knew—none ever will know—until the Coteaux Rapids, like the sea, give up their dead. But there was a sudden shock, a swaying of the rigid figure, a vain grasp at a swinging rope, a heavy plunge, a splash, unheard in the rush and surge of the water, and the boat swept onward, leaving no trace but a few broken bubbles in a line of creamy foam.

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What was done? What *could* be done where all human exertion must be impotent and unavailing? where to stoop to the water was as impossible as to scale the heavens, and where delay meant destruction? The panic arose, culminated, and subsided, of course, among those who had little or nothing to do with the matter; pale faces and exclamations of horror and compassion were plentiful enough; hurried questions were asked, to which no one could give reply; wild suggestions made, on which no one acted or thought of acting; and the excitement died away. Pity remained—pity for her who had sunk forever from the sight of the living, and for him who remained to mourn her, to whom none dared to speak; but the tragedy touched no one else nearly; and, alas! (or perhaps happily for our nature) tragedies make no lasting impression unless brought very closely home.

And he, to whom the death of Denise meant utter destruction of body and soul, made no sign, and spoke no word, but stared fixedly on the distance as though he still saw the very foam that had swallowed her from his sight. Of what avail the massive strength that had been his boast? A few inches of water had been more powerful than he. Of what use the iron force of will which had dared all human and divine wrath for the accomplishment of its desires? The impulse of a weak woman had frustrated all. He had that morning suggested the possibility of escape in the same cruel current; what did he think now? He had spoken of death as the only certainty in this world; was he satisfied now of its immutable and irrevocable decree?

Into his mind it is, perhaps, best not to try to enter, nor strive to lift a veil behind which could be found nothing but wild remorse, self-loathing, and black despair. Those only of his thoughts that found outward expression might be read in the steadiness with which after a time he took out his revolver and scrutinized the charge and lock.

"Shall I?" he asked himself, half aloud. "There can be nothing hereafter worse than what I must endure here. No! I must live; for in the grave—if they gave me a grave—I might not be able to remember *her*."

A handsome monumental tablet in the principal church of Registown records the tragic and untimely death, by drowning in the Coteaux Rapids, of Paul Christophe and his young wife; and the casual reader, conning over the gilded lines, where no inconvenient discrepancy of dates confuses calculation, is left to believe that they met their fate together. Over the bones of Morris Redmond, killed not long afterward in savage Western warfare, no epitaph tells either truth or falsehood.

THE AUSTRIAN HUSSAR.

WITH sabres drawn and guidons dancing free,
And music dying in the joy it made,
In gay Vienna rode the cavalry,
The pride of Austria, on grand parade.
Like a rose-garden with fair colors set
Was the wide plain whereon the host were met.

A little child—a lovely, rosebud girl—
In white attire, and ribbons green as moss,
Straying away, lost in the crowded whirl,
Into the open field she thought to cross,
Rushed out, when to the bugle's cheerful sound
A squadron of hussars came sweeping round.

From the huge, dragon-like main body these
Rode down to honor with their steel salute
The empress, where she sat in velvet ease,
A diamond 'midst the cluster of her suit.
She cried with horror, all her peace undone,
To see the danger to the pretty one.

Directly on the child, like angry flame,
Had wheeled at headlong speed the brave and strong,
Facing the dazzling sun, and, as they came,
Drawing a gust of pennant air along.
Swift as unbridled rage they rode, as though
In battle charging fiercely on the foe.

The poor, bewildered babe, in blind affright,
Ran toward the squadron, and her shadow there,
Hiding behind her from the living light,
Flat on the grassless level dry and bare,
Went following, and it took the boding shape
And gloom of death from which is no escape.

Seeing the ill, the mother of the child
Stood spellbound in the depth of her distress.
Her gaze was set; her panting bosom wild
That she to save her own was powerless.
So, too, the multitude were thrilled and dumb;
Alas! from them no hand of help could come.

So many near, it seemed a bitter thing
That the abandoned strayer, small and fond,
Should be down-trampled by the galloping,
Pitiless hoofs of steeds caparisoned.
For she, the harmless rosebud pure and sweet,
Already stood before the brutal feet.

As when, in polar regions white and still,
The compass points no longer to its star,
But downward to the ocean dark and chill,
And frost and heavy silence only are,
So now hope's compass failed, amid the drear
And pallid stillness of benumbing fear.

But Succor waits on Fortune's smile and beck.
In the front rank the holder of a rein
Threw himself forward round his horse's neck,
And bending down, under the streaming mane,
Caught up the child from frightful death below,
And set her safely on his saddle-bow.

This feat he did, and never checked the speed,
Nor changed the pace, nor to a comrade spoke,
Nor lost his hold on his submissive steed,
Nor the alignment of the squadron broke.
With modest grace, which still endears and charms,
He gave the child back to her mother's arms.

Voices of thousands to the welkin blue
Cheered the good deed the brave hussar had done;
And other thousands cheered it when they knew.
Two women there—one for her little one,
The empress in the joy that crowned her fears—
Could only tell their gratitude with tears.

Bright as a star the moment, and how blest
To the young trooper! when the emperor,
Graciously taking from his royal breast
Of the insignia that men struggle for,
Placed o'er the other's heart, so nobly bold,
An Order's golden emblem, more than gold.

That other, then, of honor may have thought—
How unexpectedly it was his meed!
He had not found it in the way he sought;
But from an unpremeditated deed
In which he saw no merit, had no toil,
The flower had sprung, and from its native soil.

SUBAQUEOUS HISTORY.

FORMERLY, books, records, human authorities (as they were called), transmitted occasional truths, but more frequently error after error, to successive generations. Strange assertions appeared to be truths, because the venerable but credulous Pliny, or such as Pliny, had delivered them, *ex cathedra*, to mankind. Now, we choose to see and judge for ourselves. Even history, which emphatically might be termed a science of record, is obeying the universal rule. If we do not supersede, we at least strive to authenticate history by the evidence of our eyes. And how do we effect this? Precisely by the same method that the geologist makes use of when he is so wise—or, as poor Cowper thought, so sinful—as to

> "... drill and bore
> The solid earth, and from the strata there
> Extract a register."

To the earth man instinctively turns for the archives of the past—to the earth, the great keeper of the dead—the preserver of extinct forms and vanished dynasties. We rifle tombs, we drive pits into buried cities, we plunge into railroad-cuttings, and so lay bare and extract the life of other days as it is made manifest in its domestic implements, its handiworks and ornaments, its modes of sepulture, and scrolls of epitaph. For many a year we have been burrowing thus; so that, since the day when, in 1709, Herculaneum gave up to view her first secrets, subterranean research has become an art that is already advancing to a respectable maturity. But the immense stride forward that it has made in our day is owing to the multitude of objects and observations that have been so discovered and accumulated as to admit of chronology being founded, not on conjectural eras, but on the objects themselves, which, wheresoever found, illustrate and determine these eras. The old natural geology loosely judged of periods by the mere substances in which certain fossils were found. It babbled of the green-sand fossils, the fossils of the coal, the fossils of the chalk, etc. But this method of classification was found to be misleading and imperfect. "It is well known" (as Sir R. I. Murchison in his "Siluria" observes) "that a mass of sediment which in one tract is calcareous, often becomes sandy and argillaceous in another; and thus, in such cases, very close examination of the fossils can alone decide the exact line of demarkation." To this we add, from our own observation, that, in Switzerland, where there is no chalk, the peculiar fossils belonging to the Cretaceous period are found in clay. Safely and rightly, then, each period of ascending organization is decided by the fossil, which is unalterable, and not by the local matter around it, which is susceptible of very great and surprising transformation. So it is with human geology. Recent works on ancient pottery take the line of judging of the age of a vase by form and manner of embellishment, not by the locality in which the vase is found. The Etrurian tomb, in which certain urns are discovered, does not prove that the urns are Etrurian; the forms of them, and the pigments, and the figures on them, may determine that they are Greek, or haply of Egyptian origin, and that they have come from afar.

The same analytical argument that has been found satisfactory in respect to earth-buried objects is now being applied to certain relics of antiquity discovered in water. The discovery has taken place in some of the lakes of Switzerland, and it is found that these relics are indubitably of a period far anterior to the Roman conquest. Traces of lake-dwellings, even of lake-villages, have been discovered; that is, of cabins that have rested on piles, advancing, Dutch-fashion, far into the water. The most remarkable of these discoveries has only recently been made in the lake of Moosseedorf, six miles from Berne. This lake, having been partially drained for agricultural purposes, gave to view the broken remains of stakes projecting a little above the mud

that formed the bed of the lake. A further search revealed that many more stakes were hidden; being covered by a kind of under-water peat, in which have been found upward of a thousand articles of a simple and evidently very remote manufacture.

Taking for granted that a nation in its infancy uses for its immediate purposes only the substances which it finds ready to its hands, we cannot but assign to articles composed merely of stone, wood, or clay, a high antiquity. Reversing old fables, we discover that the golden age was not the age of gold, but of wood and stone. Of course, these primitive substances, worked by human hands, have the priority over articles wrought from metal. Ops gave Saturn a stone to devour long before Vulcan (Scripturally Tubal-cain) became "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Judging thus, we find that the articles from the lake of Moosseedorf bear the stamp of primitive antiquity. They consist of fragments of rude pottery, made by the hand, evidently without a turning-wheel; domestic implements in stone and stag's-horn without any trace of metal. The stone—a kind of serpentine, extremely hard—is fashioned into hatchets, bearing the form of a wedge, and into instruments resembling chisels, hammers, and knives. Not one of the hatchets has been pierced—as in our day—so as to admit of a handle being inserted into it; on the contrary, the stone hatchet-head itself has been inserted into a handle, generally of stag's-horn, in some few cases of wood.

Passing some time, lately, at Lausanne, we were made aware of these discoveries in and near to the lake of Moosseedorf, by Professor Troyon. This gentleman—head of the museum at Lausanne—had studied in Edinburgh University, where he took his degree, and has made geological antiquarian research his especial study. The recent discoveries in the lake have been made under his personal direction. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to prosecute research ever since the first discoveries were made, and has transferred from the natural museum of the peat-moss a number of the sub-lacustrine articles to a well-ordered museum of his own.

The information which we have obtained from him is most interesting as well as trustworthy. He began his "discourse" (for such, unaffected as it was, it might be called) by opening a cupboard and displaying a variety of human skulls. These were all the skulls of Helvetians, or of Celts prior to Helvetians, or of some unnamed people older than the Celts. These, like many other articles in this private museum, have been chiefly discovered or dug up from ancient tumuli by the professor himself. He made us observe how small were the earliest skulls—unintellectual, but not cruel, like some of later savage nations, in which the great proportion of brain lay behind the ear; and he so led us on to the higher developments of the skulls of the civilized that occupied the upper shelves of the closet. We next proceeded to survey the contents of the first glass case, which were supposed to be coeval with the small-skulled generation. These were the horn and stone industrial implements that had just been discovered in the Moosseedorf and other lakes in Switzerland; yet, even here, we should say that the ingenuity displayed in the structure of these peculiar instruments betokened a people already somewhat advanced out of the first state of barbarism. The odd thing that strikes an observer first is the small, toy-like character of everything. Hatchet, indeed! One of these Lake-people's hatchets lies on a quarter sheet of the foolscap paper on which we are writing, with room to spare. It is a pretty baby-hatchet, a piece of serpentine not two inches long (very well sharpened, however), inserted with wonderful firmness into a detached portion of stag's horn. We asked the professor, "Could any one have ever cut down a tree with that small thing?" He replied that, by marks found on the old, buried timber, it appeared probable that the ancient Lakers charred and nearly burned through the trunks of the trees before they felled them with their miniature stone hatchets. Our attention was next turned to a dandy poniard, entirely of stag's horn. A sharp-pointed and polished piece of horn, about four inches long, is inserted into an unpolished piece of antler, somewhat longer. The professor suggested that the handle of this poniard was worn almost smooth by use. We said, "Could the owner have killed so many men as that implies?" "No!" returned the professor, with a smile; "but the dagger may have served many uses—as a defense from wild beasts, to kill animals in the chase, and perhaps now and then to dispatch an enemy." Next we admired a variety of small instruments that would have gone into a lady's *étui*—needles of bone, not perforated, and even a bodkin, properly perforated, a specimen almost unique; small chisels of beautifully polished serpentine, some of which looked quite gem-like in their green, half-transparent lustre. These were supposed to be for cutting leather for moccasins or other garments. Then we noticed teeth of the red deer fastened into handles of rough horn. These, it is supposed, were used for polishing down the protuberant seams of barbarian dresses, and were shaped not unlike some of the burnishers in use in silver-plating establishments.

Very curious indeed were certain minute saws, not more than three inches long, like reductions of Queen Elizabeth's pocket-comb, with the teeth broken off. These flint saws, and one or two scoop-like articles, that looked as if meant to scrape off the hair from deer-hides, also of flint, give rise, as Professor Troyon observed, to curious speculations. Flint of any kind is very rare in Switzerland, and flint of the particular kind from which the ancient Lakers had wrought their saws and knives is not found in Switzerland at all.

The induction is that the Lake-people were already sufficiently advanced in civilization to have made the first step toward commerce by import or barter. The especial silex of the Lakers might have come from some neighboring portion of Gaul; but, in truth, it resembled more the kind of flint that is found on the British coasts. To have fashioned a

flint knife, such as was shown us, four inches long, the improving savages of the Lacustrine period must have had a very large flint-stone, such as Great Britain peculiarly produces. Waiving a too precise settlement of this curious question, we at least are sure that the flint found at Moosseedorf was not a native production of Switzerland. There were also small arrow-heads, prettily and neatly wrought from a fine kind of silex.

Under a glass, and framed like a picture, we observed something that looked like coarse, dark netting, the reticulations of which were jointed by rude knots. This, the professor told us, was a specimen of the supposed garments of the ancient people, of which the material was flax, and the mode of putting together knitting, or rather knotting; the art of weaving not yet being practised by the Lakers. Some of the mysterious-looking needles in horn might have served for the manufacture of this primitive sort of shirting.

For food the Lakers had, as the remains of various seeds and fruit-stones demonstrated, the wood-raspberry, the wild-plum (*Prunus spinosa*, which we unlearned schoolboys used to call "bullas"), small crab-apples, of which a dried and venerable specimen was shown us, and wheaten corn, sundry masses of which, apparently carbonized by fire, demonstrated that agriculture was an art not unknown.

Fragments of bones of various animals, which were discovered in quantities under the peat, and had either been used in the fashioning of instruments, or were the remains of antique repasts, proved that this primitive people already possessed the greater part of the domestic animals of our day. The professor showed us bones enough in this department to have served as the basis of a Cuvierian lecture on osteology. The Lakers had certainly gathered round them the ox, the pig, the goat, the cat, and many different-sized kinds of dogs; nor had the horse been wanting, though, as the professor conjectured, chiefly used, by a sublime anticipation of Parisian gastronomy, as an article of food. With these were mingled quantities of bones of the elk and stag, the urus, bear, wild-boar, fox, beaver, tortoise, and various kinds of birds. Strange to say, the bones that one would most have expected Lake-people to have left behind them—fish-bones—were entirely absent; for which absence, however, their chemical decomposition by some unknown agent might by possibility account.

Of what materials the habitations of the primitive Lakers were constructed, the professor now gave us ocular demonstration. First we were shown what kind of stakes or piles their lake-cabins were elevated upon; the stakes themselves we did not see, only casts of them; for, when these very ancient piles were first taken out of the peat, they had looked fresh and solid as those human bodies which have occasionally been found in airless stone coffins—bodies which for a moment have mocked the view with a phantasma of fresh life, and almost immediately after fallen to dust. So with the stakes of the old Lakers. Once exposed to the air, they crumbled; and their external skin was found to be only a feeble covering to rottenness. Professor Troyon then cleverly devised a mode of perpetuating these fleeting forms by injections of plaster, from which moulds and casts were obtained. These casts, short and fragmentary, looked very like the ends of not very large hop-poles. The marks of the stone chisels were still plainly discernible on the stakes, and they were sharpened to a point. The cabins that had been raised on these piles had left more enduring fragments. Most interesting were the morsels of old wall, which consisted of unbaked clay, bearing the impressions of woody twigs, whereby it was evident that the primitive cabins had been formed of boughs of trees plastered over and between with clay. From the fragments being calculable segments of a circle, two facts were ascertained, namely, that the cabins had been circular, and the circumference of them about fourteen feet. Some of these fragmentary piles and dwellings that were found in the lake of Constance some years ago were about a hundred yards from the shore, and that they always had been so, and had not been thrown farther off from the mainland by any rising or agitation of the waters, was proved by pieces of earthen pots that lay at the bottom on the stirless depths, near together, just as they had broken and fallen ages before. These fragments are of rough manufacture, and, in their dark, burned-looking substance, contain morsels of shining quartz, or mica, unassimilated to the prevailing texture. We possess some fragments that, by carrying out the segments of the circle, appear to have been of great size (singular exception to the general littleness of the relics)—as big, indeed, as Roman wine-vases. Another thing to be observed is the way these pots were evidently supported. They had pointed ends, and near them are found circular open rings of pottery, whose use was evidently to support the pointed ends of the vases, which were incapable of standing by themselves. The ring of burned clay was the mortise; the peg-top-like termination was the tenon of the vase. In connection with this, the professor told us that an admiral of the British Navy, who had visited the museum some days before our arrival, recognized this primitive form of support as still used by the Hindoos and other Indian people.

This brings us to the probable origin of these ancient predecessors of the Swiss. They were a wave of that great tide which set in toward Europe from the East, choosing chiefly the inland seas, and ascending rivers as their roadways, or rather waterways, to new regions, where they should replenish the tenantless earth. Naturally, as they were accustomed to water, they chose water whereon to found their first settlements—for traces of such settlements have been found in other European localities long before the date of these more recent discoveries in the Swiss lakes. Moreover, the long, narrow causeways of wood, that led from the shore to their habitations, became a protection to them from wild beasts or wilder human enemies. Also the waters supplied them with ready food, and were as Nature's own clearings amid the shaggy

mountains and impenetrable forests, the mere fringe of which they with difficulty cut away for household purposes. Advanced into the free lake, the settlers could look around them, and breathe the air of heaven. Herodotus has described similar lacustrine dwellings belonging to the Pæonians, who had settlements on Lake Prasias in Turkey; and the same kind of settlements abound at the present day among the Siamese, according to the reports of M. Huc and others, whose books so graphically describe them.

When we asked the professor why the implements of this ancient race were so baby-like and small, he replied, "Probably because they themselves were small, and, like the Orientals, had very small hands and feet." Here, we would remark, is another curious confirmation of the probable correctness of the theory that this primitive people were of Oriental descent. We remember a stand of arms taken from a Sikh chief (killed by a brother of the writer's, an officer of the Bengal Horse-Artillery, at the battle of Chiliomwallah, and who was described as a man of more than six feet high), into the handle of whose *tulwar*, or sabre, we could barely thrust three of our fingers; the explanation of such an apparent anomaly being that the natives are invariably found to have small hands and feet. The professor continued: "This is not conjecture, but fact. Look here at the next case in my museum, where you perceive ornaments of a more advanced period, though still belonging to the Lake-people. Look at these bracelets of horn, so deep in circumference, but so small in diameter, you would think that even a child's hand could not enter them; yet here are the human bones still in them." This was true. The professor, finding the bracelets on the skeleton of a full-grown person, had fixed the bones of the wrist within the bracelets by pouring cement round them. "Look, also," resumed the professor, 'at that bronze sword, still later in date, found at a time when the Age of Wood and Stone became the Age of Bronze. Observe that the handle is only coextensive with three of my fingers, though my hand, like myself, is not very big—I wear a six and a quarter glove. I met, some few weeks ago, a Peruvian lady, claiming to be the last descendant of Montezuma, and hers was the only hand and wrist I have ever known slip easily into that bracelet, which is as inflexible for the hands as Cinderella's glass slipper was for the feet."

That these lake-relics are, in very truth, of a most remote antiquity, was proved in various ways by Professor Troyon. He said: "A discovery that was made in the valley of the Orbe may give an idea of this antiquity. The lake of Neufchâtel, it is well known, is always, because of the increase of the peat-bogs and the delta of alluvial matter, formed by the rivers Thiele and Burón, retreating farther back from the lake of Neufchâtel. In the time of the Romans the actual site of Yverdun was under water. There was even a time when all the valley was covered by the lake. Then Mont Chamblon was an island, and at the foot of this mount were lake-villages of the ancient people, whose relics, which are all of the Age of Stone, are now found many feet below the surface of the bog. By accurate calculation of the time that the lake now takes in its retreatings, we find that the destruction of these lake-dwellings must have occurred, at latest, in the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

"But here is another proof of this," continued the professor. "Look at these fir-poles, which were found in the lake of Geneva, the supports of ancient villages of a later date, though still of a period long previous to the Roman conquest. You see that they are the real wood, while I only possess casts of the primitive poles; and that they are not only much longer than the ancient stakes, but curiously worn to a gradual slenderness, and to a point, by the gentle but constant action of the waves upon their upper surfaces. Why is this difference? Because these poles, when discovered, still projected two or three feet above the mud of the lake, while the others were covered by the mud itself. Now, it is calculated that a thousand years, at least, must have elapsed before the fir-poles could be brought by the slow action of tideless water to the level of the bed of the lake."

We own that these reasons did not quite convince us of the deduction at which the professor wished to arrive—namely, that the first, and not altogether savage, inhabitants of Switzerland dated from two thousand years before Christ. Many circumstances — draining, for instance — might, we thought, have expedited the retiring of the waters or the wearing away of the piles. Nevertheless, with all the caution of skepticism, it is impossible not to allow that the lake-relics proceed from an age long anterior to the Christian era, and very far more remote than the Roman conquest. Even supposing the objects now discovered to be coeval with the time when Herodotus mentions the Pæonian lakes, they remount to the seventy-fourth Olympiad, answering to four hundred and eighty-four years before Christ—an antiquity to be respected by us poor mortals who grow old in seventy whirls of our little planet.

Pursuing our investigations, we find that, dark as it may appear in its origin, the end of this lacustrine dynasty has a sad light cast upon its cause. The villages, the inhabitants, all evidently perished by a sudden catastrophe; and that catastrophe was Fire!

To understand this, by the architecture of fancy, reconstruct the primitive villages of the Swiss Lakers. Take your stand on some "coigne of vantage," whence you can see all that is not water or snowy summit covered with black-looking, crowded pine-forests, that teem with the red-deer, once numerous in Switzerland, now extinct. Throw out your narrow, wooden causeways a hundred yards forward into the shallow waters nearest the shore, drive whole quincunxes of fir-poles into the bed of the lake, top them with rudely-fashioned planks, and upon the artificial peninsula now elevated above the waters transport a bit of rivery Orientalism—dwelling-places for man, gardens, if you wish, or patches

of ripened grain (for the catastrophe must have happened at harvest-time), such as, even at this day, may be seen floating on the half-quaggy, inundating rivers and channel-pools of China. Penetrate into these circular Red-Indian-like wigwams, that stand like beehives on the stationary rafts, and see the rude pots upon the earthen shelves, the traps in the floor for catching or preserving fish, the little barbarian children, tethered by the foot with a cord to a projecting stake lest they fall into the water (both these particularities are mentioned by Herodotus in his account of the Pæonians), and behold the industrious natives themselves, the pygmy race, with their small but constructive and not cruel heads, and their long, flexible, Hindoo-like hands. Enter their manufactories for their ingenious tools and pretty ornaments; and, when you have set the whole nation busy at their several employments, suddenly crush the whole of your scene and drama by the irruption of some wild band of warlike Gauls, who annihilate our poor aborigines and their fragile dwellings by casting fire-balls into the lake-villages, and killing or carrying away the inhabitants.

No other combination of circumstances can account for the appearances which the remains of these villages present. The carbonized corn, the pieces of wood half burned, the marks of fire everywhere, all testify to the destruction of these villages by fire. Then, again, it is apparent that all industry stopped on a sudden. The workman was at his polishing, the housewife was grinding corn by hand between two flat stones; but, by a fall worse than that denounced upon Jerusalem—"the one taken and the other left"—of our poor Lake-people *none* were left. The late explorers of these mysteries came, at Moosseedorf, upon a marvelous heap of objects of industry, which, by their state and number, crowded over a considerable area, proved that the discoverers were standing on the site of the village manufactory of industrial implements. We were shown many proofs that it was so—pieces of serpentine, half fashioned and thrown away, because they had been broken in the cutting and rendered unfit for use; split stag's-horn, also rejected; and, more affecting still, instruments that were not thrown away because of defect, but were dropped, unfinished, because of a sudden alarm; axes that lay beside the handles, into which time was not given to insert them; poniards yet unsharpened; needles or hairpins yet unpointed.

He who visits Pompeii is not so much affected by the architecture he finds there as by the signs of human life that realize the sudden destruction of the city. The woman's crouching form, impressed upon the lava that had filled a cellar, interests the heart more than hundreds of tesselated pavements. The remains fetched up from the subaqueous Pompeiis of Switzerland also produce this touching and human effect. They are more than books or oldest parchments — more than Nineveh's cuneiform inscriptions so recently (and for the first time) deciphered by Mr. Smith of the British Museum—more than all these, wherein to read how race after race of men do verily pass away, according to old Homer's deathless simile, like leaves of trees. Science, too, on such evidences of abrupt conclusions of things, is most wonderfully impelled to speculate on the wherefore of these stern closings-up of human periods. It is as if some power had grown tired of a particular creation. Strong relation here to the geology of Nature, in which the mintage of preceding eras is found suddenly to cease; the medals, indeed, laid up in the stupendous repositories of a past creation, but the die that stamped them broken forever and cast away as a thing of no account. No otherwise is it with the geology of man, with human relics subterrene or subaqueous. In the midst of their full life they were suddenly and utterly destroyed—if not by a volcano or an earthquake that ingulfs or overwhelms them, by man's own rage. Some excavations have displayed people suddenly crushed by some other people. The conquered are gone; the conquerors themselves have passed away. Similarly the Swiss lakes are now giving up their records of hasty catastrophes and nations blotted out forever. But why so sudden? Why so complete? Here the doom-book is silent.

We can only glance at later eras to be read in the contents of Professor Troyon's interesting museum. Arranged with infinite knowledge, this complete collection rises from the Age of Stone and Wood to that of Bronze, and soon to periods still remote, but which are assimilated to our own time by form and material; periods in which the luxury of the precious metals, and the beauty of gems, far from being unknown, were displayed in works of human fancy, then young and vigorous, which modern art but feebly imitates.

There is, however, one group of relics of the ante-Roman period, evidences of an event that probably occurred two centuries before Christ, which we cannot pass over in silence, since these evidences contrast most strikingly with any revelations that we obtain of the harmless, childish, and in all respects—except the poniards—peaceful people of the Lakes.

The time had grown warlike, as the bronze spear-heads and swords demonstrate. The human beings had grown larger—we could almost insinuate our hands into the inflexible bronze circle without a clasp, which was called a woman's bracelet, while a woman's bronze girdle, with clasp, gave no wasp-like idea of the women's waists of the period. Society had left the lakes, as too tame, in order to dwell in the hills and forests—living, to construct bloody altars; dying, to be buried and potted in tumuli. The relics we were now surveying came from a tumulus opened some years ago, under the direction of Professor Troyon—of course, in a forest on a hill. The hill and the forest are about five miles from Lausanne inland. The relics are three earthen pots, which are filled with calcined-looking stuff; then sundry small bones of animals; then a number of warlike implements, and a still greater number of female ornaments, consisting of glass-bead necklaces and bracelets that have an Egyptian character, and a very curious appendage like a

little bronze cage, with a round white stone loose in it—a child's rattle, in fact.

These objects were found in the following order: Lowest were the earthen pots that held all which had once been a hero or heroes. Above these came a vast assemblage of bones—supposed to be those of the warrior's favorite animals, which were slain in order that they might accompany him into Hades. At the summit of the tumulus—crowning the terrible interest—were four skeletons of females, supposed to be the warrior's four wives—also sent after him to his long home.

Concentrating the interest, we take the professor's account of the uppermost skeleton. It was that of a young female in an attitude of supplication and wild agony. The knees were bent as if she had implored for life; the arms were cast on high, as if in frantic deprecation of her fate. She had evidently been tossed upon the top of the pile, and her limbs yet retained the very posture in which she died. Then earth and stones had been thrown hastily over the corpse, to crush out the remains of life if any remains of life there were. A large stone had shattered one of her feet; another lay across her arm, the bone of which it had broken.

"Was she stoned to death?" we asked.

"No," replied the professor; "she was probably slaughtered at a stone altar, which was close to the tumulus, and in which the customary blood-basins of the heathen are still to be seen *in situ*—for the altar, as we had others of the same kind, we did not remove from its place. Besides, it was the wish of the owner of the wood that the relic should remain on his property."

"Did you preserve the skeleton?"

"I could not. It fell into a thousand pieces in being removed from the pile. But here is the young creature's skull; and you see by the teeth (beautiful, are they not?) that the poor thing was young."

We were struck by the preservation of the small and perfect teeth; and, moreover, by the fact that the skull was beautifully and intellectually formed.

"Ay!" said the professor, "it was an affecting sight to see that skeleton uncovered, telling its own poor history of two thousand years ago! Several ladies, my own wife included, who were present at the exhumation (the whole search into the tumulus took four days; and, as it excited great interest, was attended by many people), shed tears as they looked at the remains."

We felt how possible it was, even for a man, to have wept at such a drama; and the thought occurred to us: "Eras do not always rise to better things! The poor, gentle savages, on their artificial islets, would not have done the deed which the nation of the forest, capable as it was of higher arts, arms, and manufactures, so fanatically perpetrated. Was there ever a priest upon the tethered rafts of the Lakers? We find no trace of him! But here were evidently a grand sacrificator and an unexceptionable altar. Blessed be the faith which has overturned every sacrificial altar save that of the loving heart!"

STORM-FRAGMENTS.

THE storm had raved its furious soul away;
O'er its wild ruins Twilight, spectral, gray,

Stole like a nun, 'midst wounded men and slain,
Walking the bounds of some fierce battle-plain.

The ghost of thunder muttered faintly by;
While down the uttermost spaces of the sky,

Just where the sunset's glimmering verge grew pale,
The baffled winds outbreathed their dying wail!

The sombre clouds that thronged a shadowy west
Writhed, as if tortured monsters of unrest,

Whose depths the keen sheet-lightnings rent apart,
To show what fiery torment throbbed at heart!

Where raged of late the war of elements dread,
Brooded a solemn silence overhead,

Through which, beyond the cloud-strewn, heavenly field,
The moon shone gory as a warrior's shield

Dipped in the veins of many a vanquished foe;
Blood-red, I marked the wandering vapors flow

Vaguely about her, while her lurid light
Scared the vague vanguard of the shades of night;

Their banded hosts retreating wild and dim,
In shattered cohorts o'er the horizon's rim:

Yet, the broad empire of those baleful beams
Heaved with strange shapes and hues of nightmare dreams!

Here, as from cloud-born Himalayas rolled,
I saw what seemed a cataract's rush of gold,

Hurled between shores of darkness, dense and dire,
Down to a seething mountain-lake of fire;

There, dismal catacombs whose nether glooms
Yawned, to reveal their loathsome place of tombs:

Caverns of mystic depth, whence bubbling came
The blue-tinged horror of sulphureous flame;

Fragments of castles, with fresh blood besprent,
Gaunt, ruined tower, and blasted battlement—

On which, flame-clad, and tottering to their fall,
Dark eyes of frenzy flashed o'er cope and wall!

With awful ocean-spaces, limitless, grand,
Where spectral billows lashed a viewless land;

Their mountainous floods a frowning zenith kissed,
But glimpsed, at times, 'twixt folds of phantom-mist.

I viewed, as faintly touched by muffled stars,
The semblance of dead forms, on shipwrecked spars

Whirled upward, and dead faces, a white spume
Smote to false life against that turbulent gloom,

Where mournful birds, on pinions gray or dun,
Circled, methought, o'er some half-perished sun,

Whose feeble lustre, faltering upward, flings
A sad-hued radiance round their pallid wings;

Yea! all fantastic shapes of terror, wrought
'Twixt errant fancy and dream-haunted thought,

Until I seemed with Dante's soul to fly
Through new Infernos, shifted to—the sky!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THOSE among us who so earnestly deplore the dangerous tendencies of American life—the alleged decline of religion and increase of extravagance, the growing taste for luxury and display, the spread of corruption and dishonesty—commonly overlook many of the hopeful and saving conditions of our life, as well as overstate the extent and danger of the evils they lament. We have often in these pages insisted that the indictments so freely framed against American society pertain to classes rather than to the people as a whole. In a community like ours, where there are so many persons accumulating wealth and advancing in the social scale, there will always be a good deal of vulgar ostentation and extravagance, and the example of this class is with many persons undoubtedly pernicious. In periods when there is a rapid and general decline in prices, especially those that follow times of inflation and speculation, there will always be many instances of defalcation and faithless trust. Men's moral natures can withstand but a definite amount of pressure, just as their physical powers have an absolute limit of strain; and hence, in all transitional periods, whenever men are subjected to unusual temptations, or pressed by unusual disasters, an increased number of persons will be found to prove untrustworthy. But these instances, numerous as they may be, scarcely represent the real temper, tone, or character of the community—they represent only that speculative, reckless, unprincipled class that are found everywhere, and which so long as they prosper are little heard of, but who inevitably in reactionary crises are sure to go to the wall, both pecuniarily and morally. In the United States this speculative class is large, conspicuous, and, in a measure, dangerous, but to the great majority of people they are a warning rather than an example.

There is one characteristic of our people that should be considered by those who watch the signs of the times with so much apprehension. This is their elasticity, the readiness with which they abandon erroneous ideas, their quickness to perceive the evils that arise from any specific course of action. At bottom we are a practical, sagacious, reasonable community. That order must be maintained, property rendered secure, laws administered, and the general well-being of society preserved, are axioms deeply rooted in every American mind. The multitude may have erroneous ideas of finance, may indulge in a bitter denunciation of capitalists, may dream of an Arcadia for work-people, may cherish for a time the notion that legislatures can so regulate things that wealth shall be distributed with a more even hand, but these theories would quickly give way with the great mass if they were found to lead to anarchy or any form of insecurity. The political movements of the times look, doubtless, very dangerous to many cautious and conservative people, but it must be remembered that these movements are really prompted by a passionate purpose on the part of the multitude to better their condition, and that wrong or impracticable as many of their theories are, they are adhered to because they are believed to be wise and just, and hence they are sure to be disarmed of their dangerous features by the sober sense of the community, should they ever come into practical operation. The errors of these people are not, moreover, to be overcome by denunciation or bitterness, but rather dispassionate argument. It is the fashion, for instance, in many newspapers to either sneer at or intemperately denounce all paper-money schemes and advocates. This exhibition of bad temper usually does nothing more than create a suspicion that those who display it are not wholly disinterested in their utterances. If the mistakes of these theorists were met with just and candid arguments, some good might be done; as it is, the course of the advocates of "hard money" is well calculated to do their cause more harm than good. It is well, in connection with the currency question, to remember that, in the case of the Silver law passed last winter, neither the predictions of its enemies nor the expectations of its friends have been verified.

We may rest in confidence that the wild vagaries of the day will for the most part go off into air; but are we, it may be asked, to be ceaselessly subjected to disturbances of this kind? Must the community be always in a state of agitation about currency, the rights of labor, the distribution of wealth, and kindred themes? Must there always be warfare between classes, and always the danger of a dominant power likely to be agrarian and destructive? Is there no way to settle principles and permanently fix our national and social policy? We think there is, but, most unfortunately, those who are most disturbed by the present mutterings and agitations have no clear idea of the method by which the spirits that threaten us may be exorcised. Now, just so long as it is generally assumed that government has some sort of occult parental authority over affairs; that its function is to give protection to industry, provide means for education, nurture the arts, aid science and literature, regulate the hours of labor and the rates of wages, furnish money, support enterprises of any kind, so long will there exist organizations and schemes designed to seize upon and direct this vast power to special ends. The sole remedy against them is in simplifying government, in rigidly limiting its functions and powers, in restricting or deposing the power which these schemes are attempting to control. If there could prevail through the length and breadth of the land a wise distrust of all government, if people everywhere realized that in every country and in every age the powers that rule have invariably worked mischief except when limited to purely police functions, that the sole business of the state is to maintain peace and administer justice, there would soon be an end to the agitations that now seem so portentous of evil. But if manufacturers struggle to manipulate tariffs to their own profit, if merchants

are ever clamoring at Washington for subsidies to further their enterprises, if men of science are busy with schemes that involve national aid, if writers and artists complain that government pap does not enrich them, if colleges and institutions of all kinds are ever restlessly intriguing for congressional endowments, if railway-companies take possession of congressional lobbies in the pursuit of favorable legislation, if we see every interest trying to manipulate the government to its own ends, is it at all surprising that the work-people should follow this instruction, and believe that laws can and should be made to foster their interests? How are we to expect the great working mass to withhold their hands when they see all the rest of the world struggling to get at the governmental paps? We need a radical upturning and revolution of public thought. We need a party the creed of which shall be, few laws and little government, the subordination of the state, and its exclusion from everything not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of order. There will be no peace for us until such a party arises and succeeds in inoculating the whole people with its doctrines. If we go on as we do, every decade will bring up its fresh issues, its new plans for impracticable things, its new threatenings and dangers. Teach the people that under the true ideal of a democratic government there should be the utmost freedom of exertion, absolute choice of vocation, the most unobstructed right to employ one's talents or resources in the way that suits him best—that he may buy without governmental tax or interference as he lists, sell as he lists, manufacture as he lists, come and go as he lists, adhere to what faith he lists, and that the sole restriction upon him would be to respect the rights in others that he exercises for himself; that the sole purpose of government being to provide that he shall not be molested in his buying, selling, manufacturing, coming and going, believing, or doing, everything else it attempts is sure in the end to prove a downright evil. With a wide-spread conviction of this character, we should secure to ourselves exemption from the turpitudes and dangers that now beset us.

THERE is one striking fact about the Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, or by whatever name it may be called, with which many believe we are threatened, that is worth noting. This is, that it flourishes really only in despotic countries, and soon languishes and withers whenever it comes in contact with real liberty. In a free country there is really no substantial food on which such fanaticism, bred in discontent, and nourished by oppression, can support its existence. In the United States it is producing, for the moment, a sort of yellow-fever epidemic among people out of work, and therefore in a state of discontent. But it is essentially ephemeral in a country where there is equality before the law, where there is no class oppression, or heavy administrative despotism weighing down upon the mass. It is likely, as we are already beginning to see, to waste itself in wind and words. The average American is too well aware of the ample protection which the laws afford him, the ample opportunity he has "to get on," and the danger to his own material well-being from any serious overturning, to listen long or calmly to the wild theories of the Socialist and Communist. This is a land where, happily, it is only the very few who have not "a stake in the country;" the men who have no property to save, no family to cherish, are rare. Were there real, serious, seated grievances; were the people ruled, and taxed, and conscripted, without reference to their own desires or opinions, Socialism might find a foundation whence to work a great deal of mischief. As it is, the fever will doubtless pass, and leave us still grounded on the substantial basis of orderly government.

The fact that such theories or violences as those of the Socialist can only thrive or become formidable when the people are really oppressed by unjust and arbitrary powers above and independent of them, is strongly illustrated by the change that has taken place in France during the past eight years. Socialism flourished and was to be feared under the second empire. It shook the throne of Napoleon III., who recognized in it his most inveterate and perhaps most potent adversary. The people then had a real grievance. They were ground down by taxes they did not vote; they were governed capriciously without regard to their will; they were plunged into war without their consent; they were overridden by a great, corrupt, extravagant administrative machine, the movements of which they were quite powerless to control. All this was so much nourishing food for Socialism, which grew and threatened, and, after the fall of the empire, had become strong enough to seize and hold Paris, and long defy the veteran army of France. Eight years of republican liberty have changed all this. Only the other day, M. de Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, declared in a speech that there was no country more free from the dangers of Socialism than France. Liberty came and Socialism dwindled. The grievance on which it thrived was taken away. In England, Socialism has never flourished or become formidable. It is in the two most despotic countries in Europe—in Germany and Russia—that Socialism has become a real and increasing danger. In both it works by the dark methods of conspiracy and assassination. The Emperor William was twice shot at by Socialists within a fortnight. Two of the chief police officials of Russia were murdered by Nihilist emissaries within a few weeks of each other. In Germany it is found necessary to pass a law that suppresses the freedom of meeting and of the press, solely because the Socialists are so numerous, so dangerous, so secret, and so murderous. In Russia, the offenses of Nihilists are to be tried by the short, summary jurisdiction of military tribunals. What makes Socialism the more to be feared in both empires is, that it is not confined to the proletariat, to the lower classes, nor is it led only by coarse demagogues. Among its ranks are to be found nobles and professors, women of rank and education, lawyers, doctors, and even, in Russia at least, government officials. Working in the most impenetrable secrecy, with a network of organization throughout the empire, it may

well be looked upon with dread, even by potentates who have at their command an army of police and of spies, and who are able to apply their power with the rapidity and precision of military methods.

LAST month we had something to say about the significance of names and the effect they have upon the association of ideas. It is remarkable, indeed, what influence names often have upon the mind. How quickly they recall pleasant or unpleasant sensations! The name of one we have loved and lost, recurring after the lapse of years, produces a profound emotion. We are always prepared to like a stranger of whom we hear that he or she bears the same name as an old sweetheart or friend. On the other hand, the name of one whom we have disliked for any reason always grates at first upon the ear. A mere name will often vividly recall scenes long left behind, and even forgotten; just as does a strain of music, or a peculiar perfume, or the sight of some structure. Juliet's query, "What's in a name?" is answered by an indefinable though universal sentiment. There is sometimes that in a name which makes or prevents the making of a reputation, seizes or misses a chance in life. In art, politics, or letters, for example, a name is not seldom a powerful aid, or an equally powerful drawback. It must be difficult for a man named Smith to win fame; and, when we find a famous Smith, we are prone to credit him with having subdued one more obstacle in his path than most people have to do. But a name that is quaint or sounds oddly must help its bearer along the road to reputation. Shakespeare could hardly have avoided attracting notice when he presented himself to the public as a writer or actor of plays, by reason of his curious patronymic; and Cruikshank's name to a clever etching must have at once drawn attention to him. A curious illustration of the effect of a name, even upon minds the most prosaic and practical, occurred recently in a London police-court. A man who answered to the name of "Joseph Grimaldi" was brought before the magistrate charged with being found in "the third degree of drink." The case was clearly proved; but the magistrate hesitated. The familiar appellation had struck him, and, addressing the prisoner, he said: "You bear a famous name, and it is a pity that any one bearing it should bring discredit upon it. We most of us remember things in connection with the celebrated man who had the same name; and you can go!" The genial, childlike, inimitable clown of fifty years ago would surely have been gratified, could he have been conscious of it, at this testimony of his survival in the tender memory of a later generation, and might have exclaimed that, after all, fame is more than a mere "delusion of the imagination." Nor was he, who was worthy to have a biographer in Dickens, unworthy of this mark of respect to his memory; for Joseph Grimaldi, in his time, did as much to drive dull care away from the London heart as any man that lived.

Of course, the sentiment which so suddenly blossomed out of the law-laden, magisterial heart might be carried too far. It would not do to acquit an embezzling John Howard, or a burglarious Milton, or a murderer who chanced to bear the name of Chesterfield; nor, on the other hand, would justice be done if a Titus Oates were convicted without evidence, or a Jonathan Wild consigned to Portland Prison because of his unfortunate cognomen. It has been related by a noted traveler that "in Greece the visitor becomes accustomed to having Pericles for a groom and Clytemnestra for a kitchen-maid;" and every time a famous name is thus found serving baser uses he who remembers the historic bearer of it can scarcely avoid feeling something like a shock. This feeling is turned to humorous account sometimes by our newspapers, which find some wit in remarking that "George Washington was yesterday convicted of stealing a pumpkin in Fulton Market," or that "John Milton was arrested in Oshkosh as a tramp." The importance of getting rid of an uncouth name, and assuming a well-sounding one, is betrayed by the frequent applications to exchange one for the other made to the State Legislatures. New cities and towns, despite the manifest convenience of having a uniform system of naming streets, frequently pay their homage to the sentiment and beauty there are in names by labeling their thoroughfares with a poetic and picturesque variety of appellations. The time of naming an infant is, with most families, a rather momentous crisis, and often the desire to name a child after some venerated ancestor or beloved relative is abandoned because the ancestor's or relative's name is unprepossessing, and a pleasantly-sounding name is substituted. Why should a boy be named Ichabod or Aaron when there are such names as Charles, Walter, and Alexander; or a girl be known as Keziah when she might be Grace or Mary? Thus it is that people, often being scarcely conscious of it, render homage to the significance of that mere word or sound—a name.

THE visit of a foreigner of cultivation and kindly instincts to this country is always something more than a merely social event. Especially is this so if the visitor exercises, by reason of his wisdom and position, a broad influence over the thoughts and opinions of his own countrymen. Acquaintanceship between nations, as between individuals, is a very powerful means of producing appreciation, amity, and concord. It may be said that with every Englishman of culture, accurate observation, and social influence, who comes to this country, the gross misconceptions with which Americans have been regarded in England are lessened. Charles Lamb, when asked on one occasion if he liked a certain man, replied, "No." "But do you know him?" "No, you dunce; for, if I did, I should like him." Now, every such visitor as we have described acts in his sphere as an authoritative introducer between the two nations; and the more wide-spread his influence, and the more fair and accurate his judgment of men and things, the more effect his introduction has. In this light the trip of Dean Stanley, of Westminster, to the United States, however private and merely recreative he may intend to make it, is a gratifying event. The dean is already well known in this country as one of England's most accomplished scholars,

most liberal theologians, and most effective teachers. By family, education, and surroundings, aristocratic, and in breeding and culture one of the highest and best types of English scholarship and gentlemanliness, Dean Stanley has yet always been alive to keenly popular movements and wants, and has deeply interested himself in all the events and tendencies that go to make up the progress of his age. He has been especially conspicuous for the deep interest he has taken in the culture and aspirations of young men; and his teachings have done very much to sustain among young Englishmen a high moral and intellectual standard. It is something, too, which it is well worth while for Americans to remember, that, being one of the most eminent of the aristocratic circle of the West End and the court, having his principal associations with the nobility, which, with few exceptions, were hostile to us, Dean Stanley was from first to last an ardent well-wisher and advocate of the Union cause.

We need not expect or wish that this distinguished scholar should, after the manner of Dickens, Trollope, and Dixon, sit down on his return in his historic study at Westminster, and write off his "impressions" of America; but we may be sure that, having observed us with the eye of a kindly and most intelligent critic, his judgment of us will be authoritative among a class that has misjudged us much, and will have its use in extending the acquaintance of the two countries. Besides the influence thus exerted by liberal-minded and well-observing Englishmen who come hither, each one who comes sets a fashion of coming. Others will follow, and will carry home their stories of the vigor, spirit, enterprise, rapid growth, and real culture, of American life. Englishmen are beginning to find out, as Americans did long ago, that a voyage across the Atlantic is, after all, a trifling trip. It looks less formidable every year. One no longer settles up his affairs as if he were going into distant and unknown regions, and amid mysterious perils. He decides on the voyage twenty-four hours before starting, packs his valise, and "takes a run across." There are many Americans who cross the Atlantic every summer for their vacation, as they used to go to Saratoga or the Adirondacks. So it is fast becoming "the thing" for eminent or titled Britons to run over either to lecture, or to take a jaunt to Niagara and Newport, or to seek a more lordly sport in the free Western wilds than the moors of Scotland or the fens of Lincolnshire afford. The more who come the better; for, although we may be quite independent of spiteful, unfriendly, and ignorant criticism, it is better to be friends with other people than coolly indifferent with them; and to have ourselves truthfully rather than erroneously reported to them.

SINCE the days when the old black-letter gave way to the form of type now in use, but few changes have been made in the art of book-making. The paper-makers have found the means of glazing and bleaching paper, and improved machinery has greatly reduced the cost of its production; the type-makers have varied the face of type, securing greater elegance and delicacy of form; steam has rendered it possible to produce impressions with lightning-like rapidity, and the invention of stereotyping and electrotyping has enabled the printer to duplicate his book-pages with slight additions of cost. But, while numerous and important improvements have been made in the details of printing, no definite change has been made in it as an art. Movable types are still used; impressions consist of blackened letters upon a surface of white or slightly-tinted paper; and the form of a book when bound is nearly identically the same that it was when printed volumes first came into circulation. But an ingenious gentleman of Georgia now sends us several suggestions that, if carried out, would fairly revolutionize the art in a breath. His propositions are certainly original; they are eminently ingenious; they are radical and revolutionary; shall we venture to say they are wholly impracticable? He is a bold man who, in these days, dares to confidentially predict what will or will not come to pass. We will, therefore, let the reader draw his own conclusions both as to the practicability and desirability of our correspondent's suggestions. Here is his letter:

WASHINGTON, GA., *September* 7, 1878.

Editor of Appletons' Journal.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to recommend, through the columns of your journal, some changes in the present method of printing that have suggested themselves to me as being worthy of some consideration. In the first place, it is well known that a great deal depends on the get-up of a book, for its popularity, in respect to size of type and interlineal space, and also in respect to the length of the lines, the narrow, double-column pages of your journal being more favorable to easy reading than the long-lined, single-column page. I would propose that the letters be printed by blackening the space, so that the letter be white rather than black, as at present printed, and over the whole page a greenish light varnish may be laid on, or the paper tinted green, to relieve the eye of fatigue that arises from too constant inspection of a white, glittering surface. Another suggestion is that the paper for fine books be saturated with some odorous drug as it comes out of the vat, to give it a pleasant fragrance. Many cheap, odorous substances may be used for this purpose. All confirmed bookworms, being well acquainted with the pleasant smell of old volumes, may appreciate the value of this suggestion. Thus it would follow from this proposed custom of printing that a library-room would breathe of the flavors of spices and pressed flowers instead of being, as now, redolent of printers' ink and leather bindings. Another improvement in regard to the subject of book-making might be to have the sheets of which the book-pages are composed made of a fluted, long sheet, folded like a fan, one side being printed, so as to be read without cutting the pages, and when this has been perused the other side may be read by unclamping the paper, and reversing the outer and inner edges, the book of folded paper being held in its binding by means of a metallic clamp or springy back. This would enable the book-maker to dispense with thread and paste, and at the same time lessen the labor of book-making, thereby cheapening books. It may be mentioned, finally, that the eyes of readers may be relieved of fatigue from the glitter of some paper by placing upon the book-page a thin sheet of glass tinted green or blue. ROBERT TOOMBS, M. D.

Books of the Day.

HAVING already in a previous number of the JOURNAL sketched Mr. Stanley's journeyings through and across Africa, and summarized his geographical discoveries, we need not undertake more in connection with his recently-published book[1] than to indicate its merits as a piece of literary work. It should be said at the start, however, that no mere outline of his journeys and discoveries can give an adequate conception of what Stanley has actually done for science. That he has solved nearly all the doubtful questions regarding the great lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, penetrated the very heart of the "dark continent," and finally settled the ages-old problem concerning the sources and course of both the Nile and the Congo—these great achievements would furnish a more than sufficient basis for a world-wide and lasting fame; but, if he had solved no single one of the vexed questions of geography, his book would still be invaluable for the information which it contains concerning the countries, peoples, languages, customs, productions, fauna and flora, geology, meteorology, and scenery, of Equatorial Africa. Indeed, the copiousness, minuteness, and variety, of the information conveyed in every chapter, and on nearly every page, frequently render one forgetful for the time of the larger issues involved in the exploration, and the heroism and dauntlessness of purpose with which they are being pursued. Every incident, every detail, every fact, which is reported to him, or which falls under his own observation, even the changing aspects of Nature, are set down with the precision and exactness of a military report; and it is fatiguing merely to think of the constant mental alertness and strain of attention, to say nothing of the physical labor, which such a record represents. Though without the scientific training of several of his predecessors, it may be confidently affirmed that no previous African explorer has ever brought back with him such a quantity and variety of data regarding the geographical position, physical geography, altitude, climate, products, geology, and ethnology, of the various localities visited. Even the numerous illustrations which the volumes contain are mostly from photographs and drawings made by Stanley on the spot; and the admirable maps are understood to be little more than amplifications of the charts with which he had filled many pages of his note-book. And the wonder of all this is not fully realized until we reflect that all this information was gathered and recorded in the very midst of labors, dangers, difficulties, losses, sufferings, and responsibilities, such as would amply justify any man in postponing everything to the one object of preserving his own life and the lives of the confiding and helpless creatures whose safety depended upon his sagacity, watchfulness, and fortitude.

Another important feature in which the ampler narrative possesses a decided advantage over any possible abstract of it—even the explorer's own, as contributed to the journals which commissioned him to the enterprise—is the more favorable and attractive light in which it places Stanley's character and conduct. Considered in view of all the facts as now given, the charge that he acted aggressively toward the natives, and caused needless bloodshed, is utterly discredited. It is true that he records many "battles," and that he literally fought his way across a considerable portion of the continent; but there is not the slightest evidence that he participated in any conflict which he could avoid without abandoning the objects of the expedition, and imperiling the lives of those whom he was peculiarly bound to protect. No doubt it is possible, and even probable, that the accounts of his collisions with the natives have been somewhat dressed over with a view to meeting this charge; but there is an unmistakable kindliness of feeling throughout the narrative which could not be simulated for a purpose, and which is very different from what one would naturally expect of a truculent captain, impatient of obstacles and ready at any moment for an appeal to arms. The success of the expedition, however, and the record of its losses, is the most conclusive bit of evidence. The loss of fifty-eight men, women, and children, by "battle and murder" during three years' wanderings through Africa, part of the time among the fiercest and most savage tribes of the entire continent, some of them armed with guns, cannot be said to indicate an excessive indulgence in hostilities; and the battle of Bumbireh Island, which has been made the special ground of complaint, appears to have been fought purely and solely in self-defense, though Stanley's was nominally the attacking party. In fact, the only substantial ground for the charge is that Stanley would not, like Livingstone and Cameron, allow his expedition to be thwarted by the threats or even the attacks of savages whose countries happened to lie on the line of his march, and whose only provocation to hostilities toward him was that he was a stranger, and that his people were few. In this, certain tender-hearted humanitarians will doubtless consider him to blame; but it should be frankly admitted that if every explorer were actuated by the motives which seem to have determined the course of Lieutenant Cameron at Nyangwé, the source of the Nile would have remained forever the impenetrable mystery which has baffled geographers for two thousand years and more.

Coming now to the literary quality of the book, the least observant reader will hardly fail to remark in it a decided improvement in manner as well as matter over the author's "How I found Livingstone." The consciousness of really great achievements—the consciousness, too, of possessing the qualities by which those achievements were rendered possible—has apparently had a sobering and elevating effect upon the whole tone of Stanley's thought and feeling; and the reader of the present work will lay it aside with a much kindlier feeling toward the author as well as a much heartier sentiment of respect for him. There is in it scarcely a touch of that uneasy self-assertion and aggressive egotism which marred if it did not spoil his earlier work; and most readers will be even more charmed with its variety of incident and adventure, and its graphic, spirited, lively, and picturesque style, than with its teeming abundance of information. Merely as a piece of literary workmanship, no previous or subsequent record of African discovery has quite equaled Captain Burton's "Lake Regions of Central Africa;" but, taken as a whole—considering the interest of its narrative, the extent of the field which it covers, the importance of the discoveries which it records, and the variety and exactness of its information—"Through the Dark Continent" is the best book of its kind that has thus far been produced.

[1] Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty woodcuts. New York: Harper & Brothers. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. 522, 566.

In his study of what he terms "The Origins of Contemporary France," M. Taine has now reached the most difficult as well as the most interesting portion of his work. In "The Ancient Régime," with the portrayal of which his task began, he had to deal with stereotyped and easily-distinguished social forms, with the orderly, natural, and logical progress of events, with a nation and people agitated, it is true, with the first throes of a gigantic political and social upheaval, but still recognizing the ties which bind men together in societies, and presenting to the casual observer a brilliant if deceptive appearance of strength and stability; in the "Revolution," of which the first volume has just been issued,[1] he has to portray a society which, as he says, has succumbed not to *revolution* but to *dissolution*, in which the ordinary sequences of cause and effect seem to be suspended, in which we behold the spectacle of a great social structure, the slow growth of centuries, resolved into its original elements, and the passions of the savage raging around the noblest and most venerable monuments of civilization.

In his survey of the Revolutionary period, M. Taine pursues the same method as that which he applied to the delineation of the Ancient Régime; and readers who can recall our notice of the earlier work will gain from it a sufficiently accurate idea of the character and quality of the present one. Discarding the commonly-accepted authorities, and the whole body of historical doctrine based upon them, M. Taine addresses himself directly to the original and contemporary sources of information—to the gazettes and newspaper files, the public and private memoirs, the letters and journals of travelers, and above all to the vast mass of manuscript documents preserved in the State Archives, and comprising the correspondence and reports of prefects, directors, farmers-general, commissioners of excise, magistrates, military officers, ecclesiastics, employés, and public and private persons of every kind and every degree. "Among these," says the author, "are men of every rank, profession, education, and party. They are distributed by hundreds and thousands over the whole surface of the territory. They write apart, without being able to consult each other, and without even knowing each other. No one is so well placed for collecting and transmitting accurate information. None of them seek literary effect, or even imagine that what they write will ever be published. They draw up their statement at once, under the direct impression of local events. Testimony of this character, of the highest order, and at first hand, provides the means by which all other testimony ought to be verified. The footnotes at the bottom of the pages indicate the name, condition, office, and dwelling-place, of those decisive witnesses. For greater certainty I have transcribed as often as possible their own words. In this way the reader, confronting the texts, can interpret them for himself, and form his own opinions; he will have the same documents as myself for arriving at conclusions, and, if he is pleased to do so, he will conclude otherwise." Herein, indeed, consists the chief merit of M. Taine's work—it is a compilation at first hand from original and authentic documents, many of which are so important and instructive that it seems as if the real history of the Revolution has been hitherto unpublished. No previous writer has succeeded in giving us so close and intimate a view of the Revolutionary period, enabling us to contemplate as it were by actual vision the condition and sufferings of the people, their blind throes of agony under the grinding weight of taxation and tyranny, their sudden awakening to the consciousness of power, their rude bursting of all the bonds that had hitherto held together the social fabric, the rapid predominance of the lowest and most violent elements of the populace, and the terrific rush from a state of feudal oppression to the wildest excesses of anarchical license.

It should be said in qualification, however, that the book has all the defects of its qualities. It is a truly marvelous product of laborious industry combined with penetrating insight and the highest literary skill; but it is the raw material of history rather than history itself, and the mind is bewildered and finally revolted by the infinite accumulation of details which illustrate no principle and lead to no formulated conclusion. As every judge and advocate knows, there is a point at which the mere cumulation and multiplication of evidence ceases to be of any use; but after M. Taine has proved, confirmed, established, and demonstrated a fact or proposition until no reader would dream of questioning it, he still goes on through page after page, crammed with details as compactly as a pocket-dictionary with words. The result is, that the reader loses the capacity either to retain or to discriminate; and after the first hundred pages or so, each successive chapter seems but a repetition with minor variations of what has gone before. In the present case, moreover, the steady and monotonous marshaling and classification of facts is relieved by very few of those brilliant, almost spectacular, descriptive passages which contributed a literary or rhetorical charm to the other attractions of "The Ancient Régime." The sentiment is colder, the tone more cynical, the style more severe, and the grouping less artistic. In our notice of "The Ancient Régime," we compared it to one of those wonderful mosaics in which rich and picturesque general effects are produced by the harmonious aggregation and arrangement of almost infinitesimal particles. In the present case, the mosaic assumes the rigid outlines of geometrical figures rather than the more pleasing forms of Nature or the imagination.

Without being in any sense what is called a great novel, "Mag,"[1] one of the recent issues in Harper's "Library of American Fiction," possesses qualities which lift it quite above the level of the ordinary stories of the day. For one thing, it is wholly removed from the conventional type both in plot and in characterization. Love-making, courtship, and marriage, play a very insignificant part in it; the customary avenues by which novelists usually seek to approach the sympathies of their readers are either avoided or ignored; and polite society will be apt to be slightly shocked by the manner in which its standards and prejudices are repudiated. The heroine of the story is a dissipated and reckless Irish girl, with one of those abnormally violent tempers which keep their unfortunate possessors in almost perpetual collision with their kind, and which carry with them the possibilities of fathomless degradation and crime. When first introduced to the reader, she is soliciting alms for the means of crossing a ferry, having just expended her last cent in the purchase of a pair of shoes, which she is carrying to her boy Johnnie, of whose origin, perhaps, she could give no precise account, but for the sake of visiting whom she has run away from her place and mistress. At the next stage we find her raging like a caged wild animal

[1] The Origins of Contemporary France. The French Revolution. Volume I. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D. C. L. Translated by John Durand. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, pp. 356.

[1] Harper's Library of American Fiction. No. 4. Mag: A Story of To-Day. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 122.

in a jail, to which she has been committed for being drunk and disorderly, and for ferociously assaulting the magistrate; and from this point almost to the end, her career is that of the habitual "jail-bird," sinking rapidly from one deep of degradation to another, until at last she has lost even that passionate affection for her child which at best was but the animal instinct of maternity. Finally, she is rescued, after many efforts, by the compassionate sympathy and ministrations of a young lady, who, brought in contact with her by a series of accidents or coincidences, has been the reluctant witness of her downward progress; but the attempt to reform her is only so far successful that when she is killed by an accidental fall, we experience a sense of relief in the thought that she was called to the judgment-seat while her feet were groping toward the light, instead of staggering as usual along the broad highway of debauchery and sin. Even Nancy Sykes would be a much nearer approach to the conventional type of heroine than Mag; and yet the interest and even sympathies of the reader are very powerfully enlisted in her behalf, and there is no faintest suspicion of that taint of vulgarity and moral repulsiveness with which such a person and such associations are apt to be accompanied.

The narrative of Mag's career, indeed, is the sermon by which the author endeavors to enforce the text that our jails, as usually conducted, are agencies for the propagation of crime and criminals rather than for the abatement of the one and the reform of the other. This is the real aim and *motif* of the book, so that "Mag" is what is called "a story with a moral;" but it is wholly free from the dullness and the fantastic Utopianism which commonly characterize such stories. The character of Mag, merely as a piece of psychological portraiture, is well worthy of study, and her very difficult personality and surroundings are managed with surprising skill and delicacy. Nor is it only in the case of Mag that the character-painting is well done. Many figures flit across the pages—many more, in fact, than are at all necessary to the movement and coherence of the story—but each one assumes a distinct individuality, and acts naturally and intelligibly. A sentence or two, an anecdote, or a bit of dramatic dialogue, is all the author requires for outlining a personality, and her characters seldom degenerate into types or lay-figures. The sketches of negro life and character, which form a conspicuous feature of the book, are full of humor, and, though somewhat exaggerated, never lose their *vraisemblance*. The least successful portions of the story are those in which the author attempts to work within the conventional lines—the love-passages between Bertie and Albert, for instance; but even these are up to the average, and "Mag" exhibits a versatility of resource which, if the author can shake off the idea that she has a "mission," is full of promise for the future.

In the case of Paul Heyse the rich promise of his short stories and magazine sketches has reached an ample fulfillment in his novel "In Paradise."[1] Since the publication of Auerbach's "On the Heights," no finer or riper product of the German imagination has claimed the attention of English readers than is to be found in this intense, picturesque, original, and opulent story; and we can hardly be mistaken in predicting that it will obtain for its author a reputation as high if a popularity less extensive. Already, in Germany, it has been accepted as one of the masterpieces and classics of contemporary fiction; and in the exceptionally excellent English version in which it now appears, less than usual seems to have been lost of the qualities which have elicited for the original work the enthusiastic admiration of those best able to judge of the fidelity of its character-studies, the truthfulness of its social pictures, and the harmony and appropriateness of its local coloring.

"In Paradise" is a story of artist-life, and takes its rather enigmatic title from a club of Munich artists, which has been formed by a select circle of congenial spirits on the theory that it is possible even in the midst of this world to throw off the hypocrisy of society and return once more to a state of innocence—to substitute for the constraint, and conventionality, and Philistinism of ordinary life a social state in which each man shall act out his own individuality, and reveal himself as he really is. The opportunity thus afforded for depicting Bohemian artist-life, as it may be called, is very happily availed of by the author; and by those best capable of judging, the picture is pronounced a very faithful and vivid one. After all, however, the Paradise Club plays only a subordinate part in the story, and is used by the author chiefly as a medium for bringing together his leading characters and establishing their perspective and social *milieu*. These characters are all thoroughly fresh and original types, without being in the slightest degree *bizarre* or exaggerated; and, in spite of their remoteness from the conventional figures of society and the fiction-writers, have a natural air and a distinct individualism about them which convince the reader that they correspond to real existences, and are not mere creatures of the novelist's imagination. A more picturesque, amusing, and original figure than that of Herr Rosenbusch, the romantic battle-painter, verse-writer, and lady-killer, has not lately been introduced to the jaded public of novel-readers; and the half-hoiden, half-sprite, Zenz, has an archness, and vivacity, and *spirituelle* grace which are French rather than German or English. Not less pleasing if less piquant is the quaint, homely little figure of the portrait and flower painter, Angelica, whose enthusiasm for art is tempered by a genuine woman's instinct for the gentle amenities of domestic life, and whose fantastic humor and biting wit but thinly disguise a thoroughly tender and affectionate nature; and Kohle, Schoepf, Schnetz, and Rossel, types of the sharply contrasted but mutually attractive personalities which meet on this neutral ground of Bohemia, are effectively discriminated and individualized. Nor, if the author prefers the ampler field for his talent afforded by this artist-Bohemia, does he show a less familiarity with other and more conventional social circles. At several points, and through more than one leading character, his "Paradise" is linked with what may be termed high life above and low life below stairs; and the careful limning bestowed upon his favorite group is hardly more effective than the sharp chiseling and bold strokes with which the others are outlined. The canvas, indeed, is as crowded with various and diverse figures as one of Herr Rosenbusch's battle-pieces; and not the least impressive feature of the book is the skill with which the author discriminates, and realizes to the imagination, so many individuals and such numerous types of character. The only persons who lack this definition of form are the hero and heroine (Jansen, the sculptor, and Julie, his betrothed): and these are intentionally placed in a sort of inner sanctuary of genius and ideal beauty, into which the author himself is reluctant to pry too curiously.

The plot of the story is ingenious and intricate without being complicated, and the interest expands and

[1] In Paradise. A Novel. From the German of Paul Heyse. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. XII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. 322, 391.

deepens to the end. The style is wonderfully copious and picturesque, and the entire book exhibits an opulence of knowledge and intellectual resource which stimulates the intellect as much as the story stirs the emotions. One can obtain from it a profounder insight into the true principles and aims of art than from whole libraries of special treatises, and the artist-life of the time, or of any time, has never been portrayed with a more ardent sympathy or a higher literary skill. No recent story will be found to possess so fresh and original a charm; and though the book is long, few readers will reach the end without a feeling of regret that so keen an enjoyment is over.

In the popular estimate, which would not differ widely from that of the critics, no later stories of Bret Harte's have quite equaled in freshness of topic and vigor of treatment those earliest ones which so rapidly carried his name and fame wherever the English language is spoken or English literature admired. He has never descended quite to the commonplace level of the conventional story-tellers; but there was a time when it really seemed that in both prose and poetry he had exhausted the original fount of his inspiration, and could do little more than repeat his themes with slight variations. That his genius was not extinguished, however, but only suffering from a temporary eclipse, was proved by occasional brilliant gleams of the old light, and is demonstrated anew by the latest collection of his stories, entitled "Drift from Two Shores,"[1] and containing some of his very best and most artistic work. Most of the contents of the volume have already appeared in one or other of the magazines; but the impression of the author's power, and especially of his variety of resource, is greatly increased by reading them together where the effect of contrast and comparison is brought out.

Of the two divisions of the book, it is evident that the first, containing stories and sketches of far-Western life, is much the best; but when we come to the particular stories, it is not so easy to decide. "The Man on the Beach" is in a vein somewhat different from that usually worked by the author in his Western studies; but it exhibits the old skill and vividness of delineation, and will take its place among the score or so of Bret Harte's stories upon which popular favor has set its seal. "Two Saints of the Foot-Hills" is more in the author's usual style, though not in his happiest, since its motive is satirical instead of sympathetic, and plays upon a lower key of feeling than is touched by his better stories and poems. "Jinny" is one of those inimitable studies of animal character in which Bret Harte's peculiar humor and his faculty of acute observation appear in almost their most pleasing form; and "A Ghost of the Sierras" has a dramatic intensity of interest which renders the reader indifferent to its melodramatic action and its somewhat obtrusive artifice of construction. "Who was my Quiet Friend?" and "Roger Catron's Friend" are excellent stories of the usual Bret Harte type; and "The Hoodlum Band, by Jack Whackaway," belongs to the series of "Condensed Novels," in which Bret Harte may be fairly said to have surpassed Thackeray, the hitherto recognized master in this field. "The Hoodlum Band" is not one of the best of the series as a literary performance, but it makes a murderous assault upon a too prevalent type of cheap juvenile literature, and may contribute to rectify one of the undoubted evils of the time.

The second division of the book contains sketches of Eastern (American) life and manners, and is altogether of a slighter texture than the one devoted to Western life; yet some of the sketches are exceedingly happy, and all have a certain vivacity of style which makes them very easy reading. Particularly good are "The Man from Solano," "My Friend, the Tramp," and "The Man whose Yoke was not easy;" but comparisons are indeed odious when instituted between things which are all so well calculated to afford pleasure, and it is sufficient to say that in placing "Drift from Two Shores" on the shelf beside the collection containing "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and its companion-pieces, the reader will feel that the expectations aroused by the one have not been disappointed in the other.

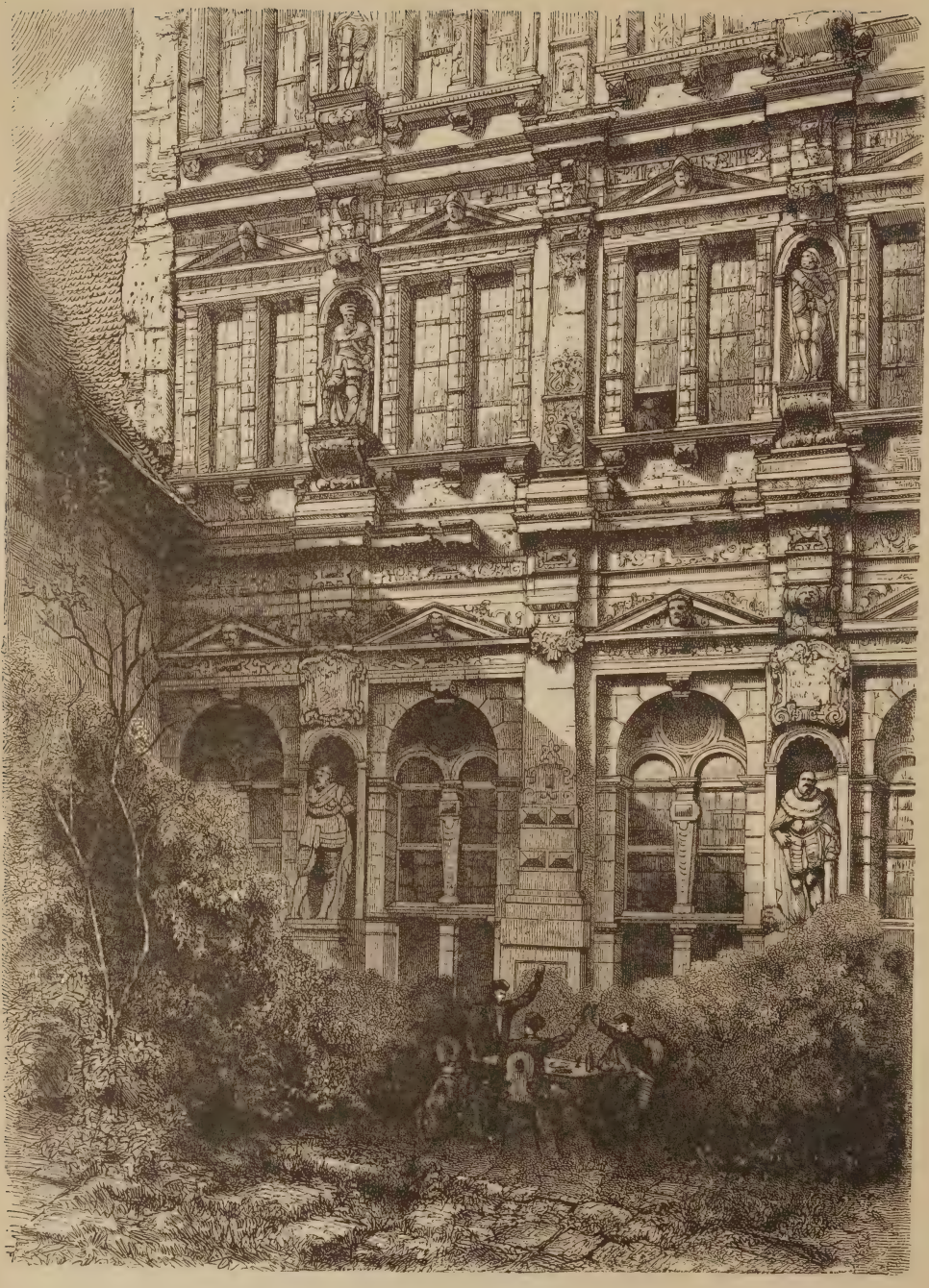
[1] Drift from Two Shores. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Little-Classic style, pp. 266.

Among the many schemes for the entertainment and instruction of juvenile readers, none of recent date seems to afford a fairer promise of usefulness than Mr. George M. Towle's "Young Folks' Heroes of History," of which the initial volume has just been published.[1] "The aim of the series," says Mr. Towle, in his preface, "is to present, in as interesting a way as the author may be able, the true and exciting stories of some famous voyagers and discoverers whose names are not unfamiliar to young people, but whose deeds and adventures are less well known to relate truthfully the romantic and thrilling adventures of the 'heroes' who are to form the subjects of the volumes, and to do this in a way that will attract and hold the absorbing attention of the young reader from beginning to end." Mr. Towle rightly thinks that important lessons in history can be conveyed by concentrating attention upon the achievements of great discoverers, conquerors, pioneers, and travelers in strange lands; and not only so, but principles of the utmost value in the formation of character can be most effectively instilled by exhibiting them as exemplified in the career and conduct of distinguished men.

For the opening volume of such a series a better subject could hardly have been found than "The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama." Next to the discovery of the New World by Columbus, Da Gama's voyage round Africa to India was unquestionably the most important event of the age in which it occurred, and the one which has had the most far-reaching consequences; and no voyage of ancient or modern times was ever characterized by more thrilling, picturesque, striking, and romantic adventures. The plainest and barest record of these adventures would have an undying interest; and as narrated in Mr. Towle's vigorous, animated, and rapid style, they exercise upon the reader's mind the irresistible fascination of an Arabian Night's tale. Viewed from the standpoint of the audience to which it is addressed, the only fault of the book lies in its omission of all details concerning Vasco da Gama's life prior to his being selected by the king to command the expedition to India. With young readers, who are apt to be hero-worshipers by instinct, the primary interest will be in Da Gama personally; and they will be sure to want to know whence he came, what he had done, and what were the circumstances of his life, prior to that picturesque episode in which, as an elegant and courtly cavalier, he saunters across the palace-hall, and is then and there chosen by the king for the perilous task which he performed so nobly.

The book is issued in tasteful and attractive style, with a number of rather pleasing woodcuts, one of which, at least, might very well have given place to an outline map showing Da Gama's route in going and returning.

[1] Young Folks' Heroes of History. The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama. By George M. Towle. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 294.



FREDERICK'S WING, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

"*A German Town and Castle*," *page* 497.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN AT WORK.

IV.

AMONG THE SILVER-PLATERS.

JUST on the outskirts of the bustling little city of Taunton is an irregular collection of handsome brick buildings, nestled down in a little natural basin, by the side of a miniature lake, and hemmed in by pretty cottages, which dot the neighboring slopes.

These constitute an extensive manufactory, where all kinds of electro-plate, or, as it is commonly called, silver-plated ware, is made.



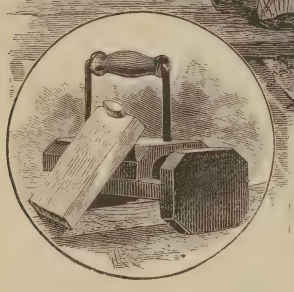
Taunton is a curious place—half old, half new—and mingles in itself the conservative element bequeathed by its old Puritan founders, and the shrewd progressive element which characterizes the New-Englander of to-day. On the one hand, as you pass along its main street, are the stately old homes of the descendants of the Puritans, standing reservedly back from the road, half screened from view by grand old trees, through whose branches gleam the solemn white Corinthian pillars which guard their fronts, and upon the other side of the way the modern red-brick stores, almost obtruding themselves upon the sidewalks which they line.

Nearly two and a half centuries ago the boundaries of Plymouth colony were pushed out into the wilderness, so as to inclose the Indian land of Cohasset, by a grand old Puritan spinster, of whom nothing more suggestive could be said than is told in these words in the quaint inscription upon a weather-beaten, time-stained stone in the old Taunton graveyard:

"Here rest the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Poole, a native of Old England, of good Family Friends, & prospects, all of which she left in the prime of her life to enjoy the Religion of her Conscience in this distant wilderness. A great proprietor of the township of Taunton, a chief promoter of its settlement and its incorporation A. D. 1639, about which time she settled near this spot, and having employed the opportunitys of her virgin state in Piety, Liberality of manners, died May 21st, A. D. 1654, aged 65, to whose memory this monument is gratefully erected by her next of kin, John Borland, Esq., A. D. 1771."



FILLING THE MOULD.



THE MOULD AND PLATE.

Anything less attractive than the lives led by Mistress Poole and the band of colonists who gathered around her, and with her lived, and labored, and died, in this far corner of the Plymouth colony, it would be difficult for persons with our modern ideas of life and the things which constitute its happiness and pleasure to imagine. But the stern, cold, laborious existence which they led, was the means, and perhaps the only means, which could have reclaimed this wilderness; and those traits of character which they cultivated and prized, modified by the lapse of years into less of asceticism, have been an inheritance to their descendants of no little worth. It is just those qualities that have enabled them to labor slowly and steadily onward, unmindful of the fact that they were the butt of their State of Massachusetts, and which rendered them rather proud than otherwise of their title of inhabitants of the "land of brick and herring" (by which they were dubbed because of their great production of brick and the large annual catch of alewives in the Taunton River), until their perseverance, industry, and sturdy, self-respecting honesty have built them up into one of the first manufacturing cities in the State.

There could not have been anything more distasteful to the Puritans than such a vanity as silver-plated ware, of whose production in the city they founded on such an enormous scale the writer was sent not long ago to seek information. About two miles from Taunton Green, in the centre of the city, the artist and the writer came upon the handsome cluster of buildings already mentioned, which number seventeen all told, and constitute this great factory. They were grouped about the lake, whence their power is drawn, and were as neat and clean outwardly as it is possible to imagine, and gave promise of being, as they were afterward found to be, equally neat within. Over on the hill-top beyond was the handsome building of the State Insane Hospital, and through the bright green of the landscape the mill-river wound slowly along toward the Taunton. The surface of the little lake was smooth, and the large trees about it nodded softly with their branches at their reflections in its surface; the water glided gently over the edge of the dam in a line of silver, and then wound slowly about among the mill buildings with instantly recovered dignity, as though ashamed of the trouble it had just taken, while the water which found its way into the mill-race began to hurry and scramble along, seemingly anxious to have done with its task of turning the wheel, and to rejoin its companion stream below. The irregular quadrangle between the factory buildings was filled with trees, which overhung the quiet river winding in and out among them, and crossed at intervals by little white wooden bridges, connecting the neat gravel footpaths. Altogether, a more pleasing picture of a great industry it would be hard to conceive. The

tall chimneys emitted gentle wreaths of curling smoke, but not a single thing was to be seen which suggested the chaos of sound and sight—the roar and flame—from which are evolved so many of the wonderful products of modern mechanics. The application of the writer for information, and permission to view the works, was most courteously received, and under the pleasant ciceronage of a son of one of the members of the firm, we began our tour of inspection. Reader, if you ever attempt to glean an intelligent idea of the many ingenious appliances by means of which the raw material is first combined and then worked into a complete article of finished silver-plate, do not hope to accomplish it in a few hours. A whole half-day spent in sight-seeing in the factory resulted at noonday, when the water-wheels were stopped, and the hundreds of operatives trooped into the court-yard, in a sense of the most complete bewilderment. Evidently, then, to hope to give the reader an adequate idea of the variations in the processes by which the many forms of plated ware, spoons, forks, knives, hollow ware, tea-sets, ornaments, etc., are made, was virtually an impossible task.

Then the question arose as to what should be selected as the one article to be followed through its various processes, from its elements to its completed form. What, indeed, among such an infinite variety of useful and beautiful articles?

"Why, a teapot," said the writer.

"Certainly, a teapot," echoed the artist.

"Inspiring thought," rejoined the writer.

"What could appeal more nearly to the heart of the average American than a teapot?" said the artist, growing enthusiastic.

"A teapot," replied the writer, didactically, "was the cradle of the republic. The tempest in a teapot which was brewed by the Boston tea-party, A. D. 1775, was the little end of the wedge which severed us from the mother country."

"Hence it appeals to the patriot," said the artist, sententiously.

"A teapot is also the symbol of the independence of the maiden of uncertain age, and the receptacle of the brew which exhilarates but does not intoxicate the female heart—and head."

"Hence it appeals to woman."

"And is not the teapot the chief among the Lares and Penates of every well-regulated household, and does it not therefore appeal to the married man?"

"Yes," assented the artist; "but as for unmarried men, it would be hard to say what does appeal to them." Plainly, then, it must be a teapot, since that article appeals in a peculiar way to all classes of the community who are entitled to any consideration whatever.

While dining with our hospitable guide we made known to him the decision at which we had arrived, and, as it met with his cordial approval, and we were charmed to hear that by means of that teapot we could illustrate nearly all of the most interesting



No. 1.—STAMPING THE TRIMMINGS. No. 2.—SAFE WHERE DIES ARE KEPT. No. 3.—ROLLING THE PLATES.

processes carried on in the works, we returned to the factory and were shown first into the modeling-room. Here, of course, is the mind of this great working body, in which is conceived the idea which its industrious members carry out with infinite labor and skill.

Wanted — a teapot. Well, then, the designer here in his quiet sanctum draws the design for it, and the first step is taken. Afterward, the ornamental portions which are to be cast are carefully modeled in wax; and from the wax, plaster casts are taken from which are made the moulds. It was difficult to draw the artist away from the congenial atmosphere of the room. The soft light streaming in from the half-curtained windows on casts and photographs, pencil-drawings and *bric-à-brac*, while



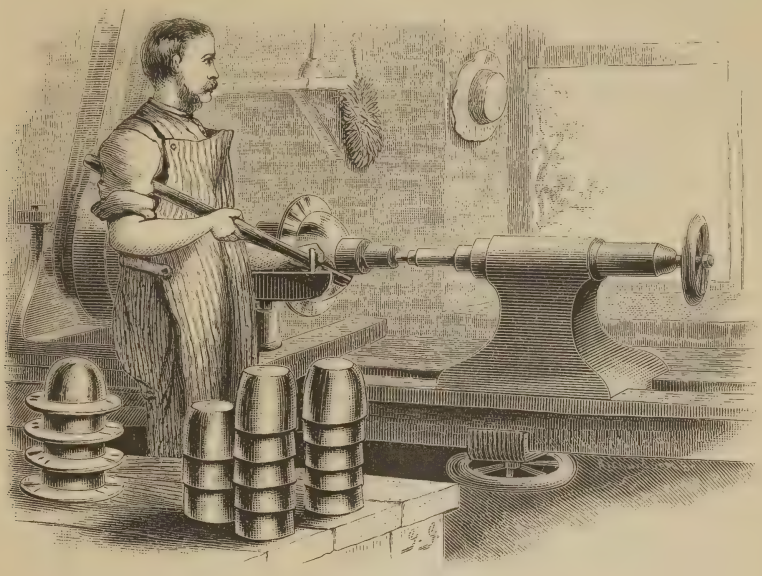
STAMPING THE SHELLS.

on a side table a copy of the ART JOURNAL lay open for ready reference, had almost too great an attraction for him to be readily overcome. We watched for some time, therefore, the designers, working slowly and patiently, putting on a bit of soft red wax here, carefully moulding it with the fingers, and then cutting it away again with the steel tool, until the shapeless lump of wax had grown into a perfect ornament. Another workman with ready pencil was tracing the pattern of the teapot upon paper, limning the gracefully-curved outlines carefully, and tracing the lines to be engraved clearly, pausing now and then to look for a line or a suggestion in a portfolio of foreign plates, until the design for our teapot was drawn and all the ornaments modeled, when we followed our guide down-stairs across one of the little bridges over the river and into a low brick building, from which rose an ambitious chimney.

It may be as well to say right here that at this factory nothing is purchased but the raw material. The metals are obtained as they come in pigs from the mines, but the rest of the work is all done by them. In this room they were making the white-metal on which they plate with silver. White-metal, as it is called, is composed of tin, copper, and antimony. The exact proportions used of each of these metals vary slightly with different manufacturers, the great object to be attained being to get a metal which shall be free from impurities or dross of any kind. The metals, having been brought into this room in pigs, are broken up with a hammer, put into a furnace and smelted, after which the metal is transferred to a caldron set in a brick furnace, where it is maintained at a temperature of about 500° Fahr. This is the point at which they find they can best work it and keep it clear of dross. The contents of the caldron are stirred with a pitch-pine stick, which is thought to have some good qualities as a collector of impurities. The workman has on a bench at his side a row of iron moulds with wooden handles, which look very like square sadirons with hollow bases. Into these moulds he pours the molten white-metal through a narrow opening at one end. He keeps employed all the time by pouring the metal into some of the moulds, while he pours cold water from a tank at his side upon those just emptied to cool them for use, and the cool water as it meets the hot iron is almost instantly converted into a little white puff of steam, which floats gently away over his head. White-metal, like all others, contracts with cold, and as it cools after the mould is ladled full, it shrinks away and leaves a small cavity in the centre, which he fills up with a second ladleful of metal, and then the top is lifted off the mould and another is added to the pile of finished plates at his side. The plates of metal as they come from the mould are about seven inches long by five wide, and about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, while at one end is a little stub where the metal was poured into the mould. This, we were told, serves a very useful purpose, since the impurities in the metal always rise to the surface, and as this stub is, of course, the surface of the metal in the mould, most of the impurities float up into it.

Notwithstanding the character of the work done in this room, there was no noise and no dirt. The floor of flagstones was as clean and neat as the kitch-

en-floor of a good housewife, and under it were carried the flues from the furnaces in which the metal is kept hot to the chimney outside of and adjoining the building.



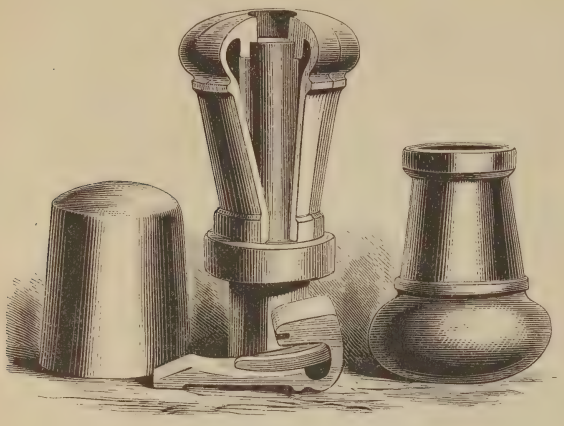
SPINNING ON A LATHE.

"Nice, isn't it?" said the artist, indicating the caldron of molten metal, which looked like quicksilver, and the shining pile of plates into which in a few moments and by deft movements the workman transformed it. And the writer cordially concurred that it was very nice.

However, we have only commenced our investigation, and, although having seen the fundamental metals made to coalesce and form the white-metal plates, as they are technically called (by mutual consent, and with a sense of the eternal fitness of things, we called them "cakes"), we are still a long way off from the teapot, which is to be the *finale* of our observations of the labor of others. In the next room the plugs or stubs containing the dross are cut off by a common circular saw, and the plates are then rolled out until they are of the required thickness—or rather, to speak literally, of the required thinness. The machinery by which this is accomplished is in appearance like an enormous clothes-wringer, and consists of two steel rollers one above the other, the downward pressure of the upper roller upon the nether being regulated by a set screw moved by a wheel upon the top of the frame. A workman sits upon either side, and the plates are passed from one to the other five times. The giant rollers seize the plates greedily when they are fed to them by the first operative, draw them into their embrace and spurn them upon the other side, visibly reduced in thickness. The plates are piled up by the second workman, and then passed back to have the operation repeated, until, after having been five times "through the mill," they are reduced from three-quarters of an inch to three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and increased from seven inches in length to twenty-six inches. The effect of this operation is to make the plates too hot to be handled with impunity, as the artist, who nonchalantly picked up one of them, discovered, to his infinite discomfiture and to the equal amusement of the operatives.

This operation completed, the plates are taken across the room to a machine, which removes a thin shaving from the surface, and thus brings out the clear, silvery appearance of the pure metal. This is accomplished by an instrument which was invented in the factory, and which consists of a long knife that is pressed down upon the plate by a stiff spring. In front of the knife is a roller, which is pressed up against the metal by another spring, and which gives to it such an angular deflection as it passes under the knife as enables the latter to take from it a thin shaving. The plate is seized by a pair of pincers attached to an endless chain, and drawn by means of these under the edge of the knife. This operation removes from the surface of the metal the dross which the pressure of the rollers has brought to the surface of the plate near which it had floated and lodged in the mould, it being almost impossible to induce all of it to lodge in the stub. The plates, having been rolled out and cleansed of impurities, are then taken in part to the next room. But those which remain undergo another process. They are first cut into strips about three-quarters of an inch in width by being run through two revolving steel disks placed so that their edges are in contact much as are the edges of a pair of shears, except that these disks have a circular instead of a lateral motion. What relation had these strips to our teapot, we asked of each other; but, in a moment more, we were shown by our guide. Under a roller, very like the one by

which they had been reduced to their present thickness, they were passed by a workman, and they emerged from the process covered with a continuous raised pattern representing the most delicately-curved leaves and twigs, with their fruit and blos-

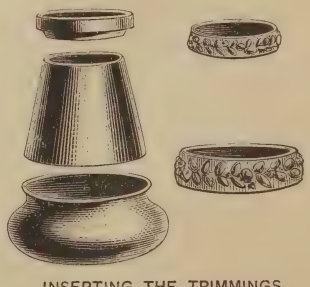


A SECTIONAL CHUCK.

soms laying thick upon them. At last we began to see something which suggested the teapot of the future.

This effect was produced by the fact that the steel cylinder under which the white-metal strip was passed had had cut into its surfaces with infinite labor and skill the design which was seen by us raised upon the surface of the strip. The pressure put upon the soft metal had forced it up into the spaces and interstices engraved upon the cylinder, and given the effect of *repoussé* work to the strips as they emerged. We were told that these engraved dies were very costly, and that they were consequently kept in a large fire and burglar proof vault, into which we were shown, and where, by the light which came through a small grating, we saw the rollers ranged upon narrow shelves or frames, each die bearing a tag giving the number of its pattern. The strips are called "trimming," and are used for decorations by being soldered upon the ware, or inserted into it, as the case may be. We had yet to see how it would be used upon our teapot. We then followed the rest of the rolled plates into the next room, where they were cut into circular disks by a wheel similar to the one which had cut the other plates into strips. Here the plates were passed to a workman, who fashioned them into what are called "the shells." The machine used for this purpose is a stamp resembling in some respects a pile-driver. The disks of metal are placed upon and over a steel die, which is cup-shaped, and are held in place by an iron ring that catches and binds the edges, and which is secured to the die by thumb-screws.

Then the operator seizes a rope, which is attached to a belt running over a friction-pulley, and raises a plunger of several hundred pounds' weight, sliding between two ways that are horribly suggestive of the guillotine. Fastened to this plunger is a piece of steel which exactly fits the cup-shaped die below, across the mouth of which we have seen fastened the metal disk. When the weighted die has been raised about three feet (which brings it to the top of the ways), it is allowed to drop upon the disk and force it down into the cup below it, stretching out the elastic metal, and moulding it into the shape of a high-crowned hat with a very narrow brim. Here was a suggestion of a teapot at last, even though a slight one, and we began to be deeply interested in the future treatment of the shell, when our attention was momentarily distracted by our guide, who called us to view a process that is carried on in the same room, and which, although not relating strictly to the teapot, whose development we were so intently watching, was applied to teapots in general, as well as to other varieties of plated ware. This was the making of an imitation of *repoussé* work by striking it with a die. For a teapot the shell would be cut up into segments of the whole—say four or five sections—and each of them struck separately, after which the sections are soldered into a perfect shell. To effect this a die is made, over which is placed a piece of white-metal, but the decisive blow is not struck at once by any means. Such a course, it was explained to us, would tear the metal across the sharp edges of the die. Accordingly a series of blanks are used, with which eight or ten blows are struck in the same way that the cups or shells are formed, until the metal is forced well down, and is in contact with the inner surface of the engraved die, which is a mass of roses and vines. Then a die, or force, as it is called, which is made of a hard composition metal, and fits exactly into the steel die below, falls upon the metal with a weight of from six hundred to thirteen hundred pounds upon it, and the metal is at length struck into the form desired. In this way machinery and mechanical appliances are made to do the work that



INSERTING THE TRIMMINGS.

it would require countless thousands of blows with the hammer to do by hand. In these rooms, and in the same manner, are made the spouts of the teapots. They are struck by a die in two pieces, which are afterward soldered together to form a perfect spout.

Our teapot was at last beginning to take shape and form, and we—that is, the artist and the writer—began to congratulate each other; but we were too hasty, for we had not as yet witnessed a third of the work which it would be necessary to put upon our teapot to finish it for the market. And, on learning this fact, we followed our guide from here up-stairs into the spinning-rooms, to see what came next. We were ushered into a long room, from whose ceiling was stretched a whirling network of belts and pulleys which turned the lathes occupying a long bench on one side of the room. Every one knows what a turning-lathe is; but here was a new use for a lathe, and we saw with interest that the shells were placed upon a wooden mould, or chuck, as it is called, and set spinning at a tremendous rate. The spinner then took up a wooden stick, and, placing it upon the rest, pressed its end along the outside of the shell once or twice, stopped the lathe, and took off the shell, no longer hat-shaped, but like a perfect cup, the soft-metal brim having been pressed and whirled down into place. Then the shells were taken to another lathe, and given over to an elderly man, who was presented to us as the inventor of the sectional chuck, a remarkably ingenious labor-saving device. On the end of his lathe was placed a steel chuck in whose curved outlines we recognized the graceful form of the body of our teapot. Over this was placed one of the plain cup-shaped shells, the lathe set in motion, and, while it was spinning dizzily around, a stick was used to press down the soft metal until it had assumed all of the curved lines of the steel chuck.

"That looks like a broomstick you are using?" said the artist, inquiringly.

"No," replied the old man. "I used broomsticks for many a year, but broomsticks nowadays ain't what they used to be," and he sighed.

Then the lathe was stopped, and the chuck taken off, but how the shell was to be removed from it was the mystery, and the ingenuity of the inventor came in here. The core or centre piece was removed, and then the chuck fell into pieces or sections, which were readily removed from the interior of our teapot through its narrow neck. It was then put together again ready to be used, to form another shell into what certainly began to resemble a teapot. The shell was next placed upon a lathe again, and cut into three parts, and the trimming or bands of *repoussé* work which we had seen rolled with the engraved die below were soldered into the openings thus made. We now followed the shell to another lathe, where it was turned off smooth, so as to give its surface a very high finish. The turner takes off from it so fine a shaving with his lathe-tool that the metal drops around him like the finest frost of soft, glittering silver, and the teapot, after being polished with a smooth steel and soap-and-water, comes out looking as if it had already been plated with the purest silver.

Thence the shell was sent to the fitter's bench to have a spout-hole cut in it, and then it was again polished. The lathes in this room are used for a great variety of work. Circular castings are turned off smooth; trimmings which are not inserted as they were in our teapot are thrown on the lathe and fastened, and the shape is given to most hollow ware as well as to teapots by spinning on a sectional chuck. As our teapot was now nearly ready to receive its legs and handle, and we had yet to see those useful, not to say indispensable, portions made, we left our *protégé* in the hands of the polisher, and followed our guide down-stairs once more, and across the court-yard, stopping a moment on the way to look over the parapet of the bridge at the shadows in the deep, quiet little river. But that was not for long, because we had already become too much interested in the work to tarry, so we presently entered another room on the ground floor of an adjacent building, where we saw the familiar square furnace, with its table and caldron of liquid metal. The first thing which attracted our attention was that the molten metal was covered with a dirty scum lying on its surface in thick wrinkles. The artist took a stick and pushed this scum away, re-



CASTING THE HANDLES.



SOLDERING ON THE TRIMMINGS.

vealing the silvery surface, but in a second's time rainbow tints obscured the brightness, and in another it was again covered with dark scum. This we were told was because the heated metal became carbonized in contact with the air. Here a workman was engaged at pouring the hot metal into a mould, and then immediately pouring it out again, and in this way casting hollow handles. That sounds just a little paradoxical, but it is easily explained. The metal which comes in contact with the steel sides of the mould is almost instantly chilled into solidity, and the metal in the centre, being poured out again, and before it has time to cool, leaves a hollow shell within the mould, and this is our teapot handle. The mould is made in two parts, each of which has a wooden handle, and is fastened together temporarily by a large iron pin, shaped like a hairpin. When ivory rings are inserted in the handles, as non-conductors, they are placed in the mould before the hot metal is poured in, and thus they become a part of the handle. The legs are cast solid, and all of the ornaments, except those like birds and figures, which are used to decorate large *épergnes* and the like, are cast hollow, in the same way that the handles are. Every casting is made with a certain amount of waste attached to it, which has afterward to be cut off. This is called "sprue," and serves the same purpose that the stub does on the plates—to receive the impurities in the metal. When the piece to be cast is large, there are several ducts or entrances to the mould, through which the metal is poured. These give opportunities for the air to escape, so that the mould will fill up solid, and are each filled with the sprue, which gathers the impurities.

The moulds are cooled by the use of cold water, but the greatest care has to be exercised in the handling of the water, in order to prevent a single drop from falling into the hot metal. The effect of this is the instantaneous transformation of the water into steam by the great heat, and the expansion scatters the metal in a shower of white-hot globules through the air—rather a pretty sight perhaps, if one were safely out of its reach.

Having seen these trimmings made, we retraced our steps to the fitters' benches, where we met the shell of our teapot, which had been polished, and here the spout, the legs, and handles, were carefully fitted to the shell. The waste cut away, a touch with the file here and there, and that part of the work was accomplished, and the various parts were passed along into the adjoining rooms, to be soldered together.

Following it into these rooms our ears are greeted with a faint, far-off roar. What is it? After a moment we perceive. The rush of air from out the many little blow-pipes blends into that sound, which is like a blast of wind among far-off tree-tops. Here the shell is fastened on a frame, and the trimmings placed against it and soldered on. A compound blow-pipe is used, with air and illuminating gas forced through it. The air is carried up into these rooms from the first floor through a small tin pipe, into which it is forced by a simple valve and piston. The blow-pipe is attached to two small flexible rubber tubes, which feed it with the air and gas. The solder used is simply a little strip of white-metal,



ENGRAVING BY HAND.

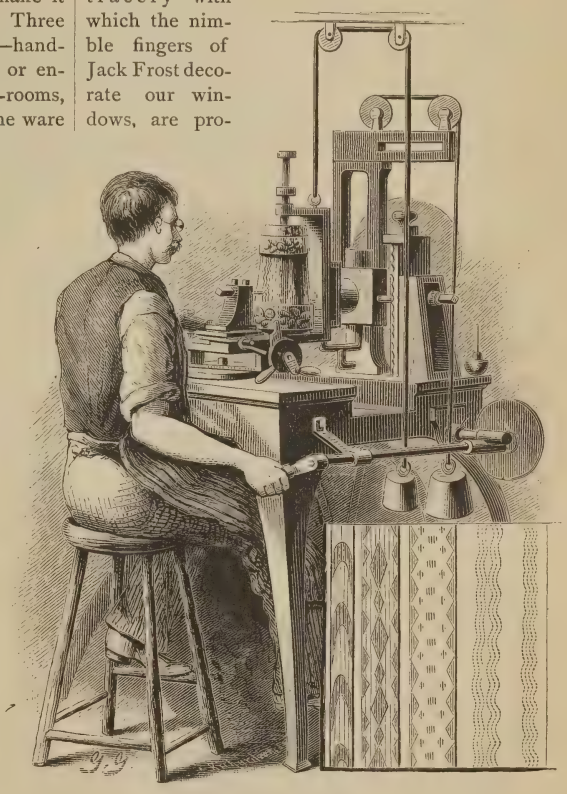
about the size of a straw, and softened by the admixture of a little lead, so that it will melt more easily than the castings. The blow-pipe shoots out a tongue of blue flame against the solder, striking out a shower of yellow scintillations as it apparently devours the frail strip, and in a moment the joint is complete.

Our *protégé* is now, after having passed through many hands, to all practical purposes a teapot. It has a body, a spout, four legs, a lid, and a handle, and is of as much practical value as it will ever become, but it lacks the delicate beauty which will make it acceptable to our modern luxurious tastes. Three different kinds of ornamentation are used—hand-engraving, chasing, and machine-engraving, or engine-turning, as it is called. In the engraving-rooms, which are in one of the detached buildings, the ware is placed upon a circular pad that revolves, and there the engravers, with their sharp, steel points, trace upon it the patterns or designs which are furnished them. With a firm hand and a true eye they spin the ware around on the pad, and trace vines and leaves, curling tendrils and intricate arabesques, in lines of light, while a delicate thread of metal falls away from the tool, showing that these lines are cut into the surface. Thence into the chasing-room, which is light and airy, with the sunlight tempered by shaded curtains, and the air filled with a gentle tick-tack, tick-tack, many times repeated, and suggesting the sound made by the rows of large clocks on the shelves of a clock-maker.

Here we encountered for the first time the female element in the work, for almost all of the chasing is done by women. The teapot is filled full of pitch, which is melted and poured into it, and which, when it hardens, gives a perfectly solid lining to resist the blows of the hammer. Then it is placed on a pad on the bench, and one of the girls takes up a steel point and traces upon it the lines of the pattern by repeated blows with a small hammer. It was a very pretty sight to watch the slender white fingers guide the steel over the polished surface, and to note the play of the wrist as it struck its hundreds of tiny blows upon the work which grew rapidly into perfection.

The exact difference between the chasing and engraving is that, while one cuts away the metal, the other forces it in. In this room we were shown the method of producing the genuine *repoussé* work, and were thus enabled to make the contrast between the amount of labor involved in decorating a vessel by this process and that of stamping it with a die in the way we had been shown in the stamping-rooms below. By this method a steel arm or stake is fastened firmly in a vise, and the round point is upturned so that when the vessel is drawn over the arm this point is in contact with the interior. The article having already been engraved, the workman grasps it firmly in the left arm and hand, and then, pressing it against the steel point, strikes the end of the arm which is outside a smart blow, causing it to vibrate through its length, and the point to strike against the inner surface, and force it out little by little. A myriad strokes must be given to perfect the work upon a little spray of roses.

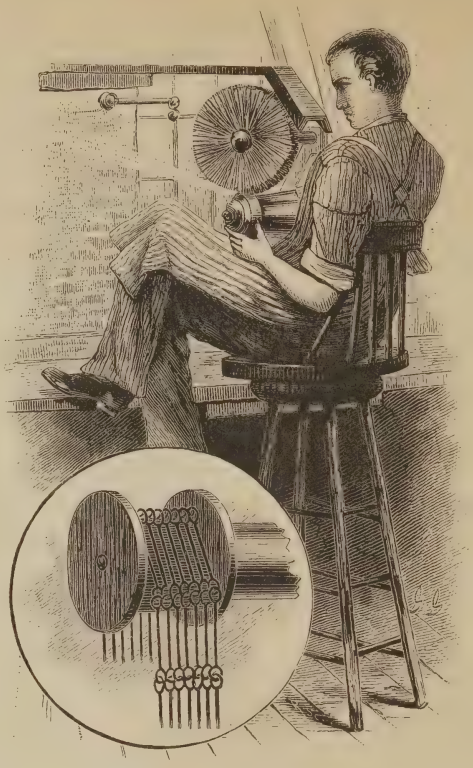
The third process is called engine-turning, and it is by this machine that the wonderful imitations of the delicate tracery with which the nimble fingers of Jack Frost decorate our windows, are produced. It is a fine piece of machinery, and of rather intricate construction. In front of the operator is a stationary, steel-pointed graver, while the article to be decorated is placed in front of it and fastened in a movable frame which passes up and down in contact with the point of the graver. The frame which holds the work has at one side an iron point which is pressed by a spring on the other side of the frame, against an upright brass cylinder, on which are indentations—as little suggestive of a pattern as the notes upon the cylinder of a music-box. The principle, however, is much the same, for, as the frame is moved up and down, this point follows the indentations upon the cylinder, and the movements of the work against the cutting-tool are guided by it, and the result is that the pattern is cut in waved lines.



ENGINE-TURNING.

It was a fascinating little machine, and we stood for a long time watching the slow movements of the frame and the growth of the delicate, wavy lines which are so irregularly regular. Another process of decoration is giving to the groundwork of the ware what is called a satin finish. This is done by means of a revolving spindle, around which, when in motion, there seems to be floating a hazy circle. When the motion ceases, we find that this appearance was given by a mass of steel wires which were jointed and hung loosely upon the spindle, each having at its end a steel point.

The rapid motion given to the spindle throws out these wires, and when the article to be finished is brought up to within the range of their points, it receives millions of little blows, each one of which leaves an almost imperceptible mark upon the soft metal, but their accumulation gives it the peculiar soft sheen of satin, and the surface is then finished by a revolving wire brush. All of the decorations having been placed upon our teapot, it had then to be cleansed, and we followed it into a room where it was washed with warm water and potash to remove any grease which might still adhere to it, and after being dried, it was polished by being held firmly against a rapidly-revolving wooden wheel covered with a brush made of leather. And when this was finished, it was ready to be plated.



PUTTING ON THE SATIN FINISH.

The electro-plating is done in a separate building in the quadrangle, and is presided over at its entrance by a young woman, who weighs every piece that comes in upon a pair of troy scales, and enters the result in her account-books. After they are plated, she weighs one piece of each pattern again, in order that she may compute the quantity of silver which has been deposited upon



CLEANSING THE WARE

them. Then our teapot is handed over to be scoured again with pumice-stone dust and water, and, this final cleansing over, it is hung in fresh water until it is ready to go into the bath.

The process of electro-plating is very generally known. The "bath," as it is called, is a double cyanide of silver and potassium contained in a large wooden vat. The articles to be plated are hung by copper wires from brass rods laid crossways on the copper-covered edging of the vat, and, this being done, the connection is made with the battery; the result being that the silver held in solution is released in minute particles and attaches itself to the surface of the metal article. The strength of the solution is kept up by plates of solid silver which are suspended in the vat. The first step is to place our teapot in what is known as a "striking" bath, for the reason that it is very powerful, and a light but perceptible coating of silver is almost instantaneously deposited upon it. The teapot being merely dipped into it, the silver is figuratively said to be "struck" upon it. It is then hung in an ordinary bath, where it remains about an hour, more or less, according to the thickness of the plating of silver which it is designed to receive.

Formerly, and, in fact, until a comparatively recent date, the electricity used in this operation was generated by means of a galvanic battery, but a great improvement has now been made by employing instead magneto-electric machines. At first an English machine was used, which was very successful, but it has lately been superseded by an American invention called a dynamo-electric machine, the principle, however, being the same, but it has the advantage of more power. In this room one English and two American machines were in use—the former making twenty-five hundred revolutions per minute, while the latter worked equally well, running at a speed only one-third as great. Most of the unhealthy and disagreeable features of the plating-room are overcome by discarding the old galvanic battery with its paraphernalia of jars, plates, acids, mercury, and the like, and economy is also gained.



No. 1.—The Vat.
No. 2.—Cleansing the Ware.
No. 3.—Gold-Lining.

IN THE PLATING-ROOM.

The process of plating the interior of hollow vessels with gold is also carried on in this room. In this case the vessel is made to serve as a vat, and is ladled full of a double cyanide of gold instead of silver, and the connection with the battery is made by holding one pole against the outside of the cup, and stirring about the solution in it with a piece of gold attached to the other pole. In a few mo-

ments the gold is deposited evenly upon the interior of the cup. If, as in the case of the lip of a vase, the solution will not reach as far as it is desired to plate or gild the interior, a bit of fine sponge fastened on the end of a stick is used to wash the parts with the solution. The various shades of color in gold are secured by an admixture of copper and silver, thus producing red, pink, and green shades, as well as the pure golden yellow.

If it is desired to plate one portion of an article with silver and another with gold, or with two shades of gold, they are taken over to a bench at which women paint the parts with a "resist," as it is called, of black varnish. After the exposed parts are plated this is easily removed, and other portions treated in the same way, while those at first covered



THE BURNISHER.

receive another color. Meanwhile our teapot, having finished its bath, is removed from the vat and held up for our inspection. It has undergone a great change, for, whereas it was bright and shining when it entered the bath, it is now of a soft, opaque white, and resembles much more nearly a plaster cast of a teapot than anything else. It is then plunged into cold water for a moment, and then into hot, and handed over to a polisher, who holds it for another moment against a rapidly-revolving fine-wire brush, which partially removes the white bloom from its surface, and it is then ready to be burnished. The process of plating table-forks differs in one respect from that of other articles, because, instead of hanging quietly in the bath, they are suspended from a frame and kept gently agitated all the while they remain in the solution. This is to prevent the silver from depositing upon them unevenly or in current marks, as the currents of electricity are divided and broken somewhat by the pointed tines of a fork.

In the long, light burnishing-rooms into which we were taken next we found that the greater portion of the work was done by women, although some men are employed especially for the burnishing on a lathe. Here our teapot was taken in hand by a workman who rubbed its surface over with a set of polished-steel tools so formed as to fit into all of the intricate curves in the ornamentation. The surface of the article being kept wet with soap-and-water, glittering lines of light followed the rapid movements of the burnishing-tool over the metal, the dingy, white mist upon its surface clearing away like fog before the sun's rays. Spherical articles having a considerable plain surface are placed upon a lathe and burnished while in rapid motion. In this case the burnishing-tool is a piece of highly-polished blood-stone cemented to a wooden handle, and the article is kept wet with stale beer.

One more operation and our teapot is complete. It is taken into a room, the walls, the floor, the ceiling even, of which are of a murky, sanguinary hue. A row of ensanguined operatives are seen through a reddish mist standing in front of revolving disks, also of red. These are wheels made of cotton rags and filled with rouge, which make nearly four thousand revolutions per minute, and which give the final polish to the ware.

The teapot then goes into the papering-room, where girls are busy all day long in wrapping the finished ware in several thicknesses of tissue-paper, sealing those up in heavy wrappers, and marking them with the number of the pattern and other data. At last they are entered on the stock-books and placed in the warerooms, and when sold are packed in tin-lined wooden cases and shipped to all parts of the world.

"What has become of our teapot?" is a question which has in leisure hours formed a fertile subject for the exercise of the imaginations of both the artist and the writer, and at odd moments the former has been detected in adroitly hiding from view sundry sketches of castles in Spain upon the breakfast-tables of which loomed up "our teapot."

The only other process carried on at these works which differs essentially from those which we have already described is the making of hard-metal or nickel-silver goods. Spoons, forks, salvers, and plain hollow ware for the use of hotels, are all articles liable to receive rough usage, and accordingly have to be made of some more durable material than white-metal. Nickel-silver differs but very slightly from German-silver, being composed of copper, zinc, and nickel; and the processes of making the metal and

rolling the plate do not differ much from those we have already seen.

In rolling the plate, however, and in working the metal, at times it becomes hard and brittle, and has to be annealed several times in what are called "muffle-furnaces." The mouth of one of these opening showed us hundreds of spoons at white-heat, and looking like anything but desirable articles to handle for any one except the demons of another and a hotter world.

The machinery employed is heavier, of course, but in other respects resembles that used for making white or soft metal ware. The portion of the burnishing-room where spoons and forks are finished contained a number of machines which strongly resembled enormous crabs. Each of their flexible metal claws, however, ended in a burnisher, and followed automatically the outlines of a spoon. It burnished the outside of one of a row of spoons placed beneath it, and, stopping with almost human intelligence when the task was done, it waited for the female attendant to replace it with another spoon.

The power which is necessary to drive the enormous amount of machinery employed in the works is furnished by two turbine water-wheels each of ninety horse-power, and an eighty-horse-power steam-engine, which assists and serves to regulate the somewhat uncertain power derived from the water-wheels. The factory gives employment to between five and six hundred persons, and of these about one hundred and fifty are women.



THE MODELING ROOM.



THE TEAPOT.

The foundation of this business was laid as far back as 1824, and, after passing through several hands, it came into the possession of its present owners in 1837. At that time the manufacturing was all done in one small three-story brick building, and one of the present members of the firm, who had learned the business as an employé of the original owners, took upon himself the practical direction of the work, and has retained it until the present time. His love for the work is very strong, and on the occasion of our visit we found him during our ramblings employed now here, now there, suggesting, watching, and showing with his own hands how the work should properly be done.

It is extremely difficult to decide so that one may assert positively that to such or such a cause is due the success of an extensive industry, but we were impressed with the belief that to this intelligent direction, coming from one possessed of a thorough, practical, as well as theoretical knowledge, were due in a great measure the growth and prosperity of the firm.

The intimate knowledge of the conditions under which the laborer or artisan gains his subsistence, which is acquired in the same way—that is, by working side by side with him—has led to a consideration for their employés, on the part of this firm, which was as pleasant to see as it would appear to have been of real practical value to the house. If the course pursued by them was prompted by purely humanitarian motives, then the results must be the more gratifying because unlooked for.

There were among the operatives quite a number who had been in the employ of the firm for over

a quarter of a century, and in one room were working side by side two old comrades in the pursuit of these peaceful arts, who had been in the works forty-seven years. The faithful services of these veterans have been appreciated, and from time to time they have been advanced in place and profit.

Of the entire number of operatives, barely ten per cent. are of foreign birth, and by far the greater number of them are natives of the village or its immediate vicinity. Growing up thus with the growth of the city and the factory, the children have come in time to take their places at the bench with their fathers; and, curiously enough, in quite a number of instances three generations of one family are enrolled upon their salary-lists. As in the same way the sons of the proprietors have also been taught the business practically in the shops, a pleasant feeling has naturally been generated between employer and employed.

The system of sharing in a suitable degree with the employer the prosperity of the firm has found a response on their part in a cheerful acquiescence in the bearing of a similar proportion of the burden in times of depression.

The New England free-school system and its results are too well known to be dwelt upon here, and a fine school-house, crowning one of the rolling hills near by, is flanked as a sequence by a neat brick building, in which are located the "Young Men's Christian Union" and a "Savings and Loan Association," composed of the operatives employed in the factory.

The Union furnishes rooms for meetings, and owns a library and reading-room, the former containing many standard works on the sciences and mechanics, as well as general literature, and the latter the usual assortment of periodicals.

The Savings and Loan Association has contributed as much to their physical comfort as the Union does to their mental and spiritual wants. The New-Englander is essentially frugal by nature, and the combined savings of the Association loaned out to them again on bond and mortgage have enabled them to own their homes, which cover the neighboring hill-slopes, and take the form of neat Gothic cottages. These are embowered in many instances in fine old trees, and have an element of refinement about them and their surroundings unfortunately absent from the homes of working-men as a rule.

In pursuing their daily labors in the factory the good results of the exceptionally advantageous conditions under which they work were clearly apparent to the most casual observer.

With comfortable homes, frequent opportunities for study and recreation, and a fair day's pay for an honest day's work, inevitably comes that sturdy self-respect that squalor and oppression as certainly obliterate.

That catch-phrase, "the dignity of labor," is richly deserving of the ill-repute into which it has fallen. Labor *per se* is not dignified, it only becomes so when performed under dignified conditions.

But to return to the operatives of whom we were speaking. Our many questions were always answered pleasantly and intelligently, each man giving us information in regard to his work in a way to indicate a familiarity on his part with the underlying principles of chemistry or mechanics, in so far at least as they pertained to his branch of the work. Theirs was evidently not routine knowledge, since they knew not only that a thing was so, but why it was so.

Among the young women native refinement was as apparent as intelligence, and in their work an artistic feeling was noticeably predominant. Their nimble fingers followed with that feeling the tracery of vine and flower upon the ware; and, neatly and plainly dressed, they challenged in no small degree our admiration as well as respect.

The whistle blew at six o'clock; the men and maidens trooped out into the court-yard, and some who lived far away drove off in well-appointed equipages, and with them we left the factory to set our faces homeward. As we had shaken hands for the last time with our kind guide and were entering the train, it occurred to the artist that every teapot in the factory was seized and possessed of a number, and that he did not know the one borne by our *protégé*. In a moment he rushed out on the rear platform of the car and shouted to our friend—

"What is the number of our teapot?"

"No. 27640."

UNANSWERED.

STRANGE mists of thought that, welling through the mind,
Drift into shadows vague and undefined—
Fancies that faint before they meet desire,
And, quivering with the breath of life, expire;

Sweet cadences of unvoiced thought that stray
From wandering worlds of music far away—
Wild, wailing melodies that but suggest
With tremulous uncertainty the unexpressed;

Memories of soul-songs that we do not hear,
Strains from afar that never have been near—
Echoes of answers affluent of bliss,
Vagrants from dreamland floating down to this:

O inner life, that dwell'st apart on earth,
Interrogating Heaven for thy birth,
Whose silence fills the interlude of sound
With a dumb agony of eloquence profound!

Is there no latent fire that can reveal
A rapturous response to what we feel?
No harmony to voice the still-born song,
Whose mighty impotence makes weakness strong?

O question, traversing the realms of space,
I, listening for my answer, faintly trace
Its last vibrations sighing in refrain,
"Always to question is the joy of pain!"

A GERMAN TOWN AND CASTLE.

NEAR the little village of Schwenningen, and deep hidden within the shades of the Black Forest, the river Neckar has its source. Flowing onward from its dark confinement, passing through deep ravines, and at the foot of high and rugged mountains, it at last joins its waters with those of the Rhine.

The Neckar is an historical stream. Its waters have been dyed with the blood of many a friend and foe. Roman, Swede, French, and German, have here given up their lives. During its course to join the greater river, it now dashes and foams along, or, the mountain-sides receding, flows with peaceful calm past vineyard and castle-ruin.

Just before it joins its forces with the Rhine there rises on its left bank the majestic hill of Königsstuhl. Opposite this, and on the right bank, is the vine-clad Heiligenberg. Between these two heights the river runs with hardly a ripple in its course. At the foot of Königsstuhl, and on the narrow shelf between it and the water, are the quaint German houses of Heidelberg. Both hills are studded and softened with trees and shrubs, and on the side of Königsstuhl rest the ruins of the far-famed castle. Some of the town's houses show themselves above the tree-tops on the hill-side, but most of them cling about the old cathedral tower, or reflect themselves in the placid waters of the Neckar. Here is one of the oldest seats of learning in the world; here Tilly, Adolphus, and Turenne, have fought their wars; here are Nature's gifts scattered with a generous hand; and here is a place for one to rest and live. Heidelberg



PART OF THE COURT-YARD, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

has an eventful history. Many a time has it been sacked, nearly destroyed, and its people murdered. Springing from the mysteries of mythology, it has been possessed by Roman, Frank, Swede, and French. For five centuries it was the home of the Electors Palatine, till Philip, on account of his religious war, removed the seat of his government to Mannheim. Not only has man assailed Heidelberg, but the elements, too, have wreaked vengeance upon it. In 1278 the Neckar overflowed its banks; in 1288 a conflagration destroyed its houses, and in 1348 the black plague its people. Heidelberg, too, has been the seat of religious excitements. Here Luther held his famous disputation, and Calvin, too, preached his doctrines. Here was held the first Protestant worship, and Otho Henry favored the Reformation.

To the Thirty Years' War the town owes much of its misfortune. When Frederick V., to please his wife Elizabeth, who would "rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at that of an elector," accepted the crown of Bohemia, he opened himself to great oppression from the imperialists. First came Tilly, backed by the emperor's forces, who marched through town to castle, leaving victims and smouldering ruins behind him. Then came Gallas, and the scenes of woe again; and what with attacks of the Swedes and Adolphus, the life of Heidelberg flickered and would have died out, had not the peace of 1648 been declared, when Charles Louis, son of Frederick V., recovered his patrimony.

After a short prosperity under his careful management came the troubles with the French. The daughter of Louis marrying Philip of Orleans, the grasping Louis XIV. requested military aid from the Palatinate against Leopold, and, upon being refused, sent his general, Turenne, against the country. Now, again, was Heidelberg to suffer, and yet not meet her hardest fate. Louis XIV. still made trouble, and at Louis's death claimed Heidelberg as his possession. There were long wars, and treaties, and cruelties of Melac and Chamilly. They spared neither town, people, nor castle. Bent upon destruction, they brandished everywhere the sword and the torch.

But yet, not discouraged, did Heidelberg wait and hope, and when the Peace of Ryswick was pronounced, Charles Philip repaired castle, town, and church, and cheered the people on by his activity and zeal. In later years, Heidelberg by treaty came to Baden, and to Charles Frederick's wise care is due the present town. This is its condensed history—simply a tale of continued wars, and trouble, and disappointment.

It seems, looking at Heidelberg, as though a wise hand had selected this spot as its site. The narrow shelf upon which rest the houses will not admit of their being separated into squares, and parks, and broad streets; but, instead, they are jumbled into a complete, curious, interesting whole. Their roofs overlap, their back-yards run into one another; and the university, cathedral, and hotels, seem all parts of one. The houses, of stone, or covered walls of plaster, have steep roofs and gable-windows. The streets are long, narrow, and usually so paved as to render the trial of a pedestrian and stranger something *mirabile dictu*. Beer-gardens abound, and on many an evening gay songs float up from the white-walled inclosures. It is a sleepy, quiet old town; and an air of comfort and antiquity hangs about every short-skirted matron, yellow-headed child, and dingy court-yard.

Of course, in a university town, one's chief interest culminates in the university itself. Cambridge without Harvard would be the shell without the meat. But with us the buildings of the university are grouped together, and a bold attempt is made to so arrange them relatively as to form a pleasing and artistic combination. In Germany, on the other hand, we find one building of the university here, another there. They have seemingly no connection with one another. Then, too, we may search for beauty in a German university in vain. Their architecture defies criticism by its ugliness. Many of our factories are more to be admired. Imagine a square building of reddish brick, studded with small and many-paned windows, and surmounted by some abortion called a belfry, and you have the chief beauties of a German college. Heidelberg University offers no change from the common attributes. Its buildings are in every part of the town. You stumble upon the students with their small caps as they issue from some dismal, high-walled alley; and professors, wise and bookish-looking, emerge from the dilapidated doorways of their lecture-rooms. But well may the doorways be dilapidated, and the buildings odd and uninteresting. It is an old university that we are contrasting with our own. Harvard is an infant compared to it. It was founded in 1386. Its list of professors contains such names as those of Mittermaier and Von Vangerow, one the most learned in criminal law, the other in Roman. Crellius, professor in surgery, taught at Heidelberg; and so the long list swells of men of renown who have imparted their knowledge in these old buildings. The largest building of the university is situated in Ludwigsplatz, and contains the library, known the world over, and which consists of two hundred thousand volumes. It is rich in curious and old manuscripts. Among them is the Palatine Library, which was taken during the Thirty Years' War, and presented to the pope. In 1815, however, Pius VII. returned it to the university. When Tilly sacked the town his soldiers littered their horses with the rare manuscripts the library then contained. But even that wholesale destruction could not destroy all the valuables. Remaining now is the "Codex of the Greek Anthology of the Eleventh Century." Here we may see the original writing of Thucydides in his manuscript. Here, too, are the tracings of Plutarch and Luther. The prayer-book of unfortunate Elizabeth reposes in its glass case, and around it lies the accumulated wealth of centuries-old manuscripts. The schools of this university could constitute a dozen colleges—two museums of natural history; a chemical laboratory; schools of mining, engineering, law, and medicine; colleges of agriculture and

forestry; an observatory; and seminaries of philology, theology, and bibliology. Men have come to Heidelberg from all parts of the world. Its scholars are found in our far West and in the East. It is the Alma Mater of many a one famed in letters, politics, and business.

One always looks for the students of Heidelberg at his first arrival. They are not as often seen, however, as are the students of some of our American colleges. When seen, they are easily recognizable by their short jackets, scarred faces, and jaunty red caps with strange devices. Their great pastime is dueling. Across the river is a building especially for that purpose. Having covered arms, faces, and hands, with impenetrable obstructions, and resembling in their dress a diver rather than a student, they slash away at one another with long, sharp blades.

Another pastime is to form processions at night, gathered about a fire in Ludwigsplatz, flit about in fantastic uniforms, sing songs, and indulge in general hilarity. The sleeping-quarters are scattered promiscuously about the town. Every other house seemingly is tenanted by some red-capped, pipe-smoking seeker after knowledge. In their gifts to one another they usually present the student-pipe or beer-glass, covered with inscriptions, and forever treasured.

One often wonders if there exists a German town not having a cathedral of some sort. They become as tiresome as the never-ending monotony of our Western Plains. You stumble upon them as you turn some corner. The guide opens his mouth only to give utterance to the now-stereotyped phrase, "This cathedral is one of the oldest in Europe!" It has so long been sounded in our ears that it has grown overpowering. Even the sight of some lofty spire fills us with distrust; the very word cathedral becomes a nightmare. But even at Heidelberg we were not to be free. Turning a sharp corner, and there, there rose the great pile of stone, the cathedral. Around it crowd the small, dingy houses. About its sides cling the various booths of petty traders. It is not handsome, possesses no interest, unless it be the sight of bare-headed, yellow-haired children going in and out its doorway as they offer prayers before the altar and pass into school. It is here, too, that we may see the novel sight of one church for two denominations —the Protestant and Catholic. Yet this one roof serves for both, with only the high partition dividing them. And so, wandering about, will the peculiar allurements of Heidelberg unfold themselves. At odd corners some new interest is awakened at sight of the fantastic façade of an old inn, or may chance we stumble upon the Renaissance architecture of St. Peter's. Another sight, too, is the arched bridge across the Neckar. Gracefully resting upon strong pillars of stone, it commands a view of river-valley, town, and castle, at once beautiful and complete.

But Heidelberg has, perhaps, properly speaking, only two really chief objects of interest—the one the university, and the other that relic of a long-past age, the castle.

Heidelberg Castle is a part of Germany, so long has it stood upon the hill-side and watched passing events below. It has seen the old town alive with importance when the Palatine Electors here had their quarters. And it has seen the counts betake themselves away to gladden the rival town of Mannheim. It has looked down upon Germany when civil war has convulsed and invading foe assailed her. It has watched the progress of the long Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, and the invasion of the French. Tilly, Turenne, and Melac, have successively battered at its walls. The heavens, too, have waged battle against it. It has been struck by lightning again and again.

Looking up from the town, the ruins present a noble sight. They cling to the hill-side, three hundred feet above, and the turrets, and towers, and broken walls, shoot up from the mass of verdant foliage. Back of it, rising to a still higher elevation, is Königsstuhl; and far to the left the Great Terrace stands firm and defiant.

Heidelberg Castle has not only looked down upon historical events, but also has a history of its own. It sprung from the middle ages. In 1294 Rudolph built the first structure. As years rolled on, one ruler, one Count Palatine after another, added to the group his peculiarly-styled habitation, until at last a group was composed, not excelled, perhaps unequaled, by any then in Europe. But, if perfect in years past, before man and the heavens had directed their fires against it, the grand old castle is no less beautiful in these later years. It is the pride of Germany, and even unpoetical government has ordered that it should no longer be allowed to fall to ruin, but that care should be taken to keep it as it is. But the usefulness of the castle has departed. Once the home of the electors, it has been deserted since the seventeenth century.

From the town a pathway leads to the ruin, and winds by easy grades up the hill-side. Passing through the lanes lined with curious old houses, and then entering through the outer gateway of the castle, one is at last free to look about and admire the prospect.

Round about are cool shades of lofty trees; dripping streams and splashing fountains entreat us to linger. Below lie town, and river, and distant mountains. Through the trees, half hidden by the foliage, green with clinging vines, are seen the strong walls, the moats, the bridges, and the turrets, of the far-famed castle. We have read of it; we have studied its beauties often before; we know its history. Yet here it actually is before us: cross but the drawbridge, and we enter that yard where have been enacted so many well-known scenes. No matter to what nation one may belong, the influence this sight produces on the feelings is peculiar and novel. It is more potent than even Westminster. This satisfies our ideal of a perfect ruin on the banks of a German stream. Every wall, every building, moat, and window, we have studied and read of. Dating its birth to the remote ages of later history, so often fought for, so long the home of Frederick, Eliza-

beth, Otho, and Rupert—what wonder is it that one enters its inclosure almost with reverence? Entering the court-yard, some cool day, when the sky is very bright, one feels no gloom at the sad fate of those so long dead, and rather gives himself up to perfect enjoyment. For it is beautiful. Over our heads, as the long, arched passage is entered leading from the garden, hang the teeth of the murderous portcullis. They are old and rusty now, but how alert were they when Tilly or Turenne marched across the drawbridge! The towers under which one passes, and from which the teeth suspend, is a square-topped, uninteresting building, built in 1541 by Louis V.

Passing, then, under the old teeth, we are in the court-yard. On all its sides are the buildings of former grandeur. They present all styles of architecture. Here is one with the style of the fourteenth, another of the fifteenth, and yet others of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Fancy has had free sway. Each elector has patronized his particular architect, and used the style peculiar to his generation. The roofs now are gone. Time has clipped the carvings and destroyed some of the statues. Ivy-vines cling about the decorated pillars, twine themselves in and out some long open window. The sunlight falls upon the olden sun-dial opposite us, and the homes of Henry, Rupert, and Frederick, cast long shadows upon the paved and grass-grown court-yard. Has any reader been among these ruins at moonlight? They have a strange hush about them then. The statues seem to walk from their niches; the ghostly shadows are longer and fainter; there is perfect solitude, and perchance there may be a chill run over you as the ivy-leaf rustles in the breeze. Are you again curious, reader? And do you, student, hunger for dates and facts? If so, the guide-book will say to you in such a year Rupert built this structure; in another Otho Henry erected this. Let it suffice us to wander at will through crumbling doorways, up carved staircases, and about the roofless chambers. They tell their own story of age; and when, at home, we may find that their looks did not belie them, we may know their age. In fact, everything about Heidelberg Castle tells of age, there are such decay and such desolation about the ornamented walls and tall towers.

Around us, then, in the court-yard, are the ruined piles of the far-famed castle. On our left is the tall façade of Rupert's Building. Its walls are decorated with inscriptions and designs, and its interior filled with winding stairs and airy chambers. Next to this, and a little back from the yard, is the oldest portion of the castle—Rudolph's Building. This is so old that it almost reflects antiquity. Here are subterranean vaults and dark old chambers, all telling of its strength in the middle ages. Here, in the fifteenth century, were held the great court festivals. Here, no doubt, Rudolph felt secure. And what a change it must present from the busy scenes of the year 1294, when it was built! Now there is moss upon the stones, the windows are empty and blank, and time has here torn down a chimney, there chipped a cornice. Tall trees grow about its mossy porch, and usually some quiet-minded horse contentedly feeds upon the greensward where six hundred years ago, Rudolph mounted his steed of war.

Joining this building is Rupert's, built in 1349. It was burned by Tilly and Turenne; and to-day it is used as a cooper's shop. It lacks interest, and one usually passes it by, to stand at last before that building facing the entrance, and filling almost one side of the court-yard. Before its façade one almost involuntarily stops. It is one of the richest of them all. High, and of the Gothic order, it has stood for nearly three hundred years looking out upon the old yard. On the four gables are genii with cornucopias and birds, and between the Goddess of Justice, with sword and balance. There are the arms of its builder, Frederick IV., and his consort. In niches are four rows of statues of the ancestors of the reigning house of Bavaria, from Charlemagne to Otho. Here are Charles the Great, and Otho, and Louis. Some of them have lost a leg, some an arm, some a nose; but, weather-beaten as they are, their beauty and interest still remain. The windows have heavy decorations, and over the doorway to the balcony is the inscription—"Fredericus comes palatinus Rheni S. Rom. imperii elector dux Bavariæ hoc palatium divino cultui et commodoe habitatione exstruendum et major suorum imaginibus exorandum curavit Anno Dom. MDCVII." But all concede the building on the side of the castle opposite Rudolph's Building to be the finest of the group. The architecture of this Otho Henry's palace is Italian. In every conceivable place of the façade is a statue. The window-sills are carved and ornamented, and the wide stairs leading to the spacious hall are stately and grand. From the one side of the palace, windows command a view of the Neckar Valley. Over the portal, supported by partly-destroyed figures, are the arms of the architect, and an inscription to Otho. In the hall are scratched the names of adventurers who forgot the adage—

> "Fools' names, like fools' faces,
> Are always seen in public places."

The various statues in the niches of the façade facing the yard represent Biblical characters. Here we see David, and Isaac, and Samson, and the long list of great departed. They are the work of Italian sculptors, who long since have perished, with their names. Although time has chipped them somewhat, although they have passed through fire and siege, they still show the delicate touch, the graceful draping and master tracings of the artist's hand. Wandering about the building, it seems sometimes as though gay faces would appear at the carved window-sill. But only the birds flutter in and out where once were merry sounds of Otho's court; now the halls, the rooms, and the great cellar, are deserted and empty.

From here subterranean pas sages lead to different buildings, and one carries you even to the level of the town, under the river-bed, and to the hill beyond. The permission is too often withheld to explore

these old passages, but students have at night effected an entrance, and with dark lanterns have crept through the deserted and mouldy places where years ago brave knights would often hie for safety.

The interior of the building, too, is beautiful in its decay. Grass grows in the crevices ; it is roofless, and the doors are long since gone ; the rain and air have worn strange shapes out of the carved fireplaces and door-sills. In one room the sunlight falls through the ivy-covered window, and throws fitful shadows upon the grass-grown floor. Birds build their nests here, and the snows of winter and the summer heat find free access.

Passing through a narrow passage under the building of Frederick IV., one enters upon a broad, stone esplanade, perhaps sixty feet long by twenty broad, resting on the old walls of the castle. The air here is cool and damp. Around us are bases, and cornice, and clinging vine. On one side rise the sculptured, fanciful walls of the Frederick Building. Jutting out at almost every corner are lions' heads of stone, about which tiny birds flutter, and within which they build their nests. The windows, too, are often torn from the sashes, and screened by the ivy. Just to the right, the great, octagonal tower looms proudly up. But it is when we look over the stone railing that the beauties of the Balcony begin to unfold themselves. Imagine the scene, those of you who have not leaned upon this railing in the early morn or eve. Below are tree-tops breaking here and there, and showing bright-green grass-plots rich and cool. Still farther down is the town. We can look upon its quaint roofs, and into the chimneys. The streets seem deep-cut, and turn and wind about snake-like in the distance. Here a park, with splashing fountain ; there a beer-garden, where we can even see the white tables. There is the Neckar and the arched bridge across it, throwing a deep shadow on the water underneath. There is the university, and St. Peter's Church, and the old Platz. The Heiligenberg opposite is rich and green with vineyards, and stands bold and clear-cut against the deep-blue sky. Afar off, over house-tops, and dim in the distance, seen between the Geisberg and the Heiligenberg, lies the valley of the Rhine ; while, twisting like a silver thread along its length, the river flows onward to the sea. Backing the picture are the Haardt Mountains, and between them and us tall spires, and domes, and tops of castles, that tell of other towns, and lend their charm to the view. It is Germany we look upon. We see the fertile valleys of the land of song, poetry, and history. Past, present, tradition, and tale, lend their aid to the prospect. Who would not rest for hours, and feast upon a scene that unfolds new beauties each day ? Who would not from this height gaze out upon a land where Tilly, Wallenstein, Gustavus, and Napoleon—yes, too, Frederick the Great himself—have planned and fought their battles ?

But one must not linger here all the day if the castle's wonders are to be seen. There is the library, and the museum, and, above all, the Great Tun, or wine-cask. To see the latter, we enter a long passage, and, winding past dark dungeons and kitchens, reach a cellar of great dimensions. Here is the Tun. If one imagine for a moment the capacity of this flask, he cannot but say to himself, " Truly the stomach of the olden knight was great in its capacity for wine ! " What bumpers they must have drunk to empty a cask holding eight hundred hogsheads, and standing twenty-four feet high ! It is so large that a quadrille may be danced upon its rounded surface ! Round about are smaller casks, and balconies, and the statue of little Clemens Perko, who daily could swallow his allowance of eighteen bottles ! Since 1752 the Great Tun has been empty. But the cellar is damp, and, longing once more to be free from the sight of dungeons and mysterious passages, we crawl out again to open air.

Returning again by the same passage we entered by, through the yard, and under the old library-building near Otho's Building, a shaded lane is reached leading to the large gardens. On the right, projecting into the path, is the octagonal tower so often observed from the town below. Here was once hung a large bell, and here, too, the French tried to work destruction with powder and ram. Lightning has set fire to it, time has torn away its windows, and now green vines cling closely to its scarred and battered walls. Overlooking town, balcony, and river, it forms a striking landmark from every point. Following to the right, the castle gardens are entered. Here trees with interlaced boughs allow the sunlight to fall in soft and fantastic shapes upon the grass and walks. No dead leaves offend us, and the sward is rich and green. At one retreat a rustic seat invites repose, and from here the eye may wander far up the Neckar Valley. Following the path, past gem-like views, soon is reached the stone embankment called the Great Terrace. From here, what a view ! Across the tree-tops rise the dismantled tower and walls. Below and beyond, the scene of the balcony, of town and Rhine Valley, is repeated, and high behind us is Königsstuhl. One may wander at will through the garden, coming now and then upon some underground passage—a mystery of an age long past—now upon a ruin of sculptured fountain. Often a tiny stream, with dash, and foam, and mimic roar, plunges down the steep incline to mingle with the Neckar. Birds are here to sing, and the whole gardens seem a perfect Eden to the traveler from America. Fresh, cool, green, beautiful, why should Elizabeth have preferred a more beautiful home and the miseries of a crown ? At one end of the garden is the old tower, once nearly destroyed. When the French entered the castle they blew this tower up with powder. But so stoutly was it built that the only damage it sustained was to have a huge part of it forced out. The walls were then shown to be twenty-two feet thick ! The portion now lies as it fell. The tower itself seems good for many years to come. The inner chambers are now exposed to view.

The various paths about the gardens have been spoken of at perhaps too great length, but they offer

so many attractions that one may be excused for continuing their praise. One in particular is unusually seductive by reason of its deep shade and fountain of cool, crystal water. The lower Prince's Fountain, as it is called, was built by Charles Theodore—or, at least, the fountain-house close to it was. This Charles Theodore was a *pater patriæ*, if we may believe the Latin inscription over the doorway. But whoever or whatever he was, he has the thanks of the people of the nineteenth century for providing such a *sanissima scaturigo*.

If Frederick V. was not possessed of good taste and wisdom when he accepted the Bohemian crown, he certainly was when he chose the daughter of James I. of England as his wife. Beautiful as well as clever, she received at the hands of the people of Heidelberg a sincere welcome. There is an interesting account of her entry into the old castle, and very full descriptions are given of the buildings her husband erected for her, the garden he planned, and the arch of welcome. While at the upper fountain, one may easily visit the English gardens and Elizabeth Gate. The gate is very beautiful. The frieze of the arch is decorated with the lion of England and the Palatinate, and rests upon four, or rather eight, trunks of stone trees with clinging ivy, and decorated with animals. The Latin inscription on the frieze dedicates the arch to "dearly-beloved Elizabeth, from Frederick V., in 1615." So it was over two hundred years ago that Elizabeth passed under the carved way, and yet to-day its beauty has not departed. Age has only softened and refined it.

The palace built for Elizabeth is more substantial than elegant. It rests upon the old walls built by Louis V. In its interior the rooms are large and spacious, and passages connect it with other parts of the castle. Standing near this are the ruins of the so-called "Thick Tower." I believe its chief attraction, besides being built so long ago as 1533, is its large banqueting-hall—so spacious that we know not how many might feast there. Its destruction, like many other parts of the castle, is due to Melac. The gardens are still kept in some order. They command a view of the town and the distant Rhine.

And so, at each step, the beauties of the castle-grounds unfold themselves. We may wander along the Little Terrace with dripping springs, and fountains, and cool shade, and again pass to the Great Terrace on the north part of the grounds, and which we have mentioned. Leaving this, a path leads to the grotto, and we may see the Rhine-god reposing by the basin-side. There is Neptune's fountain, too, and halls, grottoes, and fish-ponds, thrust themselves forward at every turn. Tiring of this, we may leave the castle-grounds and toil up to the Molkencur, from where one may see over hill and dale, and far away to remote German forests and mountains. On the way is passed the Getta spring or cave. This, I believe, is the only spot about which a legend has been told. This Getta, a teller of fortunes for young and old, possessed such beauty that a young adventurer, seeking his future fate, was possessed of love for the fair fortune-teller. Pity for both, the love was returned, their affection plighted, and the next day, happy and buoyant, the young man returned. Alas for expectations! A wolf with bloody jaws was devouring his beautiful one—her reward for proving unfaithful to the commands of the priestess that she should love no mortal man.

We may again enter the castle-yard and climb the steps leading to Louis's Building with its domestic offices, and great kitchen with fireplace large enough to roast whole oxen before it. In the yard, too, there is the deep draw-well, hewed in solid granite, and with a canopy supported by four of the pillars that formed the palace of Charlemagne at Ingelheim. Around this well how often is the artist seated, and the devoted student of Murray; the one intent upon the beauties of the yard spread out before him, the other forming his opinions of the scene from "personal observations," as he proudly says afterward! Near by is the great, broken fountain-basin, cracked, moss-grown, almost hidden by the trees and shrubs surrounding it. There are numerous nooks and corners; there are deserted, decaying rooms; there are high towers with broad views to be had from their summits; there are many, many ways to while away the hours—to revel in enjoyment.

But shall we see more? Shall we, these hot days, still wander about on her explorations, led by the will-o'-the-wisp Curiosity? Shall we visit again and again the towers and moats, and great black dungeons? Let us rather expend our energies climbing once more Königsstuhl from where Tilly poured down upon the castle his destructive fire, and again gaze down upon town, castle, garden, and river. Let us stay there long enough for the fair picture to be well painted upon our minds, so that when other scenes crowd themselves upon us we may never forget this one. And, once seeing, we never shall forget it. If in Venice we sail past silent palaces of glittering marble, if we climb the Duomo and look out upon the olive-clad hills around Florence, we may be sure that there will remain clear and distinct the image of fair Heidelberg.

IMPERFECTION.

WHENCE comes the old, silent charm whose tender stress
Has many a mother potently beguiled
To leave her rosier children and caress
The white brow of the frail, misshapen child?

Ah! whence the mightier charm that, age by age,
Has lured so many a man, through spells unknown,
To serve for years, in reverent vassalage,
A beauteous bosom with a heart of stone!

THE HIGH STEEPLE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S.

I.

"YES, an' an uncommon pretty young woman she ha' grown too."

"Not old enough for a sweetheart yet?"

"Old eno' an' plenty. Catch sweethearts an' birds a-waitin' for cherries to ripen before they find out they're sweet! Not that Annie cares for sweethearts, though, save as a girl should! I' spite of her dark, wicked eyes, an' her rare, takin' ways, an' her smile here an' her word there, no doubt she is true at heart. Then she's a proud lass an' comes from a proud stock; an', till Master Trent came a-courtin', Mistress Snow had nothing but frowns for any o' Annie's lovers. Master Trent's bound to win her, they say."

"Master Trent? Joshua Trent, o' Manor Farm?"

"None else, though he might easy ha' married squire's daughter an' set up for a gentleman, but he never had an eye for any woman alive save Annie. Mistress Snow ull be main proud to see her girl at Manor Farm."

The two men, walking together along Teddington highway, parted company here, and Will Ware took the lane which led past the shadows of the great oaks of the Chase to Farmer Snow's. Will had not been in Teddington parish for three years, but he had forgotten nothing about his early sweetheart. Annie had been but sixteen when he bade her good-by before setting out on his long voyage, yet Will's nimble tongue had already found many a chance to whisper words into her ear which made her eyes droop and her color come, and they had parted with a farewell kiss, long remembered by him with a wild thrill of passionate hope. Now, thank God! that weary interval of waiting was over; he was at home again, and, forty-eight hours after setting his foot in the parish, and greeting his freshly-widowed mother, he was on his way to see Annie Snow.

He was still quivering with a curious pain and perplexity over the news he had just heard of a possible rival, when he came in sight of the chimneys of Chase Farm, and the very look of them inspired a sort of comfort which gave him a hopeful view of his own prospects, and showed his and Annie's future in a satisfactory light; and here, just beyond the turning, were Farmer Snow and his wife, driving down the lane in a smart new gig.

"Well, now," said Mistress Snow, whose cold gray eyes saw everything 'twixt sky and earth, "if there isn't Will Ware, as you ha' been fretting to see! Sit down an' wait, an' what you want'll travel toward you faster'n you can go to it."

"Hilloa, lad!" cried easy, good-natured Farmer Snow, whose stalwart healthiness was a sight to see as he sat in his high wagon, clad in his buff-and-blue Sunday-suit, his heavy chin resting in his neck-cloth; "the mistis says, 'There's Will Ware'—an' so it is, an' no mistake!"

"Will Ware, an' no mistake!" cried the young fellow, joyfully, mounting the step of the gig and shaking hands with both husband and wife, and even snatching a kiss from the thin, close lips of Mistress Snow. "You have grown younger and handsomer than ever," he added, looking into her face with his rollicking air and laughing glance. "'Tis the same kiss you gave me at good-by, you know."

"You've lost none o' your boldness goin' up an' down the world," the mistress retorted, her white cheek taking a faint color under the salute. "The master here thinks I'm old enough and plain enough, I'll be bound!"

"I married the handsomest girl in all Teddington, an' I'll not confess as how I've used her so badly that she's grown an old woman at forty," said Farmer Snow, with one of his deep laughs. "So you're back again, Will, an' for good this time, I hear? I was glad when they told me you were goin' to give up seafarin' an' stay home an' take care of your old mother. Teddington parish lost a good man when your father died last winter, but he was failin' fast, an' you can fill his place, since you've come back to take up his trade."

"Yes," returned Will, with a sigh. "It does not seem the right thing, does it, to leave mother alone, an' she so old, an' I the only child left in her old age? I can't say 'tis my choosin', for I love the sea best, an' I was doin' well. But I believe the Lord's hand is in it all, for parson says so. I had not been at home an hour before Master Brown came in an' told me he had a good openin' for a brisk young fellow who minded no risks, an' would not shrink from danger. 'He needs to be a sort o' sailor,' said he, laughin' as 'twere a joke; then went on to tell that Jem Strong, as he used to depend on for slatin' high roofs and repairin' weathercocks an' water-spouts, was a-gettin' too worthless to be trusted. For a man can't drink his three pints every night, an' double the allowance for Sundays, an' have his eye sure an' his arm steady in the morning. So you see, Master Snow, Brown thinks—as I know a good deal about carpenterin' an' the like, that I picked up along wi' father, as a youngster, an' am used to sailor's work from bein' a sailor before the mast for eight years—that the place might suit me better than any other. For I'm cool-headed an' steady, an' no doubt I do understand knottin' an' splicin' ropes better than landsmen, an' after my experience in all sorts o' weather, 'tisn't likely I'm goin' to be scared by any kind o' climbin', when I can hold on by my eyelids. Then, besides, mother feels so thankful an' happy to think o' my gettin' steady work in Teddington! There's plenty o' money to be made by it—not regular wages, but I shall be paid by the job, an' liberally too, as a man ought to be who risks his life."

"Lucky now that you was such a handy boy, an' larned the trade," observed Farmer Snow. "An', I

dare say, you had a chance to keep your hand in at sea?"

"Indeed I did. 'Twas always said on board the Helena that I had a better eye an' a quicker hand than the ship-carpenter; an' the captain, he told me once I could make my fortune as a rigger."

"You'll never lose a chance o' makin' your fortune by any extra modesty, Will Ware," said Mistress Snow, tartly.

The young man's face fell.

"What have I bragged on?" he asked, looking from one to the other with a troubled glance. "Next to my poor old mother, I seem to have a right to expect interest an' kindness from my old friends."

"Oh, lad, the mistis will have her joke," said the kind farmer, laughing, but with an uncomfortable air, while his wife's grim face did not alter. "Were you bound to the farm? We can't turn back to-day, even for an old friend like you, Will."

"Is Annie home?" inquired the young fellow, sheepishly, the blood rushing to his face.

"Annie is busy," said Mistress Snow, curtly. "Come again, Will, an' we'll all be home an' welcome you gladly."

Will stepped to the ground and watched the pair drive off. For a few moments his heart was heavy as lead. Were they changed, or had his own over-eager, over-hungry heart demanded too much? Must he consider his journey at an end, his visit postponed until another day, with the house in sight, and Annie almost within sound of his voice? Even if she were busy, it was not likely her occupations could be arduous on this Saturday afternoon; and, if she were finishing a new bonnet or gown for the Sunday, might he not sit by her side and tell her what would be most becoming? He regained his audacity, and instead of turning back strode jauntily on. The great farm-yard gate was wide open, and he entered and stood looking about him, renewing with delight each old homely impression, and feeling as if he recognized even the tiny ducks and chicks, like balls of fluffy down, obediently following their mother's sharp cluck. A monster turkey-cock, alone in his glory, strutted and gobbled; a long line of ducks solemnly followed their leader from the pond; half a dozen calves in the paddock approached the bars and sniffed toward him hungrily; while the great mastiff chained to his kennel watched the intruder with a cautious eye.

"Giant, is that you?" said Will; and, with a joyful bark, the dog threw himself on the young man, licking his face and whining. It seemed to Will a good sign to have such a welcome from Annie's own dog, and he went forward and knocked at the open door of the great kitchen of Chase Farm.

Mistress Snow was well known to be the best housekeeper in both Great and Little Teddington, and the perfection of polished brightness, and the repose of a full week's accomplished work, reigned in her kitchen this Saturday afternoon. The rows of pewter dishes and pans shone like silver; the brasses were brightened into mirrors, which reflected every ray of color and light; while tables and chairs showed that a stout hand had rubbed them to their cleanest that morning. A young maid-servant sat at the open window, surreptitiously putting a fresh ribbon in her Sunday bonnet in the absence of her sharp-eyed and sharper-tongued mistress, and at the sound of the knock came running to the door.

"Is Miss Annie Snow at home?" Will inquired, with some trepidation.

"She's in the laundry-yard, a-gatherin' the damask-roses, sir," answered the little maid, looking with admiration at the sailor's tall, well-knit figure, bronzed face, blue eyes, and clustering brown curls.

Will had regathered boldness from the unchanged aspect of the farmhouse, and, telling the little maid that he would go out to her young mistress, strode across the black-oaken floor of the kitchen, and went through the scullery-door to the garden; for well enough he remembered where the damask-roses grew. It was a pretty spot: the grass was close-cut, and grew soft as velvet; on one side a hedge of privet separated it from the kitchen-garden, where all sorts of summer vegetables were ripening in the June sunshine; and on the other hand the long dairy-house inclosed it from the farm-yard. Then, in front, were the great rose-trees, which were Mistress Snow's boast and pride, and to-day they were in full blow, and made a superb bank of color with their multitudinous crimson, pink, and white petals massed against the vivid greenery; and there—

"Gathering flowers, herself the fairest"—

stood Annie Snow, with her apron full of damask-roses.

Even had there been no other reason, Will must have checked himself for a moment's gaze at this pretty sight. A sheet of snowy linen lay spread over the grass, upon which was piled a pyramid of the roses, while Annie was still occupied in pulling more from the half-stripped bushes. Will had remembered the young girl's beauty with a weight upon his heart and tongue for many a year; but she had grown a woman since he saw her last. Her hair no longer clustered in the curly crop he remembered, but was neatly braided; yet nothing could alter the delicate little curls and rings which shaded her forehead and temples. Her eyes were as dark as her hair, or seemed so from the shade of the thick, black lashes; but one could hardly tell what was their color, for when Annie looked she held the man she looked at under the spell of her gaze, and he was helpless, and not until she smiled with tender curves of the beautiful lips, and droll little dimples, did her victim gather heart. Just at this moment Will could not tell whether she were more absorbed in gathering roses or listening to a dark, stern-faced man who stood close beside her, whispering occasionally some trifling word, while his eyes fastened, as if insatiable, upon the young girl's rounded, babyish curves of cheek and throat. Her apron was full of the fragrant petals, and, as she turned to empty them, she caught a glimpse of Will on the porch, and uttered a cry. He strode forward, and, between her surprise and his seizing her hands, the apron dropped and the roses fell to the ground.

Annie bent her head with a devouring blush, and said, faintly, "I dropped the roses!" and they both went down upon their knees, and began picking them up. Will had found one chance to gaze into the depths of Annie's eyes, and discovered there a fire which leaped to meet the blaze in his own. But nothing could be said before Joshua Trent, who stood regarding them both sullenly; and, accordingly, the sailor, scrambling to his feet, turned and greeted his rival.

Master Trent wasted no graciousness upon the intruder, but Will gave small heed to his lowering glance and forbidding air, and, giving him not another look or thought, turned back to Annie, whose cheeks had gained a color more delicious than the hue of her own roses.

"You were gathering these for the linen-closet just before I went away, Annie," he said, softly. She looked up at him without a word, but he knew that she remembered the day he had kissed her for the first and only time. "Did you know that I had come home, Annie?" he said again.

"Yes," she answered, under her breath. "Father told me how you had come home."

"I should ha' come to see you yesterday," Will pursued. "But there's many a thing to be settled at home—father being gone, you know."

"I was sorry—I thought of you—I went to see your mother," faltered Annie, with a timid glance of love and pity.

"Bless you for your kindness!" cried Will, rapturously. "Mother never told me."

"I hear," broke in Master Trent's rasping voice—"I hear that you have been discharged from your ship, an' will have to earn your bread in Teddington henceforth?"

Will stared at him.

"What d'ye mean, man?" he asked, shortly.

"I mean what I say," retorted Trent, with a grin. "You be discharged, ben't you?"

"Oh, have it your own way. I certainly have my discharge in my pocket, an' I hope to earn my bread and more too in Teddington," said Will, too happy to feel exasperation at such an innuendo.

"I didn't hear what they brought against you," pursued Trent, "but I knew you was discharged."

Will glared at him a moment; then, finding resentment out of place, turned back to Annie, and, leaning over her shoulder, helped her to pick the roses, throwing them into her lifted apron, while he whispered over and over his raptures at meeting her. Once his cheek touched the little pink ear, and they started apart guiltily.

"I'm afraid you're not entertained, Master Trent," said Annie, returning to a consciousness of her double duties, and remembering the claims of her rebuffed suitor, who stood glooming in the background. "But then you know Will Ware is an old friend, an' I've not seen him since I was grown up."

"Oh," rejoined Trent, with an effort at a smile, which was rendered hideous by his rage coming in collision with this sudden necessity for politeness, "I can wait until Will Ware goes. Your mother asked me to stay to tea and supper, Annie."

"You'll stay too, Will?" she cried, looking up at him.

"No," said he, gravely, remembering his repulse from Mistress Snow. "I came only to have one look at you, Annie, an' to bring you a few poor keepsakes I picked up in foreign parts. I'd like to stay if your mother had asked me, Annie," he added, looking into her face and sighing. Her loveliness stirred so maddening a thrill that he experienced a powerful, almost painful emotion, when her full glance answered his. He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out his little presents, just to hide the rush of feeling which came over him.

"I've brought you a queer fan, Annie," said he. "It smells o' sandal-wood, an' you may like it. An' here's some shells from Ceylon, and some ivory carvings from China and Bombay, which may make you laugh, they are so queer. An' here's a sort o' pocket, such as the Indian women make in America."

He tossed them one after another into her lap as she sat on the bench.

"I've another present for you, Annie," he whispered in her ear, "but that shall wait."

Here he half drew a little ring with sapphires from his waistcoat-pocket, then slid it back.

"Since 'tis the fashion to give presents in public," observed Master Trent, advancing with a sour, disagreeable laugh, "I'll take this opportunity to give you a little box wi' something in it for you, Annie, which may have cost as much as Will Ware's trumpery, although I didn't go so far for it."

"I make no gifts to a girl who counts their cost in counting their worth," cried Will, hotly. "But let's see Master Trent's present, Annie, an' we'll guess how many golden guineas he paid for it."

Annie was used to being *casus belli* between her lovers, hence cared little about these defiant sarcasms, and sat meanwhile holding a brilliant conch-shell to her ear with the *naïve* wonder of a child at the roar. But, as Trent handed her his offering, she dropped the shell and took the little box, smiling and blushing as she looked up into the grim, yellow face. Then she threw Will a glance which convinced him that in spite of all these coquetries she cared nothing for Trent; and at last, after toying daintily with the little casket of purple morocco, opened it with a kittenish air, and then shrieked with rapture.

"O Master Trent, I never did see anything so beautiful!"

For on the satin lining lay a chain and locket of gold. The mind of a pretty girl is thoroughly subjective. For Annie to see beauty in any shape was to long to appropriate it to her own adornment. A flower was not half a flower until it nestled in her throat or hair. Hence now, after one glance at her costly present, she drew it out, and with a swift movement and arch smile clasped the necklace about her throat, and the locket, bright with blue enamel and set with pearls, hung down the snowy neck half exposed by the square cut of her bodice.

Each man gave a start. Will blushed jealously, while Trent's face lighted as he remembered that it was his locket which rose and fell with every breath of that tender breast. But neither spoke, and Annie's vain little heart sank, for she had expected flattery from both.

"You might just say if I look nice in it!" she exclaimed, with a pout, as little understanding the gush of feeling which exalted both her lovers as a new-born babe understands the rapture of its mother's kiss.—"Do I look so ugly, then?" she asked Will, with a little grimace, and, springing up, his presents slipped from her lap, and were scattered on the grass. "Don't mind, Will," she said, coaxingly. "I'll pick 'em up presently, but now I want to run to mother's room an' see how I look."

"I'll tell you how you look, Annie," cried Will, snatching her hand—"you look as if all the beautiful things in the world were made for you; not that they make you prettier, but that they show a man how beautiful they are when you wear them. Still, all the same, Annie—"

"But what, Will?" she asked, as he broke off. "What were you going to say?"

"I like you best i' your plain gown with a rose in your hair. Nothing can make a rose more beautiful—no, not if it stands in a gold vase."

"For my part," said Master Trent, with elation, "I like to see a woman bravely rigged out. My wife shall wear the handsomest silk gowns in Teddington—the ladies at the Chase shall not be finer. I'll put money in her purse, to let her buy what she will."

But Annie was not listening. She was standing beside Will; his hand still clasped hers, and his look and touch moved something in her heart stronger than either vanity or coquetry. Presently her little fingers went up to the necklace, unfastened it, drew it off, and laid it back in the box.

"Thank you for giving me a chance to try on a real gold necklace, Master Trent," she said, offering it to him with a little courtesy.

"No, no, Miss Annie," he answered, with a gruff laugh. "You'll keep it, if you please, with many happy returns, for your birthday, which, I know, comes to-morrow. Mistress Snow herself gave me leave to present it to you."

Annie stood looking down. She could bear without a sign of emotion the news that a strong man loved her, but she was frightened at the thought that her mother might scold her. She was recognizing too late the annoyance entailed by her general habit of coquetry. She wished that she had never allowed Trent to believe for a moment that his visits to the house were welcome to any one except her mother; she wished, indeed, that no man in the world had ever thought of her except Will, so that there need be no clashing of old duty with her new inclinations.

"Good-by, Annie," spoke Will, breaking the silence which only the birds' twitter and the farmyard noises interrupted. "I'll see you after church to-morrow if the weather is fine."

Annie smiled faintly, and at his motion her little hand flew toward his, and nestled in it. He drew her with him across the grass-plot, all the time whispering in her ear until he gained the shadowed porch. He was no laggard in love, and found time all in this moment to tell his story of passionate longing, to gain her answer in return, to steal a kiss from her lips, and to put his ring of sapphires on her finger.

He left her with such a tumult at her heart, and such blushes on her cheek, that Annie dared not go back to Trent at once, so called to him that she must get out the blue china, and lay the cloth for tea against the return of Mistress Snow.

II.

WILL WARE belonged essentially to the class of lucky Lochinvars, and could woo and win a wife and carry her off, if need be, under the very eyes of his rival. Joshua Trent, on the other hand, had none of those parts about him which carry captive a girl's fancy. He was dark and stern in face, shackled in movement, with a voice which could not attune itself to gentle meanings, and, above all, a mind which, however quick in defining its own needs, never expanded into real sympathy with another's. A long line of cold, narrow-natured progenitors had made him what he was, and thirty years of exacting selfishness had rendered him powerless to conquer the despotism of his sullen, gloomy disposition. No thrill of awe before God, no pity for his kind, had ever linked him in bonds of hope and sympathy with other men; he experienced no sense of dearness or nearness when observing the exquisite pageant of Nature, and cared nothing for the crystal dome of sky, the lake, now blue as hyacinth-bells, again glassing a chaos of storm-driven clouds, nor the oaken glades where lights and shadows played endlessly. Yet, dull and blank although his mind was to what we term in general its finer uses, he was endowed beyond other men with a powerful capacity of feeling for his own wants, and all his ardor of imagination, otherwise suppressed, had spent itself in his love for Annie Snow. He had loved her since she was a child, and this experience had undoubtedly been a check upon other ambitions and interests. She was but fourteen when his eyes first kindled into admiration at sight of her; for the first four years he never once spoke to her, yet watched for hours to see her pass along the lane, and knew by heart the ribbons that she wore—the very buckles on her shoes. He was no coward, but a schemer, and could hold a grip over his heart and tongue while he bided his time, and thus continued to work himself into Mistress Snow's good graces long before he asked her consent to his paying his court to Annie.

Mistress Snow had been a coquette in her youth, and, as a woman of middle age, her self-love had taken the shape of ambition and avarice. Now, the Trents had held Manor Farm by honest title for upward of three hundred years; and the old house, half farmhouse, half gentleman's manor, had many a fine tradition of the thrift and wealth of by-gone Trents. Many a proud marriage had these vanished

generations of Trents made, and many a boast might Joshua vaunt of his high relations in the next county. Hence, when Mistress Snow learned that the young man wanted Annie, she felt that such a marriage would suit her aspirations for her only child. She had given a ready consent to Joshua's suit, and had not been slow in influencing her daughter toward him. Yet, with all the prestige thus gained, the lover made haste slowly.

Many a present of fruit, and vegetables, and game, came to Mistress Snow from Manor Farm, and once all the Snows spent a day at Trent's house, and viewed with admiration, tinged with awe, the wide hall, rich wainscots and carvings, black with age. Then Mistress Snow and Annie had enjoyed glimpses of old presses filled with treasures of linen they well knew how to value, and they had looked into the great kitchen, with its fireplace large enough to roast an ox whole; while Farmer Snow could not half express his admiration of the farm outside, with its well-tilled fields and woods, the full garners, and the horses, cattle, and poultry.

Annie knew very well that she might be mistress of all this wealth if she but gave her hand to Joshua Trent. But in her heart she thought the house gloomy, and her spirits shrank at the picture her imagination was swift to present—of herself chained there in her bright youth; sitting in those quaintly-carved, high-backed chairs; sleeping in the vast, melancholy bed, where grim Trents had died generation after generation; presiding at that long, funereal table, with Joshua opposite, only less yellow and hideous than his father's picture above him on the wall. For girls have swift divinations when they do not love a man, and, though keeping their minds in the bounds of maidenly thought, may yet foresee with exactness all the aspects of married life. Before Will Ware's return there had been moments when, wholly under her mother's influence, she believed a life with a rich husband like Trent not wholly unendurable. But Will's glances, and Will's clasp of her hand, had been a magical test; all that was false and artificial in her nature vanished under the power of this new feeling, and she instantly ceased to think of Trent save as a disagreeable shadow in the brightness of her world.

What she did think of was Will—his looks, tones, and words, at their last meeting; his returning on the morrow; and, now that he had come, a quality softer, gentler, lovelier, had developed in her face and manners; a sort of dependence and clinging to something stronger and better than herself, which was met and fully answered by his manly tenderness.

Joshua Trent was not slow to discover this change in Annie, and he watched her altered manner to himself, as she shyly withdrew from his proffered attentions, with a steadily-increasing jealousy and wrath. He observed, too, that he had lost the ear of Mistress Snow: true, when he did insist upon addressing her privately upon the subject of Will Ware's attentions to Annie, she had said that she knew nothing; that the master would let his only child choose the man of her heart; that things must bide their time; that nobody could tell what romantic folly lay at the roots of a girl's mind, let her training have been what it might. All of which Trent listened to with a look on his sombre face, and a contraction of the muscles about his mouth, and a motion of his hands, that led Mistress Snow much into Annie's way of thinking that he would never make a kind husband. In fact, pondering the matter, she told herself with relief that, although Will Ware came of humble stock, everybody knew him to have the sweetest temper of any man in Teddington.

One afternoon, late in August, Annie Snow was returning from a tea-drinking with friends in the next parish. Some of them had walked with her half-way, but at the stile, just before crossing the great meadows beyond the Chase, Annie bade them good-by, and, skirting the fields of rye now ready for harvest, she turned into the quiet lane which led toward home. She had picked a handful of poppies as she came through the rye, and had put a knot of them in her dark, shining braids, and another on her breast. She was walking slowly; and, as she advanced, swinging her bonnet in her hand, made a picture fair enough to fire any lover. She was loitering a little, because it was not yet seven o'clock, and Will could not meet her at the great oak until it had passed the half-hour. Thinking of the coming interview, she was in a mood of happy reverie, and to Trent, who had been watching for her since six o'clock, and now beheld her approach, she seemed a maddening vision of beauty. Although for an hour he had been hiding in the coppice, straining his eyes in every direction in the hope of seeing her, now that she did appear in full view, the sight filled him with a burning, shuddering pain akin to dread. His glance fastened upon her as if he were under a spell while she unconsciously advanced. She seemed to have gained height and breadth of late; her form was magnificent, and the elastic pride of her step seemed cruelly beautiful to the man who felt his hopes trampled beneath her feet.

She drew nearer; there was the pure white forehead, with the delicate rings of curls about it. Trent saw the poppies in her hair, and the flame they made upon her breast. With a beating heart he emerged from his covert and drew near her.

"Good-evening," said she, opening her dark eyes with a look of surprise, yet speaking as if she were too deeply engrossed in thought to be aroused from her reverie.

"Good-evening, Miss Annie," he answered, coolly, walking beside her. "Perhaps you'll be glad of my company along this lonely lane?"

"No, thank you!" she returned, with spirit. "I am well used to going alone, an' can take care of myself. You are far away from your own home, Master Trent, so I'll bid you good-night."

"Maybe you're expecting some other sweetheart," said Trent, his face growing black. "But stop one moment, Annie Snow. To my mind, a man like Joshua Trent, of Manor Farm, has some rights over the woman he has been courtin' for more'n

a year! Perhaps I'm not so patient as you think! I want a wife, an' I want her now, an' if it so pleases you, we'll have the bans called next Sunday."

Annie regarded him scornfully.

"You must be dreaming, Master Trent; or, if you're joking, no man should dare to joke o' having his name called wi' mine."

He looked at her silently raging; she could hear him grind his teeth.

"By —!" said he, under his breath, "you shall marry me, Annie Snow! I'm not the man for a girl to fool with—accepting his presents, going to look at his house, an' all. You shall marry me, I say!"

She laughed insolently.

"Did I want your presents?" she cried. "Go gather fruit from our trees, an' make up your poultry from our farm-yard. As for your chain an' locket, you know well I never took it—mother'll be glad to give it back to you. You know I told you that over an' over, so 'twas your own fault for leaving it behind you."

She was so fair in her scorn, while her cheeks flamed high as the poppies in color, that his love smote him to supplication.

"O Annie," said he, going up to her and speaking under the influence of strong emotion, "I did think you were beginning to like me! What else have I thought of these five years that's gone? I ha' not set out a tree, nor marked one to be cut down, nor counted my lambs, nor weighed my wool, nor called home my cattle, but what I ha' thought, 'All this is for Annie Snow to take.' I ha' thought of you every spring at planting-time, I ha' thought o' you in the heats o' summer, an' more than ever in the fall as I sat over the fire, until in winter-time there was naught else to do save to think, 'Some day she may be here.' . . . I tell you, girl, you can't get over facts like these. I am thirty years old, an' ever since I was five-an'-twenty I ha' made up my mind to ha' you for my wife. Before mother died she called me to her an' said, 'Joshua, thee must take a wife now.' An' I told her, 'I'm a-waitin', mother, for the time when Annie Snow grows to be a woman.' An' she died believing you were to be mistress o' Manor Farm. . . . An' it must be so, Annie. You can't begin to guess what it is for a man to put his hope in a girl for five whole years! All his thoughts learn to tread one path, and that toward her; an' that path burns deeper into his soul every day, an' month, an' year—for to go on seeing her, thinking o' the time she is to be his wife, makes him half mad in his joy at her beauty. . . . An' —an'—an'—you've been good to me, Annie, most times; an', till Will Ware came home, I never doubted for a moment that you were sure to marry me when the time came!"

Annie had gazed at him awed, almost stupefied, by this sudden show of vehemence, and she was terrified, besides, at the working of his sombre face, which in its grief and passion grew unfamiliar and grotesque. But, when he came nearer with his arms outstretched, she withdrew, with her air of girlish caprice.

"I never heard," she said, haughtily, "as how a girl is to blame if a man makes up his mind against her wishes that he wants to marry her! Five years ago I was fourteen, an' I never thought then o' marrying you, nor did I think of it last year, nor do I think of it to-day—thanking you all the same for believing me to be a fit mistress for Manor Farm—which is a house for a girl to be proud of, if she wants to marry a house, an' farrows o' pigs, an' droves o' cattle, an' cribs o' corn!"

"'Twas but to show I was backed by something fit for you to take that I talked o' Manor Farm," interposed Trent, humbly. "An' if you marry me, Annie, you shall live like a lady, you shall, indeed! an' shall have a carriage with two gray ponies like the young ladies at the Chase."

Annie gave a light laugh.

"I'll not say, Master Trent," she returned, easily, "that I should not like to live like a lady, an' be idle all day, an' drive about after a pair o' long-tailed gray ponies; but"—here she sent him a swift glance which thrilled him from head to foot—"but," she went on, with a sudden intensity of look and manner, "though I may like to have all things easy and pleasant, I would rather work my fingers to the bone for the man I love, than to sit on a gold throne with a crown on my head, an' have a man I did na care for as my husband!"

Trent was trembling under the fervor of her words and the passion of her face. He caught her in his arms.

"You shall be my wife!" he muttered, with a terrible oath; "you shall be my wife, let it cost me what it may! I'll risk anything before I let you go away free to marry another man!"

He tried to kiss her, but she was little less powerful than he, and with a convulsive wrench she escaped him, darted to a safe distance, then flung back a few rankling words:

"*I marry you*, Master Trent! I'd marry the ploughboy sooner—sooner yet, I'd die before I'd be your wife!"

She flew down the lane with a spring like a startled doe, and Trent was left fixed and motionless as if turned to stone. In his heart and mind he felt the inner tempest of strong feeling, and knew what it was to be alive, to suffer, to long, to despair. He was unused to emotion, and this impotent desire goaded him like a bull. He felt the girl's beauty with a thirst, a fury of admiration; all his long, patient waiting, all his repressed but ardent hopes, glared in upon him, mocking him with the misery of his humiliation and his loss.

For twenty minutes after she left him he stood just where she had torn herself from his arms, fixed, every muscle rigid with the frightful pain he was experiencing. All at once he started. He heard a whistle, and divined instinctively what was to happen. He stooped and picked up a scarlet-beaded pocket which he had torn from Annie's belt in the struggle, and turning a little from the path leaned against a tree. In another moment Will Ware appeared around the turning of the lane, walking rap-

idly, with his hands in his pockets, and whistling "When the Bloom is on the Rye." He stopped short as he saw Trent, and gazed at him with astonishment and curiosity. Trent, as if unconscious of any one's vicinity, was pressing his lips with frenzy to the scarlet pocket he held in his hand.

"How are you, Mr. Joshua Trent?" said Will, dryly. "Pretty well wrapped up in what you're doin', eh? I happen to know the owner of that trifle you hold in your hand. I expect you picked it up here in the lane."

Trent had turned with an affectation of sullen surprise.

"Good-evening to you," said he, curtly, and stuffed the pocket inside his waistcoat.

"I'll trouble you for that pocket, Joshua Trent," cried Will, with plenty of determination in his voice. "I know very well the person it belongs to, an' 'tis but fair for you to give it up at once. I bought it myself from an Indian woman in Canada, an' you, certainly, ha' no right to it."

"The best right of any man alive," responded Trent, with a hideous leer.

"The right of a thief!" said Will, hotly. "Give it me this minute, or it shall be the worse for you."

Trent laughed insolently, and sat down on the rock with his legs astride.

"Here's a pretty mess," he ejaculated, with a chuckle. "P'r'aps you'd like me to render up everything my little black-eyed Annie ever gave to me."

His face and mien added fuel to Will's anger.

"She has given ye nothing but bare civility," said he. "I know your purpose, Master Trent, an' 'tis unworthy an honest man. Gi' me her property, I say. I ha' the best, the only right to whatever is hers."

"What right?" demanded Trent, coolly.

"The right o' her promised husband."

"Her husband!" shrieked Trent, with a grin. "You can't be such a fool, Will Ware, as to go to her for a wife. Buy her more cheap, an' seek an honest girl if you want a wife. Annie Snow's beauty might redeem a trifle o' lightness, but such lightness as hers ought to damn even her beauty."

Will stood a moment motionless, staring at Trent with eyes in which amazement turned slowly to fierceness as the meaning of the words smote him like red-hot missiles. Trent continued to look at him with his fiendish grin, and, taking out poor Annie's pocket, gave it a caress.

At this sight, possessed by a frantic rage, Will tore it from him, and, brandishing his fist in his face, bade him take back his words.

"You lie, you false, cowardly scoundrel!" he muttered, in a stifled voice. "Take back your words, or I'll crush your head against the very stone you're sitting on!"

"If you want to fight," returned Trent, rising with the bound of a tiger, "I'll fight you willingly. But for a light o' love like Annie Snow—"

Trent had no chance to add another word; all his strength was needed to parry Will's blows. For a few seconds neither yielded; then Trent, tired of acting on the defensive, and watching for an opportunity, flung himself on Will, and the two men, closing on each other, wrestled with the fierceness of panthers. The struggle was short. It was not long before they fell to the ground, and Will was uppermost, with his hand on the other's throat.

"Don't kill me!" gurgled Trent. "I take it back. 'Twas but to fool you. I picked up the pocket."

Will withdrew his clutch reluctantly; his wrath was fully aroused, and he felt his vengeance still unwreaked.

"Lie there, you cowardly scoundrel!" said he, rising and looking down at his opponent, and kicking him contemptuously—"lie there until I am out of sight, and don't come within a mile of Chase Farm again, or I'll finish what I have only begun to-night—I swear, by Heaven, I will!"

III.

TRENT'S insane outburst of jealousy had the effect of such unguarded outbursts, and defeated his own schemes of separating the lovers.

Annie never heard of the fracas among the tall ferns in the summer twilight, but Will told her parents, and in consequence they withdrew every semblance of opposition to his suit, and allowed him to press for an early wedding-day, which was fixed for the third week in October. Mistress Snow had looked forward to her child's wedding-day ever since her birth, and no German Fräulein was ever better provided with hoarded stores for her outfit than was Annie. Then, besides the counting out of linen, and flannel, and damask, at the farm, there was the new home to be provided with everything befitting, and many an afternoon in September did the farmer's wife spend with gentle, helpless, deaf Mistress Ware, who was but too glad to yield to every suggestion of the thrifty dame's.

"For, after all," remarked Mistress Snow, on her return, "the house is not so bad, though Will's mother is too easy an' comfortable a creature to make the best of what she has. You'll soon get things to your liking, Annie, even if there be but five rooms, an', if you haven't a great waste o' spare-rooms, an' store-rooms, an' dairies, an' the like, the less the care of 'em will make an old woman of you by the time you are thirty. Then to see the clever little contrivances Will sits up half the night to work out makes me half ready to fall in love with him myself. I doubt not but what you'll be a happy wife, Annie. There ha' been times when I was ambitious for my only child, but now I like to think you're sure to marry a good an' just man, besides being the handsomest young fellow in all Teddington," the mother added, smiling and stroking the soft hair of the happy girl whose head lay across her breast.

Many a rough joke had Will to parry or endure in these days, but he was both too happy and too busy to care what was going on in the world outside his own hopes and efforts. He proved a swift and careful workman, and had found plenty of occu-

pation in Teddington, and now was busy repairing the high steeple of St. Chrysostom's. It was a job which had been waiting three years for a good workman. Many a man had come from other towns, looked at the high tower, shaken his head, and gone away. There was plenty of risk; life or death must depend upon a single rope, upon the steadiness of head, eye, and hand; and the man who undertook it must peril his life as does the soldier his in battle. So the timid had said, but not Will Ware, who had not a drop of a coward's blood in his veins. Yet he was never reckless; he was careful about every inch of scaffolding, and allowed no man to touch his ropes but himself.

"Don't fret, Annie," he said to her once as she told him her fears; "I'm as safe in the spire as you are here, my pet. Let them tell you, if they like, that, when they look up from the market-place, I seem like a fly crawling about the steeple. That's very likely. But don't think I love my life so little as to take no precautions. Indeed, 'tis a joke at the shop about the time I spend over my ropes. Be sure I keep my senses hard at work lookin' out for danger."

Thus secure, it was not a hard fate to Will to spend his working-hours far above the sweltering heats of summer and early autumn—above the coarse jokes of the shop, and the poor hilarity, the hard thoughts, and the rivalry. So, one September day, a little door far up in the tower of great St. Chrysostom's—looking to the gazers down in the market-place hardly bigger than a man's hand—opened. Bats and owls flew out into the sunshine; then a human head appeared, and a pair of stout arms, which soon made a flying scaffolding—tier after tier, ladder after ladder—until the top of the spire was reached.

It was there that Will Ware had worked for many a long day alone, bound by a cord to the pinnacle, descending lower and lower as his hammer fastened on the slates with swift, heavy strokes. It seemed to him, these fleeting, early autumn days, that he was very near to heaven: the sky was to him softer and bluer than when seen from the lower earth; wavering, gleaming apparitions of clouds floated by like angels flying on their lovely missions; street-sounds came to his ears made musical by distance, and the swallows twittered about him all day long. When the summer waned, and the swallows flew toward the eternal suns, darting forth an arrowy swarm darkening the air, Will shouted glad adieux to them. Well he remembered that their flight was no date for him by which to mark coming darkness and winter, but rather the joyful premonition of his glowing season of delight. Let them fly toward the summer lands; let the leaves blaze into gold and scarlet, then fade, and fall, and mould! Will had no dread of the shortening days and chilling nights. No wonder if he felt near to heaven in these times; no wonder if his glad heart made glad and easy work as he thought of his approaching wedding-day!

The tall steeple of St. Chrysostom's rises from the tower in a single unbroken line into the sky; but at the base, where it joins the buttresses, is a double row of pinnacles and turrets, which change the sober majesty of the great church, relieving it with an aspect of lightness and beauty. These pinnacles had first been made of stone, and beautifully enriched at the angles and parapets with crockets and gargoyles, in those old days when pious hearts rejoiced in quaint and careful work as their dedication to the Lord; but the light and friable stone had not well stood the battle against wind and weather these three centuries and more, and had crumbled dangerously, until the partial restoration of the church, when turrets and piers were replaced by plain designs in wood and slate. This work had been so badly executed that every storm ripped off the slates, and sent them clattering down among the gravestones below; and replacing these, and repairing the leaden spouts, was now, of all Will's undertaking, the part which presented most difficulties.

As we have seen, his ready contrivance had robbed the extreme height of the spire of danger, and the gradual swell had afforded him constant aid. But now, below the turrets, he might fairly be said to be suspended 'twixt heaven and earth. To have built scaffolding would have taken away half the profits of his enterprise; hence he had for weeks studied the situation from every point, until he made certain that he could accomplish his work without support from below. No one understood knotting and splicing better than Will. His inch and a quarter ropes were first made fast to the staircase inside the spire-light, next "reeved" by blocks and pulleys to the window-casement. Then, with a stout "cable" about his waist, and twice slung over his shoulder, he could, by the aid of another rope, swing himself up and down between the window of the steeple and the pinnacles of the tower with the ease and lightness of a bird on the wing. It was a triumph for him thus to accomplish his work alone and unassisted. Never had he felt more proud over a day's achievement. Afterward, when he went home through the dusk, he found Annie waiting for him in the thicket of rose-bushes by his own gate.

He saw her spring out, then retreat, as if frightened at her own boldness; so what could he do but gather her into his arms?

"What are you doin', Annie?" he whispered.

"Mother's in the house," she answered. "I waited for you, Will. I durst not go in alone. Your mother'll talk o' you, an' I blush; then I feel ashamed to be so foolish."

But Will found such folly adorable, and told her so. They walked around the little garden hand-in-hand and arm-in-arm.

Then Will took her into the street, and along the town to the market-place, to show her how nearly finished was the high steeple of St. Chrysostom's. Annie shuddered as she thought of Will swinging there all day. She hated the sheaves of slender spires which had hitherto been something to look at with delight. So she told him as they gazed up at the turrets of the tower, so delicately, almost transparently, limned against the paling evening sky.

Then, as they went back together, they encountered Joshua Trent, who passed them scowling, seeming to see them not.

"Ugh! it makes my flesh creep to meet him," whispered Annie. But Will laughed.

"He can't hurt thee, my darling."

It had long been settled that Annie was to have one look at her new home before coming to it as a bride, and Mistress Snow had brought her over on this Wednesday after dark, that the gossips of Teddington might not discover her visit. The two mothers watched the young people walk over the house after supper. Annie was very shy, and Will very proud as he showed what he had done for her comfort and convenience; still, the thought of their swiftly-approaching future pressed upon him as it did upon Annie.

"Do you love me, Annie, half as much as I love you?" he asked her.

"I love you next to God, Will!" she said, throwing her arms about his neck.

He held her close, his face working, his heart overwrougth with strong emotion.

"Tell me, Annie, what you love me for," said he again.

"For shame, Will!"

"But tell me, Annie. I love you because you have a trick o' looking at me, an' pullin' heart, an' strength, an' sense, right out o' me; because if you speak I can do naught save to follow you, an' if I even but touch your little hand I am undone unless I can kiss these sweet lips, an' be a man again."

"You must not love me for such things, Will," expostulated Annie, blushing deeper and deeper. "Love me because I am going to make you a good an' pious wife."

"I love you in all sorts o' ways," said Will, soberly. "But why do you love me?"

Annie laughed.

"I dunno. I ha'n't a good reason, Will," she said, roguishly. "P'r'aps I've a foolish reason or two like yourself. You're none so ugly, an' you are straight as an arrow, an' strong as an ox, an' have a way wi' you as if nothing could conquer you."

"Oh, what a foolish girl!" cried Will, triumphing over her to his heart's content. "I doubt if there's much wisdom between us both."

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Words are no symbols for the fury which the sight of Will and his bride-elect, and the sound of their careless laughter, roused in Joshua Trent as he passed them in the gloaming. Many a time in the few past weeks since he knew that Annie was irremediably lost to him, his passion of imperious, impotent longing seemed at last to be dulled, deadened almost, by the intensity of his accumulating hatred against the girl who had repulsed his suit, and the man who had taken her from him. To live on, bearing this crush of insults without opportunity for revenge, seemed impossible; he suffered, for a few moments after passing Will and Annie, all the tortures of the damned. His face was convulsed, his deep-drawn breath came from a breast heaving with agony. He felt that he must hide himself from the eyes of men, for he could not stand upright; his knees almost failed under him—cold drops of anguish stood on his brow. He was passing the church, and staggered into the shadow of the tower and sat down on the steps. Above him was the luminous sky, just touched with color from the after-glow in the west. The stars came out and hung golden over the market-place, and a tender little new moon shone down into the purple shadows of the churchyard. It was an evening full of the peace of God, but Joshua Trent felt neither rest, repose, nor hope—nothing save the wretchedness of insane jealousy and thwarted passion. . . . He was almost bereft of reason. . . .

He was recalled to realities by the touch of a man's hand upon his shoulder, and, looking up, saw old Bede, the sexton, with a lantern in his hand, grinning in his face, and ready to shake him roughly for a vagrant.

"Ef I didna think it wur some drunken fellow from the 'Three Crows!'" ejaculated Bede, in his shrill, wheezy voice. "An' 'tis Master Trent! Anything wrong, belike, that you're sittin' here wi' your head on your hands?"

"No, no!" returned Trent, sullenly. "I'm waiting for nine o'clock to strike to keep an appointment. Go on; never mind me, if you are going inside, Bede."

"I can't get into the belfry till Johnny comes wi' the keys," returned Bede, testily. "Parson he forgets hissen keys, then comes to me ef he wants to show a gentleman over the church. Parson he'll laugh an' say: 'Bede, I've forgot my keys. Just gi' me yourn, an' I'll be sure to hang 'em on the nail in their place as I come back.' An' then parson he's so absent-minded he forgets, an' I has to send Johnny trotting up to the parsonage after 'em."

Accordingly, Bede sank down heavily upon the steps beside Trent, who felt powerless to rise and move away.

"Ain't there but two sets o' keys?" he inquired, indifferently.

"Three. Will Ware has the others now that he's workin' on the steeple. Keerful ever is Will Ware. 'Bede,' he says to me every day, 'doan't you let a soul up the belfry-stairs, or I'll carry you up an' throw you out the bell-tower!' He must ha' his joke, you know, Will Ware—he's allus so good-natured. But he says, an' says true, that ef he once knew there was man, woman, or child, in the belfry, he wouldn't feel safe a minute."

"What a fool!" ejaculated Trent.

"Not so much a fool. 'Twas none so bad high up on the steeple, for he'd slung a rope round the very pinnacle, an' had a scaffolding besides. But ha' you seen him to-day on the turrets? He's made hisself a little car of ropes that he pulls round—but there's no footing. Domned ef I'd do what he does for a thousand pounds, an' marry Farmer Snow's daughter into the bargain! You'd think it a ticklish job, Master Trent, ef you ever see how he managed! He has to fasten his ropes to the steeple-stairs, an' he must not leave an inch o' cord to meet

a sharp edge, for ef a single twist was to cut, and the rope wear loose and slack, down he'd fall a hundred feet and break his neck on these very stones here! He takes his hammer an' twenty slate or so, an' lets hisself down, an' there he is helpless. Let me leave the door unlocked, so that some domned mischievous boy could go up and touch them ropes—who knows but what in five minutes handsome Will Ware 'ud be lyin' here all a shapeless, horrid mass, as Annie Snow 'ud die rather'n look at!"

"Any rope is liable to break," said Trent.

"Not when Will Ware has tried it," returned Bede, rising.—"Thank ye kindly, Johnny. What did parson tell ye?"

"Parson said he forgot," said Johnny.

"Jes' so. Now, Johnny, run home.—It's hard on nine o'clock, Master Trent. Good-night to ye. I'm a-goin' up to toll the bell for the dean. My lady will have it tolled all noon-spell; as if 'twasn't enough to have all Teddington ha' lost their relish for their dinners, she must ha' their dreams spoiled by tolling it at curfew too. Good-night, master."

"Good-night, Bede."

The key grated in the lock of the stout mediæval portal, which swung wide, then shut with a clang, driven to by the draught down from the belfry-tower, as the sexton opened the inner door.

Any one who saw Master Trent's face in the dusk would have believed he had listened to some joyful news. Ever since he had fought with Will Ware in the lane, he had gone about begirt with terrible, nameless thoughts. If he passed the black tarn in the hollow of his three hills at Manor Farm, he had a vision of a dead man lying there, the pallid face glaring up with eyes vacant to all the show of earth and sky. Wherever he went the thought of vengeance haunted and waylaid him, pointing to coverts where he might wrestle once more with his mortal enemy unseen—devised every mode and fashion of horrid death. But these had been vague and formless fancies. It needed a darker climax of misery like this to-night to precipitate these aimless dreams, and give him suddenly this clearer vision. No sooner had Bede left him than his mind, as if lighted by a thousand minute tapers, illuminated the course before him, stretching out to a cruel certainty.

He started to his feet with a stealthy spring, and something in the glitter of his eyes sharpened his likeness to a beast of prey. Above from the belfry sounded the wild, sweet note of the death-bell tolling, tolling, tolling the tale of earthly sorrow to the calm evening skies. Each stroke of the bell smote Trent like a blow as he stole along. He experienced an unconquerable dread, as if, in place of working out his own doom, he were caught instead in a silent whirlpool from which he was powerless to escape. He felt cut off from living, breathing humanity, which hoped and prayed with ardent heart-throbs; he was encompassed by his cold, sullen fury. Still, he wished the bell would cease. The sound must make angels look out from heaven, and demons gaze up from hell, who would see him as he crept into the vestibule, entered the belfry-tower—which Bede had left unlocked—and crouched shuddering under the stairway.

IV.

ANNIE SNOW could not sleep that night, but lay smiling and glowing the while, hearing in thought and dream alike all that Will had said to her that evening. When dawn looked rosily in through the white curtains of her bed, she roused herself, and turned to see the October hazes hanging heavy over the great woods of the Chase, and watched the gladsome light of day flinging itself down with a joyful leap from cloud to hill-top, and from hill-top to valley, which it lit with strange gleams of color as the night-fogs rose with the curls of smoke from the cottage-chimneys, and vanished into the blue. It was pleasant to Annie to see the day appear, to behold the lines of the forest unfold higher and higher from their curtains of mist, and show their mellow tints of gold, and crimson, and olive, and russet, to the first sunbeams which made them unfurl before the awakening breeze like a gorgeous banner.

Annie was of no use to her mother that day; she was preoccupied with her great joy, and saw her familiar surroundings as in a dream.

"Since you have no brains to-day, my girl," Mistress Snow said, at last, half impatient of her abstraction, "and since the morning is wasted for you anyhow, go to the buttery an' choose a pair o' chickens, an' put 'em in a basket, and take 'em to Nancy Jones, an' tell her I wish her joy o' her son's return, an' send her something for his supper. Poor, shiftless body, she ne'er had a thing on hand for a man to stop his hunger with. Go now, Annie, an', when you come back, we'll take a bit o' dinner an' start off early to your aunt's. 'Tis fitting that you should see all your relations before Sunday."

Annie obeyed her mother, and set out on her walk at once. The mastiff whined as she crossed the farm-yard, and, unloosing his chain, she answered his caresses until he was ready to follow her soberly down the lane. She walked slowly; she was to-day in such an enchanted world of dreams that the voices she heard were faint, the sights shadowy. She was thinking endlessly of Will's words—she was looking in imagination at his face.

At the turning of the lane she was arrested by a voice, and, stopping, saw a man rising out of the tall brakes and advancing toward her. Although he did not speak, his face startled her.

"What is it, Master Trent?" she faltered.

"What time o' day may it be, Annie Snow?" he asked, with a smile—the smile of a foeman who takes sure aim and sees his prey fall.

"It is almost eleven o'clock," she answered, with a sort of reserve, yet continuing to stare at him as if fascinated.

"Then you've got no lover but me," cried Trent, with hideous elation. "I told you I'd have you, let it cost what it might, an' now you can take me. You needn't stare at me so. I never did it. It all happened by chance. I did nothing—nothing—nothing! But for all his knotting, and twisting, and pull-

ing the great ropes, they were sure to cut on the sharp ridge of the window!"

As the man spoke his breast heaved and labored; sweat stood on his brow in great beads; he seemed to be gazing at some horrid sight.

Annie's heart almost died within her.

"What has happened?" she shrieked, convulsively. "What have you done to Will Ware, Master Trent?"

"Done? I've done nothing," he returned, and burst into frightful laughter; then, as if his mind were in a chaos, he began to rave about a man on the dome of St. Chrysostom's steeple looking no bigger than a fly from the market-place—of displaced pulleys, of cut ropes and dangling cords, and a shapeless, horrible mass which she would die rather than look at, on the stones below.

Annie had flung down her basket with a scream of agony, and set off with the mastiff by her side.

"It's too late!" Trent cried out. "It's an hour too late. It was sure to happen an hour ago."

She heard him not. She was already out of the lane, and had reached Teddington highway. The safety of what she loved best hung on the swiftness of her flight; yet, though she sped like a deer, it seemed to her that her feet were clogged. She could not think, even if she had dared to think, for her heart hammered so wildly in her ears. One landmark was gained and passed. The Chase woods stopped at the lodge-gate. The road grew alive with riders and equipages. She turned aside for nothing. Everything drew back for her as she was seen rushing on like one distraught. Men and women, turning pale as they recognized her in her frantic flight, stared in amazement, and followed her with a thrill of curiosity and terror. She was in sight of St. Chrysostom's. She gave a great shriek of joy. Could she trust her eyes? For surely a something hung from the steeple. She could see a net of ropes dangling there, and that black object below was surely a man. Her feet gained wings; she sped still faster.

The great market-place in front of St. Chrysostom's was full of people. Fifteen minutes before some lounger there had said to a passer-by that he could not understand what ailed Will Ware. He had dropped his hammer and a dozen slates on the pavement, and they had made clatter enough to wake the dead. Something was wrong, perhaps—but what? Will Ware was no fool to risk his life by a false step or a loose rope. Yet now something seemed to have slipped. So another man stopped to gaze curiously up, then two, then twenty; and by that time, with a feeling that something was wrong, help was sent to the belfry-tower, and the lock of the door was discovered to have been tampered with so that the key would not turn. The door had to be broken in.

Outside the crowd gathered and gazed—the parson out of his study, the shopkeepers, the street-loiterers, the women and children. A man with a field-glass had raised the thrill of curiosity into a deeper one of horror by observing that Will had lost all support from the ropes about his shoulders and waist; that he was hanging without a chance of footing, his left hand only clinging to some flying cord which either slackened or gave way from its support, and stretched lower and lower every moment. What he was doing now was swinging himself cautiously toward one of the buttresses beneath, that he might jump as the rope gave way.

By this time three hundred different faces, all pale as if frozen by one Medusa touch, were upturned in this general paralysis of stony horror. Now and then a murmur or a groan was heard, otherwise there was not a sound. They almost feared to breathe, as each man trembled and quivered with terror where he stood. The fifteen minutes seemed a lifetime; they held a suspense which made it an eternity.

Then suddenly arose a hoarse murmur.

"They're there at last!" shouted fifty voices, in a simultaneous, frantic yell, and the terrible calm of dread broke into storm. Two faces had appeared at the narrow door far up the steeple, and every one knew that the men carried lengths of heavy rope. It had been an interval of such helplessness that at this chance of rescue the gazers gave out a voice of thankfulness which rose in a jubilant roar.

Before the tumults had swelled to their loudest, they were silenced by a woman's shrill shriek. The rope by which Will held had slackened, as the last strand cut through, and, to save himself, with one strenuous exertion of strength he swung down toward the buttress, held a moment, then fell full forty feet, but fastened by an almost superhuman effort to the pediment above the high façade. Here he strove to keep his balance, clinging with feet and hands to the carved *basso-rilievo*. It was of no use. Before one dared draw breath, he had fallen fifty-six feet, and lay on the church-steps below, and a girl was kneeling by the shapeless mass.

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"You had better take her away," said the doctors. "He is not dead, but will never revive. The moment we move him it will disclose some horrible mangling."

"She has fainted," observed the parson. "Bear her to my house, my men, then let us attend to this poor, murdered fellow."

"Ay, murdered! I heerd her say, as she flew 'cross the market-place, ''Twas Joshua Trent cut the ropes!'"

"Joshua Trent has killed the best man in Teddington, be the other who he may," howled forth one of Will's fellow-workmen, in clamorous grief.

They raised the crushed, helpless body, put it on a shutter, and bore it down the street, inside the gate, across the threshold into Mrs. Ware's cottage, and laid it on the bed, freshly decked that morning for the wedding-couch. Then every one went out on tiptoe save the parson and the surgeons. Outside all Teddington gathered, breathless, voiceless, waiting to hear the fiat which would shortly come forth that Will was dying.

"He will never be conscious again," was the

first whisper which ran around, and men unused to tears burst into wild weeping. The church-clock on St. Chrysostom's tower struck twelve—struck one—two—three—and the crowd outside the little house still stood watching, waiting, and fearing. Will was still alive, his heart beat faintly, but his brain was crushed in; he might live for days yet, it began to be murmured from one to the other.

Four o'clock. The great London doctor who had come down at noon to see Sir John, at the Chase, descended from Sir John's carriage, threaded the crowd, and joined the council of doctors by the bedside. Five o'clock from St. Chrysostom's. The great London doctor emerged, talking to the parson. The parson said, at the carriage-window:

"You will send him down at once, Sir Peregrine?"

"The operation shall be performed at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The parson, flushed and excited, and quivering with hope and relief, tells his chief parishioners among the crowd that it is thought "trepanning" may save Will's life. One of the local surgeons comes out in such good spirits that he can make a joke about the case.

"Enough fractures to need a whole college of surgeons. A student would have a chance to master everything at once."

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A week went past in Teddington. No hammer rang on the church-tower, and people had not yet gotten over a trick of looking up and shuddering as they passed St. Chrysostom's; but the first excitement had lost its hold upon the town. Will Ware's fellow-workmen, as they went day after day to their places, where furnaces roared, engines boomed, or skilled hands wrought out their labor, had but time to stop and ask Mrs. Ware:

"How's Will this morning?"

"He lies an' moans, poor lad; but we think he begins to take notice."

"Annie Snow's wi' him?"

"Always. I can do naught for my boy; her eyes are so keen, her ears so swift, an' her hands so willin', she does everything for him. An' to remember their weddin'-day's past in this way!"

"He'll never get up," the men would say to each other, with a shrug. "Better for him to ha' been killed outright. He's but twenty-four, an' to go to the workus—"

"Teddington people'll never let Will Ware go to the workus."

"But an a man has a long life to live—people forgets. They'll raise him a hundred pounds, maybe; then something else'll turn up. He'll lie an' suffer, an' long to die, an' pretty Annie Snow'll take another sweetheart."

V.

It was Christmas-eve in Teddington. Brief daylight had they had that day, for "the silent snow possessed the earth," and night had closed in early.

> "The yule-log sparkled keen with frost,
> No wing of wind the region swept,
> But over all things brooding slept
> The quiet sense of something lost."

Will sat bolstered up in bed. A log blazed on the hearth, but there was no light in the room save the wavering, vermilion gleams of fire-flush on the low walls. Mistress Ware slept, softly breathing, in her easy-chair. Annie Snow knelt on the hearth-rug playing with the kitten, yet feeling her heart heavy with perplexed sadness. Once she lifted the closed curtain and looked out; snow was still falling. It was to be a white Christmas, and people had said all day that if the storm did not abate by nightfall there could be few carols sung this year.

"Annie," spoke Will, scarcely above his breath.

The girl sprang joyfully to obey his call. Not once had he spoken her name like this during all his long illness. He had never asked a service save of his mother, although poor, deaf, placid Mistress Ware could do nothing for him. Annie knelt beside the bed and looked up with the attitude of a willing slave, who says, "Lord, I am here."

Will's own face was in shadow, but he could plainly see her glowing cheeks and shining eyes—almost too plainly for his self-control, for, although she was worn and wasted, never had she seemed so beautiful to him.

"What is it, Will?" she asked, oppressed by the silence which made her tremble and burn with some nameless dread.

"Annie," he answered, in a broken voice, "I heard your mother telling you to go home with her to-day. What ailed you, not to go?"

"Do you want me away, Will?"

"But I need your watchin' an' waitin' no longer, Annie."

"An' who is to take care o' you, I should like to know?" Annie burst out, passionately. "Who would sit by you at night as I do, never sleeping so sound but what I can hear you move, and so moisten your lips wi' the drink, an' give you the powders? Who would keep the fire bright, an' bring your hot broth every hour? An' who would look after your bandages, an' loose 'em when they hurt you, not waitin' for 'em to grow so tight as to give you pain? Your mother would do it all if she could; but she is old, an' her ears heavy, an' her sleep so sound—it takes a stout shake to wake her."

"Granny Thorpe would come, Annie."

Annie gave some exclamation; and, starting up with some of her old impetuosity, went back to the fire.

"Come to me, Annie," whispered Will.

She yielded to his entreaty, and returned to the bedside, but stood apart from him.

"I'll stay the night, Will," said she, with a tremor in her voice. "I canna get away in such a storm. Father'll take me home after church to-morrow."

He knew by the sound of her voice that she was crying. He stretched out his right arm, and drew her toward him.

"Annie," said he, looking into her face, "ye know what the doctor says."

"Yes," she returned, shy at the touch, and trembling at the look upon his face.

"I shall be a cripple always," said Will, with-

out any weakness in his voice. "P'r'aps more—p'r'aps less—but always a cripple. My chest may get over its weakness when I grow well and hearty—my left arm'll never be no good any more—an' there'll be many an ache in my head. What a poor fellow I shall be, Annie!"

She could not speak, but her shyness and pride were all absorbed in womanly pity. She laid her cheek on his.

"He did it for me that day," pursued Will, with a sigh. "If Joshua Trent—"

"Don't speak his name!" cried Annie, feverishly. "I can bear it as coming from God, but not as coming from that man. When I think o' him—it all breaks on me with a rush; I can't bear it. Then to have him get away so quiet that nobody could find him an' punish him!"

"I'm glad they never caught him," said Will, quietly. "I've suffered enough—God knows I've suffered enough—I want no other man to suffer—not one—not even Joshua Trent! An', besides, 'twas all because he loved you, Annie; an' I know—I know that for a man to give up the woman he loves dear, is hard—harder than suffering or death."

He clasped her close with his good right arm, and bowed his head upon hers; then said, after a long pause:

"But we was happy, Annie. We should ha' been most happy if it could ha' been. But 'twas not to be."

She gave a cry, and nestled closer to him.

"You don't love me any more, Will," she said, with a burst of tears. "Your sickness has changed you. I've heard it happens so sometimes. You don't love me any more! I've seen it all along ever since you first began to take notice, but I would not let myself believe it! I thought you must have a little feeling for me that 'ud come back when you got better!"

He pushed her away from him.

"O God help me!" he muttered. "Annie, you don't know what you are sayin'! I mustn't tell you the truth! I must not. Not love you any more? If you only knew, Annie! But I must not tell you!"

"An' why not, Will? What is it that has come between us?"

"Am I the man you promised to marry, Annie Snow?" he burst out, vehemently. "Am I the same man who courted you last summer—who kissed you—met you in the lane—walked home from church wi' you? Could I look your father i' the face, an' ask him to gi' *me* a wife? *Me*, a miserable cripple, weak, useless, wi' but one arm, no power in head or body to earn a livin' for my wife—to say naught o' makin' a livin' for the children who would come!... Annie, I durst not make so bold—I durst not, I say! You must go home—the sooner the better—I'm not worth the touch o' these little hands! Somebody'll take care o' me—but better that nobody should help me to live—better if I'd die—if I'd died the day I fell! I've knowed it all the time! I had no right ever to open my eyes again!"

Annie was terrified lest he should do himself a mischief in his passion. She passed her little hand across his face.

"S'pose, Will," she murmured—"s'pose it had been a month later when it happened, an' I was your lawful, wedded wife? What then? Would you ha' sent me away?"

He drew her down upon his breast. In spite of his despairing renunciation, a thrill of joy had run through him.

"You couldn't ha' gone then," said he. "I do believe, Annie, you want to marry me just as I am!"

"I would not think," retorted Annie, laughing and blushing as their full glances met—"I would not think o' marryin' a man dead set against having a wife."

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All Teddington went to St. Chrysostom's Easter-Monday to see Will Ware hobble down the aisle with his bride upon his arm, and such kissing and hand-shaking had never gone on in the vestry-room as now ensued after the pretty, blushing bride had written her name in the great book. Farmer Snow was there with smiles and laughter, and his wife with a tear in her eye; and all Teddington knew that Annie and her husband were to live with the old people at the farm, and that Will was to succeed to all the duties of the place. For Will was no wreck of a man—there is no irremediable wreck and ruin save in the heart and mind; and since he had kissed Annie that Christmas-eve, with the wild, sweet kiss of their second betrothal, he had felt in heart and mind the strength and aspiration of a dozen men.

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When the bride and bridegroom had driven away with Farmer Snow, the crowd did not disperse its various ways, but still lingered about the churchyard. Knots of men and women clustered in every corner, discussing a strange piece of news. All these months it had been believed that, since Joshua Trent had stolen up the stone steps of the belfry-tower to do his cruel work, the vengeance of God and man alike had slumbered, and the criminal had gone free. But now all Teddington was to hear that this very morning—away over in the hollow between the three hills behind Manor Farm—there had floated to the surface of the black tarn a terrible thing; and thus it was revealed that the would-be murderer had felt the horror of his accursed deed so strongly that he had ended his life there.

OLD NEW YORK.

THE rise of a great metropolis is one of the most interesting of historical phenomena, and the interest is materially enhanced when, as in the case of New York, its progress can be clearly traced from the moment of its birth to the very meridian of its splendor and prosperity. Most of the great capitals of the world have risen, flourished, and decayed, amid the dim twilight of tradition, leaving to history little more than a name and a legend of past magnificence; while of the most populous of those that now exist, Peking emerges with the people that founded it from the impalpable mist of the earliest records, London antedates the Roman occupation and the dawn of authentic history, and Paris was already the stronghold of a Gallic tribe in the days when Cæsar was performing the deeds which he subsequently recorded in his famous Commentaries. New York alone stands revealed to us as well in its origin as in its later and more conspicuous career, and its history is the only one in which we can follow from their source the causes and influences that create and give character to a great commercial metropolis.

How opulent in the latter case is the material for such a study is revealed in Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York,"[1] of which the first volume has recently appeared. A dozen years of assiduous study, as we are told in the preface, have been devoted to the preparation of the work, and the multiplied fruits of it are lavishly scattered through pages of which it is difficult to give an adequate conception as a whole. It is much more than a history; it is a teeming *omnium gatherum* into which have been collected, along with the customary historical data, a whole library of biographical sketches, all the legends and traditions that have clustered around the achievements of the pioneers, family histories, personal and social anecdotes, the characteristic gossip of the several periods, picturesque delineations of manners and customs, and a kaleidoscopic succession of *tableaux vivants* in which we catch as in a mirror "the very age and body of the time." The wonder is that, amid such a variety and profusion of material, the author has not entangled herself in an inextricable labyrinth of words; but the thread is never wholly lost, the narrative moves continuously if not steadily forward, and the reader speedily discovers that the mass of apparently irrelevant matter which seems to impede the story really illuminates and vivifies it as nothing else could. The work may be compared, not inaptly, to one of those products of the Oriental loom in which an infinite number of varicolored threads are combined into a magic whole, in which if it is difficult to trace any particular pattern it is easy to see that the general effect is harmonious and pleasing.

Of a work so varied in theme and so copious in detail it would be impossible, of course, to give an adequate conception in a few brief pages aiming to portray the characteristic features of old (or ante-Revolutionary) New York; but there should be no misunderstanding if we disclaim the pretension beforehand, and it is to be hoped that any reader who becomes conscious of the deficiencies of the following article will be led to a perusal of the work itself. Such a reader, even if he feels no special interest in the history of New York, will find himself abundantly entertained; and he will also discover that, in tracing the devious steps by which the city has reached its present preëminence, he has followed a broad highway through the most important of the country's annals—New York being, as the author says, "the central point in all American history."

With the idea, probably, of basing her work from the outset on the firm continent of authentic history, Mrs. Lamb begins with a survey of the state of Western Europe at the time of Henry Hudson's great discovery, and especially of the character and achievements of the Dutch East India Company, under whose auspices his expedition was fitted out, and for whose benefit he was searching at the time, not for the site of the future metropolis of a continent, but for a short route to India. Mr. Motley's vivid pen has rendered John of Barneveld almost a figure in contemporary history for readers of the present generation, and yet it was ten years before his tragic death, almost at the moment of the signing of the twelve years' truce with Spain which is so important an event in the history of the United Netherlands, and only two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, that Hudson first set foot on Manhattan Island, and found a half-dozen wigwam villages peopled by dusky, skin-clad savages, some patches of tobacco and corn, and a few bark canoes drawn up on shore. So little prevision was there of the importance of the discovery that Hudson's employers were bitterly disappointed at the failure of the expedition to accomplish its avowed object; and but for the popular interest aroused by his enthusiastic descriptions of the beauty and richness of the country he had chanced upon, and above all by the furs with which he had laden his vessel, his achievement would have borne as little fruit as countless other discoveries of the bold navigators of that adventurous period. "But there were traders in the Netherlands," says Mrs. Lamb, "whose eyes were opened to a hidden mine of wealth through the skins with which the returned Half Moon had been laden. Furs were much worn in the cold countries of Europe, and the Dutch reveled in the costly extravagance. These furs were obtained mostly through the Russian trade. From sixty to eighty Holland

[1] History of the City of New York: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Copiously illustrated. Volume I. Embracing the Period prior to the Revolution. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Large 4to, pp. 786.

vessels visited Archangel every year, agents were stationed at Novgorod and other inland towns, and a brisk traffic was kept up with ancient Muscovy. The wise Russian emperor had courted this prosperous commerce, but had laid a duty of five per cent. on all imported goods. . . . If the same and similar goods could be obtained in the New World in exchange for the veriest baubles, and command a remunerative market at home, it was a golden opportunity. At all events it was worthy of investigation. A partnership was organized, and a vessel fitted out and laden with small wares. A portion of the crew of the Half Moon were secured, and the ship was placed under the command of an experienced officer of the East India Company. Hudson River was again visited, and a cargo of skins brought back to Holland. The account of the voyage was published, and the friendly disposition of the Indians much descanted upon." A number of other small expeditions were sent out by private enterprise within the next few years, and met with flattering success; and at length the advantages of exchanging worthless trinkets and gewgaws for valuable peltries became so evident that a company, composed of some of the leading merchants of Amsterdam, secured a charter from the States-General and sent out a party of traders to take formal possession of "New Netherland," a name designed to cover all the territory between New France and Virginia.

The first regular trading-post was established in 1615, on an island a little below the present site of Albany, but during the same year a building was erected on the lower point of Manhattan Island, to answer the double purpose of storehouse and fort. A cluster of wretched huts to accommodate the guard of the warehouse gradually grew up around the fort; but the settlement (if settlement it could be called) made little progress till 1621, when New Netherland passed into the hands of the powerful Dutch West India Company, under the stipulation that it should be colonized and protected. In the mean time, in 1620, the English Government had formally notified the States-General of the English claim to all the territory included in New Netherland; but the Dutch statesmen then, as always, repudiated the claim, and in 1624 a large colony was sent out to the Hudson River, part of which stopped at Manhattan, while the rest founded Fort Orange (Albany). In 1625 another colony came over, and the profits of the fur-trade had become so great that a regular governor was appointed in the following year, with a view to insure permanence to the settlement. The name of this governor was Peter Minuet, and among his first acts was the purchase from the Indians of the site of New York, "one of the most interesting business transactions which has ever occurred in the world's history." The price paid for the whole of Manhattan Island—a district containing wealth valued in 1875 at $1,154,029,176—consisted of beads, buttons, and other trinkets, worth about sixty guilders, equal in our currency to just twenty-four dollars!

The energy of Governor Minuet and the productiveness of the fur-trade attracted other immigrants, so that before the end of 1626 the population of the island amounted to nearly two hundred souls; yet the growth of the colony was, on the whole, much slower than might have been expected, and during the next six or eight years its numbers diminished rather than increased. In 1632 Minuet was recalled, and in the year following Wouter Van Twiller, whose memory is embalmed for us in the veracious chronicle of Diedrich Knickerbocker, was sent out as governor, bringing with him the first soldiers and the first clergyman that landed on the shores of New Netherland. The clergyman was the learned and pious Dominie Bogardus, and for him was built the first place of public worship on the island, the loft of a horse-mill having previously been used for that purpose. It was a plain wooden edifice, resembling a New England barn of the present day, and was located on a high point of land fronting the East River, near what is now Pearl Street, between Whitehall and Broad. Van Twiller, like certain more modern despots, had a passion for public improvements, and he could fairly boast of having found "New Amsterdam" (as the settlement was now called) bark and mud, and left it brick, stone, and wood. Besides repairing the fort and adding a guard-house and barracks, he erected three large windmills; built a brick house, which was by far the most elaborate private dwelling that had as yet been attempted in this country, and which served as the gubernatorial residence during the remainder of the Dutch dynasty; erected a house, barn, brewery, boat-house, etc., on the "Company's Farm," extending north from Wall to Hudson Street; established a tobacco-plantation; built a number of shops for the tradespeople, and laid out a graveyard on the west of Broadway, above Morris Street; and, as a sign that regular government was established, set up a gibbet and a whipping-post. Nor, while thus lavish with his employers' money in behalf of the public, did he overlook his own private interests. Though originally a poor man, and though his salary as governor was insignificant, he managed to purchase for himself Governor's Island, Great Barn, and Blackwell's Island, stocked his farms with valuable cattle, and speedily became one of the richest land-owners in the province. Finally, his extravagant expenditures exasperated the company, while his dishonest practices disgusted the colonists, and in 1637 he was recalled.

It is in Van Twiller's time that we get the first glimpse of the manners and modes of life in New Amsterdam. "Nearly every one drank wine and stronger liquors to excess when they could be obtained. For instance, a new agent arrived for Pauw's colony at Pavonia, one Cornelis Van Vorst, and brought with him some good claret. De Vries (a sea-captain) called there one day, and found the governor and minister making merry; and, finally, they quarreled with Van Vorst about a manslaughter which had been committed in his colony a few days before, but made it up in the end, and started for

home. Van Vorst ran to give the governor a salute from a stone gun which stood on a pillar near his house, and a spark fell upon the thatched roof, setting it on fire. There being no means of putting it out, in less than an hour the whole building was consumed. On another occasion the gunner gave a frolic, and all the dignitaries were present. The tent was erected in one of the angles of the fort, and tables and benches were placed for the guests. When the glee was at its height, the trumpet began to blow, which occasioned a quarrel, and the koopman of the stores and the koopman of the cargasons found fault, and called the trumpeter hard names. He turned round and gave them each a thrashing, and they ran for their swords, uttering terrible threats. The trumpeter hid from them that night, but the next morning, when the wine had evaporated, 'they feared him more than they sought him.'"

During the later years of Van Twiller's administration the fur-trade had increased, and the Dutch had opened a profitable commerce with New England, which speedily assumed such dimensions as seriously to affect the prices of commodities in New Netherland. A schepel (three pecks) of rye sold readily for eighty cents. A laboring-man commanded eighty cents a day during harvest. Corn rose to the extraordinarily high price of twelve shillings a bushel. A good cow brought thirty pounds, a pair of oxen forty pounds, and a horse forty pounds, while the price of negroes, who performed all the domestic service of the colony, was, on an average, sixteen dollars each.

The successor of Van Twiller was Wilhelm Kieft, who alienated the colonists by his arrogance, and irritated them by his petty and arbitrary regulations. Commerce flourished during the first five years of his rule; the town grew both in numbers and wealth, and he really did excellent service in reforming the abuses which existed in every department of the public service; but he did infinite harm to the province by his truculent conduct toward the Indians, which first cooled the friendship which these original lords of the soil had till now exhibited toward the Dutch settlers, and then provoked the deadliest hostilities. The most creditable result of his rule was the improvement which he effected in the appearance of the town. Most of the houses were in clusters, without regard to streets, and grouped near the walls of the fort. Pearl Street was then a simple road on the bank of the river; Water, Front, and South Streets were still under water. Pearl was the first street occupied for building purposes, and Kieft selected it for the best class of dwellings, on account of its fine river-prospect. The lone windmill stood on State Street, and was, as seen from the bay, the most prominent object on the island. Not far from it were the bakery, brewery, and warehouse, of the company. A ferry to Long Island had been established before Kieft's arrival, from the vicinity of Peck's Slip to a point a little below the present Fulton Ferry. Cornelis Dircksen, who had a farm in that vicinity, came at the sound of a horn, which hung against a tree, and ferried the waiting passengers across the river in a skiff for the moderate charge of three stivers in wampum. A party of English from Virginia had settled in the upper part of Manhattan Island, bringing with them cherry and peach trees, and Kieft was especially zealous in encouraging agriculture, which till now had been neglected in favor of the Indian traffic.

Besides his aggressive behavior toward the Indians who were brought into personal contact with him, Kieft exasperated them still further by large purchases of land at nominal prices from separate chiefs, instead of from the tribal council, and often when the chiefs had been purposely brought under the influence of "fire-water." With a strained feeling on both sides, provocation was soon forthcoming; and in 1641 a series of bloody outrages began, which continued through the following year, and gave 1643 a dismal prominence in the colonial annals as "the year of blood." Up to the beginning of the latter year the balance of provocation had been about equally adjusted on either side; but on the night of February 24, 1643, a party of New-Amsterdammers, acting under the governor's sanction, crossed over to Pavonia, and butchered one hundred and twenty inoffending Indians, sparing not even a woman or a child. This atrocious deed—one of the blackest in our pioneer records—bore its legitimate fruits in a general war with all the neighboring tribes, in which the Dutch had the worst of it, and lost nearly all they had gained in New Netherland during the previous twenty years of laborious effort. New Jersey was entirely surrendered to its aboriginal lords, the planters along the Hudson were slaughtered or driven off, and by the end of September almost the whole population of New Netherland was cowering within the stockades of Fort Amsterdam, where the total fighting force, nevertheless, amounted to only two hundred and sixty men. A few useless victories were gained by the Dutch, but it was not until the autumn of 1644, when a peace had been successfully negotiated, that the settlers ventured once more to scatter over the country and resume the cultivation of their lands.

To aggravate the general confusion, Kieft found himself at loggerheads with nearly every prominent citizen in the province, and, when at length formal complaints were entered against him before the council at Amsterdam, the company was found ready to dispense with a governor whose administration had not only interrupted the lucrative fur-trade with the Indians, but had drawn heavily upon the corporation treasury at home. A reckoning was made, and it was found that New Netherland, instead of being a source of large profit, as had been confidently expected, had actually cost since 1626 over five hundred and fifty thousand guilders above the returns. Kieft was recalled in 1646, and there came out in his place the most conspicuous and noteworthy figure that ever represented the Dutch sovereignty in America—the celebrated Peter Stuyvesant; but, before entering upon his career, it will be worth while to mention one other incident of Kieft's "reign," as the discontented colonists termed it. From 1641 to 1645 the

very existence of New Netherland seemed to be staked upon the issue of the bloody wars with the Indians which marked that period; yet even then the superior richness of the country and the liberal and sagacious policy pursued by the governor toward all settlers drew large numbers of English colonists from the settlements both north and south. From New England, in particular, where the Puritans had set up a theocracy more intolerant than that from which they had originally fled, religious persecution drew forth whole families and colonies, and these came to New Amsterdam in such numbers that in the general military levy for the defense of the fort, which occurred in 1643, nearly one-fourth of the entire garrison was English; and in Kieft's time the place assumed the character which distinguished it down to the Revolutionary period—that of a Dutch-English town, with the Dutch element predominant.

"Peter Stuyvesant" (to quote Mrs. Lamb's lively portrait) "was the son of a clergyman in Friesland. He had early evinced a taste for military life, and had now been for some years in the employ of the West India Company. He was a proud, scholarly-looking man, a little above the medium height, with a remarkably fine *physique;* and he bore himself with the air of a prince. The highly-intellectual features of his face gave evidence of great decision and force of character. His complexion was dark, and a close black cap which he often wore imparted to it a still deeper shade. His chin was bare, and his mouth, indicative of sternness and grave authority, was fringed with a very slight mustache. The inflections of his voice, and his whole appearance when speaking, were rather unattractive; but, in spite of a certain apparent coldness, no one could escape the influence of his magnetic presence. He was a man of strong prejudices and passions, of severe morality, and at times unapproachable aspect; but his heart was large, his sympathies tender, and his affections warm, though his creed was rigid. He was never otherwise than faultlessly dressed, and always after the most approved European standard. A wide, drooping shirt-collar fell over a velvet jacket with slashed sleeves, displaying a full, white puffed shirt-sleeve. His hose were also slashed, very full, and fastened at the knee by a handsome scarf tied in a knot, and his shoes were ornamented with a large rosette. His lost leg had been replaced by a wooden one with silver bands, which accounts for the tradition that he wore a silver leg. He was often abrupt in manner, and made no pretensions to conventional smoothness at any time. He had sterling excellences of character, but more knowledge than culture."

If it were our purpose to tell the story of Old New York with any degree of fullness it would be necessary, as well as entertaining, to bestow considerable attention upon the career of Governor Stuyvesant, but we must pass over the remaining period even more cursorily than over the one already traversed, and we can attempt no more at this point than to give a hurried glimpse of New Amsterdam as it was toward the close of the Dutch dynasty, just before it was transformed into New York. The reception of the new governor was very flattering, any change, it was thought, being an improvement upon Kieft; but the people soon discovered that in repudiating King Log they had brought themselves under the dominion of King Stork. A more arbitrary despot than Stuyvesant probably never lived—certainly never ruled over an essentially democratic community. He would brook no advice or questioning, much less criticism; the faintest symptom of insubordination was visited with imprisonment at discretion; the whole powers of administration were centred in his person; and no law, or custom, or usage, was respected for a moment if it conflicted with his sovereign will and pleasure. On the other hand, his rule was just, if stern and arbitrary; it was evil-doers chiefly who had cause to fear his power; his integrity, both of purpose and conduct, was above suspicion; and his whole heart and soul soon became enlisted in the welfare of the country of his adoption. The anarchy that had marked the last years of Kieft's incumbency vanished as soon as he surrendered the reins of government, and the affairs of the entire province speedily showed that a vigorous and competent hand had taken the helm. His first attention was bestowed upon the affairs of New Amsterdam. Workmen were employed to put the fort in repair, and others to complete the new stone church; the little village, with its crooked roads winding around hillocks and ledges, its untidy houses with hog-pens and chicken-coops in front and tumble-down chimneys in the rear, had surveyors appointed over it; the streets were straightened, even to the removing of some huge obstacles; great piles of accumulated rubbish were dumped into the river; a better class of houses was erected under the surveyors' supervision; and all owners of vacant lots were compelled to improve them within nine months after purchase. In 1648 the first "firewardens" were appointed, whose duty it was to inspect the chimneys between the fort and the Fresh-Water Pond. For a foul chimney the owner was fined three guilders; if a house was burned through carelessness in this respect, the occupant was fined twenty-five guilders, which went toward the purchase of hooks, ladders, and buckets. There were many little taverns springing up all over the lower part of the island, which were the resort of Indians and negroes. Stuyvesant inspected them in person, made it an indictable offense to keep one without a license, and required all who received licenses to erect better buildings "for the adornment of the town." He also issued a proclamation that no hogs and goats should for the future be pastured between the fort and Fresh-Water Pond, except within suitable inclosures. In September, 1648, he established a weekly market, which was held on Mondays; and soon after, in imitation of one of the customs of Holland, instituted an annual cattle-fair, to commence every first Monday after the feast of St. Bartholomew, and continue ten days. In 1650 he issued a proclamation forbidding the running at large of cows, hogs, and goats, without a herdsman, between

the fort and the company's farm, and the pasture-ground occupied by Thomas Hall and the house of Isaac Allerton (the latter of whom lived in a stone mansion on the hill near Beekman Street); and a general law was passed that year to the effect that, "inasmuch as the hogs spoil the roads, and make them difficult of passage for wagons and carts, every man must stick rings through the noses of such animals as belong to him."

But the most important incident of this period was the erection of New Amsterdam into an incorporated city. The proprietary company granted it a burgher government similar to that of the cities of the Fatherland; and its birth was celebrated on the evening of February 2, 1653, at the feast of Candlemas. A proclamation of the governor defined its exceedingly limited privileges, and named its first officers. Stuyvesant made a speech on the occasion, in which he took care to reveal his intention of making all future municipal appointments, instead of allowing the citizens to choose their own magistrates, as was the custom in the Fatherland; and he gave the officers distinctly to understand from the first that their existence did not in any way diminish his authority, but that he should often preside at their meetings, and at all times counsel them in matters of importance. They were not allowed a sheriff of their own, but Van Tienhoven, the provincial sheriff, might officiate for the corporation. Neither was it deemed requisite for them to have a scribe, but Jacob Kip, the secretary of the province, was notified to attend their meetings and do such writing as seemed necessary. The old stone tavern was cleaned up and called a Stadthuys, or City Hall; and there the city magistrates held their meetings on Mondays from nine o'clock in the morning till noon, and, if business was urgent, they sometimes held an after-dinner session. Absent members were fined six stivers for the first half-hour, twelve for the second, and forty if absent during the meeting. No emoluments were attached to their position, but on all occasions of ceremony, secular or religious, they were treated with distinguished attention. A pew was set apart for them in the church; and on Sunday mornings they left their homes and families early to meet in the City Hall, whence, preceded by the bell-ringer carrying their cushions of state, they marched in solemn procession to the sanctuary in the fort. For the rest, Stuyvesant bullied them unmercifully, and it was only by degrees, as his difficulties thickened, that they wrung from him such concessions as materially to ameliorate the condition of the citizens. They heard and settled civil disputes; tried cases for the recovery of debt, for defamation of character, for breaches of marriage-promise, for assault and theft; and even summoned parents and guardians into their presence for withholding their consent to the marriage of their children or wards without sufficient cause. They sentenced and committed to prison, like any other court of sessions.

Three years after its incorporation (in 1656) the census of the city was taken, and the inhabitants were found to number one thousand, of which a large proportion were negro slaves. The city fathers proved unceasingly industrious, and, as was proper, devoted most of their energies to the improvement and adornment of the city. They surveyed and established the streets, seventeen in number, and in 1657 began to pave. The first street honored with paving-stones was De Hoogh—what is now Stone Street, between Broad and Whitehall. In 1658 De Brugh or Bridge Street, so called from a bridge that had been built across the ditch at Broad Street, was improved in like manner; and within the next two years all the streets most used were paved. These pavements were of cobble-stones, with the gutters in the middle of the street; sidewalks were not as yet contemplated. They enacted ordinances condemning all "flag-roofs, wooden chimneys, hay-stacks, hen-houses, and hog-pens," which were located on the principal streets. They ordered owners of gardens either to sell or improve them, and compelled buyers of city-lots by the terms of purchase to build on them without delay. The average price of the best city-lots had reached fifty dollars. Houses rented at from fourteen to one hundred dollars per annum. The residences of the wealthier burghers were generally of stone, solid and commodious, and sometimes richly furnished. The cheaper and more common dwellings were built of wood, with checker-work fronts, or rather gable-ends, of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, with the date of their erection inserted in iron figures facing the street. The roofs were tiled or shingled, and surmounted with a weathercock. The front-door was usually ornamented with a huge brass knocker, with the device of a dog's or lion's head, which was required to be burnished daily. Stuyvesant himself set the example of architectural improvement. He built for himself a gubernatorial mansion of hewed stone, and called it "Whitehall." It was located upon the street which was subsequently named for it. Gardens surrounded it on three sides, and a rich velvet lawn in front extended to the water's edge, where lay the governor's barge at the foot of fine cut-stone steps. Upon the north side of the grounds was an imposing gateway. The governor's country-seat (or Bouwerij), where he and his family usually spent the summer months, embraced the greater portion of the present Eleventh, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Wards. It cost him originally six thousand four hundred guilders. The house was a great, commodious, comfortable, and home-like specimen of Holland architecture; the gardens were remarkably fine, and the land in a high state of cultivation. From thirty to fifty negro slaves, besides a number of white servants, were constantly employed in the improvement of the grounds. The road to the city had been put in good condition, and shade-trees were planted on each side where it crossed the governor's property. Some of the rich merchants owned houses even finer than those of the governor. Pearl Street was the favorite locality for building, and was well lined with dwellings; a fine garden belonging to the company occupied the present site of Trinity Church and Churchyard. In

1656 a market-stand for country-wagons was established on an uninclosed space near the Bowling Green. Three years later a yearly fair for the sale of cattle was located beside this market-stand. It commenced October 20th, and closed late in November; it brought strangers from all parts of the country, including New England, and threw business constantly in the way of the merchants. This fair continued yearly for more than sixty years.

The good people of New Amsterdam possessed the homely domestic virtues which have always and everywhere characterized the Dutch. They were sociable among themselves, but averse to public display, though holding the national festivals in high esteem. Christmas, as in England, was observed as a religious, domestic, and merrymaking holiday, the Dutch often calling it the "children's festival." The evening was devoted to the giving of presents, and "Christmas-trees" were everywhere in vogue. "New-Year's-day" was celebrated as now by the interchange of visits. Cake, wine, and punch, were offered to the guests. It was one of the most important social observances of the year, and was conducted with much ceremony. Gifts, on that day, particularly in families and among intimate friends, were by no means unusual; and, in fact, this joyous festival is one of the few "institutions" which modern New-Yorkers have inherited intact from their Dutch predecessors. Dinner-giving was much practised, and the richer citizens vied with each other in the frequency and liberality of their entertainments, costly wines flowing like water on such occasions. Weddings, christenings, and the like, were observed with much ceremony and display, and the wedding-gifts when members of the old families were united in marriage would compare in profusion and costliness with the similar extravagances (so called) of the present day.

Some of the laws of that period are unique, not to say amusing. It was expressly enjoined upon women that they should not scold; the penalty being arrest, imprisonment, and fine, or, for aggravated cases, a public whipping. Slander was esteemed a rank offense. A certain Jan Adamsen, for slandering some respectable persons, was in 1657 condemned to be "struck through the tongue with a red-hot iron, and banished from the province." The severity of the sentences and the peculiar modes of punishment were rather a feature of the times than peculiar to the New-Amsterdammers, who, in fact, leaned toward lenity in some things. For instance, a law was enacted in 1658 forbidding the whipping of negro slaves without first obtaining the permission of the city magistrates. The same year (1658) the first fire-company was organized. It was called the "Rattle-Watch," and consisted of eight men, who were to do duty from nine o'clock in the evening until morning drum-beat. Two hundred and fifty-five buckets, with hooks and ladders, were imported from Holland, reaching New Amsterdam on the 12th of August.

Stuyvesant, like his predecessor, had much trouble with the Indians whom the Dutch had dispossessed, and several bloody wars and an almost continual succcession of desultory outrages marked the last ten years of his incumbency. But his most serious difficulties came from his English neighbors. It will be recollected that from the very beginning the British Government had denied the right of the Dutch to occupy New Netherland; and the New England colonists, though usually on terms of commercial intercourse with their thrifty neighbors, persisted in regarding them as interlopers and enemies. Disputes as to boundaries and the like were incessantly arising, and Stuyvesant exhibited more patience than he ever revealed elsewhere in trying to adjust them; but, in spite of all his efforts, the English perpetually encroached upon his territory, until at length, in 1654, an expedition was organized in Boston which would certainly have settled the question by taking possession of New Amsterdam, had not peace been opportunely proclaimed between England and Holland. Stuyvesant set apart a day of general thanksgiving for this timely deliverance, but he speedily found that the catastrophe had been postponed, not averted, and that the pressure from his restless neighbors increased rather than diminished. After 1656 there was scarcely a month in which he was free from difficulty in this respect; in 1663 Long Island had substantially freed itself from the Dutch rule; and, at length, in order to anticipate and profit by the inevitable end, a clique at the British court, headed by the Duke of York, obtained a patent from Charles II., and secretly fitted out an expedition against New Amsterdam. England and Holland were then at peace with each other, but the Duke of York, who had been appointed Lord High Admiral of the British Navy, borrowed of the king four war-vessels, on which he embarked four hundred and fifty veteran soldiers, under the command of Colonel Richard Nicolls, the groom of his bedchamber, who was also commissioned as governor of the yet unpossessed territory. The fleet sailed from Portsmouth about the middle of May, 1664, and before the end of August was anchored in New York Bay, just below the Narrows. Stuyvesant had received some hints of the expedition, and had endeavored to place the city in a state of siege; yet when Nicolls arrived before the place it was ill prepared to resist such a force as he could bring against it. The fort and the wall at Wall Street, however effective against Indians, would avail nothing against a civilized foe, and there was exposure on two rivers. Four hundred men were all that could be mustered for defense, and the powder in the fort amounted to only six hundred pounds. Then the English inhabitants were numerous, and would aid the king's forces; and the latter, before casting anchor, had cut off all communication between the city and Long Island, and had scattered proclamations through the country, promising security of life and property to all who would quietly submit to the government of England. In this emergency Stuyvesant bore himself in a manner worthy of a brave soldier. He would not listen to Nicolls's extremely favorable terms of surrender, further than to gain time by

negotiation; he tried to shake the English commander's purpose by a long argument, proving the validity of the Dutch claim, and picturing the disastrous consequences that would ensue from such an infraction of the peace between the two countries; and, failing in this, determined to defend the city to the last. Only the evident purpose of the dismayed citizens to deliver up the place whether he consented or not deterred him from his resolution; and when at length he yielded, he obtained terms as advantageous, perhaps, as ever were granted by a conqueror. On Monday, September 7, 1664, the Dutch garrison marched out of the fort, carrying their arms, with drums beating and colors flying, and embarked on a vessel for Holland; and as they departed the English columns entered the town. The city magistrates were assembled in the council-chamber, and with much ceremony proclaimed Nicolls governor of the province. The English flag was raised over the fort, which was now named Fort James, and New Amsterdam was henceforth to be known as *New York*.

This conquest of New Netherland has been justly stigmatized as an act of peculiar baseness, and it is almost a pleasure to know that in the war which it provoked the Dutch fleets not only swept the Channel, but entered the Thames, burned the warehouses and dock-yards at Chatham, and terrified the citizens of London with the roar of their cannon; yet if ever an enterprise invited its fate that enterprise was the Dutch occupancy of New Netherland. Part of the blame in the matter must be assigned to Stuyvesant, who knew at once the weakness of the province and the danger to which it was exposed, and yet failed to make even such provision for its defense as was in his power; but the chief fault lies with the West India Company and the States-General, the former of whom always treated the colony as a mere commercial venture, while the latter neglected until it was too late even to give the enterprise the legal status to which it was entitled and which would have removed half its difficulties.

Whatever may be thought, however, of the moral quality of the transaction, it cannot be denied that its passing into English control was one of the most important of the steps by which New York has become the metropolis of a continent, and that it was fortunate for the city that it occurred as early as it did. Henceforth England was to maintain an almost undisputed naval and commercial pre-eminence among the nations, and, sheltered beneath that, New York, instead of growing very gradually into a thriving Dutch provincial town—which was the utmost it could have attained under its original masters—entered at once upon the career of prosperity which its natural advantages had marked out for it. All the circumstances of its change of sovereignty were fortunate for the infant city. The Duke of York was a practical business man, and had been told that his new territory, if well managed, would yield him thirty thousand pounds per annum. It was his policy to conciliate his new subjects rather than inflict upon them the usual pains and penalties, and so far as he knew how he stimulated and encouraged their enterprises. No one was molested in his property or pursuits, and the transfer of allegiance involved less disturbance than a change of governors had often done under the old *régime*, for Nicolls proved himself a worthy successor of Stuyvesant. The incoming English cordially coalesced with the sturdy Dutch burghers whom they found in possession; and the latter, on their part, were content to reap the benefits of the ever-increasing prosperity of the city, and to enjoy that social and political dominance which they maintained down to the Revolutionary period. Even the forms of government and the methods of administration were altered as little as possible, and the conquered citizens had the satisfaction of seeing the old faces at the council-board, and in nearly all the public offices. Some degree of national feeling persisted, of course, though the ties which bound the colony to the mother-country had never been as strong as they would have been had the settlement been a popular or national instead of a commercial enterprise; but complete social harmony prevailed almost from the start, and soon Dutch and English names could be found side by side in every list of municipal or provincial officials. When the city was recaptured by a Dutch fleet in 1673, the Dutch local militia assisted the invaders by spiking the guns of a battery, and the event was hailed with loyal enthusiasm by most of the old citizens; yet, when less than a year later the province was restored to England by treaty, all parties quietly acquiesced, and ere many years the British king had no better or more contented subjects than were to be found in his city of New York.

It would be neither useful nor interesting for us to give even a summary of the events that occurred between the English conquest and the outbreak of the Revolution. Mrs. Lamb has rendered her record of them readable by heaping every species of illustrative detail around what would otherwise be a very dull chronicle; but lack of space would prevent our doing anything of the kind, even if the success with which she has performed the task had not rendered it superfluous for any one else to attempt it. The remaining purposes of our hasty sketch will be accomplished if we merely mention the more significant data that indicate the growth of the city and its character at different periods.

Perhaps the most striking incident of the period which we have now reached is the usurpation, tyranny, revolution, or whatever else will most appropriately describe it, of Jacob Leisler—an incident so grotesque as to cause a smile as we read of it, and yet a fit antetype of that rule of demagogues of which New York has so often in recent times been the theatre. Leisler was a German merchant of some means and respectable social standing, but of little education and brutal manners, who, prior to the episode of which we are about to speak, made no pretension to ascendency among his fellows. When, in 1689, the news reached New York of the revolution in England, which had seated William

and Mary on the throne, the colonists, as elsewhere in America, repudiated the authority of the then royal governor, and in the absence of any generally recognized head speedily fell into anarchy. A sort of panic regarding the French and Indians prevailed, and six companies of militia, called trainbands, were organized for the protection of the city. Of one of these companies Leisler was appointed captain, and, aided by the influence which this position gave him, and a certain rude force of character, he soon gained the leadership of the mob into whose hands the city was rapidly falling, and to which the militia furnished its most turbulent members. Driven on by the clamors of the mob to repudiate Nicholson, the lieutenant-governor, who was accused of being a papist and a traitor, the militia-captains took possession of the fort, and agreed to govern alternately until orders came from England; but Leisler professed to distrust the loyalty of the other captains, and, supported by the mob, seized the reins of government, and speedily developed the qualities of a genuine autocrat. He penned an address to William and Mary in behalf of the "militia and inhabitants of New York," representing himself as acting in their interest against disloyal aristocrats, who favored the dethroned James II.; he drove the Common Council from their chamber with a squad of soldiers, appointed his own collector of customs, and packed the "Committee of Safety" so as to secure his appointment as commander-in-chief of the province; he suspended the local courts, and substituted arbitrary arrest and punishment at will for the normal operations of the law; he denounced as "Jacobites" and "papists" all who refused to recognize his authority, and then assumed the right to imprison all who were suspected of popery or of sympathy with the exiled monarch; he banished some of the leading citizens, increased the taxes, and enforced his commands with the reckless soldiery; and actually sent an expedition against Albany to enforce his authority over the entire province. He issued new commissions, making justices, sheriffs, and military officers, in the various counties; his minions prowled about the country arresting those who rebelled, and the jails had to be enlarged in order to hold the army of captives; he commissioned courts of oyer and terminer, and to compel the payment of customs and excise duties erected a court of exchequer; and he compelled the Assembly to pass a law inflicting a fine of seventy-five pounds on any one refusing to accept a commission from himself, and another decreeing that any one leaving his home without his permission should be fined one hundred pounds. For nearly two years New York was under a military despotism of the most abject sort—the sovereignty of a demagogue based on the supremacy of a mob; yet, strange to say, there was in all that time no organized effort to overthrow it, and Leisler might easily have maintained his position had he not had the temerity to place himself in open opposition to the royal authority. The eyes of King William were at length opened to the state of affairs in New York, and he sent out a new governor with full powers. Leisler refused to recognize his authority, and actually fired on the king's troops; and for this last offense he was indicted, condemned, and, though not without great opposition and hesitation, executed as a traitor, along with his principal companion and abettor. Commenting upon the entire episode, Mrs. Lamb says: "Concerning no public actor in colonial history has opinion more widely differed than in regard to Jacob Leisler. He has been held up as a champion of Dutch democracy against English aristocracy, of Protestantism against Romanism, of republicanism against monarchism. It is evident, however, from a careful analysis of his official career, that there was no struggle in New York to call for championship in any of these directions. And his acts clearly negative all claim to democratic theories. He seized authority with honest intentions, and with unquestionable belief in the plots his fancy created. He afterward became infatuated with the novelty of his position, and his strong passions and feeble judgment led him into more unpardonable excesses than were ever committed by any of the governors placed over the colony by the crown of England. And yet he was not a bad man, and his execution was a shocking blunder. He became a martyr in memory, not a convict, and his death was the stock of a party which for years, by its triumphs and defeats, retarded seriously the prosperity of New York."

Meantime, in spite of political turmoils, the city grew in population, wealth, and size. The population, which was fifteen hundred at the English conquest, had doubled when the Dutch recaptured the city nine years later, and by the year 1700 had reached five thousand. In 1670 was established the first Exchange; the merchants met every Friday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at the bridge which crossed the ditch at Broad Street—the site of what is now Exchange Place. In 1673 the first mail to Boston was established; it was carried once a month by a salaried messenger, who included Hartford and other towns on the way, and was instructed to form a post-road by marking trees, "that shall guide other travelers as well." The year 1683 was made memorable by the meeting of the first Provincial Assembly, which secured for New York the most substantial benefits of self-government. In the same year the city secured from the Duke of York the right to elect aldermen and treasurer, and all other privileges accorded to similar corporations in England; and in 1686 a regular charter was granted it, which was one of the most liberal ever conferred upon a colonial city. It confirmed all former "rights and privileges," and conveyed to the corporation nearly all the property it has since held. In 1692 Water Street was created by filling in the shore along East River, and Pine, Cedar, and the neighboring streets were laid out through the old "Damen Farm," which was bounded north by Maiden Lane. This latter street was so called from the fact that it was a resort for washer-women, because of a little stream of spring-water which ran through the valley at that point. Street-cleaning was also

one of the subjects of city legislation this year; a law was passed requiring every householder to keep the street clean in front of his own door, and another directing the street-surveyor to have all "stramonium and other poisonous weeds rooted up within the city." In 1694 the first printed book was published by a young printer named William Bradford; and in 1697 the streets were first lighted, in accordance with the following ordinance: "The board taking into consideration the great inconvenience that attends this city, for want of lights in the dark time of the moon, in the winter-season, it is therefore ordered that the housekeepers of the city shall put out lights in the following manner, viz., every seventh house shall cause a lantern with a candle in it *to be hung on a pole*, the charges to be defrayed equally by the inhabitants of the said seven houses." The same year a night-watch was instituted "to go round the city each hour of the night with a bell, to proclaim the season of the weather and the hour of the night." The first Trinity Church was built in 1696, and in 1700 a new City Hall was erected on the site of the present Custom-House in Wall Street, at a cost of three thousand pounds, the old hall, which was in an advanced state of decay, being sold for nine hundred and twenty pounds.

During the autumn of 1701 Madam Sarah Knight journeyed from Boston to New York on horseback, and wrote some entertaining notes about her trip. She was obliged to ford some rivers, and cross others in a frail scow, and, as for taverns, there were no such conveniences as yet along the route. The city of New York was so very unlike Boston that she regarded it with special interest. The half blending of Dutch and English customs, the confusion of tongues, the variety of fashions, and the different styles of equipage, attracted and amused her. She describes the prevailing style of architecture as plain, the brick buildings being "in divers colors laid in checks and glazed." The inside was more elaborate than the outside, and neat to a fault. The hearthstones usually extended far into the room, and were laid with tiles; the staircases were highly ornamented. The streets of the city were generally paved to the width of ten feet from the fronts of the houses on each side of the way, while the centre served the double purpose of gutter and sewer. A few "brick pathways" were the only sidewalks. Broadway was shaded with beautiful trees on either side. With this it will be interesting to compare the following description by Professor Kalm, a Swedish traveler who visited the city in 1751:

"In size New York comes nearest to Baltimore and Philadelphia; but with regard to its fine buildings, its opulence, and extensive commerce, it disputes the preference with them. The streets do not run so straight as those of Philadelphia, and have sometimes considerable bendings; however, they are very spacious and well built, and most of them paved, excepting in high places where it has been found useless. In the chief streets there are trees planted, which in summer give them a fine appearance, and during excessive heat afford a cooling shade. I found it extremely pleasant to walk in the town, for it seemed like a garden. Most of the houses are built of bricks, and are generally strong and neat, and several stories high; some have, according to the old architecture, turned the gable-end toward the street, but the new houses are altered in this respect. Many of the houses have a balcony on the roof, upon which the people sit at evening in the summer-time; and from thence they have a pleasant view of a great part of the town, and likewise of part of the adjacent water and the opposite shore. There is no good water to be met with in the town itself; but at a little distance there is a large spring of good water, which the inhabitants take for their tea and for the uses of the kitchen. . . . New York probably carries on a more extensive commerce than any town in the English North American provinces. They export to London all the various sorts of skins which they buy of the Indians, sugar, logwood, and other dyeing woods; rum, mahogany, and many other goods, which are the produce of the West Indies. Every year they build several ships here which are sent to London and there sold; and of late years they have shipped a great quantity of iron to England. In return for these they import from London stuffs, and every other article of English growth and manufacture, together with all sorts of foreign goods. England, and especially London, profits immensely by this trade. There are two printers in the town, and every week some gazettes, in English, are published, which contain news from all parts of the world."

The style of dress throughout this period was very showy and conspicuous. Gay pendants were worn in the ears, costly crosses were suspended about the neck, and diamonds and rich brocades were esteemed essential to respectability among the wealthier families. Tight-lacing and wide skirts prevailed. The hair was frizzled and curled, and arranged in a great variety of fantastic ways, and in this respect the gentlemen outdid the ladies. They concealed their hair altogether by enormous wigs, which were supposed to greatly beautify the countenance. Bright colors were universally worn. The most gorgeous combinations appeared in the fabrics of a lady's wardrobe, and gentlemen wore coats and other garments presenting all the hues of the rainbow. Large silver buttons adorned coats and vests, often with the initial of the wearer's name engraved on each button. Occasionally an entire suit would be decorated with conch-shell buttons silver-mounted. Even coaches were painted and gilded in the most showy manner. A writer of the day, seeing the equipage of Lewis Morris rolling down "the Broad Way" toward the fort, speaks of its silver mountings glittering in the sun, and of the family arms emblazoned upon it in many places. Though containing less than twenty thousand inhabitants in 1760, New York was the richest city in proportion to its population in the king's dominions. It contained "no beggars and no poverty," as Lord Bellamont said of an earlier period; and the wealthier merchants displayed a profuse magnificence in their social en-

tertainments which surpassed anything practised at the time by the richest aristocracy of the Old World. The following description of William Walton's private residence (built in 1752, and still standing, in Franklin Square) will serve as a specimen: "It was English in design; and it was as far as practicable an improvement upon all previous architecture. Its walls were as substantial as many modern churches. Its bricks, brown-stone water-tables, lintels, jambs, and decorations, were all imported, as also its expensive furniture, which was in keeping with the style of the structure. The superb staircase in its ample hall, with mahogany hand-rail and banisters, by age as dark as ebony, was fit for any nobleman's palace. It had a broad portico upheld by fluted columns, and surmounted by armorial bearings; and quaint heads cut from the freestone looked down upon the street from between the windows. The grounds extended to the water, and were laid out and cultivated with fastidious care." Walton was a very hospitable man, and his expensive banquets were prolific subjects for criticism in England when the controversies arose shortly afterward regarding taxation. His table was always spread with the choicest viands, and "groaned under its weight of brilliant, massive silver," while a forest of decanters graced the sideboards, and costly wines flowed free and fast.

Of the part which New York played in the initial steps that led to the great Revolution, we could glean many novel and interesting facts from Mrs. Lamb's pages had we not already reached the limits of our space. Mrs. Lamb claims, and apparently proves, that New-Yorkers exhibited more of that sturdy sentiment of independence, and that high sense of political justice, which characterized the Revolutionary generation, than any other colonists; and that they took the lead in most of the measures of resistance to the encroachments of the crown. In 1765 a congress of delegates from nine colonies met in the city, and adopted a Bill of Rights in which they asserted that the sole power of taxation resided in the colonies. In the same year the "Sons of Liberty" were organized to oppose the Stamp Act; and in 1770 a mass-meeting of the citizens was held, who resolved not to submit to oppression, and a slight collision with the troops occurred. In 1773 the Vigilance Committee agreed to resist the landing of tea, and the following year a ship thus laden was sent back to England, while eighteen chests found on another vessel were thrown overboard. Mrs. Lamb brings her volume to a close with the formation of the famous Revolutionary committees, and here we may appropriately close our sketch of Old New York. During the greater portion of the war which followed, New York remained practically an English town, and when the war ended and the city had become temporarily the seat of the Federal Government, a new period in its history had begun, marked off quite definitely in many respects from the pre-Revolutionary epoch. The peculiar social characteristics of *Old* New York rapidly disappeared, though its commercial prosperity developed with greater rapidity than ever, and even the external appearance of the city was completely changed by two destructive conflagrations which occurred during the British occupation, one in 1776 and the other in 1778.

THE GREAT FRENCH TRIBUNE.

IF you had chanced, on the morning of the 3d of December, 1851, to be standing on the corner of the Rue St.-Antoine and the Rue Ste.-Marguerite, in Paris, you would have heard strange noises and seen strange sights. The gloomy, heart-depressing twang of the tocsin resounding in the distance; the dull, confused, and ebbing and flowing murmur of a great city in agitation; now and then the prompt, short tramping of a troop or the clatter of a body of cavalry over the echoing cobble-stones; once in a while the sharp crack of a pistol-shot, far or near—these would have been the alarming and significant sounds that would have struck upon your ear. As for the sights, they would have been more ominous still. You could not well have forgotten that you were standing in the heart of volcanic St.-Antoine; and you would have judged that the smouldering old Etna of revolution was about to burst forth once more into flame and smoke-clouds, and to pour out again its hissing streams of hot and all-destructive human lava upon the dainty city of the Bourbons.

You would not have failed to observe a small group of resolute-looking men, better clad and better fed than the people of the neighborhood, walking rapidly up the historic street, and at last entering the Café Roysin. Others, following in their wake, stopped as they came to the knots of blue-bloused workmen who were gathered at the doors, and began exhorting them in earnest tones and with excited gestures. Then, of a sudden, you might have seen both these exhorters and the workmen with whom they were pleading shrink back against the walls and into the rickety doorways. Just in time; for at that moment the gay and glittering cavalcade of the Parisian lancers pranced into the street. Between their ranks were nine or ten omnibuses. A cry escaped one of the sullen groups of workmen.

"It is the representatives of the people; they are carrying them to the dungeons of Vincennes! To the rescue!"

There was a stir, a shuffle, a fumbling for arms, a hasty passage of low-muttered words from mouth to mouth. Then half a dozen hot-blooded fellows sprang into the street. Two seized the horses of the foremost omnibus. But the prisoners within, aghast with fright, leaned out of the window and implored their would-be rescuers to desist. The ardor of the assailants was dampened at once. The horses were let go, the lancers passed gayly on, and the bold blue-blouses returned to the pavement, muttering

their contempt of the deputies they had risked their lives to save.

Meanwhile graver resolves were being taken in the low-studded and rather shabby back room of the Café Roysin near by. There were gathered a resolute little band of men, among them sixteen representatives of the people—gathered for the solemn and avowed purpose of insurrection; met to defy and resist, in such rude and hasty manner as they could, the slayer of the republic and the usurper of the power of France. For on the day before, at dawn, the perjured President of the Republic had planted submissive soldiers at every strategic point in Paris; had caused to be seized the leading deputies; had arrogated to himself absolute authority, and had thrown down the first great barrier of the highway to the Empire, by the ever-memorable and never-to-be-justified *coup d'état.*

They were but a handful of very brave and very determined men; from almost every profession, of every age, from beardless adolescence to stooping and grizzled age; ex-ministers and men of letters, doctors, lawyers, and soldiers. Among them might have been seen a rather quiet, unobtrusive, middle-aged person, in white neckcloth and black attire, whose eye, however, was now lit up with a dangerously earnest light; a doctor of repute, the respected deputy of the Ain, and an indomitable republican—M. Baudin.

At nine o'clock this stern group of insurgents issued forth from the Café Roysin. The representatives wore the scarfs of their office across their breasts. Issuing into the Rue Faubourg St.-Antoine, they spread here and there, and began to shout: "To arms! to the barricades! Long live the republic and the constitution!" Such a cry, at such a moment, was fire set to prepared tinder. In a twinkling a hundred excited workmen had rallied to the summons. There were enough to begin. The leaders advanced boldly through the streets, and halted at the corner of the Rue Cotte and the Rue Ste.-Marguerite. Here they would take their stand, and conquer or fall in the cause of the republic. In a few moments a rough barricade, formed by the overturning of a big cart, an omnibus, and two small cabriolets, which were seized on the spot, and the piling on these of staves, bricks, stones—anything that came first to the rapid and feverish hands. Strange to say, the rash one hundred who thus rudely bulwarked themselves against the army of France, had not an effective weapon among them. Yet, but a few squares away, three thousand veterans of Algiers were bivouacked, their arms in their hands, ready for an instant call. Three soldiers sauntered by. Their muskets were taken from them, and they were allowed to pass on. Then the insurgents repaired to the guard-house in the Rue Montreuil, a short distance away, where ten more soldiers were found and also disarmed. Next they proceeded to the post of the Marché-Noir, where a few muskets were in like manner seized. Thus supplied, the insurgents returned to their frail fortress of the street; and there they awaited events.

It must have seemed most probable to them that they were awaiting—death! Their act was open and proudly-confessed treason to the power that was. It was a deadly defiance to the usurper. There was no reason to hope for quarter, or even for gentle methods of subjection. Unless they were put down without mercy and without delay, the infection of their example might spread like a prairie-fire throughout Paris, throughout France. Behind Louis Napoleon, at that dread moment, stalked the headsman; this barricade was he; it was only left to paralyze his avenging arm. But one hope fluttered in their hearts. The soldiers, when appealed to, might prefer France and liberty to the service of the usurper, might in their turn be persuaded to turn insurgents in the sacred cause of the republic.

They were not kept waiting long. Breaking in upon the grim silence of suspense came the sound of the slow, regular, gradually louder and nearer tramp of troops. The alarm had been given; three companies of the Nineteenth of the Line had been ordered to fall in rank; and they were now marching, with deliberate movement, straight upon the barricade.

The hundred men with twenty-two muskets ranged themselves behind the breastwork. As the line of soldiers appeared, one of the deputies, M. Schœlcher, stood upon the overturned omnibus and addressed his comrades.

"Friends," he said, in a clear and firm voice, "do not fire a shot until the line has opened. We are going to them; if they fire, their bullets will reach us first. If we are killed, avenge us. But, until then, not a shot."

Eight representatives got upon the barricade, and signaled to the soldiers to stop. The captain commanding the advance company shook his head in refusal. The representatives then descended to the street, and walked slowly toward the column, their official scarfs around them. One of them cried out:

"We are representatives of the people. In the name of the constitution, we urge you, soldiers, to join us. Come with us. It will be your glory."

"Silence!" retorted the captain. "I obey my orders. Go back, or I will fire!"

"You may kill us, but we will not flinch. Long live the republic!"

The captain ordered the troops to bring their arms to a ready and to forward. The representatives took off their hats; some shut their eyes; others looked straight in the faces of the soldiers.

The order to fire was not given. As they reached the little knot the soldiers turned aside and passed them, and marched on the barricade. In the confusion, however, some of the defenders of the barricade thought that the representatives were being bayoneted. From behind the rampart the sharp crack of a shot was heard. A soldier fell, wounded to the death. The head of the column poured a volley upon the barricade. Representative Baudin was at that moment standing upon one of the upset carriages. He had just been appealing to a group of

working-men to fight for liberty. One of them had sullenly said :

"Do you think we are going to be killed so that you can keep your twenty-five francs a day?"

Baudin had quietly replied :

"Remain here a moment, my friend, and you will see how one dies for twenty-five francs!"

When the column fired their volley, Baudin fell, his skull shattered and riven by three balls.

Thus died the martyr of the *coup d'état*. At the moment it seemed that Baudin's death was vain. He appeared to have died uselessly. There was no chance for himself or his comrades from the beginning. The *coup d'état*, the usurpation, the Empire, easily triumphed; the brave doctor from the Ain, borne almost stealthily to the Père Lachaise, soon passed out of the thoughts of men. A few only —his friends and friends of liberty—preserved his memory green. But his blood, spilled on the soil of France for her sake, was a seed sown deep. It was long growing to bud and bloom; but the day came when it cast a dread and ominous shadow over the Tuileries. The martyrdom of Baudin became the text and battle-cry of revolution; his name of a sudden fired the soul of every Frenchman who was outraged by the follies, crimes, and corruptions, of the Empire; and Baudin was avenged at Sedan!

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It is not improbable that, at the very hour when Baudin fell lifeless upon the pavement of Paris, a bright, black-eyed, swarthy boy of thirteen, far off in the depths of the country, may have been repeating, in a full, round, singularly melodious voice, the story of French kings and warriors at the rustic school of his neighborhood. There is no lovelier part of that country which its sons so fondly and so justly call "the beautiful" than the sunny and fruitful valley of the Lot. That river winds, with many spirals, beneath a range of verdant hills, the sides of which are covered with vineyards, now and then varied by patches of wheat, buckwheat, and barley. In the autumn the air is fairly laden with the rich perfume of the dark-blue grapes which bend low the branches of the vines—the grapes from which are produced many of the Bordeaux wines that find their way to the tables of the world. Midway in this quiet valley, where the river makes a sudden loop, lies the somewhat drowsy and tipsy little town of Cahors, with its zigzag streets, its parish-church with topping tower, and its air of antiquity and gradual decay. It was amid scenes so peaceful, so remote from echoes of *coups d'état* and collisions of barricades, that Léon Gambetta, aged thirteen, was pursuing his studies in the memorable autumn of 1851. If the rumor of the stirring events at Paris slowly crept into the valley of the Lot it may perhaps have stirred the passionate boy's hot blood, and sowed in his fast-growing mind the seeds of hatred to the Second Empire. What we know is, that he was of a stanch republican family, and that very early in youth he became an ardent lover of republican institutions and liberty. He was fortunate in a father who was not only intelligent, but zealous in the personal education of his son. The elder Gambetta, of Genoese origin, as both the name and the features of the family indicate, was a rural lawyer of local note, poor, but not in want, and having a natural aptitude for directing the studies of a quick and voracious young intellect like that of the future dictator. Happily the latter's ardent fondness for knowledge seconded the father's efforts; and, when he repaired to the rural school, he soon won preëminence in scholarship above his mates. That he was no gentle and submissive boy-bookworm, however, may be seen by an act of Roman cruelty which he is said to have committed upon himself. Those who have since observed Gambetta on the street or in the tribune have not failed to note that his right eye is half closed and blind. It is related that, having been put on one occasion in charge of some people whom he disliked, he wrote to his father that, if he were not taken away, he would put one of his eyes out. This threat not meeting with a yielding response, the hot-headed youth grimly fulfilled it to the letter.

The accounts of Gambetta's youth are meagre. After his course at school had been completed, he began the study of law, for which, to his father's delight, he discovered a strong predilection. But the slumbering little purlieu of Cahors was no arena for the strong and impulsive ambition which awoke in him. He felt himself drawn irresistibly to that siren who seductively promises laurels to the aspiring as well as brimming cups of sweets to the pleasure-seeker; and though poor, and with little prospect of immediate support, he repaired with confident and buoyant soul to Paris.

It would not be true to represent Gambetta as one of those admirable youths whose devotion to study is a worship, who shut themselves up in perpetual and absorbing contemplation, who keep their eyes unchangeably fixed upon a goal at some distant height, whose life is constant toil and ambitious self-denial.

If we follow him to Paris, we find him ensconced in a shabby room in the sky, up five flights of rickety stairs that served students of the university a century ago. We find him lying abed rather late in the morning, very likely smoking a cigarette or two before breakfast, and taking his coffee and sour roll in his night-gown. We see him sit down to his law, and tug at it with muscular energy through the morning hours; then sitting at his mid-day meal at a cheap restaurant in the Latin Quarter; lolling in a lecture-room in the afternoon; dining for a franc and a quarter at five or six; then taking a cup of chocolate and a cigarette on the boulevard; and sauntering, with a boon companion or two, in the Palais Royal or Tuileries Garden till the close of day summons him to a certain nightly rendezvous.

Threadbare and empty of pocket, obscure and without clients, yet reveling in athletic health, buoyed up by unquenchable spirits, unbound by social conventionality, surrounded by a multitude of admiring friends as shabby and penniless and careless of the future as himself, the young would-be advocate of the Lot is leading, in these days of the last decade

of the Empire, a life moderately studious, freely jovial, and characteristically Parisian. He is not, apparently, vaulting with any great strain of energy at those high places upon which glows the fierce light of fame. He bides his time, and takes the world with cheerfulness and suavity and courage. We cannot tell whether ambition is ever alive in his soul beneath this nonchalant exterior, or whether, confident in his powers, he is letting himself drift heedlessly whither events waft him.

There is, on one of the central streets of Paris, an historic *café*, which for a century or more has been a favorite trysting-place of metropolitan politicians, wits, and men of letters. Like many of the famous hostelries and inns of the Old World, whose good cheer has been celebrated in glowing prose and enthusiastic verse, the Café Procope announces nothing of its distinction upon its face. It has a low front; no gewgaw of gilded cornice or allegorical fresco brightens the bare blankness of its walls or ceilings. It is as plain as the Mitre Tavern in the Temple, as the Red Horse at Stratford, as Goethe's pet inn at Frankfort and Beethoven's at Vienna. Yet it is certain that here Voltaire wrote some of his most stinging epigrams; that these old walls once echoed the monotonous drone of Rousseau's egotism and sentimentalities; that in this room the Encyclopedists, the Diderots and D'Alemberts, met to discuss the plan and the effect of their great work; and that later the wits and lampooners of the Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of July, assembled about that door to talk and make *bonmots* about Austerlitz, the Charter, and the bourgeois king.

A new hero of the table made his appearance at the Café Procope about the time of the great Exposition. Now no longer the resort of celebrities, it was the rendezvous of law-students, Bohemians, and young lawyers and doctors. The new-comer, around whom the others got in the habit of clustering as a centre, was the briefless barrister of the Lot. Léon Gambetta gave the first hints of his genius at the Café Procope. It was there, perhaps, that he first himself learned what was in him. As he and his comrades sat in the old haunt of Voltaire, sipping their chocolate, puffing their cigarettes, the discourse would most often, in those rather troubled days, fall on politics. The decadence of the Second Empire had begun. The highwayman-like scheme for reducing Mexico to vassalage to France had resulted in bitter and blood-stained failure. Napoleon no longer relied upon his own decaying intellect, but upon the counsel of rash intimates and political adventurers. The fabric of the empire he had raised was sensibly tottering; and a feeling of suspense and dread of what might come pervaded all France.

It is a glory of the republican idea that it is eagerly accepted by young and ardent minds, open to generous impulses, to lofty principles, and simple truths, to all that bears on its face the impress of verity and justice. Such young minds have not yet come to prudently selfish compromise, to the careful weighing of petty interests; they go straight to that which is living and noble, powerful and pure. So it is that republicanism, the idea of self-government, liberty and equality, finds a generous welcome in the best newly-formed and matured intellects the world over.

Gambetta at the Procope was a republican of republicans; and he uttered his faith boldly, with a voice of magical sweetness and volume, and an eloquence that came forth strong, free, and plenteous. He read to his audience in sonorous tones the speeches of the little republican group in the Chamber, unawed by the gendarmes who prowled about the door, and deaf to the prudent caution of timid friends. Then he would make a running commentary of his own, stigmatizing the emptiness, corruption, caprice, of the Empire without mercy, and loudly asserting the points of his republican creed.

His reputation, however, was pretty much confined to the frequenters of the Café Procope. He was seen but little in the courts; his clientage was meagre; his acquaintance, even with prominent members of his own party, was limited. One distinguished republican, however, he knew; and Jules Favre had happily learned something of the calibre of the orator of the Procope. It was this acquaintance which suddenly and strangely gave Gambetta his opportunity, and led to his becoming famous, between his rising up and lying down, from end to end of France.

In the autumn of 1868 ominous clouds had gathered above the imperial throne. The opposition had grown strong, clamorous, and aggressive. Every pretext and occasion for assailing not only the policy but the character and motives of Napoleon were eagerly seized. Anniversaries were made the excuse for noisy demonstration and public disturbance. At that moment, when the history of the Empire was being searched by keen and hostile eyes, somebody suddenly bethought him of the martyrdom of Baudin. The 3d of December, just seventeen years after his death, approached; nothing could be more opportune for the agitators than the abrupt revival of his memory. A radical paper was struck with the idea of raising a monument to the man who had laid down his life resisting usurpation, and opened its columns to a subscription-list for this purpose. The monument was to be inaugurated in Père-Lachaise, on the anniversary of the barricade. The emperor in those days easily took alarm. This name, echoing from a long-forgotten tomb, terrified his once firm but now decaying intellect. The order was given to prosecute the papers which had printed the Baudin subscriptions. It was a sad blunder; for to prosecute was to bring on a *cause célèbre*, to give republican orators, under the guise of legal defense, that dangerous liberty of speech which the stern laws of the Empire forbade them on the political arena.

Jules Favre was chosen to plead the cause of the accused journal. On the day before that set for trial the great advocate of the people was taken ill. When the case was called, Favre did not make his appearance; but a rather heavy, awkward, ill-clad, swarthy man, with a white flower in his button-hole,

and his left hand in his trousers-pocket—one evidently not known to the court—rose leisurely and announced that Favre had been so good as to ask him, Léon Gambetta, to conduct the defense in his absence. The formal proceedings over, the *procureur's* plea finished, Gambetta rose to reply. His purpose was by no means to conciliate the court, or to win his client's case. That, he knew, was out of the question ; moreover, he cared little, and his client cared little, for the fine they knew would be inevitably imposed. But it was essentially a political trial. It was a grand opportunity to attack the Empire with all the resources of indignant and long-stifled eloquence. In the face of the whole world, with all Paris and all France looking breathlessly on, a republican orator, had he only the genius, could pour a fierce light upon the deformities of the Bonapartist despotism, and impeach its evil deeds for the general execration.

Then was heard for the first time by a crowded French audience that rich, sounding, vehement, magnetic eloquence which has stamped Léon Gambetta as the greatest French orator of the present century. Its impetuous torrent startled and paralyzed the imperial judges, so that they forgot to attempt to check it. The *procureur* sat speechless ; the spectators were thrilled with emotion, and broke into unrestrained applause.

"This case," cried Gambetta, "seeks to wrest from you a judgment that the 2d of December was in accordance with political morals, and that the men who fell at the barricades were justly struck down. I will not abase myself by declaring that what has been done by my clients was in conformity with the law. For seventeen years you have been the masters of France ; and yet you have never dared, with all your boasting, to celebrate the 2d of December as a national anniversary. All governments make a festivity of the day of their birth. Two anniversaries alone form exceptions—the 18th Brumaire and the 2d of December. Well, this anniversary which you have not wished for, we will adopt it, to celebrate the great national expiation in the name of French liberty !"

Gambetta's fame became national in a day. Within a year he found himself seated, a chief of the irreconcilable republicans, on the benches of the Corps Législatif, as deputy for the city of Paris. Again and again, during the months that followed, he assailed the Empire with his tumultuous eloquence in the face of a parasite majority. Then came the declaration of war with Prussia, the fast and fatal succession of French defeats, and finally the crowning catastrophe of Sedan.

Up to this time Gambetta had only displayed his genius as an orator. He was now to show himself a consummate leader of men. On the day that the news of Sedan reached Paris the Corps Législatif met in confusion and terror. Scarcely had the deputies been called to order, when a clamorous mob entered the hall. There was not one of all that imperialist majority who dared to defend the emperor. The republican chiefs took the lead unresisted. Jules Favre rose, and, amid thunders of applause, moved the abolition of the Empire. The president's voice echoed into silence when he called for the vote against the motion. Gambetta followed promptly on the heels of his distinguished friend. In a voice that rose clear and sonorous above the din, he moved that the republic be established. The proposition was carried amid a tempest of ayes. The provisional government, comprising General Trochu, Gambetta, Jules Favre, Garnier-Pagès, and other republican chiefs, went in noisy procession to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where, from the same balcony where Lafayette accepted the command of the National Guard, and Lamartine rebuked the red flag and unfurled the tricolor, the new *régime* was proclaimed.

From that hour Gambetta was "the state" far more absolutely and emphatically than ever was Louis the Magnificent. Nominally Minister of the Interior, he was really the government, the single hand through which France acted. His colleagues became, as if by free confession of his superior genius, his assistants and servants. A vast and victorious German army encumbered the soil of France. Gambetta's supreme purpose was to resist the invasion to the last. Already proved an orator and political chief of the first rank, he now displayed a marvelous aptitude for administration that amazed Europe. France was virtually without an army. "This young man," said the Prince Imperial of Prussia, "accomplished in six months, without staff or arms, what our own Minister of War, with the excellent organization at his disposal, could not effect in less than a year." He summoned armies from the wellnigh exhausted soil of France, armed, equipped, and sent them into the field, and found money by magic to pay them—the only armies that won victories confronting the German hosts. He reorganized the civil administration in the departments, left in chaos by the collapse of the Empire. With an energy which was nothing less than tremendous, he labored night and day at his gigantic and hopeless task. Escaping in a balloon from invested Paris, he appeared at Tours, then at Bordeaux, then at Le Mans, inspiring with his own splendid pluck the sinking hearts of his armies and his countrymen. As he sent forth corps after corps into the field, he found time to instruct prefects, to remove judges, and to subdue "Red" revolts, to establish police, to silence the jealousies of marshals and generals, to correspond with foreign powers, and to utter thrilling words of encouragement to sorrowing and desperate France.

If even his great organizing genius failed, it was because he struggled against two immense obstacles —treason and the impossible. Bazaine's miserable treachery in surrendering Metz, the impossibility of opposing raw recruits to the exultant swarms of victorious and sternly-trained Germans, rendered his efforts of no avail.

The next memorable scene in Gambetta's career exhibited him in the light of a self-sacrificing patriot. Summoning a National Assembly whose duty was to make an humiliating peace, he promptly and volun-

tarily laid down the absolute power he had wielded for months without check or hinderance; and suddenly, his work for the moment done, retired into private life as poor as he had emerged from it. To others was left the task of giving up Alsace and Lorraine, of paying a crushing indemnity, of subduing the Communist revolt in Paris, and of restoring order to France. These ends accomplished under the masterly administration of Thiers, Gambetta, with health recruited, reappeared upon the scene. The ex-dictator was now a simple deputy, sitting in the Assembly as the representative of Marseilles.

Up to this time he had had the reputation, while his transcendent abilities were fully acknowledged, of being radical, rash, and visionary, in political opinion. During the six years that the Assembly existed he completely falsified this impression. Never was there a party leader more energetic, more zealous, more resolute of purpose; or, on the other hand, more fertile in resources, more consummate in tact, more self-contained, more politic. Refusing to be the chief of a faction, and to range himself with the extreme body of republicans, he naturally took the position of leader of the whole Republican party. To unite it, to keep it in discipline, to make it a solid force for the attainment of a great end, to keep that end steadily before it, ignoring minor issues, was a task which might have dismayed a less earnest, less determined, and less fertile spirit; he accomplished it with magnificent success. By his leadership he compelled a monarchical Assembly to proclaim the republic, and to elect a large majority of the life-senators from the Republican ranks. To Gambetta, more than any other, France owes it that she is republican to-day. Only his practical genius, wedded to his honesty, his unrivaled eloquence, his magnetic power over men, his temper under provocation, his courage in peril, could have carried the Republican cause triumphant through the multitude of mighty obstacles it has had to encounter, and the deep-seated prejudices with which it has had to contend.

No great public occasion is more vividly impressed upon the memory of the writer of this article than that on which, for the only time, he heard Léon Gambetta speak from the tribune of the Chamber. It was known that the greatest national orator of the day was to address the house, and every bench, both of the amphitheatre and the galleries, was crowded. As, with slow and rather lounging gait, he slowly mounted the steps, you could not but remark how incongruous with his fame was the ex-dictator's personal appearance. Of medium height, with a large, unwieldy, ungraceful body, his complexion of dull, Italian sallowness, one eye closed, the other keen and bright, but rather shrewd-looking than piercing, a bold, slightly-aquiline nose, fine, dark hair brushed back over the ears and off the forehead, compressed and resolute lips imbedded in black mustache, and whiskers just sprinkled with gray, with a half-dreamy expression, his clothes ill-fitting and scarcely less shabby than in the days when he harangued his Bohemian convives in the obscurity of the Café Procope, his cravat askew, the inevitable little white flower in his button-hole, and the left hand half hanging in his pocket, he looked little like a great man, and less like a great orator.

But the moment the inexpressible magic and charm of his voice were heard, and the meditative face was lit up with the fire of his thought, he seemed transfigured. "Jules Favre," says an English writer, speaking of the French orators of the Third Republic, "was all heart, impassionate, but not aggressive. Pelletan spoke like an enthusiast, Jules Simon like a professor, Picard like a wit, and Thiers as a statesman. But Gambetta was an athlete." From the beginning to the end of his harangue, all, even his bitterest enemies, hung upon his every word. He had, and appeared to have, all the attributes of a tribune of the people. His voice, splendidly resonant, reached the farthest ear as distinctly in its lowest and softest tones as when it rang out with all the music and clangor of a trumpet. It lent itself to the expression of every shade of emotion, of the slightest change of feeling, by a rare inflexibility and power of control. His simplest words were emphasized by the tone in which they were delivered. He threw out his sneers with such force of voice and gesture as to lash those at whom they were hurled into fury, and make them leap to their feet in their rage. Turning once to the Bonapartists—his implacable foes—he spoke of the Imperial Senate as "forgotten in the storm of the 4th of September," in a manner which made the partisans of Napoleon roar with pain. Then, appealing to the monarchists for a patient hearing, his voice mellowed to imploring accents which seemed to breathe the very spirit of real conciliation. Again, as he drew to a close, and declared that the Republicans would never consent to assail universal suffrage, even though it told against them, the voice which had just been all softness and sweetness swelled and thundered to most sonorous volume. A headlong and rapid speaker, Gambetta never halts for a word or repeats a sentence.

Every phrase "colored with the picturesque imagery of the south, always vivid, always new, and soaring at times to surprising heights in beauty of sentiment," quick as lightning at repartee, never leaving an interruption unchallenged or a brawler unpunished, he yet seldom prepares his speeches, but speaks from the inspiration of a teeming mind and a full heart, borne on by all the energy, defiance, and fire, of his impulsive and vigorous nature. With gestures few, but always strong and effectively auxiliary to the voice and thought, his tones "ringing through the wildest changes, from the roar to the falsetto," his physical powers add vastly to the tremendous force of his invective, and the seductive persuasiveness of his appeal.

Gambetta, if he lives, has perhaps a great future before him. Not yet forty years of age, he may look forward to an active career of several decades. He is in the full maturity of physical and intellectual vigor, the chosen leader and hope of the dominant party in France. As has been well said, "power has

passed through his hands, blood under his eyes, and calumny over his head." The old fiery impetuosity will still sometimes break out, and he will "bound to his feet like an attacked lion" when a bitter taunt is hurled at him by some malignant and sharp-tongued foe in the Bonapartist ranks. But he is a more serious, a wiser, and more self-poised man than when he emerged from the depths of the Paris Bohemia to win fame by a master-stroke of eloquence. Broad, statesmanlike, and tolerant, in his political views, conservatized by years, and power, and resistance, with a vision of wider scope, and a patriotism which embraces a country rather than a party, it is not too much to expect to see him once more wielding the executive authority of France, not with the absolute sway of a dictator, but as the chosen President of that Republic of whose foundations he has been the master-builder.

APARTMENT-HOUSES.

"MAN," mused Adam, when, satiated with an exclusive enjoyment of paradise, he yearned to share his too select solitude with some as yet problematic Eve—"man is a social animal." "And man is an exclusive being," grumbled his first-born, when he set out to eliminate social rivalry in the person of his younger brother by the compendious process of putting him out of the way. So it has gone on ever since. The human being, it turns out, needs for his full development a great deal of the company of his fellow-man—*a portion* of that of his fellow-woman—but not too much. How to hit the *just enough*, how to reconcile the chronic conflict of the social instinct with the proper reserve of a normal individuality, is the great practical question which in one form or other sums up the history of the ages.

As nourishment and shelter are conditions precedent to any form of civilized human existence, a chief branch of the question has naturally been how best to get lodged and fed. For this problem different times and peoples have found various solutions, but all pretty closely agreeing in one main feature—the separate family domicile. Under every social or political constitution, patriarchal, aristocratic, democratic, nomadic, or savage, the same rule obtains. The aboriginal red-man could point to his wigwam with Touchstone's modest complacency—"A homely thing, sir, but my own." The wandering Scythian, at home nowhere, still ate his dinner of horse-flesh, and took his especial curtain-lecture from his domestic Tartar, under the flapping cover of his own wagon. Even the ancient Egyptian, as some budding Lepsius has informed us, when too poor to own a private pyramid, was wont to hire-aglyphic. The Spartans, it is true, with a fine premonition of Mr. Galt's theories on transmission of qualities, undertook to regulate domestic relations on a plan which seems to have been a cross between the Prussian barrack system and the Oneida Community. Refusing to entirely trust the individual sympathies, they set up a sort of municipal military band of commissioners on the affectional affinities, and brought up their children in a grand combination state-kindergarten, in which the maternal scolding and the paternal switch were delegated to state officials. But the plan, while it made them good soldiers, spoiled their taste and their tempers. They bullied their neighbors successfully for a century or so, but did nothing for the higher Grecian civilization; earned the cordial hatred of all around them, and eventually came, socially and politically, to disastrous grief.

On our own side of the water the noble red-man has in general insisted on his own wigwam, though the relics of the *pueblos* in the Southwestern parts of the United States show that a considerable and prosperous people once adopted the plan of turning a whole village into one large residence, at once a town, an hotel, and a fortress. With the advance of civilization in Europe, as the needs of individual comfort have come to outrun the means for their satisfaction, this system has been gradually modified. The separate domicile has been retained, but not to the extent of requiring a special building. Naturally enough this change applies mainly to the great cities. In the country, where a few square feet of ground more or less are of little matter, and where each family must live on or near the land which it cultivates, the separate cottage or farmhouse is universal.

In cities, where land is dear, and the various appurtenances of the separate mansion are disproportionately elaborate and costly, it has been found feasible, while retaining for each family all needful privacy, to lodge many households under one roof. In the large towns of Germany, France, and Italy, this has become the customary manner of living. The ordinary *bourgeois* family of reasonable means occupies an *appartement*, or *Wohnung*, or *piano*, in plain English a *floor*, and it is a mark of exceptional prosperity to indulge in the luxury of an *hôtel* or a *palazzo*. Such residence in common carries with it no social stigma or inconvenience. The apartments are frequently large, convenient, or even luxurious. Each household is, in all essentials, secluded from its neighbors, holding nothing in common with those around but a common roof, entrance, and stairway, with a few general services, which may be advantageously discharged by the porter or *concierge*. Some slight charge is made for the lighting of the common stair. All are at liberty for lower branches of domestic service to use the court-yard, round which the great house is built, and which secures to all the rooms fair light and ventilation.

Such, in the main features, is the plan of middle and higher class life, familiar to all travelers in the great European capitals. English life offers a marked difference. The morose exclusiveness of the nation-

al character finds expression in the persistency with which the Briton insists on the entirely separate domicile. That an Englishman's house is his castle has grown to a proverb. He would think his fortress half stormed if he had to submit to even so much rubbing of social elbows in stairway or *porte cochère* as the Frenchman or German finds a matter of course. British "respectability" demands seclusion, and, when a family is forced to "go into lodgings," it is considered almost hopelessly fallen in the social scale. With the ancestral blood, we in America have inherited the ancestral tradition. For the first century or so of our national life we have clung to the same notion that dignity, comfort, and a proper reserve and social culture, require the *household* to justify its name by *holding* its *own house*. But the more pliant and adaptive tendency, which climate, national development, and foreign influence, infuse into our blood, has long been growing and coming to expression. It is sadly clear that the material needs of social life in our large towns far outrun, for a great majority of our upper classes, the means for their satisfaction. Local circumstances in New York, especially, exaggerate the trouble. The tendency of economic and financial relations is steadily to force out of the city people of moderate means, who *can* dwell at some distance from their place of business, leaving on the island proper a population much like that of imperial Rome—a moneyed aristocracy and a *proletariat*.

Clearly some remedy must be found. The one hitherto in vogue was hastily seized, and, like most *pis aller*, a bad one. With national vivacity, the American goes to extremes. Obliged to relinquish his ancestral castle, he almost gives up the family along with it. From a social aristocrat he becomes a social democrat—a sort of communist. Unable to keep all the personal reserve and seclusion he desires, he gives it all up—and *boards*. For some decades the promiscuous herding together of families and individuals in the urban boarding-house has been the theme of contemptuous comment from foreigners, and plaintive satire at home. Its effects in gradual loosening of family integrity and coherence, in lowering the standard of personal refinement and self-respect, are too proverbial to need recalling. The amount of individual comfort attained, especially in that important item, the food, is in most cases reduced to a minimum. Profane young men, tempering the pangs of disappointed appetite with pathetic humor, have made the "hash-foundery" a by-word. There may be few people who really like boarding, fewer still may find it of practical advantage; in the great average, probably, all judicious people will echo the opinion of a clever and cultivated woman who, compelled by Fate to exercise this sort of conglomerate hospitality, declared that, next to *keeping* a boarding-house, the most demoralizing thing in life was *living* in one.

Within the last thirty years or so the practical spirit of the time has begun to busy itself with the problem how to secure for the family all necessary privacy, without costly and unessential paraphernalia; how, in the matter of residence, shall we manage to associate with our fellows *just enough* but not too much? how draw from our position in a crowded aggregate of population the utmost possible advantage with the least possible offset? The private house evidently answers this ideal very well—but it costs too much. For a large and increasing percentage of our population it is wellnigh or quite out of the question. But must a residence, in order to be private, be a *private house?* Must it comprise a separate roof, main entrance, lighting, heating, and hydraulic apparatus, stable, offices, and *entourage?* Clearly not, if we may judge by the experience of our Continental cousins, who manage to have a family life remarkably orderly, comfortable, and refined, with, in general, about as much idea of a domicile with separate roof and appurtenances as an American has of a private aqueduct or gas-factory. Hence the universal interest felt in America in what might be summed up under one very general head as "co-operative housekeeping," and hence the two forms in which alone such housekeeping has as yet been put in practice—the family-hotel and the apartment-house.

Within the last two decades there have sprung up in the great seaboard cities numerous buildings intended to imitate in some distant way the Continental house—great caravansaries containing several or many suites of rooms, fitted for the residence of separate families, and intended to be in all essential respects independent. But the first few years' experience has set in clear light a certain social anomaly. The apartment-house of the future was probably designed, in the somewhat vague plans of its projectors, for people of moderate or small means. Moreover, it was intended to secure independence and privacy in the great essential of life—eating. It was furnished with separate kitchens and laundries, and contemplated almost complete isolation in the matter of domestic service. But the plan has so far worked, if not ill, at least quite otherwise than might have been expected. The houses were almost without exception built in "stylish" localities, where the inflated prices of land put the rents above the reach of any but very well-to-do people. This "bulling" of the apartment-market was aggravated by the competition of the wealthy classes, who have pushed in in such force as to effectually crowd out their poorer neighbors. The proprietors were at the outset forced to charge high prices to protect themselves, and the unexpected call for their commodity has enabled them to set their figures still higher.

Again, as to the eating, it might be imagined that one of the first privileges of wealth, the first requisite of a refined domesticity, would be privacy at meals, with unfettered choice and personal taste in their selection, preparation, and serving. Every one knows the sickly weariness and disgust which afflict the guest at the average boarding-house table, the haste, coarseness, and monotony, apt to characterize the *menu* of even "swell" hotels. The *cuisine*, if we may trust the school of Brillat-Savarin, is a fine art, and both for taste and nutrition requires

variety, skill, and individual discrimination. Carried on by the wholesale, and with an eye to the profit of the caterer, it is pretty sure to be ill done. Yet this ideal is precisely what the average apartment-house inmate has in practice been found most willing to forego. Precisely in proportion as a well-managed table requires care and ability in the head of the house, have mothers of families been anxious to throw off its duties. It is the greatest pride of a French or German woman of the middle class that she is *bonne ménagère*. The American often neither is nor wants to be so. "What a relief," sighs the tired New-Yorker, sickened with marketing and much servant-gal-ism, as she sits down to her meal at the Berkeley or Buckingham—"what a relief not to know what we are going to have for dinner!" Even in the apartment-houses originally fitted with private kitchens, it was thought necessary to have a supplementary restaurant, managed by the house-proprietor for families unable or unwilling to supply their own table. If these were to prosper without letting in the outside public, and letting down the gastronomic and social tone generally, they must evidently be patronized by as many of the inmates as possible. Every encouragement, therefore, was offered to take meals "from the house"—every discouragement thrown on those who declined.

"Don't be surprised," said a lady with whom I was lunching at the Cosmopolitan one day, and to whom I had complained of some slight negligence or incivility at the office. "You see, we are the last family in the house who hold on to our private kitchen. We are not, consequently, very favorably esteemed in the establishment, and I suppose they 'take it out' of our visitors in that way."

From these and other causes it has come to pass, oddly enough, that the apartment-house in its essence—most especially in regard to the family *cuisine* and eating-room—has as yet hardly had a fair trial. It is mainly represented by the inexpensive and less pretentious buildings on the side-streets and in the outlying districts, where the quiet employé or professional man enjoys his frugal *pot-au-feu* with his wife and children around him, in a seclusion as economical as it is certainly normal and dignified. The luxurious and costly buildings on the main avenues are, or are fast becoming, almost without exception, family-hotels, and these are so frequent and handsome, and represent so large a percentage of what we might call conglomerate living in the metropolis, that they deserve a share of our attention.

Walking down Fifth Avenue one afternoon we notice, in one of the most aristocratic quarters, a fine, great building in dark stone, of simple but tasteful architecture, many of its windows fitted with light iron balconies, and an imposing entrance flanked by gaslights, with heavy plate-glass windows and plain but handsome freestone steps. Intent in our quest for information about apartment-life, and remembering that a family of our friends live here, we pull the bell. A soft-voiced mulatto in full black, white waistcoat and tie, leads us through the great entrance-hall flagged with marble, wainscoted, and richly frescoed, to the office at the rear. A polite manager, also soft of voice and calm of demeanor, turns to an indicating-board at the back of the office, touches an electric call, whispers our name through a speaking-tube, applies his ear, and then turns to us with the bland remark: "Mrs. —— will see the gentleman.—John, the elevator." Just then a small fraction of the upper story, as it seems, gleaming with gaslights, plate-glass, and upholstery, slides softly down into the hall, a door is slipped back, and another polite but silent darky, with the gentle melancholy of a man who has seen too many ups and downs in his life to be disturbed at one more, waves us to the entrance. Smoothly and softly we slide upward, catching sight of two or three rosy children's faces gazing in from the halls as we pass. At the fourth story the door clicks, slides, and we stand in the upper corridor, with soft, deep-red Turkey carpet, walls hard finished in delicate neutral tints, dark-walnut wainscot, bronze brackets and chandeliers, everything in good taste, and quietly rich and comfortable. As we have been announced, the elevator-man merely points us out the desired number in the corridor, and a ring at the little plated bell-knob brings one of the family to the door.

Entering, we find ourselves in a small entrance-hall immediately opposite the parlor-door. The parlor itself is small, not certainly over twenty by sixteen or eighteen feet, and a smaller room, divided off from it by *portières*, is used as a boudoir or library. Ranged in general plan along a corridor opening from the entrance-hall are three or four bedrooms and bath-room, all on rather a miniature scale, and lighted generally by windows opening on a ventilating shaft in the interior of the house. Of closet-room there is a very moderate allowance, the lack being supplied by standing wardrobes. The fittings are handsome if not luxurious—plain but elegant cornices, delicately-tinted walls, dark-wood wainscoting, and handsome mantels in marble, and ornamental tiles. The mirrors and gas-fixtures also, we are told, are supplied by the house.

Our friends have installed themselves in this pleasant nest with all the appliances of a modest luxury. Taking their rooms by the year, they have not only furnished their apartment richly as to substantials, but have given to the whole a warm and home-like tone by the manifold pretty ornaments and nameless trifles which speak of settled habitation and personal taste. Nothing suggests the hotel; the whole air is that of a comfortable private residence. Yet the hotel is there, subtilely evident in minor details. It was one of the ladies of the family who let us in, the only servant they keep, a child's nurse, being at this moment "perambulating" the youngest scion in Madison Square. The fire gets low, and, the polished coal-scuttle by the chimney-piece proving empty, a touch on the electric knob brings to the door in two minutes another soft-stepping, low-voiced domestic with a fresh hod. Another servant of similar pattern supplies us with a shining metal pitcher of ice-water, taking down at the same time a parcel of letters for the post-box.

As, chatting and warming our toes over the blazing soft-coal fire, we unconsciously prolong our stay into the late afternoon, we are cordially invited to stay to dinner. It is a great solace to the bidden guest in such cases to feel that there is no risk of cramped space at table or embarrassing deficiency in the larder. So, glad to combine a good dinner with statistical research, we as cordially accept. The corridor as we pass to the elevator is brightly lighted and deliciously warm. The soft carpet hardly returns the slightest rustle from the silk dresses of the groups of ladies who are sauntering, chatting and laughing, in the same direction, many leaving their doors unlocked, as in their own houses, for the locked front-doors and watchful servants below make such a thing as sneak-thieving almost impossible. Many doors, too, are partly open, allowing cheerful glimpses of blazing fires, and children, and pretty family interiors; while in one suite we catch a view of a jolly dinner-party, to which the servants are bringing up dishes from below. In the elevator our friends find time for a minute's chat and a hasty appointment for the evening with a group of acquaintances before we are launched upon the corridor below. Once landed on the main floor we sail—ladies of good style always sail, while the men scuttle after—into the great, handsomely furnished and frescoed dining-room, with its long array of separate tables glittering with snowy napery and brilliant china, glass, and silver. Once arranged around a capacious family-table, we set ourselves to make up a *menu* for the evening from the bill-of-fare, just like that of any first-class hotel; while the senior of the family looks over the wine-card, a separate item, of course, from the regular house-charge. The dinner is neatly and expeditiously served by attentive and obsequious waiters—mulattoes generally—in irreproachable toilet. It is extremely well cooked and appetizing, still, however, with something of that nameless tone, or lack of tone—that subtile monotony of flavor—which tells of food prepared in the mass. But it is liberal, varied, and well chosen, and all the appurtenances as rich and tasteful as the most exacting humor could demand. Dinner through, we chat over our cigars in our friend's pleasant drawing-room and get clearer details of the situation. The apartments, we find, are all small, never more than, say, three bedrooms, sitting-room, bath, and store-closets. They accommodate, at most, a married couple with two or three children. For this, the rents vary from about one to two thousand dollars, though the general decline in prices of late has made the proprietors concessive in these figures. Counting the eating at fifteen dollars for grown persons who take seats at the *table-d'hôte*—a requisite in engaging the rooms—we count up the expense for lodging and food of a small family at something between five and six thousand dollars per annum. Evidently this presupposes a general total outlay of six to eight or ten thousand for four or five grown or growing persons. It secures the most admirable ease, security, luxury, and absolute freedom from friction in all domestic appliances. Material convenience, in most regards, could hardly further go. The *revers de la médaille* is obvious. Perfect retiracy is evidently impossible, social entertainment on any large scale equally so, and finally, if not firstly, it is *far too dear for middle-class fortunes*. Later research in other handsome houses of the same grade only confirms our first impression. We find in all, or nearly all, handsome architecture, luxurious appointments, admirable service, quiet, order, and convenience of every kind in aristocratic and most eligible situations. Everything is arranged to leave the inmates free from every domestic care which money and good organization can spare them. But these good things are offset by limited space, rooms frequently dark and ill-ventilated, the necessity of more contact with one's neighbors than comports with a retiring taste, and a rate of expense (apartments sometimes three and four thousand dollars per annum) far outrunning the means of the people for whom it might have been thought such houses were originally planned. The family-hotel is evidently an aristocratic institution, available only for a very limited class; for, out of the million dwellers in Manhattan, how many families, after all, are in a condition to spend upward of five thousand dollars a year? Clearly the apartment-house proper is yet to seek.

So, again, we set out on our quest. A week or two of industrious observation rolls up a mass of statistics and detail, too various to be easily classified, and too extensive to be easily condensed. The moment we quit the two or three great, main avenues, we find lying outside the narrow aristocratic line, and spreading out toward either river, and well up to the park, every imaginable grade of flat and apartment house, ostensibly fitted to answer our philanthropic ideal.

Every block, nearly, on many of the side-streets, has its one or two brown-stone-front houses, single or thrown together, and converted to this purpose, containing from four to a dozen such apartments as we are in search of. All along the upper portions of Fourth, Sixth, and the outlying avenues, great buildings are springing up, neat enough in appearance, but usually cheap and rather tasteless in construction and fittings, in which from six to ten rooms may be had at all imaginable rents, acording to style, situation, and accommodation. The variety in scale of rents is wide enough. For a decent, unpretending, small family, "not in society," i. e., making no claims to elegance of surrounding, but yet not willing to descend to the tenement-house level, fairly comfortable rooms may be had at four or certainly five hundred dollars per annum. Below this line the accommodations, it must be confessed, are apt to trench suspiciously on the *tenement-house* characteristics. The less pretentious suites may be had by the month, the proprietor assuming that the trouble of moving, carpet-fitting, etc., must guarantee reasonable permanence. The better class must be taken by the year, and in the average cost from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. The streets far east and west, above Thirtieth Street, swarm with the cheaper sort of buildings, fitted in

general for the better class of artisans, master-workmen, and small shopkeepers, or people who, with perhaps greater social pretension, are not better off in this world's goods. Of the better kind, admitting considerable comfort, or even luxury, and in no respect interfering with social prestige, are such houses as the Morell Building in Fourth Avenue, opposite the late Woman's Hotel, the well-known pioneer buildings in Thirteenth, Eighteenth, and Fortieth Streets, and many others too numerous to detail minutely in a sketch like the present. They all, good or bad, show pretty regularly certain main features. They are all without passenger-elevators, and, in default of office or *concierge*, entrance must be had by ringing at numbered bells below, and waiting for the descent of a servant or the opening of the front-door by a wire from the apartment above. They have all, of course, their separate kitchens, wash-rooms, and store-rooms, and in theory, at least, secure the entire separation of domestic appliances supposed to be aimed at. They are generally supplied with a service-elevator for coals, provisions, and the like. They almost without exception have the grand defect of cramped rooms, some in each apartment quite or partially dark, and ventilated at best from a common shaft running through all the stories. The construction is apt to be hasty, cheap, and imperfect; plumbing, plastering, kalsomining, etc., not above reproach, and the common stair often steep, narrow, and of forbidding bareness of architecture and decoration. Adopting as our standard of estimate the one I have used hitherto—the small family of two parents and two or three children under age—it may be said that such a family, if *very* unpretentious and economical, could make their housekeeping expenses, in the class of houses last mentioned, fall within two thousand or even fifteen hundred dollars a year. I personally know of one family of two adults, a servant, and two small children, living in a perfectly respectable though not "fashionable" house of this kind at the latter figures. Of course, this takes care and marked ability on the part of the *ménagère*, and, of course, personal expense, dress, education, etc., must be counted in addition.

Recognizing the palpable drawbacks in most of the houses hitherto built, not least their situation in ineligible localities, too often hedged in with lumber-yards, stables, factories, restaurants, billiard and drinking saloons, and unpleasant neighborhood in general, our discreet capitalists are more and more beginning to see the possibilities of profit in such investment, and the opening it presents for taste, intelligence, and discreet liberality of outlay, on the part of the projectors. From all quarters comes up the cry of what I might call the three-or-four-thousand-dollar people—people of culture and refinement, with that permissible self-respect and reserve with which culture comports, and whose claims have never yet been fairly answered. "Where," they say, "is the house for us? Where can we have lodgings, with reasonable elbow-room, light, pure air, and freedom from annoying contact with noisy or ineligible neighbors, at six or eight hundred, or at most a thousand dollars a year?"

To comply with this want, different capitalists have seriously addressed themselves, and the result is a series of houses, far from perfect indeed, but giving at least the hint of what is possible in this line. No situation which I have yet found so well combines the requisites of light, air, space, and convenient and pleasant neighborhood, at reasonable price, as the new quarters near the park. One of the best houses of the kind, fitted, indeed, to serve as a type of the present movement, is on Fifty-sixth Street, but a few blocks from the park-gates, and thither I will beg you to accompany me in imagination.

As we reach the handsome portal, with its polished granite columns and tasteful architecture, the manager is just showing out some stylish-looking people to their carriage at the door. Clearly there is nothing of the tenement-house to be feared here. As soon as he is at leisure, he listens to our request for information, and politely undertakes to show us over the whole establishment. So we begin at the foundation, with a look at the basement. Plunging into the shady recesses down-stairs, he leads us through an intricate series of corridors, stone-flagged and cemented, on either side of which are the great open slatted store-rooms, each devoted to one of the apartments overhead. At one end of the main corridor he shows us the fire-room, with the small steam-engine, which throws up the water for domestic use to tanks in the attic, from which it is supplied to such apartments as are above the level of the High-Bridge Aqueduct. An hydraulic attachment also enables the main elevator to be run during the night, when the steam is shut off. Of these elevators there are six in all. The main one is for passengers, another for heavy luggage and furniture, and four others for carrying up domestic supplies—one to each of the four main divisions of the house, which are lettered respectively A, B, C, and D. At the front of the house is a sunken area, also carefully flagged and cemented, with a long line of doors giving access to the wood and coal closets situated under the sidewalk, each having its separate padlock and keys. The fuel is got in by the inmates of the apartments, at their own choice; but, with other supplies, is carried up by the servants of the house.

Leaving the cellar, we pass at once to the garret, in which the bright spring breeze is whistling, in a very out-of-doorish fashion, through the open windows. Here, again, are more slatted rooms set apart, one for each apartment, as drying-rooms, and in many of them lines are actually stretched and hung with the family linen. Over each of the lettered divisions of the house above mentioned is a great tank, six or seven feet deep, into which water is forced by the little steam-engine down-stairs, for the supply of the different bath-rooms below. The director, before we go down, invites us to put our heads out of one of the windows opening on the centre court, which is about thirty feet square, sur-

rounded at each story with light iron balconies, and furnishes easy access to the kitchens and servants' rooms through the service stairways, besides lighting and ventilating many of the smaller rooms in the apartments. Then we go down for a look at the rooms themselves, noticing the while the way in which stairways and corridors are built, almost exclusively of iron, flagging, and asbestos cement, with wood only for some of the balusters and the "treads" of the stairs. The apartments themselves are of different size and arrangement, but in each of the separate lettered divisions are the same throughout all the stories. They contain from seven to ten rooms —sitting-room, dining-room, bath, china-closet, kitchen, and the rest sleeping-chambers. They are all of limited size, not too small for comfort, but decidedly so for purposes of show or elaborate entertainment.

The larger and handsomer rooms in each suite open on the street; while kitchen, bath, and some of the sleeping-rooms, get light and air from the central court. They are all prettily if plainly fitted up, with cornices, hard-finished walls, etc., which can be painted later if desired.

It is evident that, in these apartments, a family of moderate size might have all necessary comfort, and even a certain amount of luxury—always, as above hinted, excluding elaborate entertainment—at rents varying from one thousand dollars to fifteen hundred dollars a year. The appliances of kitchen-service, etc., are so well organized that in one of the cheaper apartments a small family might fairly maintain a frugal housekeeping at about two thousand dollars a year, rent included. It is to be carefully noted that in this and similar houses all necessary privacy is amply secured. The different households touch only at such points as the common entrance-hall, lighting, heating, carrying up heavy supplies, etc., where coöperation is proper, convenient, and economical.

Following out the same train of investigation, we discover that, in spite of the tendency to turn apartment-houses into family-hotels, a considerable number are still in existence, or yet in construction, where the strictest theory of separate residence is maintained. A very handsome and rather expensive one in Fifty-eighth Street has the defect of possessing no elevator. The same is true of a still handsomer one in Park Avenue, with remarkably beautiful and spacious rooms, but exorbitant prices. A new one, just going up in Twenty-sixth Street, is reasonable in price, but cramped in size and arrangement, with a main northeast exposure, and in a noisy, rather *bourgeois* neighborhood. In short, range the city as we may, while we find much that shows good tendency, and in some form foreshadows the apartment-house of the future, we find little or nothing which fairly corresponds to our reasonable ideal. What this ideal really is, and in what measure we may fairly hope to see it carried out, is worth a few words of discussion.

Three main features at once present themselves as indispensable. These are space, moderate price, and more complete light and ventilation. In all the buildings I have attempted to describe these requisites are more or less imperfectly answered. In the attempt to secure convenient and—if it may be —fashionable situation, the proprietors have selected ground too dear for a proper building. Sacrificing this, the apartment-house of the future will be built in situations of less convenience and accessibility, it may be (though in this matter the new elevated railways will have a decided and modifying influence), but, at all events, where the projector and architect can allow themselves plenty of elbow-room.

The central well and ventilating shaft must be discarded, and, instead of putting up an almost solid block of structure, the house must—at any sacrifice —be *built round a hollow square*, having in the centre a court-yard, into which sun, air, and light, can freely enter. No one wants to eat, lodge, or work, in a closet, whose only outlet is on another closet like unto itself, except in the matter of having no roof. Yet in almost all the apartments I have seen there have been one or more rooms unpleasant, unhealthful, and almost useless, from this defect. Next, the rooms themselves must be more numerous and emphatically of larger dimensions. Granting, for a moment, that more private and domestic comfort could be secured in rooms no larger than those we have seen, they are entirely inadequate to anything like social entertainment. It is one of the most natural, as it is one of the most laudable, impulses of generous and cultivated people to gather their friends under their roof-tree for festive purposes, and that, too, in liberal numbers. It is speaking within bounds to say that in the present style of apartments festivity on anything like a large scale is difficult or impossible. I have frequently seen the attempt made to give receptions, *soirées*, and the like, in such rooms, but always with the effect of making the guests feel like a box of extremely well-packed sardines and with destructive results to comfort, costume, and temper. In the European apartment, which I have kept in view in my paper, this need is amply consulted. To suggest to the hospitable Berliner or pleasure-loving Parisian that he must occupy an hotel or separate house of his own, in order to give an ordinary evening party, would seem the height of cruelty or absurdity. If this should seem a minor or unessential detail, let it be recollected that the power to *entertain*, to return the hospitality of others in some fairly correspondent and seemly fashion, is one of the cherished advantages of social position among well-bred people. The present tendency throughout New York, and in a modified degree in our other great cities, is overwhelmingly toward the apartment form of lodging. It is demonstrably the only middle term which will save our city from being utterly deserted by the better middle class. As we are going on now, we shall in fifty years or less present the same picture as one of the great European capitals—a limited aristocracy of wealth, occupying hotels or separate private residences; a proletariat packed in tenement-houses like those of Avenue B; and a large, well-to-do middle class in apartments

of varying comfort, beauty, or luxury, according to personal means. And when the large majority of such people shall be lodged in this way, it is clear that a strenuous effort will be made—must be made—to secure proper room for social enjoyment, to say nothing of personal freedom and convenience.

Finally, the prices must be lower, absolutely or proportionally. The families whose advantage is theoretically contemplated in the apartment system are those with incomes of not more than three, four, or, at the outside, five thousand dollars per annum. It is evidently absurd to expect such people to spend out of this from twelve to fifteen or eighteen hundred dollars on the mere prime necessity of lodging. Yet such are the prevailing rents of the better class of houses included in my sketch, to say nothing of such fancy prices as two or three thousand dollars and upward which are asked in some of the most luxurious. What are wanted, and *must* be had, are good rooms at from six hundred to a thousand dollars yearly, to accommodate the immense number of young business-men, professional people, artists, *literati*, employés, and others, who by their education, culture, and position, may fairly claim to live in seemliness and comfort, yet are crowded out of the more expensive houses into cheaper ones, neither seemly nor comfortable.

IN THE DUSK.

DARK among thy pines, thou troubled river,
All day long thy restless waters moan;
Through the busy summer fields, unheeded,
Faintly over farm and village blown,
Still thy sorrowful murmur everywhere
Haunts the homes of men beneath the noontide glare.

But when Night along the misty valley
Steals, and shuts the door of forge and mill,
Hushing all the stir of toil and traffic,
Then arise the winds that do thy will!
Then, O river, calling through the hills,
Heard afar, thy voice the darkening silence thrills!

All day long the heart unblest is sighing;
Toil and thought rebuke its yearning prayer;
Life needs many things, nor stays for pity;
But Night comes at last. Day's strife and care
Die forgotten; then, O heart of mine,
Have thy way: the silence and the dark are thine!

"CARRYING A PAINT-BOX."

THE play was over. Three gentlemen arose and left the proscenium-box, keeping close together as they made their way down the stairs, and through the crowded anteroom, where fragments of conversation could be heard from the people hastening out of the theatre. Arriving at the entrance, Frederick von Bündesheim, one of the party, called in a clear tenor voice for his carriage. The equipage drew up, the friends entered, and the coachman drove rapidly away.

The occupants of the carriage could have talked as they drove along, for the wheels were sheathed in rubber; but they had made it a rule, in visiting a theatre, not to exchange their views and impressions of the performance till supper-time.

Frederick von Bündesheim was a man of considerable culture, although he often lamented that his studies had been too soon broken off. He sometimes called himself a "spectator of the battle of life," which he watched composedly, without taking any active part in it. In his youth he had intended to devote himself to a life of study, but was obliged to undertake the management of his father's manufactory, which, however, he soon sold at a good price. Since then he had lived an easy, luxurious life, spending his time in eating and drinking, reading and theatre-going; taking especial delight in making the world pleasant for friends who were not so well off as himself. His carriage, his books, his table, his box at the theatre, were always at the service of any agreeable companion. He was a man of judgment and taste, and at the same time of an extremely indulgent turn, which was grounded on a certain peculiar thankfulness of disposition. He was grateful to every one who produced anything. "That is something—that is a great deal," he would say, even though the work might be insignificant. People were so industrious, he affirmed; they painted pictures, they wrote books and plays, for his enjoyment. Besides, he had learned in his intercourse with artists—and he was fond of emphasizing the fact with a peculiar expression of countenance—how much weary toil goes to what people criticise so carelessly.

Opposite Herr von Bündesheim sat a slender young man, with a pensive air, who was sometimes jestingly called the "Epigone," and sometimes "the Little Faust." He possessed unquestionable poetical and critical ability; but there was something lacking in his nature. Holding all petty and commonplace efforts in contempt, he aspired to create immortal poems. No one was richer than he in plans, resolutions, and great promises; but in the execution he always stopped short. Believing that he could do something great and powerful, he left undone that which he was really capable of executing. In his early youth he had once said, "I will write nothing less than a second 'Faust.'" For this he received the nickname of "Little Faust," but only intimate friends ventured to call him so. For the time being

he was engaged as teacher of German and German literature in a girls' high-school, where he was the ideal hero of all his romantic pupils.

The third person of the party was a professor of philology. He was regarded by his fellow-professors as a heretic, or, what is still worse, as a *dilettante* in *belles-lettres*, for he was of opinion that not Plautus and Terence only are worthy of study, but also the productions of A—— and B—— of the present day. He had once said in reply to a colleague who was rallying him on the subject, "You *savants* take the stuffed bird in the Museum of Natural History for the only genuine one, but the moving, warm-blooded bird is the one I think real!"

For some time the three friends drove on in silence, but at length Epigone could not refrain from saying:

"That play to-night was written by a genuine artist! One sentence alone proves that it sprung from a true poet's soul. I mean where the husband and wife are quarreling for the first time, and the husband says, 'Are these really our voices that speak to each other so?' That cry from the depths of the heart sounded like an outburst of untutored nature, and yet really sprung from artistic knowledge. It was a sudden self-recollection, a dream-like metamorphosis and transposition, a stepping outside of one's self, a terror of one's own image, that could only have been surmised by a poet!"

"I am especially glad it is you who say that," said Bündesheim. "The carping incapacity for enjoyment characteristic of our time shows itself in ingratitude toward creative minds whose productions are good, even if they are not the highest and best."

They had reached the hotel, and, in passing through the large hall to the little room Bündesheim had ordered for their use, they were met by a tall man in a captain's uniform. The professor, who was an old schoolmate of the grave-looking officer, said, pleasantly:

"I am very glad to see you again. Are you alone, Curt?"

"Yes."

"Will you not join us?"

The officer bowed, and the four entered the cozy little room prepared for them. The professor felt somewhat embarrassed, for he was aware of what sorrow weighed upon the captain's mind, and feared that something in the conversation might wound or agitate him.

Captain Curt, a gentleman of culture and scientific education, loved an actress, and desired to make her his wife, but she would be obliged to relinquish her profession, and this their means would not permit. So now the struggle for resignation to his fate made him sad and lonely. The other gentlemen appeared to know nothing of these circumstances, for their acquaintance with the captain was slight.

Bündesheim offered them cigars.

"Have you not just come from the theatre, gentlemen?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the professor.

"What was the play?"

"A new comedy," said Epigone.

The captain lighted his cigar and began smoking, but the professor noticed that his face flushed to his temples.

"I must confess," said Bündesheim, jestingly, "if a man married Adolphi he ought to submit to her remaining on the stage. To take her from her profession would be robbery, a crime against art. But I own that it is hazardous to marry such a woman, and it's not every one's taste to see his wife courted or tormented on the stage."

The captain smoked faster, but then asked, calmly:

"What was the plot of the new play?"

"I think it unjust," interrupted the professor, evidently embarrassed, "to skeletonize a poetical work. One must destroy too much. To be sure, any poem is weak whose plot, and whose turning-point especially, cannot be told in a few words; but it is much as if one should try to imitate a grand symphony by whistling—the instrumentation is wanting."

He paused, wishing he could tell his friends how inappropriate was the discussion of this subject just now. But when he observed the captain's perfect composure, he did not interrupt Epigone, who in a cordial, melodious tone, marked by well-modulated intonations, said:

"I would like to relate the story of the comedy to the captain in a few words. An amiable and gifted actress, after refusing many others, gives her hand to a rich baron, who is an enthusiastic worshiper of art, just at the moment when a critic, who, fortunately, does not appear on the stage, had publicly slandered her, and she had in consequence been reprimanded by her employers. She retires to the baron's country estate. Her old companions soon after pass by, singing in noisy merriment. She leaves her castle, and, joining them, acts in a new play, whose plot bears some resemblance to her own life; and the baron, who had wanted his wife for himself alone, is converted, and consents to her being at once his wife and an actress."

"There you see," interrupted Bündesheim, "how unjust it is to present so the plot that was set off by so much pathos, and so many touches of Nature."

"Strange," added the professor, "all the characters of this play, from the greatest to the least, are very real, very lifelike, in their traits; and yet the plot, especially the *finale*, seems to me disappointing. I expected a diametrically opposite ending. *Pereat ars, fiat mundus!* Not the good, noble-minded man, but the actress, should have been converted. But now the baron becomes merely his wife's husband, the mate of a celebrated actress. He must make friends with the critics, must perhaps force some insolent person to make an apology, or challenge him to a duel; and for this will have the satisfaction of hearing his wife slandered as well as applauded."

"As an epicurean," remarked Bündesheim (it vexed him when people called him so, for he really was one)—"as an epicurean, it would annoy me to

see my wife—if I could think of any woman as so intimately connected with me—in different characters and costumes, and certainly I could not bring myself to carry her paint-box."

"To carry her paint-box! Where did you get that expression?" asked the professor, in a tone of suppressed agitation.

The captain's cigar had fallen to the floor. He bent to pick it up, and no one could see his emotion.

"Where did you get that word?" repeated the professor.

"I don't know," answered Bündesheim. "Perhaps I've heard it somewhere, or maybe I've just invented it."

A pause ensued, during which the professor and the captain exchanged meaning glances.

Epigone, who did not notice this, leaned back in his arm-chair, and began, in a tone intended to be highly instructive:

"What are beings to us that do not stand in the common sunlight, so to speak, but call for their own artificial illumination—the electric light of the theatre? What particularly do we want with *artificial* art—these painted painters' studios, these acted actors? This acted pathos is not only artificial, but there is something Byzantine and barren in such productions. Better take fresh, real life and endeavor to reproduce and understand that. Art must represent life, and must bear comparison with life. I can say from long experience that the youth of to-day read Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister' with reluctance, or do not read it at all. The joys and sorrows of the comedian's life do not move the soul nowadays. Then, to make actors the moving personages before our eyes, to bring to light the life hidden behind the scenes, is both unnatural and perplexing. Every word has, if I may say so, a squinting tone, and the audience is obliged to accustom itself to squint, not only in seeing but in hearing. Every spectator is a part of a double audience, the real and the imaginary. The actor is, at the same time, acted. At one moment we must think of him with his paint, at the next without. These are the demands that a poet who takes an actor for his hero makes on his audience. Three mental orchestras, or melodies, are playing at once. As an actor in our city, the man on the stage is known as Mr. Müller; as actor in the play his name is Schulze; and in the play within the play he is Mr. Fischer."

Epigone had spoken earnestly; now he paused and said, with a smile that would have been irresistible to his class of girls: "I see that you want to ask something, captain?"

The captain was taken by surprise, but, quickly recovering himself, replied:

"Yes, I wished to ask why the theatrical profession is not quite as suitable for portrayal as that of musicians, painters, or professors? Or do you also exclude them? What have you left? Government officials, merchants, soldiers, artisans, and peasants."

"I think," said the professor, answering in Epigone's stead—"I think our friend only intends to exclude what presupposes a feeling, a tension of the nerves that does not obtain its hold of the spectator from the common elements of humanity, and is exempt from ordinary rules of judgment—a something psychologically exclusive. The spectator must not be made to shudder by all manner of artifices and provocations. The shudder should spring naturally from the spectator's seeing himself mirrored in the soul of him who lives, suffers, struggles, before him. But here he is likely to say, or feel, 'That concerns you who live behind the scenes, not me.' I think our friend only meant to say, further, that the stress should fall on what is manifest and intelligible to all men; that which affects our common humanity, and not the peculiarities of a single calling, should be emphasized. A soldier, a seaman, a statesman, a manufacturer, is a fit subject for poetry, if through his professional garb the universal human form, and, above all else, the motions and motives of the soul, are visible."

"Yes," began Epigone again, "the catastrophe is then universally comprehended. The Maid of Orleans, after tasting of military glory, and being worshiped as a saint, must die. Shall she again become a shepherdess, or shall she marry a cavalier of the court? How shall the eccentric be bound within its circle again? A butterfly that has escaped from its chrysalis cannot return to it again. It has inhaled too much air, and the chrysalis has become too narrow. An actress accustomed to homage, to public activity and the delight of applause, to the joyous gleaming of a thousand eyes, and the greeting of a thousand hands, cannot be contented and happy in a narrow circle of duty. To present this idea in a poetic dress were a good and worthy task. The conflict that here becomes concrete originates in the very centre of the highest and never-ending conflict, which we may term the struggle between freedom and necessity, or, more exactly, between the native inclination of individuals and the fetters of social life. The absolute and the conditioned, the eternal and the temporal, come into collision, and strive for philosophic and poetic expression. This centre then breaks into different rays, it becomes the battle between genius and conventionalism, between the pride of Nature and forced humility, between the poet's inspiration and the sober light of every day. Poetically to balance two (in themselves) rightful forces, and through acts and typical figures to unveil them, or rather to bring these natural forces to electric discharge, might, even in this sphere, be a lofty task. Here are tangled nets—here are struggles of conscience—and it is a question whether the harshness of tragedy cannot be made smooth, and whether the hardness cannot be softened—to set the artistic vocation of the wife against the civic vocation of the husband, society against holy Nature, and seek the solution thus. Or rather the collision of duty, the conflict between two persons indissolubly united by ties of Nature, would be capable of poetic development. But still better would it be if the two conflicting natures were united in a single

person, as in the artist and the wife, the social element of the family and the centrifugal element of art. For the god Apollo, as truly as the ancient God Jehovah, is a jealous god, and commands, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

Epigone had spoken with emphasis, and it was plain that the captain had listened with forced composure.

There was a long silence in the cozy room, which was at length broken by Bündesheim's saying: "Our friend has imposed a weighty task upon some future poet. I, on the other hand, would like to make a small contribution to this coming genius. I once knew a prominent singer who withdrew from the stage in the zenith of her fame. She found no peace until she became a devotee, and busied herself wholly with the care of her soul. She did this for herself and her family with a zeal that occasioned a curious little incident. She had a son about five years old, for whom she wanted a playfellow, and found one in a fine, well-bred little boy of the neighborhood. One day, when this little fellow came home, his father asked, 'Well, have you had a good time?' The child answered: 'Werner asked me, "Are *you* a sinner? I am a sinner, my father is a sinner, my mother is a sinner, too. We are all sinners—all of us. Are you a sinner, too?"' The child was actually proud of being a sinner!"

This little anecdote produced the desired effect, and led the conversation into other channels, until at length they prepared to leave.

Bündesheim offered to take his friends home, but the captain declined, saying that he would prefer to walk with the professor. So they went on foot while the others drove.

With some hesitation the captain began:

"Your friends, of course, did not suspect how their conversation affected me?"

"Certainly not; they are men of tact."

The two walked on for a time in silence. At last the captain said:

"I have often been on the eve of having you decide for me, or at least of asking your advice. But I see that no one can advise me. In such matters every one becomes a Prometheus, who must struggle with and overcome his own difficulties."

With evident caution in tone and choice of words, the professor replied:

"I have often thought of you and your situation. It might appear like a sort of tyranny that your profession absolutely prevents your wife's pursuing her art. But the exclusiveness of your rank, with its corporative spirit, with its holding together of rank and file, makes that impossible, and giving up your profession—"

"Would make my means of existence uncertain," interrupted the captain. "What else could I be? The expression, 'To carry her paint-box,' I noticed, dismayed even you, for my sake."

"Not alone for your sake. Come home with me, and I will show you why, and you will be astonished with me."

They entered the house quietly, so as not to disturb the professor's wife and children; he then led the way to his study, lighted a lamp, saying, as he looked in a secret drawer for a manuscript:

"You shall read it. I am only sorry you cannot hear the rich, musical voice of the noble woman who dictated it to me in her old age. You shall read it—you will find that Bündesheim's strange expression plays a part here, too. Read. In the mean time I have some writing to do."

The professor, handing the captain a carefully-stitched manuscript, seated himself at another table, and the captain began reading:

"I am a child of the theatre. Not that my parents were actors, but from my earliest childhood I heard the theatre constantly talked of, and knew that it was our means of support. My father, who was a member of the orchestra in the Royal Chapel, was a quiet, contented, unassuming man. He never advanced to a higher post than that of second fiddler, and I fancy he never cared to do more. At home, too, I might say that he played only second fiddle, for my mother ruled, and he was glad to let her. I never saw him angry, not even when he was giving me music-lessons, and fathers are apt to be angry and impatient then. I was thought to have a fine voice for singing, but it was soon discovered to be of little compass. On the other hand, I noticed very early that people praised my voice when speaking. On my mother's and father's birthday I always repeated a little poem, and I can still see my good father's beaming smile as I spoke. He listened to me with his eyes—his dear, calm, blue eyes! I cannot realize that they no longer see me—and yet I too shall soon— But enough.

"I will pass over several years. I became an actress, and was offered engagements in distant theatres, but I could not think of leaving my parents; and the prince, who was graciously inclined toward me because I was a native of the country, increased my salary. I then wished to enlarge and beautify our little home, but my father would not permit it. In only one respect would he indulge me. That was by giving up the greater part of his private music-lessons. Even now my heart beats faster when I think of the first evening I played 'Käthchen of Heilbronn.' My father was present, and once, when I looked toward the orchestra, and saw him wiping the tears from his eyes, I almost forgot my part. When I reached home he said: 'My child, I am well pleased with you. You have something that cannot be acquired. There is truth in the very tones of your voice. People believe whatever you say, and that is the real, the highest success. Hold fast to it!'

"This was the last pleasure I gave my father, for he died soon afterward. My mother and I then left the little capital town, and went to the great Royal Theatre at N——. I can truly say that all the honor, love, and respect, that a human being could ordinarily possess, was now mine, and I was so happy that I did not once think that there could be any other sort of happiness than mine. No man, and

—what is saying a great deal—no woman, was my enemy.

"Käthchen was still my favorite character, and when playing I always thought of my father. Oh, if he only sat before me, and could hear the plaudits of the crowded house! It is hard when one cannot share one's joy with those one loves best. My mother had grown old and deaf, and I had no one whose praise touched my inmost soul among all my admirers and flatterers—none!

"But after a time I discovered that there might be another, perhaps greater, source of happiness. A young man, as handsome as he was good, cultivated, and rich, loved me, and I returned his love. But I refused him my hand, for he wished me to renounce my profession—my art—and how could I live without it? Ottokar preserved his calmness, and did not importune me. He saw that I loved no one else, and that I was always heartily glad to see him. My mother loved him almost more than I, and in some strange way she read the words from his lips—those good, beautiful lips—over which a false, an extravagant word, or even an unlovely one, never passed

"One day he brought his parents to see me. They were sterling, good-hearted people, full of simple kindness. They, too, did not importune me, but gave me to understand how happy my union with their son would make them. I cried all day after they had gone, and my mother wept with me. She pleaded with me. She said she would die happy if she could but see me united to such a man, but I answered, 'To destroy the artist within me is to destroy more than half my life!' After that she said no more, and forced herself to appear cheerful and contented.

"On the evening of the day Ottokar's parents left me I was to appear as Käthchen. For the first time in my life I played poorly. The audience did not seem to think so, but I did. I had a sense of having lost that truthfulness of tone which my father had praised as my greatest gift, but the critics lauded a marked improvement they declared I was always making, and I could not understand why.

"Ottokar, too, came, and said that he had not before thought it possible his admiration for me could be increased. And at that moment of undeserved commendation, against which something within me silently protested, I promised Ottokar that I would renounce my art and be his wife. I was frightened when I had said it, but the word could not be recalled. And it is strange, but there are times when one is carried out of one's self. The tone in which my promise had just been made was the old tone of truthfulness that I had so often heard from my own lips, but now it sounded as if uttered by another. Such strange beings are we artists! But to go on. Ottokar paid a considerable sum to release me from my theatrical engagement, and so I was betrothed and married as if in a dream, and we made a journey to Italy while my mother was arranging our new house for us.

"We returned, our minds filled with grand impressions—and how happy I was in my new, beautiful home! A portrait of me in Käthchen costume was enshrined there as in a temple.

"Ottokar owned an extensive establishment in the city, and we passed the winter in pleasant social and home life. The best families of the capital visited our house.

"Once I allowed myself to be induced to recite several poems. I was delighted, I might say enraptured, with my own beautiful voice. It seemed to melt into and express every shade of emotion. The discussion that followed—why song only, and not declamation, should be suited for social entertainment—amused me.

"I was strangely moved when an officer of high rank said to me, 'I am pleased to see that you do not disown your former profession.' That struck deep. What should I disown? Had I disowned my profession? What had I done? As I say, it moved me deeply. I do not remember what I answered; but when I sat in my box in the theatre I could sometimes scarcely endure the restlessness that took possession of me. I felt as if I *must* go on the stage, and say to the actress, 'Please let me play.' No one can imagine what it is to hear one's own words—for the poet's words had become my own—spoken by strange voices. I caught tones and saw movements that I had not used. It both vexed and delighted me when friends came to my box to say that no one could present this or that character as well as I. They expected me to decline the compliment with the customary false humility, but I could not, for I honestly believed that, among all the players, not one acted as he should.

"We passed the greater part of the first summer at my father-in-law's country-seat. I remained there all the week. My husband came every Saturday, and staid until Monday. I had never lived in the country. I was city-bred—almost a child of the theatre—and it was as if I had just come into the world, and all the press of business and art appeared like a dream, a tiresome dream that must be forgotten. I felt as if I must embrace every forest and fruit tree, and thank it for being mine. The flowers, the grass, the waving wheat-fields, the grazing cattle, all glittered with novelty and wonder.

"Ottokar's parents loved me as their own child. They seldom told me so, but I read it in their eyes. My father-in-law lay ill in bed, and one of my chief pleasures was reading aloud to him. I thus discovered a new power of my voice, a power of soothing to sleep. At first the kind-hearted man often excused himself anxiously, saying that he was overpowered by sleep on account of his wakeful nights, but, upon my assuring him that I was not troubled or hurt by it, on the contrary, pleased, he, as was his custom, forbore saying another unnecessary word on the subject. It was wonderful how he often remembered the very words I had read the moment before he fell asleep. One of his expressions I gladly recollect. 'Add together,' he said, 'the pleasure and gratitude of all the thousands that do you homage—add it together, and yet my gratitude exceeds it all!'

"In the autumn he died, and with his last breath he blessed me. I then returned to the city with Ottokar. I begged to remain in the country, but at length had to yield to his arguments. So we came back. I found that our visiting the theatre regularly while in mourning was much talked of. I despise people who look upon art as an unworthy, an intoxicating, a profane, or merely frivolous enjoyment. Those who think thus should be excluded from the temple. But, to be sure, theatres are no longer temples, and one sometimes sees things there that must make one blush. In what unlooked-for ways does temptation assail us! The very fact that art is so debased awoke in me a desire to devote myself anew, and do my part toward purifying and ennobling it.

"I was often sad, and Ottokar urged me to follow his example. He had, as far as possible, stifled his grief for his father's death, but I seemed unwilling to be comforted. It was a struggle to bring myself to confession, but my father's words came back to me: 'You have truthfulness in your voice—do not lose it.' I could not answer Ottokar with an untruth, so I owned to him my longing for my profession. His face became as pale as when he turned from his father's grave, but he said, with his usual composure and self-command: 'Pray, Louise, do not speak of this to any one but me. Will you promise?'

"'Yes,' I answered, giving him my hand. He kissed it, and said, 'I believe your simple word and your truthful tone.'

"'So,' whispered something in my soul, 'that truthful tone is yet mine.' But I bade the voice be silent. I think I tried to make myself believe that at a distance from all enticements of art I could be happy and contented in a life spent among the works of Nature. I spoke only of my longing for country-life. That winter we spent in seclusion from society; and one day, in the spring, Ottokar came to me and said, 'Louise, I think I can guess one of your wishes.'

"'You mean about my former profession?'

"'No; I think you have another. You would like to live in the country on the estate.'

"'Oh, yes, yes!' I cried.

"'Well,' said he, 'I have just now a good opportunity of disposing of my business, and if you wish I am willing to undertake the management of the estate.'

"'No, I would not have you do that for my sake. I shall soon be all right again.'

"'It will be not only for your sake, but also for my own.'

"So we moved into the country. I was mistress of the farm, and found an ever-new pleasure in the trees and fields, and in our beautiful animals. What to others was an every-day affair, was to me strange and interesting. What to others appeared so natural, was to me a wonder. For hours at a time I could watch a grazing cow as she browsed so comfortably and unconcernedly, now and then raising her head to look around the fields. The cows knew me. One little calf followed me about like a dog, and even the deer in the forest did not flee when I came. I had never been so much out-of-doors. I learned to ride, and became so sunburned that Ottokar called me his 'nut-brown Louise.' I was no benevolent fairy. I could not bring myself to endure the dirty houses of the poor country-folk. I learned to understand their mode of life. There is no beauty in it, but it is frank and open. One can readily see into their curtainless existence, as my neighbor, Baroness von Treffen, called it.

"I find, so far at least as I have seen the world, that there is no great difference between the cultured class and those who are styled 'the people.' The only thing is that 'the people' are less skillful in lying and hypocrisy, of which, indeed, some are as incapable as animals. A fox cannot act a part and give itself the look of a faithful watch-dog.

"Hypocrisy, I believe, is not new in the world; yet, at the theatre, it is most common, so that it is a special treat to find that a man has really for once told the truth, and that he is what he calls himself.

"As I said, the country-folk have something of the truthfulness of the animal world. But I will not try to teach you.

"So the summer passed by. On the 25th of September, my birthday, Ottokar brought me a present that delighted me beyond measure. With great pains he had made a collection of all the theatre-programmes in which my name appeared, and gave them to me in a beautiful binding. On one side of the cover was the Muse Thalia holding a wreath over my portrait, and beneath was the inscription, 'Louise's Renown.' On the other was a picture of our farm, with a portrait of me as in the act of mounting a horse, and underneath this was written, 'Louise's Rest.'

"Ottokar meant this so well, and yet how unfortunate it proved! All day long I sat and turned the leaves, living over in fancy the blissful evenings, the happy days. The fatigue I had suffered, the distasteful characters I had been obliged to represent, were forgotten. These pages brought back to me only that which was pleasant, elevating, and intoxicating.

"A magic circle of a hundred pictures floated through the air, and flattered and enticed me, calling: 'I am thyself; come back and be thyself once more.'

"Bewilderingly they pressed upon me. I could not help telling Ottokar of my intense longing for my art. He stared at me a long time in silence, then said, 'Louise, am I to carry your paint-box?'

"That was the only angry word I ever heard him utter. I could not answer, and, with an expression that was quite new to me, he looked at me and went away.

"'Am I to carry your paint-box?' That expression haunted me for days. I heard it from the brook that flowed past our window, from the forest, from the fields, from my chamber-walls. 'Paint-box!' Is that not a condemnation of my art? This thought was all that troubled me. That it was a humiliation for Ottokar, that he felt it to be one—that did not occur to me.

"Thus stronger and stronger grew the longing for my profession.

"I remember having once awakened with the

words, 'My gracious lord,' upon my lips. I had been playing Käthchen in my sleep. 'You've had a vivid dream,' Ottokar said—nothing more. I had never in my life been really ill. Now my health began to give way, and I could see Ottokar's sorrowful glances follow me as I moved about. Just then he was obliged to make a journey to the city, and, as I could not accompany him, I was for the first time left alone on the farm with my mother. The hours seemed horribly long, and one day I could not resist the temptation to unpack my Käthchen dress, and act the part all alone by myself. Just then our neighbors, the Frossens, called. I was embarrassed at having to show myself. I soon changed my dress, but I stopped to wash the paint from my face, which was not necessary. I must have appeared strange to the good people, for I had come from another world, and spoke like one bewildered. When they were gone I stood for a long time lost in a dream before my Käthchen costume. I lived a double existence, and yet scarcely lived at all. My whole past life seemed a half-forgotten dream that only came to me by snatches.

"The next day the physician called, as if by accident, but it was evident that the neighbors had sent him. I was put to bed.

"Ottokar came home, and, after the first greeting, sat down on my bedside, drew a paper from his pocket, and said: 'Louise, I have settled matters for you, with myself, and with the director. There is the contract, only your signature is wanted, and you will be engaged again.' Then I threw my arms round his neck, and whispered the word—'Father!'

"I shall never forget his cry of joy. 'Thank Heaven!' he cried, 'there is only one thing, there could only be one thing, that could sever you forever from your art. Art is your second nature, but the first is still the mightiest.'"

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"I thank you, I thank you most heartily," said the captain, as he handed the professor the manuscript when he had finished. "Pray give me an envelope and a piece of paper."

The captain wrote rapidly, then handed the letter to the professor, who read, "You may renew your contract to-morrow."

While he was folding and addressing it, he said, in a tone trembling with emotion:

"We have already expressed our feelings to one another. The conflict in our souls was ended. We had arranged that I should announce my decision in these short words. This story, and the ugly expression, 'Carry the paint-box,' did not bring about the decision, it only strengthened it. I thank you. But how came you by this sketch?"

"Do you ask that? I am the only son of Louise and Ottokar, and my mother dictated it to me. I will not say that a woman who has become a mother cannot remain on the stage. No good play can be given without a mother. I know actresses who are the best of mothers, and it is an advantage when the wife can, if necessary, become the bread-winner. As I said, it is no universal rule, but it was so in this case. With my mother, Nature held the first place."

"She," said the captain at length, "had to renounce her profession, or I mine. I tried—of course cautiously; for, if my superior officers had suspected that I wished to resign, it would put an end to my regular promotion—I tried to obtain a position in the railway or police service. The prospects were not encouraging, and you know better than I how strange a compound our feelings are. The thought that I had done my duty in making an effort consoled me; and just then, when I was about to forsake my profession—just then it became for the first time clear to me how much I loved it. I am heart and soul a soldier."

The professor understood the conflict in his friend's breast, and comforted him by saying:

"You should rejoice that you have once tasted the full happiness of love. Thousands and tens of thousands, both married and single, live and die without having known what true love is."

The captain sighed deeply. It was the only sigh the professor had heard from him. They talked for a long time—they, who until now had merely been old schoolmates, at this hour became friends.

At length the captain arose to go, and pressed the professor's hand in parting. He did not express himself in words, but the pressure of his hand said, "I have given up my love, but have won a new and true friend."

"I will go with you—I am too excited to sleep," said the professor, and accompanied his old comrade and new friend through the quiet streets.

The captain paused at a letter-box, drew out the letter, examined the address by the gaslight, then dropped it into the box. A slight tremor ran through his strong frame as the cover fell with its peculiar clattering sound.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

To ——.

LOVE, like the evening wind at dusk,
Blew on my heart a dream of you;
As flowers do, that breathe their musk,
By windows open to the dew;
An unseen sweetness of the heart,
That can do nothing else but seem,
And yet your very counterpart,
So fair it was, though but a dream.

Our fond lips met to part and meet;
You cannot chide for that, you know,
The musk still leaves the rose as sweet,
Nor dims the jasmine's scented snow:
'Twas nothing but a dream of sleep
That came and went, your counterpart;
Yet left me something dear to keep—
Love's unseen sweetness of the heart.

OTSEGO LEAVES.

IV.

A ROAD-SIDE POST-OFFICE.

IT was in the days of the old-fashioned stage-coach —perhaps a dozen years since. We were slowly climbing a very indifferent and very hilly road. This stage-coach, a muddy, creaking conveyance, had long since seen its best days; but, with the aid of four good horses and a clever driver, it was expected to accomplish a day's journey safely. It was expected to do more than this. There was supposed to be the legal number of passengers this antiquated coach was entitled to carry on its three benches, but one by one seventeen were stowed away, within and without. There were twelve inside, including two children and a baby, to say nothing of a bird-cage and a lap-dog. Of course, nobody was surprised. Everybody came prepared to be imposed on in this way, long precedent having established the fact that the old stage-coach should—if it suited the driver—carry double the legal number, or even more on especial occasions. Warm as the afternoon was, no one was cross. Everybody laughed at the absurd positions, the odd contortions, required to dispose of so many arms and legs in the space allotted to them. We set out with sixteen, but we had not gone half a mile before there was a pause. "I guess we can manage it," said the driver, with something like a grin, as the seventeenth traveler appeared, bird-cage in hand. One jolly old farmer, with a comical twist of his mouth, took a little girl on his lap; two lads squeezed themselves into the smallest possible space, and number seventeen was seated. Assuredly, Americans are a good-natured race, a most uncomplaining set of travelers. They were so, at least, in old times —a dozen years ago, in the days of the old stage-coach. We rustics hear nowadays of changes in these matters. Car-life is said to be less good-natured than the old stage-coach life, especially street-car life, filled with polished citizens of large towns. We country-folk are unwilling to believe this, however, unless on the very best authority.

At noon of a warm summer's day we had left the historic village of Fort Plain, on the Mohawk, and began slowly toiling onward in a southern direction toward the highland region about the headwaters of the Susquehanna. We were, in fact, climbing a "divide"—not a "Great Divide," but one less aspiring, which separates the streams flowing northward into the Mohawk from those flowing southward into Chesapeake Bay.

Of course, there was a good deal of talk going on. Your old stage-coach was favorable to conversation—much more so than the modern car. A couple of well-to-do old farmers had a great deal to say about the crops. Politics and business had their turn. But these different subjects had been little more than broached when we received an addition to our numbers, which for a time silenced old farmers and business-men alike. At the gate of a farmhouse three very gayly-dressed young girls were standing, evidently awaiting our approach. A shrill shriek of dismay burst from each of the three as they saw every seat more than filled already. Even the experienced and remorseless driver was at a loss for half a minute. Taking off an enormous and much-battered straw-hat, and airing a very red head, he paused in reflection. There were sundry looks of anxiety and amazement exchanged among our party. "Three more—impossible!" cried the nervous lady with the bird-cage. But our driver was one of those Americans for whom the word impossible has no meaning. Airing his head appeared to have brightened his ideas. Advancing to the coach-door, the broad, flapping straw-hat again crowning his red locks, his rubicund, sunburned face wearing a calm, business-like aspect, he solved the problem.

"Gentlemen, will any three of you ride outside, and make room for these 'ere young ladies?—they're going to a wedding."

There was a second of absolute silence; the passengers looked at the young girls; the young girls, flushing, and smiling, and frowning a little, looked imploringly at the passengers, as much as to say, "Oh, yes, you'll come outside—won't you, please?"

"A wedding, is it? Why, to be sure, and I guess I know the folks," said one jolly farmer, with a kindly old laugh, beginning to extricate his right arm, preparatory to a move; before he was under way, however, the two gallant striplings had preceded him, and were already on the ground. In a trice the three girls were seated, side by side, on the vacant front-bench. Did they thank the old farmer and the two lads? Not at all. They were too intent on their finery, a large portion of which came inside also, concealed in bandboxes held on their knees.

We were now twenty passengers, all told—twenty-three, including children, having actually been crowded in and upon that same coach. Slow, indeed, was the pace at which we moved. The three young girls were all pretty, and they had promising faces; they looked as if they were good girls, leading wholesome, harmless lives. But, alas! how they chatted about their own private affairs, and those of their best friends, utterly indifferent to the small crowd of passengers inside, to say nothing of baby and bird! They must have had a very generous wish to entertain us; a most flattering opinion of our discretion. Three merry magpies could not have ignored our presence more decidedly. It was impossible to close one's ears to their gossip, so shrill, so fearfully shrill, were the voices of these young damsels. Their tones were "ear-piercing" indeed. Most of us, however, were well accustomed to this public *exposé* of private affairs, and also to the shrill, girlish voices. A wide experience in car and stage-coach

had made us familiar with these peculiarities of certain young girls of the period. We can have no scruple in sharing with the reader the information thus acquired. If he had been one of our thirteen, he would have heard it all himself. The bride, we learned, was Amanda, the groom Tom. Amanda had been engaged until lately to Bill, who had gone to sea, seal-hunting in the North Pacific, had been shipwrecked on the coast of Alaska, badly injured, and—forgotten. Amanda was that evening to become Mrs. Tom, the groom being a dashing clerk from a store in Schenectady, whose brilliant studs, sleeve-buttons, and watch-chain, had proved irresistible. There was much chatter also about the wedding-guests, the wedding-cake, and the "wedding-bell," beneath which the happy couple were to pledge their vows. All this agreeable information, and much more, we received in the space of an hour, during which the afternoon grew warmer and warmer, the old coach more and more creaky, rolling about under the heavy load in a way to make the nervous lady very anxious indeed.

"Only think, Byansy, suppose we should upset! What would become of our bandboxes, and tulle dresses, and trains, and artificials?" cried one of the bridesmaids, laughing merrily as she spoke.

"And our Roman pearls! Wouldn't there be a smash?" replied Byansy, with another laugh.

There was no catastrophe, however, at this precise point of the road. At the end of an hour's drive the excitement and chattering of the bridesmaids increased—they were about to leave us: at a certain corner they were to take a by-road to the farmhouse home of the bride.

"There they are!" cried Byansy, almost twisting her neck out of joint as, sitting on the front-bench, she looked backward out of the window near her. A general flutter of our little magpies followed, which was soon explained by the coach stopping at a point where a narrow lane left the highway. Here, under a black-walnut-tree, were three buggies, and in half a minute three gallant youths sprang to the coach-door, handed out the bridesmaids and bandboxes, and, before our rubicund driver had pocketed the fares, the three young couples were off in the buggies, laughing and chattering at a great rate, until they passed out of sight and hearing.

The coach paused for a moment in its wearisome progress. The driver aired his head. The old farmer descended from his perch, and took his place again as an inside.

"I know them Joneses, where the wedding is to be to-night," he said, as we caught a distant glimpse of the buggies climbing a hill. "And I know Van Brunt's folks, too. They don't live more than half a mile apart across-lots. It's five miles round by that 'ere crooked road yonder. Van Brunt's got the next post-office on this road. It's a queer concern, is that post-office, something oncommon—we'll come to it presently. And I'll show you the cunningest little postmistress you ever see," he added, with a hearty laugh. "It was her brother Bill that was going to marry this 'ere Amandy."

"A little postmistress?" I repeated.

"Yes, marm; and a partik'lar friend of mine. It's a little gal not more than ten year old, I reckon, and I've known her since she was a babe."

"A postmistress ten years old is unusual, surely!"

"Well, so it is," said the farmer, laughing again. "Her father's name is down in Uncle Sam's books, I reckon, but the neighbors call her the little postmistress. She's been settin' by the road-side, a-wearin' her little pink sun-bonnet, and a-watchin' for the mail, most days this summer. You see, the child's hopin' for a letter from her brother Bill; that's the chap Amandy was to have had for her husband. But she's taken up with another. Most folks thinks that Bill won't never be heerd of. But little postmistress is always a-lookin' out for a letter."

"She must be a good little sister."

"So she is. I guess when she gets old enough to have a sweetheart she won't forget him like Amandy. You'll see her presently, and see her post-office, too, which is an oncommon concern, not much like that 'ere big buildin', in New York City, that I've seen in a picter."

"You seem to have a good many post-offices in this part of the country, considering the population. We have passed several already," observed our business-man.

Such, indeed, was the fact. The country, though open, with broad reaches of farm-land stretching in every direction, had rather a desolate look. There were but four or five hamlets scattered along a highway measuring twenty-seven miles in length. Small single homesteads, however, red, white, yellow, or unpainted gray, were seen on outlying farms, reached by narrow, winding roads.

"Some of Uncle Sam's mail-bags drop along this 'ere road for the good of small places out of sight, right and left," observed the farmer.

"Uncle Sam drops his mail-bags into some queer post-offices," said the business-man. "I chanced to see three of them this last year."

"Let's hear about 'em," said the old farmer, providing himself with a fresh quid of tobacco. "Let's see if they'll beat the one kept by Pink-Sunbonnet."

"Well," said the business-man, "I was up in the backwoods of Michigan early last winter in the lumber-region. I was traveling on a buckboard, and lost my way. Seeing a small shanty built of new boards not far ahead, I drove on and stopped. It wasn't more than ten feet square, but it was a homestead, a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, and a post-office. 'Michigan Hotel' was scrawled in black paint over the door. The hotel-proprietor, or it might be the post-master, was shoeing a horse as I drove up. He took me in hand, and said he could give me a night's lodging. Inside the shanty were four children, three or four dogs, a board or two for table, ditto for beds and benches, and a hogshead. The children, all small, were crawling about among the benches, all playing with Uncle Sam's mail! The hogshead was the post-office. The hotel-proprietor had been looking over the mail, when he was called out to shoe a horse in a great hurry, and the children took the mail in

charge, scattering letters and papers right and left. This hogshead, you see, was the post-office for the large lumber-camp where I was going, and sometimes the mail would be quite heavy. The man had lost his wife lately, and the children had no one to control them. I reckon there was more than one letter in that hogshead that never reached the man it was meant for."

"Them young clerks ought to have been overhauled with a birch-switch," said the old farmer, laughing.

"Is it not against the law to allow children in the business part of a post-office?" I inquired. No one could answer the question. But all agreed that interlopers, whether children or grown people, ought certainly to be legally forbidden admittance behind the boxes of a post-office. In small towns half a dozen children are sometimes seen playing among loose letters. And youths of all ages make the interior of the office a favorite lounge.

"Post-office number two," continued the traveler, "was in Maine, just across the line from New Brunswick. I was going on the same business into the lumber-woods. We were traveling by rail over a rough track and in a rickety car, going through the woods. I happened to be seated near the door. The conductor came along, opened a padlocked box, took out three or four letters, looked at their directions, and strung them on a pointed stick, like perch strung by the gills. This was an operation I had never seen before. In another minute he gave the signal for a whistle, then, without stopping the train, opened the window and coolly threw the stick and the letters just outside of the track. There was not a bit of a bag nor a human being in sight. But he said a barelegged boy would come along presently, out of the woods, and carry the stick and the letters to a small settlement near by. He often delivered letters in this way, he said, at that particular station. When I got to the camp I found one of my own letters had gone there a week before with a hole in it, having been strung on the mail-stick."

"It is not surprising that so many letters are lost," I remarked.

"There are thousands of letters lost every year by sheer carelessness," observed the traveler.

"But how about number three? Was that in the same section?" asked the old farmer.

"No, it was down South. My wife was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs, and the doctors all agreed she must winter South. We went to Florida, where we had relatives. We staid at a small plantation far up the St. John's. It was a wild, outlandish place enough. But there was a small settlement a mile beyond, inland, and they got their letters from my cousin's house; he was postmaster. The mail came up the river in a small tub of a steamboat. At the mouth of the creek on which we lived there was a substantial post driven into the bank, and on top of the post a locked box with a wide slit in it. The captain of the boat hove alongside the post, dropped the mail into the slit, and off again. I often went for the mail in a canoe; there wasn't a house in sight of that post; more than once I had to work my way through alligators to reach it, and once I found a large female alligator lying just in front of the post, as if on guard. I shot her. She was an ugly customer. Can your postmistress match her?"

"Well, she ain't much like an alligator," said the old man, with a laugh; "but you can see for yourself. Here we are!"

I looked out of the coach-window. There was only a quiet reach of road to be seen—no house, barn, or shed, near the highway. But a little girl, wearing a pink sun-bonnet, sat by the road-side.

"How-de-do, postmistress? Any news of Brother Bill?" cried the farmer, as the coach stopped.

The little girl shook her head. The coach had halted under the shade of a fine sugar-maple, whose branches overhung the road.

"If you want to see this 'ere post-office you must step out and be introduced to the postmistress," said the farmer, as he leisurely descended from the coach. The business-man jumped out, and curiosity led me to follow his example. A rapid glance up and down the road, along the fences, over the adjoining fields, showed absolutely nothing, not even box or barrel, that could assume the dignity of a post-office.

"There it is, in full sight; don't you see it?—We might play a game at hide-and-seek with the mail-bag, couldn't we, Sunbonnet?" cried the farmer, as he watched our search. The movements of the driver, however, in another moment, revealed the position of the mysterious bag. Our red-headed friend looked up into the shadows of the heavily-leafed maple, directly above his seat. There, on a branch which had been cut off, partially stripped of leaves, and notched for the purpose, hung the mysterious mail-bag. The driver took it down, and hung up another in its place. Little Pink-Sunbonnet, deputy postmistress, then blew a tin horn, which she had held in her hand. Her duty was to watch for the passing of the coach, and summon her father in this way. Her home was in sight—a long, low, pleasant-looking red cottage on a little knoll, and half concealed by trees, shrubs, and vines. She was a pretty little creature, with a very engaging countenance and modest manners. We gathered about her under the mail-tree, and had a little chat, chiefly about "Brother Bill," while the horses were resting. She confessed that she wanted to see her big brother "very bad;" said she was "kind o' sure he'd be coming yet;" he was the only brother she had, and he was always "awful good" to her; Amanda, who had jilted him, she considered "a mean thing!" All this in answer to the old farmer. We were still talking to her, under the mail-tree, when one of the horses, tormented by the flies, grew restive, kicked an axle-tree, and broke it. The leader in front of him became unmanageable, the coach was drawn to the road-side, and toppled over. Happily, all the passengers but one had alighted, for the relief of a change of position, and, as the men were all close at hand, the horses, exhausted by the heat and heavy load, were soon brought under control. No one was injured beyond a few bruises, but the creaky old

coach was a wreck. A very brief examination proved clearly that it could carry no more passengers that day. Mounting one of the horses, the driver trotted off to the next relay, several miles distant, for another coach. The postmaster came hurrying to the scene of the disaster, gave his opinion of the wreck, took down the mail-bag from the maple-tree, using a pole with a hook to it for the purpose, and invited us all to his house, which was not far from the road. Pink-Sunbonnet and her old grandmother made us welcome ; they were, indeed, very hospitable, offering us iced buttermilk, cake, harvest apples, and—pickles! Was there ever meal or lunch in a well-to-do American farmhouse *without pickles?* Beyond all doubt the bride-cake at the wedding that same evening would be flanked with pickles. While we were doing justice to the buttermilk and cake, the postmaster was busy looking over the mail, in a sort of little office.

"Here's a letter from Bill!" he cried, jumping up much excited. The old grandmother was thrown into great agitation, trembling and exclaiming ; Pink-Sunbonnet's brown eyes and young feet were jumping for joy, as the children say. "Yes, Bill's alive, mother, on his way home—all right, leg and all—hopes to do many a day's work yet on the farm. That's the best news I've heerd in two years," exclaimed the father, with great energy, and with moist eyes, too. Grandmother was crying and laughing from agitation, and the little sister was skipping about, with her pink-calico head-gear dangling down her back.

The family was still in the first stage of excitement, and we passengers full of sympathy, when a step was heard on the path. A stalwart, sunburned youth, shabby and dusty, appeared at the door.

"Bill! Bill!! Bill!!!" cried father, grandmother, and the little sister, in a joyful chorus.

The Pink-Sunbonnet flew into the young man's arms ; the father held his boy by the shoulders in a strong grip, and the old lady fell back into her rocking-chair, stretching out her feeble hands helplessly. Tears came into most eyes in the room. Brother Bill had come to the end of his money, he said, at Albany, and tramped homeward across the country, which explained his arrival on foot. Here was a little farmhouse drama, in which our stage-coach party most unexpectedly played audience. But there was to be another act.

A young girl and a barefooted boy came running through the fields toward the house ; we saw them from the porch. They entered breathless with haste. The first glance showed that the young girl was Ida Belle, the bridesmaid, our traveling-companion.

"I've come across-lots, in a great hurry, Mr. Van Brunt, for a letter. There ought to be a letter in the mail to-day with a key in it. It's the key to Amandy's new trunk, and we can't get at the wedding-dress, and veil, and all, without the key. It was to come yesterday. Oh, I hope it's come!"

"Here's the letter," said the postmaster, frowning sternly, and looking unutterable things at poor Ida Belle. "Do you know that young man yonder?"

Ida Belle looked at the youth, gave a cry, flushed, and then turned deadly pale.

"Bill Van Brunt!" she exclaimed, in a low, terrified voice, as if she had seen a ghost.

"Yes, it's my son Bill, come home safe and sound from Alasky, as you see."

"I guess we don't need to be introduced to each other, Ida Belle," said Bill, advancing to shake hands. "How's Amandy? Are you staying at your uncle's? I'll be over this evening."

Poor Ida Belle dropped into a chair in utter dismay, and really came near fainting. I handed her a glass of water, as she sat near me.

"What's the matter?" asked Bill, rather anxiously, observing the grave faces and utter silence in the room. "Amandy's well, I hope? Didn't she get my letter saying I was coming home about this time?"

"O-o-oh!" was all Ida Belle could say.

"*Here's that same letter.* It came in the bag with mine, just now. Give it to the bride with my compliments," said the postmaster, stalking forward, and throwing the letter into the bridesmaid's lap with a jerk.

Bill began to look disturbed, bewildered. There was a half-minute of silence.

The barefooted boy took this opportunity to rush in from the porch, and make a dash at Grandma Van Brunt.

"Miss Van Brunt, ma would be much obliged if you'd lend her your best teaspoons, for the wedding to-night. There's a sight of folks comin', more'n she calkilated."

"Well—I never!" was the smothered cry of grandmother, and she raised her hands in amazement at this complication.

Bill rose from his chair.

"What wedding are you talking about?" he said, sharply, to the boy, seizing him by the arm. "Who's the bride?" he asked, with a stern frown.

"The wedding is to our house ; Amandy is going to be married to-night," said the barefooted boy, very coolly.

The swarthy face of the seal-hunter wore a terrible scowl as he heard the words. He looked really fierce for a moment, then turned on his heel, and walked straight out of the house into his father's barn, where he doubtless fought out his battle with stormy passion, comforted by little Pink-Sunbonnet, who flew after him. He survived that battle. A year later we passed the petty post-office and the mail-tree again, on a pleasant summer's day. The leathern bag was hanging among the maple-leaves, and little Pink-Sunbonnet was sitting on the bank, with her horn beside her, waiting for another letter from Brother Bill. He was on a wedding-trip with his wife—Ida Belle.

A FLOATING CITY OF THE ATLANTIC.

I.—THE DISCOVERY.

THREE young American artists, having finished a course under a celebrated marine painter in Paris, decided to return home by a sailing-vessel, that they might watch and endeavor to fathom the elusive moods of color which the sea develops; and, having assembled on deck one evening—each smoking a rustic pipe; each with his vagabondish soft-felt hat crushed into Bohemian shapelessness, and each with long hair blowing wildly over his forehead—they engaged with some vivacity of utterance, mixed with rather shocking slang, to discuss the possibility of a sunset in which pea-green could be a governing color, the youngest artist avowing that he had seen such a phenomenon from the base of Spanish Peaks in Southern Colorado. The talk waxed warm, and the warmth was not uncomfortable, for the ship was beating southwestward with her head to a stiff breeze, and all around a chilling gray was drawing in upon a tedious and uneasy day. The sea did not seem copious or fluent; it was vitreous, and rose in the sharp outlines of crystalline forms that collapsed in a white, sibilant shower with the sound of rolling pebbles on a shingle. Long crests of white were turned up against the horizon, which was contracted, and in which the low-toned blues and blacks of approaching night blended; the wind whistled sorrowfully, and the clouds were portentous with gloom; but in the west the expiring sun had left a long, low gate of dull crimson and gold that seemed like the portals of another world.

"Look here, my dear boys," exclaimed one of the disputants by-and-by, as a settlement did not appear likely—"look here," he exclaimed, with the positiveness that makes a successful arbitrator, "you can't define any such accumulation of brilliant effects as a sunset, and all the pretty things that William Black and Mr. Ruskin have written are false, while they pretend to be even in a measure literal; every sunset has some hue of its own that has never been seen before, and will never be seen again; it is here and gone in a moment, giving no time for the invention of its name, defying description, except through some fortunate comparison or a reference to an emotion, and only by a chance allowing an artist to transcribe a suggestion of it on to canvas—a chance concomitant with the intuition that leads the brush to the proper combination of pigments while he is speechless and scarcely a free agent in the act."

When a young artist, who has been chattering in an ejaculatory and slipshod sort of way between the puffs of his pipe, suddenly delivers himself of such a complex sentence, it is not to be wondered at that the listeners are taken aback by the unexpectedness of the transition; and his companions impolitely stared at the speaker, who rose from his seat, and stood with his head in bold relief above the dark line of the bulwarks against the sunset, like a decoration on a gold ground, a resemblance to which his attention was drawn; but, if their stare had not been so quizzically impertinent, the floating city might not have been discovered, for a point of black appeared over his shoulder, notched in the band of crimson that was fast being narrowed down by the weight of clouds. It is anomalous that nothing is too small for notice at sea; the surrounding infinitude does not dwarf or extinguish, but, on the contrary, a feather floating in the air—as commonplace an incident or as petty a thing as may be—is magnified and exalted by the largeness in which it is projected; and no sooner had this distant speck been seen than the discussion was abandoned, and the three companions fixed their gaze upon it with the greatest interest. How rapidly it grew in the waning light! It must be a steamer—how lonely it seemed! It was ploughing toward them, and from a mere indenture in the horizon it became like the tower of a far-away beacon, which changed to a black pyramid, and its nature was dubious for some time before it was fully revealed as it stood broadside on to the ship, and then glided away like a phantom into the night that had now settled in the east, a burst of colored fire illuminating it for a few seconds before it disappeared. "What is it?" eagerly inquired the three artists of the mate, who had answered the signal. "It's an Inman steamer bound from New York to Liverpool," the officer answered. An Inman steamer! The young men lamented over their choice of a sailing-vessel at the suggestion. They had been tacking and tilting from wave to wave for two weeks already, and the beautiful craft that had swept by them would cross and recross the ocean before they could sight the Highland Lights! They saw their own deck almost deserted, wet, and cheerless; they were conscious of a small, stifling cabin down below, which lost the picturesqueness expected in it before Land's End was out of view, and which could not now be considered comfortable by any stretch of the imagination. In contrast they pictured a fashionable complement of passengers on the other ship, sweet girls promenading the spacious decks, a tremendous power defiant of adverse winds ever urging the vessel toward her destination, the exhilaration of speed, luxurious cabins, a symposium of congenial spirits in the smoking-room, and sociable warmth pervading every department. It was too much for them, and, when they had exhausted their pipes, they turned in, forswearing sailing-ships, and in their depression caring to say no more about the pea-green sunset.

The discoverer is a useful and indispensable character, but he merely lifts the curtain upon a stage which is to be filled by the actors who make the drama of history; and now that the artists have done their part in opening our narrative we must leave them with the hope that they may all become latter-day Turners or Stanfields. We must be quick

to overtake the floating city which is penetrating eastward, sixteen miles to the hour; and, if there is an unimaginative soul among our readers who wants to know how we are to transport ourselves, let him remember that there are wings lighter and swifter than the albatross's which are quite beyond his ken, and of which no model appears in the Patent-Office at Washington. If the same inflexible, fanciless, heavy-minded creature demands to be informed why we speak of a floating city, we answer emphatically that it has all the elements of a city—graded society, an executive, butchers, bakers, scandals, watchmen, and most other components of a community ashore, except the newspaper, which is a thing of the future not altogether unlikely.

II.—THE UPPER TEN AT DINNER.

THE great iron bulk looks double her actual size in her misty, gray surroundings; her top-masts seem to prick the lowering clouds, and the threatened rain has come, mingling with the crisp spray that stings the flesh like needle-points. A continuous volume of the blackest and densest smoke trails over her quarter from her funnel, which looms up like the tower of a fortress. The cordage loses its pliancy, and becomes an immovable superstructure of iron. All is wild, wet, and dreary. A few lights gleam here and there, protected under streaming glass; a few men insheathed in glistening oil-skins move cautiously about the decks, and once in every half-hour a voice, wailing yet deliberate, is heard aloft above the dripping of the rain and the monody of the wind, uttering the assurance of security—"All's well!"—which is at the same time harrowing and satisfactory. It is a wind high and edged, with increasing force; and, ponderous as the vessel is, she staggers—a sentient and imperial thing—through the sea, which is furtively lighted by the hissing flakes and diamond glances of the phosphorescence. The latitude is invariably blustering; the day is the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth, and four bells P. M.—the day-watch—have been rung for dinner. Sympathetic people in the security of their homes who have friends at sea think of such nights pityingly, and, unless they have had recent personal experiences of modern ocean-travel, their imagination pictures doleful groups of voyagers immured in dim, narrow, cheerless cockpits, surrounded by all the perils of the deep; but things have changed of late, and the exterior inclemency simply adds emphasis to the luxury below, for when by studying the lurches of the ship we have passed along the slippery deck without mishap to the companion-way aft, we find a contrast of dramatic vividness. To be sure, suffering at sea is not obsolete; it is common enough, alas! on some routes, and on the best a few victims suffer, as we are reminded by the pale ladies bolstered up and tucked in on the seats at the head of the companion-way; but, had any one followed us out of the mid-ocean gloom into the saloon of the City of Chester on the queen's birthday, 1878, he would have sworn that nothing in the world could be livelier than dinner on board such a ship in "the roaring forties."

It is said that, when William Inman ordered the construction of the vessel, he gave *carte blanche* to the contractors, saying, with characteristic magnificence, "Build me the fastest and most beautiful ship afloat," an anecdote that we are quite willing to believe, for, with a burden of four thousand five hundred and sixty-six tons, she has the graceful outlines and easy motions of a yacht, and, though she has not the preëminent speed of her near relation, the City of Berlin, the craft that can overhaul her may be counted in decimals. The saloon is exceptionally attractive, extending across her entire width, some forty-four feet; the windows or ports are set in deep bays, and the upholstery is in purple velvet and crimson damask. The roof is high, and the centre is raised by an ornamental skylight, under the arch of which a small parterre blooms despite the austerity of sea-weather. To-night the British and American flags have been looped from the ceiling in honor of the occasion, and their red, white, and blue, unite with auspicious harmoniousness. The scene is full of color. The three long tables sparkle with silver-ware and crystals spread over white-damask cloths; large silver lamps sway to and fro with the motion of the ship, and in long racks overhead the rays glint among pink glasses for white wine, green glasses for Bordeaux, and slender goblets for sparkling. Nearly one hundred people are seated, and some of the ladies are in evening-dress. The number and all the objects are multiplied indefinitely by the mirrors at each end, which open interminable vistas of moving color. The conversation and the wine flow together, both merrily; the English wax patriotic, and the Americans amiably concede that they have a government to be proud of, whereupon a sharp detonation is heard, and there is a tinkling of glasses and an ebullition of amber-colored fluid.

The faces wreathed around the tables are in sufficient variety to exhaust the acrid reservoirs of a most comprehensive cynic, and an ethnologist might confirm all his knowledge by them. That piquant, childlike little lady, whose abundant hair is dressed *à la Madrid*, is the wife of a South American banker, and was born on an ocean-steamer off Queenstown Harbor; it would be difficult to count the number of hearts she has entangled by the sunny *naïveté* of her manners; *she* has never been sea-sick, and the earliest pedestrian on the quarter-deck in the morning finds her briskly promenading, as fresh as a Venus newly arisen from the foam. That large-eyed, pale, willowy creature, so milky, frail, and languid, is one of the sharpest lobbyists in Washington—no one would believe it from her appearance—and the pronounced Englishman, florid-complexioned, jovial in manner, gorgeous in his neck-wear, who pays her devoted attentions, is the representative of British stockholders in an American railway, the management of which he has been secretly investigating. How would a guilty conscience quiver under the straight glance of that keen, long-faced man with the blond goatee? He is the ex-chief of the

San Francisco police; and his *vis-à-vis*, a man of heavy features, enormous frame, and radiant self-satisfaction, is a millionaire miner of Virginia City. Those modest, fresh, wholesome-looking young fellows, who are so abstemious at table, are the boat-crew of Columbia College, who are crossing the ocean to win the challenge-cup at Henley; and yonder fluent, saucy, aggressive youth, who is anything but abstemious, is the special correspondent of a New York newspaper. The portly dame who "bigs to be helped to another pace av the roast-mate, if ye plaze," has a name familiar to thousands who see it on the sign in front of her store in Sixth Avenue; and there is a sweet-faced, delicate American girl of high breeding, who causes us to wonder in what country besides her compeer may be found. The various elements may not affiliate, but they calmly edge one another, like the strata of golden, pink, and white *liqueurs* in a post *café*. There is a little clique of Canadians, splendid fellows physically and socially, who are first at whist, first at dinner, and first at the salt-water bath in the morning; there are some olive-complexioned Spanish-Americans, and some grossly materialistic Yorkshire manufacturers, who have been "doing the States." That extremely vivacious lady besprinkled with a fortune's worth of diamonds is—ah, well!—but we must not circulate the gossip of the boudoir; and now, the soup and fish having been served, the covers are removed simultaneously from the prodigious assortment of dishes that make up an Inman dinner, which is famous among travelers for its excellence.

The fire of the wine-bottles is continuous, and would annihilate an army if the projectiles were harder than cork; the glasses, knives, and forks, chime gayly for half an hour or more, and then, the dessert being set, the captain consents to make one of his own particular lobster-salads, a dish to be remembered by those who share it as a masterpiece of admixture. What would not one who tastes it give for the secret of combining the pinky meat of the crustacean, the succulent leaves of young lettuce, and the liquid gold of the olive, to such perfection! The chatter is becoming louder, and the stewards are passing fresh glasses around, when a call for order is heard, and an appropriate sense of the discipline necessary at sea secures it immediately.

The captain rises, looking every inch the gentleman and thorough sailor that all the passengers have discovered him to be. Urbane, genial, and devoted to his ship—a well-built, handsome man, with a rosy face and a full, yellow beard frosted with gray, a disciplinarian and yet a gentleman, whether he is on the bridge or below—these are his lineaments, and by them many will recognize Samuel Brooks, commander-in-chief of the floating city. In the silence that ensues we are momentarily startled by hearing the waves dash against the ports. The glitter, the conversation, the dinner, the vistas of light and color, have played with our senses, and it seems incredible that we are in mid-ocean, tossing from billow to billow under a wild sky and in a latitude that is never calm—a thousand miles from everywhere. What air-blown fables are the discomforts of the sea become! The captain, drawn to his full height, wishes in a sonorous voice that the company will do him the honor of drinking a glass of wine with him to the health of Queen Victoria, "whom all Englishmen revere, not only because she is a good queen, but also because she is a good mother and was a good wife." A lion-throated cheer, a thrilling "hip-hip-hip—hurrah!" follows, and seems to shake the ship with its patriotic resonance, and, before it has quite died away, the national anthem is raised in stirring chorus. If some chance thought had pictured that little assemblage of travelers to England's queen in her halls at Windsor on that day, what adulation, we wonder, what courtly phrases of congratulation, what multitudinous testimony of esteem, could have touched her heart more than the cheers that went up above the surges of the mid-Atlantic?

After dessert, the tables are cleared, and the saloon becomes a drawing-room, occupied by groups of whist and chess players, readers, gossips, flirts, and musicians. Perhaps there is a concert: there usually is one during the voyage, and a collection is made in behalf of the Seaman's Orphanage at Liverpool, a deserving institution, which benefits in many ways by ocean-steamer travel. On the upper deck there is a cozy smoking-room, larger than the saloons of former days, and here man, unsoftened and unrestrained by the presence of the lovelier sex, yields himself up to the thralldom of the cigar, the toddy, and the hazard. The ladies at the head of the companion-way, wrapped up in fleecy "clouds" and an amplitude of shawls, are not quite happy, it is true, but they are exceptions, and all the rest are more than content. Dinner is scarcely disposed of when tea is announced; and after tea, such is the alimentary capacity developed by the invigorating sea-air, a few may actually be found eating suppers of Welsh-rabbits or deviled fowl! The captain disappears; the weather has thickened, and the floating city speeds along in a dull fog; but who cares for the weather? Certainly not that noisy crowd in the smoking-room, which is dim with the exhalations of pipes and cigars. The ladies? Well, now and then one complains of the fog-horn's discordant blast as she pauses in a game of *piquet*, or raises her eyes from a book to exert their power upon an attractive neighbor, who is a willing prey to their fascination. The one who cares, and whose care is sufficient, has a burden of responsibility which breaks into his night's sleep, and harrows successive days with its seriousness. The captain's dress-coat, with its double row of gilt buttons, is hanging in his cabin, and he is standing in a pea-jacket on the bridge with the officer of the watch, his face and beard streaming with beaded moisture. It is bleak and lonely up there; the great ship is seen over all, and the masts and yards take illusive height and massiveness from the mist. The masthead-light dilates in an exaggerated yellow aureole, and the voice of the "look-out" sounds unreal. The waves lift and lower the bulk as though she were some buoyant toy for their sport, and she cleaves them with imperious disdain,

sending milky shoals of phosphorescence in her wake and around her. The distance is secretive and dark. Loud as the sounds are they act negatively, and, while the men are conscious of the turmoil of the waters, their feeling is of a terrible silence. The commander and his lieutenant walk from end to end of the bridge, pausing anon to peer into the gloom or to glance at the illuminated dials in the centre, by which electric communication is established with the engineer and the helmsman. The helmsman is housed underneath the bridge, and controls the rudder by a steam wheel, sensitive to the pressure of a finger. The course is given to him by a needle on the face of a corresponding dial. At half-minute intervals the fog-horn belches out its reverberant warning in a cloud of steam; the hours drearily yield themselves to the past; six bells are tolled, and the late birds of the smoking-room creep along the slippery decks to their berths. The quartermaster brings the captain a cup of tea, and, while the floating city is asleep, the faithful commandant is up there on the bridge with eyes wide open, and all his senses concentrated to shield the population from danger.

III.—LOW-LIFE DEPTHS.

In contemplating some great piece of machinery which evokes their admiration, it is the custom of men to remark with much complacency and some exultation that, after all, tremendous as the power is, accurate the action and perfect the adjustment, the divine intelligence that glorifies humanity and uplifts the race above its own creations is lacking in the brilliant mechanism. A sagacious if not novel observation; and certainly no glorification that can possibly accrue to humanity is superfluous; but, in a further consideration of the relative merits of man and the machine, the latter is found to have an enormous advantage in its tirelessness, and tirelessness, according to some encouraging philosophers like Dr. Smiles, is tantamount to genius.

Over a week ago, on a tropical morning, when the sands were a blinding white and the sea was darting light from millions of wavelets, the floating city was off Sandy Hook with her bow pointed due east; and the pilot, who had brought her down the bay from her wharf, went over the bulwarks into a cockle-shell, from which he waved a good-by with his hat as the passengers cheered him. The captain was on the bridge at the time, and one of the mates stood by the telegraph connecting with the engine-room. When the cockle-shell boat had cast off and the pilot was astern, the captain called in a loud, distinct voice to the mate, "Turn ahead—f-u-l-l s-p-e-e-d!" with a characteristic emphasis on the last two words, and then the passengers were really at sea—that order was the *adieu* to land, which had been only half uttered as the big vessel had swung into the North River; those are the words which, when they are spoken off Sandy Hook, effectually and beyond all appeal seal the contract between William Inman and his passengers. The responsive bell in the engine-room was heard, and in an instant the gentle heaving given by the swell was supplemented by a harder motion, and the water under the stern bubbled up in a small maelstrom, white, sparkling, and furious.

Never since has that motion ceased. At night, made lovelier by the phosphorescence, and in the morning iridescent—at all hours the white trail can be seen stretching out for miles and miles toward the country left behind, like a path of flowers over the desolate billows. The sound varies. Sometimes it seems to the people in the saloon like the alternate notes, now aspirate, then inspirate, of some purring cat, or the low chords of a violoncello, supposing, of course, that both cats and violoncellos are conceivably Titanic; again, it suggests the harmonious swing of some well-measured anvil-chorus; then it is not musical at all, and the ribs of the ship and the teeth of the passengers are shaken by its giant strokes. It becomes a part of the life of those on board, and a cessation or a pause would probably waken the soundest sleeper. The engine-room is a little distance abaft the funnel, and if we peep in at the door at any hour the same continuity and the same tirelessness are impressed upon us by the constant up-and-down motion of the steel pistons, that seem to be playing a sort of Puritanic jack-in-the-box. It is the movement of these shining rods that causes the vibration, the unintermittent sound, and the frothy trail astern. It is that also which propels the ship through seas that are mountainous, and gales that compare in obduracy and solidity with stone-walls. Perhaps we are among those late birds of the smoking-room to whom we have already referred, and, before turning in, glance through the doorway: still the pistons are gliding in and out of their sockets; or, first thing in the morning, taking a "constitutional" before breakfast, we happen to look in, and there is no change; still they are at it, in and out, up and down, as measured as the swing of a pendulum, as tireless as a planet in its revolutions. Once when we are gazing our admiration is shared by an old Irishman, who has been watching the engine for some minutes in silence. "Well, well, well," he murmurs at last, gravely shaking his head; "it is wontherful thim invintions of man, wontherful! and yit," he proceeds, uttering his after-thought with a most ludicrous air of sagacity, "the little busy bee has the betther of them all, because ye see what he does, the little busy bee! He gathers up the honey in the summer and lays by a sthore for the winther, whin the storrums come, which" (giving us a confidential nudge that might have implied an unaccountable and uncomfortable familiarity with our private shortcomings)—"which is more than you nor oi do maybe. Ah, it's fab-lous, fab-lous!" and in repeating this word with much unction he seems to find a sufficient vent for his welling thoughts without further communication with us.

The low-life depths of a city are always interesting—is not the Sunday market in Petticoat Lane as memorable to the tourist as the shops of Bond Street?—and in the floating city there is a lower region than we can see from the deck, where the source of the propelling power is, where furnaces

glow and blaze with intense heat, where the normal conditions of existence are subverted, where the men are darkened by coal-dust, and where neither daylight nor the sweet, fresh air off the sea ever penetrates. It is a region that not many would care to explore; it is dark, greasy, and slippery. Whoever ventures needs an immediate bath and a change of clothing to restore him when he emerges; for he loses complexion, and is translated in the undertaking. Besides, permission may be sought and refused; but, as we did not find the latter difficulty, and have no fastidious dread of a temporary soiling when a subsequent bath is possible, we went cautiously backward down the polished iron stairs leading from the engine-room to the cylinder-heads, out of which the pistons were shooting up and down, as ever. It was a rough morning; the ship was rolling and pitching, and we had to cling desperately to save ourselves from falling. The steps were smeared with oil, and the very atmosphere seemed to be oleaginous. The first landing reached and crossed, a narrower and steeper flight of steps remained to spice our exploit with more danger, and, as simple preservation became a paramount object, the anxiety we had at the outset to avoid contamination was displaced by the greater care necessary to prevent a misstep, and its consequences. Now the ship lurched, and we felt our feet glide from under us with suspensive breath, saving ourselves only by a quick effort; then we, unhappily, slided over a grating, and came to a standstill, with a shock, against a barrier of iron. The floor, the guards, and the steps, were as smooth as ice and as lustrous as silver; clean to look at, but anointed with horrible grease, to prevent corrosion, that communicated itself to our hands and clothing in apparently ineradicable blotches. Another flight of steps appeared, to dismay us, and the farther down we went the more like thunder the noise became, making our voices futile; the heat increased also, and, glancing toward the gladdening daylight left behind, all we could see was the oscillation and revolution of ponderous machinery, which vehemently threatened to involve us. A confusion of sensations possessed us. While we knew that if we took care there would be no danger—that the ship might roll on her beam-ends, or plunge into the trough at the angle of forty-five degrees without dislocating the slenderest member of the Titanic system, so firmly braced and imbedded was the mass—we did not know *how* to take care—where the safety was to be found, or we fancied that we didn't, and we nervously shrank this way or that, and started forward, backward, or to the side, as a louder than ordinary clash took us by surprise. Pale rays of light were shot out from the steel; little wreaths and feathers of steam condensed and trickled down, and now and then came a glare of intenser color. Mixed with our apprehensions was a semi-conscious and wholly grotesque regret as we observed additional streaks of grease appearing on our clothes, and felt the grime settling on our faces; but it was of brief duration, and soon superseded by the fascination which all machinery has, and which was increased here by the extraordinary nature of the locality.

It may be as trite as the reader pleases to consider it, but we could not avoid yielding ourselves to a childlike sense of wonderment in contemplating the existence and power of this great engine in the depths of the ship—she a metallic shell, struggling through waves of a bulk greater than her own, and yet containing, quite hidden from outward view, this immense weight, as stable amid all instability as though its foundations were on solid earth. Every time the pistons descended into the cylinders they exerted the power of nine hundred horses in a stroke of five feet, and behind this performance was a reservation of three thousand six hundred horse-power more! But is it not Mr. Carlyle who says that no man can be a hero to his valet? The prestidigitator finds his own best trick rather stupid than otherwise, no doubt, for wonderment and familiarity are antithetical, a proof of which was given to us, who were full of admiration, by the quiet, as-a-matter-of-course demeanor of the engineer in charge, whom we met in the next gallery, standing by the wheel which governs the entire machine. A team of nine hundred horses once started would need as many men to check them, even though they were as worn out and spiritless as London hacks; but, without taxing his muscularity much more than he would in writing his name, the engineer can ease, reverse, or bring the engine to a complete standstill. The officer of the watch on the bridge, for instance, sets the brass finger of the telegraph over the words, "Astern—full speed," which are distinctly painted on the glass dial; simultaneously a loud bell rings in the engine-room, where there is a corresponding dial, upon which the engineer finds another finger fixed over exactly the same words, and, by stretching out his arm, without other assistance, he can completely alter the motion within a few seconds, making it recessional instead of propulsory.

How might a demagogue be smitten by a conflicting agony of despair and envy in contrasting this tractability with the insubordination encountered in the best-managed caucus! How must every spectator be impressed by the docility, the capacity, and the adaptability, of the machine! It is as Mr. Ruskin, in one of his conciliatory moods, has said: "Man has embodied in the construction of a ship as much patience, self-control, order, obedience, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm expectation of God's judgment, as can be put into the space."

The engine combines the high and low pressure principle, and is supplied with steam by ten boilers, heated by thirty furnaces. It not only works the propeller, but also a pump capable of lifting two thousand gallons a minute, which, in case of necessity, may be used in extinguishing a fire, or in clearing the engine-room should that department be inundated by a heavy sea. It connects with steam fire-annihilators in all parts of the ship, and supplies bath-rooms, cabin, lavatories, and kitchens, with a constant flow of water. Separate bilge-pumps, for ejecting water from any part of the ship, are also

attached to the engine; and the condenser contains about five thousand five hundred solid drawn brass tubes, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, having a cooling surface of fifteen thousand square feet.

Taking a few steps down from the gallery upon which the engineer was standing—and he or one of his assistants, of whom there are five, had been standing within an arm's-length of the controlling wheel, ready for a signal from the bridge, since the pilot left at Sandy Hook—we entered the region of the thirty furnaces, and now we were on the fourth deck, at the bottom of the ship—some thirty-five feet nearer the bottom of the ocean than the other passengers. At both sides of us rose the boilers, with the big furnaces underneath, the doors of which were occasionally opened, and a flood of dazzling light burst out from the incandescence within. Wolves in the mid-winter famine of the Russian steppes have not redder or more hungry mouths than these furnaces. Basketful after basketful of coal was fed to them, and instantly assimilated. They consume ninety tons of coal every twenty-four hours. The sweat, pouring down the faces and bare arms of the firemen, left yellowish cords on their blackened flesh. Ah, how these firemen toiled! And in dim coal-bunkers, out of sight, gangs of men, called "trimmers," were at work shoveling and carrying more fuel, discharging it through a small aperture, from which it was borne away by the firemen, and tossed into the insatiable orifices, which flashed and glowed, and seemed to render only ashes for the care and material bestowed upon them. There are forty firemen, divided into "watches," as the sailors are divided, and in these depths one-half the number may be found at any hour, looking less like men than devils; they are here when the millionaire is dozing after dinner, when the little lady from South America is drawing the curtains around her bed for the sound night's sleep which she has confidentially informed some of us she never misses, and when the *bons vivants* of our complement are assuring one another that the most cunningly-compounded "cocktail" is ineffectual as an invigorator compared with a twenty minutes' walk before breakfast in a moderate Atlantic breeze. By the time the passengers appear on deck in the morning, the decks have been holystoned, and each plank made as white as the crests of the sea. One of the most delightful sensations of the voyage is that which the morning conveys of absolute purity; the absence of all dust and sickening emanations; the exhilaration of cleanliness. But when the decks are whitest and the skies are bluest, the atmosphere of the stoke-hole is still surcharged with ashes and coal-dust, and the firemen are still plying the furnaces with fuel. If any further apology for the name we have given the ship is necessary, here it is, for what is more characteristic of a city than a subdivision of population, especially when one of the subdivisions is immured far beneath the surface, and engaged in so weird and little suspected an occupation as the firemen?

As every reader is aware, the engine-room is well amidships, while the propeller is astern, and the power is communicated by a screw-shaft some eighteen inches in diameter, which is carried along a tunnel—a dark, reverberant, dripping tunnel, formed of iron plates. If anything happens to the shaft, if it snaps under the strain to which it is exposed in heavy weather, when, as often happens, the propeller is lifted completely out of the water by the pitch of the ship, and having no resistance revolves with furious celerity until it again strikes the sea, which it does with indescribable force, the engine becomes useless, and the vessel has to depend on her sails in reaching her destination—an accident of not uncommon occurrence in mid-winter that prolongs the voyage much to the uneasiness of the passengers' relatives ashore. Every possible precaution against the mishap is taken, however, and about a year ago, when a flaw was suspected in the Berlin's shaft, Mr. Inman ordered an entirely new one, and had it applied, although when the old one was taken out it was found to be perfect. That the accident is not frequent is a criterion of the care bestowed and the soundness of the materials used.

We have said that the tunnel is dark, reverberant, and dripping, but it is impossible to give an idea of it in three adjectives. It is held in position throughout its length by "bearings," over which sprays of water are constantly playing to prevent overheating, and the water mixes with the unguents for keeping them smooth, oil and water together forming a sticky sort of slush, which spreads itself over everything. The tunnel is about six feet square, with a narrow gallery at each side. Along one of these galleries the engineer led us to the extreme end where the propeller is attached, and here the noise of the engine was swelled by the pulsations of the screw as it revolved in the water. Our dictionary does not contain a word commensurable with the din; and let the reader remember how contracted our quarters were, that the only light was emitted by a small lantern, the rays of which flickered upon the glossy shaft; that the flooring was slippery; that the ship was rolling, and that our sensations comprehended the dusky uncertainy of a Comstock mine, the stifling submarine isolation of a diving-bell, the noise of a Cyclopean rolling-mill, and the dirtiness of a London fog. We cried "Enough!" with all the desperation of Macbeth in his combat with Macduff; and having honored the old custom which requires a small tribute to the men whose department is invaded at sea—in other words, having been "chalked"—we lost no time in mounting the stairs to the deck, which was crowded with promenaders, including the little lady who was born off Queenstown, and whose husband is a South American banker.

IV.—THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.

THERE was an incubus in the population of the floating city, a dead-weight of commonplaceness, a living being utterly without imaginativeness, ideality, or sentiment; a miracle of stolidity; less a man than what Professor Huxley would call "a conscious automaton"—painfully unemotional and wholly unintellectual.

One day he sat next to us, opposite the open door of the smoking-room; the doctor was passing along the deck with a lady on his arm; the deck was slippery with rain; the ship gave a lurch which Æsculapius had not calculated upon, and took his feet from under him; his companion cleverly disengaged her arm to prevent being dragged down, and all who had observed the episode laughed. "What's the matter?" asked, with syllabic deliberateness, the *bête noire*, whose eyes had been shut, of course. "The doctor's gone," we answered, still laughing. Not the shadow of a change passed over that man's face —no surprise, no pity, no amusement. "*Overboard!*" he continued, in the same indifferent way; and, if his manner expressed anything, it was that falling overboard might be a rather mirthful occurrence, but that it had not the least interest for him.

He was the identical man, we are confident, who when he was told that his hotel was on fire requested that he should be warned again as soon as the flames reached the room next to his own; a first-cousin to the man who gauged the mill-power of Niagara; and we have no doubt whatever that he would declare, on reading the title of this chapter, that the floating city has no streets at all. But when we affirm that it has, the reader will easily perceive where the breach of veracity is, and accept our statement with that implicit faith which we always desire to inspire.

The streets are rectangular, and for smoothness and cleanliness might be copied by any city. The buildings are only one story high, and are in single rows, thus securing plenty of light and ventilation. Some are built of walnut, some of iron, and some of deal. The purpose of each is indicated by a small brass plate, which is polished to a mirror-like brilliancy. The highest condition of bliss we can imagine for the reader is that the sparkling little lady from South America has come up from the saloon with a beaming face, and has accepted his arm for a stroll—not that any one's arm is necessary to her, she is as steady on her feet in the heaviest weather as the captain is; but for sociability's sake she gently interlocks her delicate wrist within the bend of your elbow.

It is an exhilarating morning, with a fresh breeze and a crisp sea; all the square sails are set; a steamer that left New York two days before you is visible over the port-bow, and another steamer that left one day before you is astern; all the passengers are cheery, and the captain is on the bridge—these are details that our fancy fills in to complete the picture. But, before you start on your survey, let us communicate a few facts that will simplify your observations. The city in a general way is dividable into three districts—"fore," "aft," and "amidships." "Aft" is Belgravia; "amidships" the business section; and "forward," or "forrud" in the vernacular, is the abiding-place of the poor and working classes. The two principal avenues are Port Street and Starboard Street, which are parallel, and extend the whole length of the city. Port Street is the one along which you start *en promenade* with your charming companion, among a crowd of others who are sauntering or briskly walking up and down.

At the extremity is the wheel-house, in which is the ponderous steering-gear to substitute the steam apparatus in event of an accident to the latter, and the next building has a luxurious exterior, which holds out in its damask curtains a promise more than fulfilled by the interior. This is the ladies' own reservation, a club-house and boudoir combined, into the precincts of which no man is admitted, and in ignorance of which his sex is unaware of the refinements possible in the floating city. If my lady has a nervous headache; if she wishes to escape the importunities of that ardent young man, who is always ogling her or inviting her to walk, or play casino, or in other ways as efficacious making himself unconsciously hateful by his intrusiveness; if she wishes to read in quiet, or to gossip, or to fritter her time away at *solitaire*—she steals in here, and here is sanctuary. The carpets are of a very pretty pattern; the lounges are wide; the cushions impart an exquisite sensation of buoyancy; geraniums are blooming, and mignonette is exhaling its sweetness. It is a charming retreat, and its elegance is increased by contrast with the next house, which is occupied by smokers, and is the exclusive domain of man. The morning auction is being held as you pass, and in the wreaths of tobacco smoke the occupants are bidding for numbers approximate to that which it is supposed will represent the ship's run during the closing twenty-four hours. At one o'clock each day a miniature chart is exhibited, defining the position of the ship at noon, and the distance she has traveled. Speculation as to what the distance will be is the basis of the auction; for example, one passenger buys 365, paying three or four pounds for it, and if that number corresponds with the distance shown on the chart, the "pool," consisting of the money he deposited and that bid by others, belongs to him, the total sometimes being as much as fifty pounds. This is what your companion tells you in confidence with much simplicity (her brother told her), and, of course, it is knowledge that has the greatest interest and freshness for you, who, as a moral man, disapprove of the mildest kind of gambling, and have had no suspicion of the wickedness that occasionally prevails in the smoking-room. Perhaps she shocks you by adding that she has instructed some one to buy 375 for her, and that Captain Brooks gave her a hint in the morning which induced her to do so; perhaps, too, you happen to be aware what such hints of the captain are worth, and how prodigal he is with them. No hints from the captain for you! But you cannot help hoping that 375 will be the winning number, and that a "pot of money" will accrue to its piquant possessor.

The next house covers the wide stairway leading into the saloon and state-rooms. There are inviting seats around it, and it is a ground of compromise between the smoking-room and the ladies' cabin, where both sexes meet on an intimate footing. Beyond this is the engine-room, where the pistons are still at work, and thence you pass from Belgravia

into the business quarter of the city, which at eleven o'clock is very bustling indeed.

Here is the office of the town-clerk ; the brass plate over the door is inscribed " Purser," but our nomenclature is municipal, and never was other town-clerk so devoted to his constituents, or his constituents so appreciative of him, as the incumbent, who is poring over broad sheets covered with figures, and writing as smoothly and rapidly as if the table were set upon astronomical foundations. Many interesting statistics in reference to the floating city may be obtained from him. His records show that, making ten voyages a year, the Chester travels a distance not very far short of the circumference of the globe multiplied by three, and consumes eighteen thousand tons of coal. The caterer, the most amiable of Scotchmen, Mr. McLeod, looks in to consult the town-clerk while you are passing, and from them you might learn what enormous gastronomic expenditures there are in a year. Over one hundred thousand pounds of fresh beef are consumed ; fifteen thousand pounds of mutton and lamb ; five thousand pounds of veal and pork ; twenty-five thousand pounds of salt beef, three thousand five hundred pounds of corned-beef ; three thousand pounds of sausages, kidneys, and sweet-breads ; fifteen thousand pounds of salt pork, and ten thousand head of poultry and game. In preserving these articles, four hundred tons of ice are used ; and the other articles consumed include twelve hundred pounds of tea, three thousand five hundred pounds of coffee, fifteen thousand pounds of sugar, ten thousand pounds of butter, seventy tons of potatoes, three hundred barrels of flour and meal, twenty-five hundred dozen bottles of ale and porter, about five hundred dozen bottles of wine, and one thousand dozen bottles of mineral waters. Some twenty-five hundred pieces of glass and fifteen hundred pieces of earthen ware are broken in a year. These figures are based on the supposition that the number of passengers is less than the full complement, and the full complement would increase them to a total scarcely credible.

But the reader must not imagine that when the town-clerk receives a visitor he entertains him with readings from ledgers or choice selections from inventories. A chat with Gentleman John, as the town-clerk is familiarly called, has certain adjuncts which may be premised from the steward, who is seen entering the office with a pail of ice, a narrow-necked, aristocratic bottle, and a few thin-stemmed, fragile glasses. A morning glass of champagne and a cloud of Havana with the town-clerk is another of the floating city's luxuries, reserved for some favored individuals ; but the calls are brief, for his position is no sinecure, and his courtesies are extended as far as possible to each member of the population. He is in constant demand : this lady wants him here, another lady wants him there ; sick people have to be looked after, offensive ones rebuked, and scores of the most diversified interests attended to. The zeal, the patience, the kindness of John T. Kavanagh, which is the town-clerk's name, make him a general favorite, who, if his incumbency depended upon popular suffrage, would be reëlected by overwhelming majorities every year.

In each of the houses some activity is visible. You peep through the open door of one and see the pastry-cook fashioning tarts, puddings, cakes, *éclaires*, and jellies, a specimen of the latter being an amber wall, through the translucent mass of which a miniature City of Chester is sailing with all her canvas spread ; and through the door beyond you discover half a dozen scullerymen peeling potatoes as if salvation depended upon the quantity done in a given time. In the next house several cooks, dressed in the snowiest of linen, are roasting, broiling, baking, frying, and boiling a variety of dishes that fill the enormous range in the saloon-galley, where four meals a day, including an elaborate dinner of several courses, are prepared for over two hundred people, and from which they are served at the appointed minute, even when the city is tossing about in heaviest sea. Then you reach the steerage-galley, where three meals a day are cooked for three or four hundred persons, and where the appliances are adequate to supply five times that number. In fact, the Chester could carry sixteen hundred emigrants, or troops, without inconvenience, and the capacity of the Inman ships in the latter particular has been tested several times by both the British and French Governments. Here is the lamp-lighter's department, where all the lamps used, except those in the saloon and state-rooms, are cleaned and trimmed every day ; then you reach the butcher's shop, then the apothecary's, then the carpenter's, and you know that in a certain part you can find a barber's, with large mirrors, and shelves filled with perfumes, cosmetics, and the toilet odds and ends that are offered for sale in the barber's shop ashore.

Not a city? No streets? You cannot help shuddering at the moral obloquy of the individual who dares to make such a declaration. Not only is it a city, but it is well built, well governed, and well appointed in every department. The poor are provided for in loftier, lighter, and altogether better quarters than those that have brought discredit on some other floating cities ; and the forecastle, in which a very important class of the population dwells, is a model. But your promenade is brought to an end by your companion, who sees the captain's servant leave the chart-room with the day's record of distance, and entreats you to find out how many miles have been run. Alas ! she has lost, and becomes pettish over the misfortune ; the lunch-bell rings, and while you are at table Crookhaven comes in sight, the first telegraph-station on the stormy cliffs of the Irish coast, and your safe arrival is flashed under that broad reach of water which you have crossed, to the waiting ones on the Western Continent. Eight days ago you were off the golden spit of Sandy Hook. Next morning you are in the Mersey, and a tender comes alongside to take you ashore. All the passengers are on board her, except one, who, with his hands in his pockets, saunters to the gangway and placidly asks if this is Liverpool ! Need we say who it is?

MRS. MACGREGOR.

AUGUSTUS and I had a literary labor to perform. It was not a work of magnitude, but it was one of difficulty and delicacy. The modern American housekeeper is driven to divers expedients; and the cautiously-worded advertisement which shall attract desirable applicants, repel incapables, and convince every one that the advertiser is not a person to be trifled with, is a favorite one with callow inexperience.

Augustus and I were composing an advertisement on a certain chilly October evening, when the cozy sitting-room, with its drawn curtains and dancing firelight, would have been charming, if we had not had the uneasy consciousness of blank desolation in the kitchen below. The cook had departed twenty-four hours previously, with a graceful indifference to any household complications that might ensue from the suddenness of her arrangements. The house-maid, who condescended to do occasional duty as child's nurse also, had served us up a black beefsteak and some half-raw potatoes by way of dinner, but intimated that it was not what she hired for, to be a kitchen-girl, and not what she expected to do much longer. I had made the beds, and dusted the rooms, and answered the door-bell, and washed the dishes, and taken the entire care of baby meanwhile; and I began to feel that it was not what *I* had bargained for, either.

We did not regret the cook, particularly. In fact, Augustus, when I told him that she had forsaken us, declared promptly that he was glad of it.

"Now we'll advertise for one of the right sort," he said. "Instead of being bullied at intelligence-offices, we'll have them come to us, and take our pick of the candidates."

So we put our heads together over the advertisement which was to capture "one of the right sort," but did not make a success of it at first. We wasted a good many sheets of commercial-note in the effort to be explicit without being diffuse; and Augustus—after calling my production rambling and wordy—lost his temper because I said that his was incomplete and repellent.

"No Irish person who understood her own importance—and most of them do, you know, dear—would look twice at such an advertisement as this: '*Wanted—an able-bodied, experienced woman as cook and laundress; wages twelve dollars; no followers allowed.*' It will simply be a waste of money to insert it, Augustus," I remarked, calmly.

"Confound the thing! Write it better yourself, then!" was my husband's reply.

"No, Augustus. I have come to the conclusion that division of labor is fair-play. I shall have to see the applicants and run the gantlet of their interrogatories."

"More fool you!" he interrupted, with the suavity that men occasionally display—after marriage. "Catch *me* being catechised by any of those red-armed wenches! But that's the way with you women: if you would assert yourselves with any sort of dignity—"

"We should never have a servant to cook your dinners," I interpolated, dexterously. "In the present state of American society—"

"Oh, bother American society! Stop your chatter, and let's get this thing out of the way some time to-night."

I was mute, and Augustus scratched the paper furiously for a few minutes. It did occur to me ("while I was musing, the fire burned") that his choice of epithets, even as applied to the exponents of domestic service, might be more refined, and his manner to the wife of his bosom less brusque. But I forbore comment, or deferred it, rather, to a more convenient occasion, and amiably approved of the last effort of his intellect, thrust presently under my nose with a gruff—

"There, madam! Will that suit you?"

It was not perfect, but I smiled at him sweetly.

"It is very nice, indeed, dear—just right. Now you had better take it to the office immediately, so as to make sure of its being in the *Argus* to-morrow."

"Humph! Have you any other little odd jobs this evening?" (with a sardonic air).

"I believe not. Unless" (carelessly) "you like to stop at the post-office on your way back for a registered letter."

"For what?" Augustus changed his tone, and began to look amiable. "How do you know there is a registered letter?"

"The carrier told me this morning."

"Ah! well, I suppose I had better hurry off before the office closes. A registered letter, eh? I wonder what's in it?"

Augustus got into his overcoat with a pleasing alacrity. His little irritation had quite vanished.

"Anything you would like from down-town?—oysters, caramels—?" as he paused on the threshold.

"If your letter has a ten-pound note in it from Mrs. MacGregor," I answered, laughing, "you may bring me some broiled oysters. My dinner was not a joy forever."

"Nor mine," said Augustus. "But Mrs. MacGregor? Don't alarm yourself, madam!"

And then we both laughed, for a ten-pound note, or a shilling, from Mrs. MacGregor would have been an unprecedented thing. She was a "canny Scot," kin to my husband in some roundabout way that was never quite clear to me; and showing her kinship only by a solemn letter of good advice once or twice a year. Augustus called her letters "memento-mories;" and I am ashamed to say that we used, generally, to laugh over them, though there was nothing inherently amusing in their composition.

I had never seen her. Augustus had, having been at school in Edinburgh, and on several occasions had spent his holidays at the quaint old house

at St. Andrews, where she lived. She was a youngish woman then, and unmarried. It was not till after Augustus left the high-school and came across the water, that she became Mrs. MacGregor. It was many years now since they had met, but she still kept up her interest in the schoolboy that she had been fond of, and we had a certain rather shadowy but familiar idea of Mrs. MacGregor as a tall and lean person in a frilled cap, and black-silk gown of strait and scanty folds, with lace mitts on her venerable knuckles. She had never sent us her photograph, but our mental portrait of her harmonized with the pious and formal letters, and we did not doubt its correctness.

I gave no second thought to the old lady after Augustus went out. That the registered letter was from her never once occurred to me as a possibility, for we had the idea that she was "near," as the Scotch say, like the generality of her country-folk, and also that she had no large amount of world's gear to give away. Certainly she had given *us* none so far; and, by way of a surprise, nothing could have been more effectual than the discovery, not only that the letter *was* from her, but that it inclosed, instead of ten pounds, a fifty-pound note of the Bank of England. Augustus announced the fact to me on his return with a dazed air. It had had such a stupefying effect upon him that he forgot the oysters—which was rather disappointing. But I comforted myself with the reflection that fifty pounds—that is to say, two hundred and fifty dollars—would purchase many more satisfactory things than a box of broiled oysters. I was not quite so hungry as Æsop's barn-yard fowl, and willingly resigned the barley-corn for the jewel.

Besides the remarkable inclosure, the letter conveyed remarkable intelligence. Mrs. MacGregor was a widow—had buried her husband six months previously—and having no children, and no near relatives in Scotland, had concluded to seek out her distant kinfolk in America. She would like to make us a visit, if we were so minded, and, not wishing to be a charge upon us, had sent this little token of her good-will in advance.

"Observe, madam," said Augustus, waving his crisp bank-note ostentatiously, "that this is a *small* token of Mrs. MacGregor's good-will. Picture to yourself the resources from which such tokens are drawn, the apparent paucity of relatives, and the certainty that in course of nature somebody will have to inherit—"

"Augustus, I am shocked at you! Such mercenary calculations!"

"Why should you be, madam? Let us be sensible," returned Augustus, coolly. "It is not exactly the goose that lays the golden egg—I would not insinuate for any consideration that Mrs. MacGregor is a goose—but still it must be patent to the dullest comprehension that here is the germ of a golden opportunity. I trust I shall not have to suggest that your duty as a wife and mother—"

I informed Augustus at this point that as a wife and mother I needed no suggestions whatever; but that, as a housekeeper and mistress of a family, I begged to suggest, myself, that it was not a time to entertain strangers when there was no one in the house that could cook a decent meal. He did not retort, as commonplace men do, that every mistress of a family should be able in an emergency to cook a decent meal with her own hands. On the contrary, he informed me that Mrs. MacGregor did not propose to come for a month or six weeks yet; so there would be ample time to get over the household crisis.

"That advertisement will bring you any number of girls before to-morrow night. You'll only have to take your choice of them," he said, encouragingly. So we retired to rest and blissful dreams.

Within the next twenty-four hours Augustus's prediction was fulfilled. "Any number of girls" certainly presented themselves; and every quality but "the right sort." Out of twenty-nine females to whom I gave patient audience, there were three only whose appearance and written testimonials invited even a moderate degree of confidence. Of these, two declined the situation scornfully, when the insignificant sum of twelve dollars was mentioned as compensation. Nothing under eighteen would be listened to: starvation first! Consequently, as Augustus said, I had only to take my pick—of one.

I engaged her, at an advance of two dollars, on the strength of Mrs. MacGregor's gift. In a week I was thankful to present her with four dollars and let her depart, she having destroyed property meanwhile that more than represented her month's wages. Two silver spoons thrown away in the swill-tub, the cover of a costly tureen broken, my favorite teapot cracked, and a cut-glass pitcher split with boiling water, were among the items.

We advertised again, and for the next four weeks life was spiced with sufficient variety. Augustus took to getting his dinners down-town, and came home late, smelling of champagne. Mrs. MacGregor's gift made him recklessly extravagant. Being a woman, I took to tears instead of drink, and the baby took to colic as a natural consequence. Our home was not the abode of cheerfulness, nor the shrine of peace, in those days. Disorder reigned; dirt and discomfort pervaded the very atmosphere; the whole household was demoralized.

Misery reached its climax one day when Mary Jane flounced into the room with her bonnet and shawl on, and demanded her month's wages. She couldn't stand such goings-on no longer; there was the new cook dead-drunk on the kitchen-floor, and the fire out in the range, and the breakfast-dishes not washed when she went down to set the table for lunch! It was no place for a respectable girl, and she wasn't going to be imposed upon by the likes of me. Give her her money, and let her lave!

I gave her her money, despairingly. She left without loss of time. And I took baby, who had waked up screaming at Mary Jane's noisy entrance, into my arms, and sat down upon the floor with him; where I am not ashamed to say we howled together.

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It might have been an hour later, or longer—I did not keep account of time in this abject state of mind—when the door-bell rang loudly. The baby had cried himself into exhaustion, and was asleep again. I had dropped myself—a limp bundle of hopelessness—upon the lounge; but I sprang to my feet, galvanized by terror into activity.

"It is Mrs. MacGregor!" was the wild thought that set every nerve quivering. "This is about the time she was to come, and she hasn't thought it worth while to write again. What *shall* I do?"

The bell rang again. It must be answered at any rate, and there was no one but myself to do it. I hurried down-stairs trembling in every limb, and opened the street-door in a nervous apprehension that literally paralyzed utterance for the moment. That Mrs. MacGregor would front me on the threshold I hardly had a doubt; and if the familiar image of my fancy, the strait-skirted, tall, lean, angular Scotchwoman, had actually appeared, I think I should have fainted, or had a fit of hysterics from sheer excitement.

To my infinite relief, however, the person that appeared was wholly unlike the Mrs. MacGregor of my dreams. It was a woman of short stature and rather full figure, simply clad in a neat black dress and shawl, with a close-fitting black bonnet, out of which a plump, comely, middle-aged face smiled at me.

"Is it Mrs. Donaldson I'm speaking to?" she asked, in a cheery, wholesome sort of voice that matched the face and figure. "I've just been hearing that she's in want of a servant?"

"Yes," I gasped, breathlessly. "Won't you come in?"

She assented, and I led the way to the parlor, half dazed with the double sense of relief. It was *not* Mrs. MacGregor, and it was somebody who—blessed chance!—might deliver me from the slough of despond in which Mary Jane had left me!

"I want a servant very much indeed," I began, eagerly, offering her a seat. "If you know of anybody that you can recommend, I shall be very much obliged."

"Well, ma'am, if you've no objection, I'd like to recommend myself for the place," she replied, smiling. "I can bring you a good character from the lady I lived with last" (handing me a folded paper which she took from a clean white envelope).

I extended my hand for it in dumb amazement. Was this well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-voiced person really seeking a servant's place, and had *I* the chance of securing her? My heart leaped up with a bound. "If I have to pay her twenty dollars a month, I'll have her," I said to myself with an irrepressible conviction that the day of deliverance had dawned.

The reference was more than satisfactory. Margaret Campbell, the writer said, had lived with her for a number of years, and borne a good character for honesty and industry. She was not afraid of work, and would do well whatever she attempted; an excellent cook, etc., etc., and a person to rely upon in any emergency.

It did not take me long to conclude arrangements with Margaret Campbell. Her catechising of me was brief and modest. What work did I expect of her? What wages would I allow? Could she have the privilege of going regularly to church? With my replies she professed herself fully satisfied; and, in the matter of wages, would be content with the twelve dollars I had been accustomed to pay. Moreover, she could enter upon her duties without any delay; would only go away to fetch her working-clothes, and be back in an hour.

I closed the door upon her without fear. She would keep her word, and come back, I was perfectly sure. The day of deliverance had dawned. Meanwhile, I rose to the occasion, or descended to it rather, and went down into the kitchen to rout the party in possession. There an agreeable surprise awaited me. The new cook, described by Mary Jane as "dead-drunk on the floor" at noon, was nowhere visible, though I searched basement and cellar for the *corpus delicti*. She had executed a flank-movement, and retreated to parts unknown; for which considerate conduct I freely forgave her all the past. The hour that elapsed before Margaret's return I spent in energetic imitation of one of the labors of Hercules. I washed the dirty crockery that littered the dresser; I swept the filthy floor, and threw out the indescribable accumulations that defiled closets and pantries. There were sinks of iniquity that I did not venture to meddle with, but I secured a little surface decency for a first appearance, at all events, and trusted to Margaret, with blind but not mistaken confidence, for the thorough purging hereafter.

She came back, as I knew she would, within the hour, her tidy print dress and white apron the picture of neatness; her cheerful, sensible face an embodied promise of future comfort. And I must say that never was a promise better fulfilled. Within a week the house began to assume an ideal aspect. The kitchen shone with cleanliness, and its various properties, instead of being huddled into inaccessible corners, to be rummaged for at need, were disposed upon the walls, and on various shelves, in a manner that was positively ornamental, as well as openly convenient. Over her sink (no longer a sink of iniquity) the spoons, and skimmers, and egg-beaters, were hung up with an eye to artistic effect; and at every turn a shining tin cover, or a polished pan, or a bit of clean delft, caught your eye with its brightness. The gleaming black range, the dazzling copper boiler, the transparent windows, the well-scoured floor-cloth, were actually things of beauty. And when Margaret, with my consent, brought down an old rocking-chair from the attic, and mended its broken arm, and covered its general shabbiness with some pretty, old-fashioned flowered chintz that she produced from her trunk—it had once been a gown, she said—I could not help thinking the kitchen a picture of comfort and pleasantness.

Her comely, cheerful face made sunshine in it

always. It never met me without a smile, and the tones of her mellow, comfortable voice were a cordial to my ears. It may seem absurd, but it is none the less true, that I began to grow fond of my cook; not merely for the blessed relief she had brought me, but for numberless good and pleasant qualities that attracted me unconsciously, making me forget that any difference of station existed. She had a colloquial capacity which entertained me; her shrewd remarks and apt anecdotes had a charm of their own, and her speech, though not without a certain quaint accent, had no tinge of vulgarity. I found her society not only agreeable but improving; and, owing to a suggestion of hers, made shortly after her installment, I had more of it than usual in our relative positions.

Mary Jane's successor in the upper regions of the household had been merely a second edition of Mary Jane—a creature to be endured, not to take delight in. At the end of her first week Margaret called my attention to the little dust-heaps in the corners of the staircase, to the streaks on the window-panes, to the cobwebs on the ceilings, to the absence of polish on the glass and silver, and to the damp and demoralized condition of the dish-towels. "Did I think," she asked, with honest indignation, "that a girl ought to get high wages for such slop-work as that?"

"No, I did not think so, but what could I do?" I answered, helplessly, dreading with true American cowardice another change involving encounter with a fresh specimen of the race.

"Make her do her work properly, or send her away. And I'm thinking that's the wisest thing to do, after all," said Margaret, promptly. "She's the kind of servant that's no likely to improve."

"And then I shall get another who will be worse, perhaps. You don't know what Irish girls are, Margaret; you say yourself you have never lived among them. By-and-by you will find out they are all alike, and we might as well put up with one as another. It is no use to keep changing."

Margaret smiled.

"It is putting up with things—if you'll allow me to say so, ma'am—that makes servants so worthless. If the ladies would insist on having their work done right in the beginning, and see to it themselves, there would be a great difference. I'm no for wanting the mistress to be always nagging, either; but she ought to know how to rule her own household."

It occurred to me that this was unusual doctrine from a person who was herself a servant; but there was no denying its soundness, in spite of the personal reflection. I answered her frankly:

"You are quite right, Margaret; but it very often happens that the mistress really does not know how the work should be done. She sees when things are wrong, but she does not know how to set them right."

"I'm thinking, ma'am, that a lady's house is her opportunity of learning," was the significant reply.

"So it is. But suppose she comes into it young and inexperienced, as I did," I said, feeling curiously anxious to excuse myself to Margaret for the "slack" housekeeping that I could not disguise from her; "and suppose she has had no mother or friend to advise her, and has a baby presently to take up her time and thoughts—"

"Why, then, the servants will be likely to have it all their own way—that's quite clear," said my cook, gravely. "And it's a great pity, too, for servants are not to be trusted."

"I know one that is," I returned, involuntarily; "and I shall trust her, and take her advice. You think I had better dismiss Kate Kelly; well, then, she shall go to-morrow, and you shall choose the next girl yourself. I leave it all to you, Margaret."

It was not discreet to put such confidence in a servant and a stranger, I admit. But I trusted her instinctively from the first with a certain inward assurance of her worthiness that never failed me. One has intuitions sometimes that it is safe to follow blindly, and I never had cause to regret doing so in this instance.

Margaret's reply to me was a suggestion that, instead of having a new girl, we should send the weekly wash to a laundry, and manage the general housework ourselves. I demurred at first, on the baby's account; neither Mary Jane nor Kate Kelly had been of much assistance in the nursery, it is true, but still they condescended to take him out occasionally, and take care of him when I had a visitor, or went out myself.

"I don't really see how we can manage without *somebody* to help with baby," I said, doubtfully.

But Margaret smiled with quiet confidence in herself.

"Leave the baby to me. I'll have plenty of time to tend him better than Kate Kelly has ever done, I promise you."

And she kept the promise to an extent that amazed me. Not so much as regarded the baby, for she was one of those women who are motherly by nature, to whom a baby is a delight of itself. It was plain to see that everything she did for him was a pleasure to her; but how she contrived to keep him in her arms half the time, and yet do almost the whole work of the household, was the mystery.

It is true that I helped her, to my limited capacity. Her example was contagious, and I was wise enough to see that this was my opportunity to gain the knowledge I had so wofully lacked before. Under her kindly teaching culinary mysteries that in the old *régime* were things to shudder at and fly from became clear, and even charming. I came also to a more accurate estimate of quantities than I had ever possessed, and discovered, through Margaret's conscientious adjustment of demand and supply, what shameless discrepancies had existed before.

Augustus, at the end of her first month, took me to task for extravagance. He had partaken freely of an excellent dinner, and now, with the dining-table reduced to a circle and draped in crimson; with the drop-light and the evening papers placed ready to his hand; with a clear fire and a shining hearth glowing in front of him, and his easy-chair

and slippered feet conveniently near the fender—he was enjoying a cigar.

"I do not wish to find fault, madam," he began, tentatively.

"Why do violence to your inclinations, then, dear?" I responded, suavely.

"I merely wish to ask," taking his cigar delicately from his lips, and flicking off the long, white ash at its end, "if it does not occur to you that we are living at rather a fast rate nowadays?"

"Yes, dear; Havana cigars are expensive, and I believe they have gone up lately. I read something about a combination of the dealers, or the manufacturers—what was it?" I asked, innocently.

"Never mind what, madam," blowing a faint blue spiral across the table to me. "We are not discussing Havana cigars, which is a matter quite out of your province, but the ordering of dinner, which is, or ought to be, within it."

"Was anything amiss with the dinner? I thought you seemed to enjoy it."

"Nothing whatever, except its probable cost. I should be glad to eat such dinners every day if I could do it with a clear conscience. But when I reflect upon the butcher's bill, and the grocer's—"

"Would you like to look at the bills, Augustus? They were sent in this morning, Flock's, and McAvoy's, too. And here are the pass-books made up to date."

I took them out of my work-basket, where they had lain under a fluff of pink-and-white zephyr that was taking shape as a sack for baby, and handed them to him—two little leather books, with a long, narrow blue slip inclosed in each. The month before, and the month before that, and all the months of our housekeeping, in short, I had looked at the sum-total marked on those blue slips with a vague sense of discomfort and self-reproach. That we had never received value for such amounts, I was inly conscious; and, in presenting them to my husband for payment, I had in some sort the feeling of being accessory to a fraud.

To-night my sensations were different. I watched with outward serenity but inward amusement the various emotions that flitted over Augustus's features as he examined the documents. The bills were unfolded first with the severely-resigned air that is so agreeable to contemplate; this was succeeded quickly by a look of incredulous surprise; then came a rapid comparison with the books; and finally Augustus slapped them all down upon the table with an energy that sent a little shower of white ashes flying over the red cloth.

"There is some mistake here, madam. These bills are not made out for the whole month. I have always told you—"

"To have them rendered from the 15th to the 15th, inclusive; yes, I know, dear, and, if you will look at the dates, you will see it is all right. Your dinner to-night is included in those amounts."

"Well, I can't understand it, by George!"

Augustus took up the papers again with a frowning brow, but he searched them in vain for any fatal flaw. They were strictly correct as to time and result, and the frown subsided into a rather sheepish smile. I shook out the tangles of my pink-and-white wool, and crocheted three shells on the border of baby's sack before I triumphed. Then I did it mildly.

"I am waiting for your complaint, dear. You did not wish to find fault, you said."

"And I have no occasion to." Augustus rose gallantly, and made me a profound bow. "Accept my apologies, madam, and the assurance of my entire satisfaction with the existing state of things. While I have dinners that would not discredit Delmonico, and monthly bills thirty per cent. less than formerly, believe me I have no fault to find. If you would kindly condescend to explain to me how you manage it," he added, relapsing into his easy-chair and his familiar manner, "I'd be obliged to you, my dear. At present it's a Chinese puzzle."

"The explanation lies in a word—*Margaret*," was my honest answer. "I have not managed anything. She is the administrative power and the executive in this house, Augustus. She does the marketing, and sees things weighed and measured; she does the cooking, and lets nothing be spoiled or wasted—"

"And she nurses the baby," interrupted Augustus. "I saw her cuddling the little rascal to-night as if she enjoyed it. And she keeps the house like a new pin from garret to cellar; and for all I know she darns my socks and sews on my buttons between whiles. By George! the woman's a witch. She isn't canny."

"Yes, she is, Augustus. She is a canny Scot like Mrs. MacGregor. And, by-the-way," I added, laughing at the dread with which I had anticipated that arrival a while ago, "where *is* Mrs. MacGregor, and when is she coming? Our housekeeping is in that state of perfection now that I am anxious for a distinguished guest."

"That reminds me," beginning to rummage his pockets, "I had a letter from the old lady to-day."

"Registered?"

"No, you mercenary creature; there was no inclosure. It was only to say that we were not to expect her at present; she was detained by a matter of business, and would not make her appearance till after Christmas."

"Well, dear, we are very comfortable without her," I replied, with happy indifference. And Augustus rejoined promptly:

"No doubt of that. In fact, we are more comfortable, probably, than we shall be with her. But the ultimate considerations, madam, the golden possibilities—"

"Oh, yes! let us take care of the golden possibilities by all means," I laughed. "We'll welcome Mrs. MacGregor when she comes, Augustus, never fear; and perhaps she'll be an agreeable surprise as well as an ultimate consideration."

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When I went up to the nursery, where Margaret sat in the warm firelight with baby in her arms, I

repeated to her some part of our conversation. She laughed, the low, mellow laugh that was peculiar to her and very pleasant to hear, when I told her that Augustus said she was not canny.

"That is like the old country; one doesn't hear such words here," she said. "And is he so used to having his substance wasted, poor man, that he thinks an honest servant must be a witch? Aweel! it was high time I came to look after the pair of ye."

"Indeed, it was, Margaret; and, since you came, I shall never let you go. You will have to stay, and keep on looking after the pair of us always."

She looked pleased.

"I wonder will you say that by-and-by?" she asked.

"Why not? I shall always say it, unless you give me reason to change my good opinion of you. And I don't expect you to do that."

"But I might," she said, smiling. "There's no being certain about people in this world, and you've only known me for a month. How can you tell that I'll no do some awful thing, and make you repent for putting your trust in me?"

"I'll take the chances, Margaret."

"Will you do that?" she asked, with an eager, upward glance at me. "Do you think so well of me that you're not afraid for anything?"

"Just so well, and better, too," I answered, unhesitatingly. "I am not only not afraid for anything, but I am sure of everything where you are concerned, Margaret. It is not in you to be anything else but good and true—I felt that from the first, and I never shall feel differently, I know."

She laughed softly, and her eyes sparkled in the dancing firelight.

"It's no wise, maybe, for you to say, but it's pleasant for me to hear," she said. "It shows the warm heart, but"—with a prudent shake of her head—"it's no wise to talk so to servants. Nine out of ten would take advantage of it."

"Nine out of ten would never have the opportunity. You are not like a servant to me, Margaret."

"Eh? What like am I, then?" she asked, quickly, with a startled look.

"Like a friend—like some one who belongs to me; and I wish you really did," I answered, out of the fullness of my heart, and without remembering or caring for the social distance between us. There was nothing in her to make me remember it at any time; and as I looked at her now with my baby in her arms, and her comely, kindly face bright with intelligence and sympathetic feeling, I truly wished, as I said, that she belonged to me, so that I might never miss the comfortable presence at my fireside.

"Do you mean all you are saying?" she asked, gravely, her eyes searching mine with an earnest questioning.

I met the gaze frankly.

"Yes, I do, Margaret. Why shouldn't I tell you honestly—if you do happen to be my servant—what I think of you? It might not answer for some, but it will not spoil you!"

"Aweel! aweel!" she returned, thoughtfully; "we follow blind paths, and, whiles, they lead us to the light. I shall tell you, Mrs. Donaldson, that I was sore in doubt when I first came to your door. My mind misgave me that it was a foolish thing I was set to do, and would end, maybe, in no good. But now I see my way clear."

"Why were you in doubt when you came?" I asked, curiously. "And how did you happen to come, Margaret? You have never told me that."

"Didn't you advertise for a servant?" she asked, laughing.

"Yes; but you did not apply at first."

"So I didn't; but I was living not far away, and I heard through an Irish girl in the house what trouble you were having. Then I asked myself was it the fault of the girl, or the mistress, or whose, that you could no be suited; and I took it upon me to try for the place and satisfy my mind. It was a risk, you see, for how could I tell what manner of woman you might be? And, to come to you, I gave up a home that was well enough in its way."

"I wonder they let you go?" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"There was none to say me nay," she answered, gravely. "I was living my lane when I came to you. And there's no reason why—since you're wishing I belonged to you—that I shouldn't live with you till the end of my days."

"Then it's a bargain!" I cried, gayly. "You promise never to leave me—"

"Till you tell me to go," she interrupted. "And you're free to do that whenever you think fit, remember. I'll not hold you bound to a bargain that may be to your interest to break some day."

"Very good. When I tell you to go, Margaret, it will be for reasons that are never likely to exist, so we need not anticipate them. The compact is made—shake hands upon it."

She held out her hand promptly—a large, shapely, well-kept hand, with the neatest of finger-nails, and with a soft, warm palm that met mine in hearty clasp. I had never shaken hands with her before, and the grasp of her firm fingers was a fresh inspiration. I felt in it an assurance of good not easily to be obtained, nor lightly to be parted with.

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Within a short time this was an assurance fully realized. I was taken ill, suddenly and violently. After a season of bitterly cold and stormy weather came a "January thaw;" and tempted by the sunshine, I took too long a walk one day, got my boots wet through and through with melting snow, and in less than twenty-four hours found myself in the clutch of rheumatic fever; so comprehending, experimentally, what the rack and screw of the Inquisition might have meant. To complicate things, in the height of my illness baby was attacked with diphtheria; and Augustus, who had been abjectly miserable at the sight of my sufferings, advanced rapidly to a state of lunacy when the little precious life that so rounded our own was threatened.

The child was so very ill from the first that there

were grave fears about him. And I, lying on my bed of torture, unable to stir hand or foot without unspeakable agony, could do nothing for him—might not even see him! I do not know how I could have borne the wretched anxiety without Margaret; but she rose to the situation with the same tact and skill that had untangled the household snarl. She was two or three women in one, and contrived to be—in a moral sense, at least—in two or three places at one time. The whole care of baby, night and day, she took upon herself, and gave me, besides, the most efficient nursing that I had. The "professional," sent by the doctor, was a hard-featured, unsympathetic machine, who administered pills and draughts with clock-work fidelity, but handled me with such a machine-like grip that I screamed whenever she touched me.

So Margaret, who had established herself in the nursery adjoining, came to the rescue, and lifted and turned me at my need, with strong arms and tender yet firm hands, that found instinctively the right place, and seemed to have magnetic healing in their very touch. I found nothing so soothing to my tortured nerves as the movements of those pliant hands: they bathed my feverish forehead, they rubbed my aching limbs, they settled my pillows just where I wanted them—all without a single teasing question, and with a deft precision that made everything done by another seem bungling and futile in comparison.

When she ate, or slept, or rested herself, or how she kept up the strength and the cheery bright spirit which sustained us all, God knows! She managed it somehow, and the household wheels ran smoothly, too. She found a girl to take her place in the kitchen, and Augustus had his breakfasts and dinners comfortably served. She raised his spirits and redeemed him from utter imbecility by inventing errands for him, and making him fancy himself useful. He fairly hung upon her looks and words, and took courage from her courage in the wretchedest days. "There never was such a woman!" he affirmed to me afterward, with his favorite expletive. "The doctors drove me wild with their long faces, but she put new life into me. She was a soothing-sirup, she was a strengthening plaster, she was an embodied balm of Gilead! By George, I believe I should have done something terribly idiotic if she had not been here to keep me straight!"

"You did plenty of idiotic things as it was," I answered him, consolingly. "It's a mercy Margaret *was* here, if you had it in you to do anything worse."

There was one time—only one—when she broke down. This was after a day and night of awful suspense, when baby's little life seemed to float on a breath, and there was no telling which way it would be blown. They kept the knowledge of his condition from me; Margaret passed in and out as usual, and met my anxious eyes always with a smile of hope and cheer, and a reassuring word that must have cost her I know not what effort. She loved the child as if he had been her own, and she thought he was dying; but she would not spoil the chance of a restful night for me by letting me suspect his danger.

So, while I slept—and that night I did sleep in painless rest, the first I had known for many days and nights—she watched the little, flickering flame of life in the next room; and, by her prayers, and her yearning love, and her ceaseless, tender ministry, she kept it, I have never had a doubt, from going out entirely. When she came to me some time in the morning, to turn my pillows and make me comfortable, as no one else could, I was struck with the wan look in her face.

"Margaret! How is my baby? Is he worse?" I cried, my first selfish thought being for him, not for her.

"No, he is better—the precious lamb!"

Her voice broke into a sob as she answered me; she tried to control herself, but failed utterly; and amazed and terrified me by dropping on her knees by the bed, and bursting into hysterical crying. I was sure, for the moment, that the baby was dead, or dying, and began to cry convulsively myself; whereupon Margaret made haste to dry her tears, and reassure me. "It was just a bit nervousness," she declared, "and she was sore ashamed for frighting me so. How could she forget herself like that? The baby, the wee bit precious bairnie, was no like to die, God bless him! I should see him for my ain self before long, with his bonnie wee face blooming like a rose."

It was not till a good while afterward that I learned how narrowly I had escaped the bitter bereavement, and how largely I owed it to her that the little rose-bud face ever bloomed again for me. We both, however, took a start for recovery from that time; and in something less than a week I was well enough to send the "professional" about her business, and to sit up in an easy-chair before the fire, while baby lay in his cradle within reach of my hand, and Margaret sat opposite, watching us both with motherly satisfaction.

Augustus, by this time, had returned to a normal condition. Wife and baby convalescent, the world began to go round again, and matters of business, to which he had been wildly indifferent, regained their importance. He went to his office regularly, as of old, and Margaret, and I, and baby, spent our days in the warm, cheery upper rooms, and took comfort in each other. There is nothing pleasanter, you know, than the getting-well period, when one is not hurried to get well too fast. I could do it leisurely, for I had no cares to distract me. The new servant, under Margaret's training, was perfectly satisfactory; and, for everything else—well, it was enough that Margaret was there. The days were stormy and bleak without; wild winds rattled the casements, snow-storms whirled through the air, sleet and rain beat their sharp tattoo against the windows. But within fires burned brightly, and thick curtains kept away draughts; and there were freshly-blown flowers always on my table, and the contrasted colors of apples, and oranges, and grapes, in my fruit-basket, and some dainty dish to tempt my

appetite always ready at my desire. When I wanted occupation, the new book or magazine, or the bit of fancy-work that would just suit languid fingers, lay within reach. Margaret knew what I wanted, and when I wanted it, by the instinct of affection; and, when I was weary of everything else, she knew how to brighten the dull hour with "bits of talk" that amused, and interested, and touched me. She had a fund of old-country anecdote and reminiscence, and she made me laugh and cry by turns with her stories of people and places that I only knew through her clever descriptions. Of herself she would never say much, or of her own personal history; but once she gave me a glimpse at her sacred things.

The baby was on her lap, as usual. He was always there whenever she sat down for more than a minute, and was never so happy or quiet anywhere else. He had been peevish and restless till she took him, but now he lay at ease on her broad lap, and smiled—the little wan smile that is so pathetic in a sick child—as she told over his face the immemorial rhymes:

"Brow, brow brinkie;
Eye, eye winkie;
Nose, nose merry;
Cheek, cheek cherry;
Mouth, mouth hopper;
Chin, chin chopper!"

Her lips reflected the smile on his as she bent over him, and her eyes shone with such loving tenderness that I cried out, involuntarily:

"How you love him, Margaret! You look at him as mothers look at their babies!"

"Who would not love him, the wee white lammie?" she answered, softly, stooping to kiss the little fair forehead. "As for mothers' looks, I learned the trick long ago. You didna ken, maybe"—dropping into the quaint Scotch speech that she only used in tender moments—"that I was ance a mither myself?"

"No, Margaret; how should I, when you never told me? I've wondered sometimes how you learned to understand a baby so well."

"It was not a thing to mention in a common way," she said. "To some folk it would be like casting pearls before swine."

"But not to me? You'll tell me about it, Margaret?" I cried, eagerly. "When you love my baby so, you know what I would feel about yours!"

"There is no much to tell. The Lord gave, and the Lord took away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" she said, firmly. "But he was a bonnie bairn" (her voice softening into wistful tenderness, and her fingers playing unconsciously with the silky rings of hair on baby's forehead). "He had great blue een that had aye the far-away look, as well as the color of the skies, and the smile in his face was like the sunshine of an April day. That doesna last, ye ken; it went out on a sudden, and left the world in darkness for me. The Lord's will be done!"

"O Margaret, come closer to me!"

I stretched out my hands to her, I put my arms around her neck as she moved to me. My heart was full of yearning pity and tenderness, for I saw how it was all fresh in her soul, as if it had happened yesterday—the joy and the pain, the love and loss. And she nursed my baby on her knees as kindly, as patiently, as if she had never lost her own!

There had been before this but a slight remembrance of relative position between us, and afterward I think we both forgot it entirely. In the tender, intimate talk that followed, there was a revealing of delicate sympathies, of intelligence, and of feeling, that charmed me; there was a sweetness of submission to sorrows whose edge time could never dull, and a fervor of Christian faith and hope that at once shamed and inspired me. Without knowing, or indeed caring to know—for petty doubts and suspicions were somehow impossible in her atmosphere—anything about her actual history, I recognized a rare nature in her, blending strength and sweetness beyond the common. What did it matter that she called herself my servant? I felt as a child in wisdom beside her, and I knew by many an unconscious sign rather than by spoken words that she loved me tenderly. It was good for us to be together, and I did not trouble myself about the past or the future.

Augustus was equally contented. We were both of us rather dense in our incurious satisfaction, but we were startled out of it before long. He came home one evening looking worried and perplexed, and making no effort to conceal the fact. I was down-stairs by this time, having convalesced to the point of presiding at the dinner-table, though I was not yet equal to an appearance at breakfast. He seated himself opposite me, after a glance around the room as if to see that no one else was there, and stared moodily into the fire for five minutes. I watched him in silence for a while, then essayed a question or two: Was he ill? Had anything gone amiss?

He answered by asking abruptly:

"Where's Margaret?"

"In the nursery, with baby. Don't you hear her singing?"

There was a register in the wall for the hot-air pipe, and a corresponding one in the nursery directly above; when both were open sound was transmitted easily, and we could hear quite clearly now the sweet, distant strain:

"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon!"

Augustus listened intently for a minute, then he sprang to his feet and began to walk to and fro in a strange excitement.

"What is it," he said, "that stirs me up so when I hear that old song? It goes away down to the depths of things. It makes me want to cry. By George! if I wasn't so angry I believe I should!"

"Why are you angry? What is it that has vexed you, Augustus? Why don't you tell me?"

"Oh, I'll tell you—of course I'll tell you!" he exclaimed, irritably. "There's nothing else to be

done, confound it! I've had another letter from Mrs. MacGregor."

"Well, what is that to fret you?" I asked, wondering. "It is to say she's coming, I suppose, and we can have her now as well as not. I am almost well, you see; and baby—"

"Oh, *baby*, and you! What has that got to do with it?" he interrupted, impatiently. "You don't understand—how should you? Job and Jeremiah, and all the rest of the prophets of evil," said Augustus, getting a little mixed in his excitement, "could never have foreseen such a complication. What ever possessed me to mention Margaret's name to her, I don't know! But there—read the letter yourself. It's no use talking."

He tossed it into my lap, and I took it up and opened it in blank bewilderment. What could Margaret have to do with Mrs. MacGregor? There was something inside the folded sheet that felt crisp to my fingers, and I cried out in utter amazement as I recognized another Bank-of-England note—not for fifty, but a hundred pounds!

"Why, Augustus!" I almost screamed.

"Oh, yes, *Augustus!*" he repeated, with an imbecile sneer. "Go on, and read the letter, and never mind that trash. Put it in the fire if you like."

I looked at him with dilated eyes; had he gone crazy? But he growled at me:

"Read the letter, I say! Why don't you read the letter?" And I obeyed him meekly.

It was not a long letter, Mrs. MacGregor's never were; but it was comprehensive and positive.

"I am pleased to learn," she wrote, with pious formality, "that the Lord hath been gracious and merciful in his recent visitation, whereby, if such had been his will, your house might have been left desolate to you. Praise and thanksgiving be to him who has delivered your precious ones from the hands of the destroyer! I rejoice with you in your joy, and grieve to be the means of bringing you, in my own person, a cause of annoyance. You mention, in terms of gratitude and admiration, a member of your household, Margaret Campbell by name, and conclude, not without reason, I allow, that I shall take pleasure in finding a countrywoman of my own to greet me when I come to abide under your roof. It is a natural supposition, and I am loath to go against it, since you seem to set store by this person. But, as it happens, I am well acquainted with Margaret Campbell, and, for reasons that can better be explained by word of mouth, I desire not to meet her. I may say, in fact, that I cannot and will not meet her, under any circumstances whatever; and knowing this my determination, I take it for granted that you will make arrangements for removing her before my arrival. She holds, as I understand, but a servant's place in your family; it cannot, therefore, be difficult for you to decide betwixt her and me. In case that she should feel herself wronged or disappointed by hasty dismissal, I inclose a sum of money for you to use at your discretion in allaying her sense of injury. The wrongs of servants, for the most part, can be compensated with money; and Margaret Campbell—who is a sensible woman, whatever my private grudge against her may be—will doubtless make no difficulty about leaving. I have paid my passage in the Scotia, which sails on the 25th, and, Providence permitting, shall hope to see you in two or three days after you receive this letter."

I dropped it when I had read so far; there were a few lines more that Augustus called my attention to afterward, which intimated that a consideration for her wishes in this matter would not be thrown away. She would understand how to reward it. But the letter and the bank-note dropped to the floor together, with the sudden start I made when I read that she was coming "within two or three days." This made the thing immediate and tangible, and stirred me up to fierce revolt.

"I will never send Margaret away, never! Not for a thousand Mrs. MacGregors!" I cried, hotly. "She may go back on the Scotia, or any other steamer that will carry such a piece of purse-proud arrogance! How dare she dictate to us? And to speak of Margaret—*Margaret!* in that scornful way! Augustus, you will not submit to it—you cannot!" I cried, appealing to him with my face on fire, and my heart beating so fast that it choked me.

"No! I'll be—if I do!" Augustus came out, roundly, with a most unusual oath, and I am ashamed to confess that it did not shock me. It seemed to suit the occasion. "I'll see Mrs. MacGregor in Jericho, and her money, too, before I'll insult the woman who has nursed you and baby through such an illness!" he said. "Why, there were three nights that she never slept at all; and Elliott and Warner both said that, if she had not watched the child so faithfully, he would have slipped through their fingers in spite of medicine. What has Mrs. MacGregor done for him, or for you, or me, or any of us?" he asked, angrily.

"She was kind to you when you were a boy, Augustus—you've told me that. And perhaps she only means to be kind now," I said, making an effort not to do her injustice. "She doesn't understand what Margaret is to us, but we do, and it would be shame to us if we could be persuaded to put a slight on her. The idea of money making up for a wrong to Margaret! She's not the woman I take her for if she would touch Mrs. MacGregor's money!"

"It's a dreadfully embarrassing thing, though," said Augustus, picking up the bank-note mechanically, and folding it into the letter. "If there was time enough to write, one would know what to say—but—"

"You might telegraph," I suggested, brilliantly.

"Oh, certainly! To a ship in mid-ocean."

My face burned.

"What a goose I am, Augustus!"

"I don't contradict you, my dear," he replied, politely. And then silence fell between us, but thought was busy. The first flash of excitement over, we viewed the thing in its many-sided per-

plexity, and troublesome questions obtruded themselves. What did we know of Margaret Campbell, after all? Absolutely nothing beyond the life she had lived in our sight for three months back; and, spotless as that had been, was it enough to make us turn a deaf ear to one who had known her past? Mrs. MacGregor was a Christian woman; we had no reason to doubt her piety and respectability. Was it likely that she would take such an ungracious position to anybody without good reason? What did she know of Margaret that she refused to come under one roof with her?

"She makes no charge against her," I exclaimed, presently, thinking aloud. "She never says that Margaret has done anything wrong. It is only that she does not choose to see her. I believe it's a mere matter of prejudice."

"Did Margaret ever tell you that she knew Mrs. MacGregor?" asked Augustus, thoughtfully.

"No; I never suspected such a thing."

"And yet she knew that you expected the visit. I've heard you planning Scotch dishes with her, in anticipation of it."

"Yes. It's very queer," I said. "But, after all, Augustus, we have had too many reasons to think well of Margaret, haven't we, for us to be willing to think ill now on any ground that admits of a doubt?"

"But doubt, in a matter that holds such issues, is inadmissible," he replied. "If we conclude to give up Mrs. MacGregor, and all that might be expected from her, for it's no use ignoring any of the considerations," said Augustus, practically—"if we do this for Margaret's sake, we must make sure," he added, impressively, "that Margaret is worthy of the sacrifice."

"The sacrifice would be to give up Margaret," I cried, with a sudden clear vision of the household loss and emptiness that her absence would inevitably create. "Oh, my dear, think of what she has been to us, of what we suffered before she came, of all her loving, patient care of baby and me, of how she even kept up *your* courage in those dismal days! I don't care what Mrs. MacGregor says, or anybody else; I don't even care what Margaret may have been in any past time; I know what she is now, and I will not part with her. I give you fair warning, Augustus, I will not part with her, not for all the fortunes in the world!"

I stopped, out of breath, panting with excitement, and Augustus leaned across and took my hands in his.

"Is that your conclusion?" he said, with a flash in his eyes. "Well, it's mine, too, madam, and Mrs. MacGregor may go to—Joppa, or any other convenient seaport, unless she consents to take our household as she finds it. We'll make no change for her!"

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An hour or two later I lay on the couch in the nursery, trying to quiet my nerves, that still thrilled to the unwonted excitement. Baby slept in his crib serenely; the silence soothed my throbbing pulses; the soft, firelit gloom was grateful to my eyes. Some one came in presently with a light step that did not disturb me.

"Are you asleep, Mrs. Donaldson?" Margaret asked, standing silently by the couch for a minute before she spoke.

"No, Margaret—only resting. Sit down by me."

She seated herself on a low chair, that brought her face on a level with mine, and took my hand in hers.

"You have been tiring yourself," she said. "Your hand is hot, your cheeks are flushed."

"I have heard some news that startled me," I answered. "Mrs. MacGregor writes that she is coming directly, in a day or two."

"And is that ill news?" she asked, quietly. "I thought you were counting on her visit."

"I was, a while ago. But now I wish I had never heard of Mrs. MacGregor."

"What has she done, puir woman?"

A smile quivered on Margaret's lips; a mirthful flash shot from her eyes as she asked the question. I looked at her in surprise.

"You would not laugh if you knew, Margaret!"

"And suppose I do know?" the smile growing brighter. "What if I heard all the talk betwixt you and your husband down-stairs to-night?"

"Were you listening?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Margaret, I would not have believed that of you."

"How could I help myself?" she asked, laughing softly, but without the least embarrassment. "If you set sounding-pipes in the walls of your house, how can one choose but listen? I was singing the baby to sleep—you heard me, I'm thinking—and then, when he lay quiet in my arms, the voices came up to my ear. I did not go out of my way to hear what ye were discoursing about; and I heard naught that was any discredit to you or me; except that ye showed but little worldly wisdom, the pair of ye."

I listened to her cool, unconcerned speech with blank astonishment. Was this her way of taking a thing that had stirred all the blood in my veins to fiery heat?

She laughed again, at my round-eyed wonder, I suppose. Her laugh, as I have told you, had an irresistible sweetness in it; a sudden gleam of firelight showed her face lit up with genial merriment. The sight and the sound thrilled me with an indescribable feeling.

"Margaret!" I cried out, joyfully—"Margaret! you would not look so, you would not laugh like that, if you had done anything wrong. Why is it that Mrs. MacGregor wants you sent away?"

"How can I tell? Because she is jealous, maybe, and wants your liking for herself. It would be wise of you to give it to her. She has land and siller, and none but distant kinfolk to heir them. You're no sensible to go against her will."

"Not if she asks things out of all reason and justice? Shall I go against my own conscience for the sake of her 'land and siller,' Margaret?"

"That's no for me to say, my dear. Some folk would fit their conscience to the occasion."

"But you, Margaret—would *you* do so? And what would you think of me if I were to forget—O Margaret, what's the use of arguing such a question?" I broke off, impatiently. "You heard what we said, my husband and I, and we mean to abide by it. Mrs. MacGregor may do as she likes; we'll make her welcome if she chooses to stay, but we'll not part with you to please her."

"You're foolish children, the pair of ye!" she said, trying to speak lightly; but her voice trembled, and her eyes glistened. "Any prudent-minded body would speir at me," she went on, "and no rest satisfied till all my goings and comings from the time I was born were brought to the light. What right have you to take me on trust to your own hurt?"

"We haven't found it to our hurt so far, Margaret."

"But there's no telling when you may. You're foolish children," she repeated, "and I see how it is; I shall have to take the matter in my own hands. You shall no lose a good friend for my sake."

"Does that mean that you'll go away when Mrs. MacGregor comes?" I asked, alarmed. But she would not tell me; and I "speired at her" in vain for her intentions. She only laughed, and said that as I had begun by taking her on trust, I must "gang the same gait to the journey's end." I was no wiser than before concerning her relations with Mrs. MacGregor; but I went to sleep with a restful faith that she would make everything right when the time came.

It was the third day after that, that the Scotia's arrival was announced. Augustus sent me a message at noon:

"Steamer just in. Am on my way to meet Mrs. MacG. Keep up your courage."

My courage instantly dwindled to a vanishing-point. Hurrying into the nursery I called for Margaret in a flutter of nervous excitement, but there was no response. Margaret was not in the nursery, nor in the dining-room, nor in the kitchen, nor in any of the upper chambers; Margaret was nowhere in the house. I ran up and down, from room to room, in vain search of her. "It is not possible!" I said to myself in fierce denial of the fear that appalled me. "She could not do it, she would not do it!"

But, alas for mistaken faith! she had done it nevertheless. Baby, roused from his slumber by my running to and fro, cried to be taken up. I lifted him from his crib; something scratched my hand as I did so—a bit of paper pinned to his sleeve! It told its story, unread, and for a moment the room spun round me in the sudden dizzy sickness of heart and brain. When at length I unfastened and read the note, my worst fears were confirmed. Margaret had left me, with three lines by way of farewell.

She could not stop to meet Mrs. MacGregor, she wrote, and she could not look me in the face to say good-by. But I was never to think that she could forget; life was sweeter to her for knowing me, and it was only for my good that she went away.

I could not realize the good at first, I confess. The surprise, the sense of loss and desertion, were overwhelming; and the thing that I realized most keenly was my utter helplessness without Margaret. How should I adapt myself to circumstances in which her tact, and tenderness, and ability, no longer stood between me and annoyance? How should I order the household fitly for a guest, in my weakness, and with my delicate baby in my arms? How could Margaret—that was the sorest thought of all—how could Margaret, who knew my need of her, leave me so unprepared?

The hours went by like the hours in a dream. I took no account of the time, I made no preparation for receiving the long-expected guest. Barbara, the German girl that Margaret had employed, brought up my luncheon on a tray, and asked, "Would Mrs. Campbell be in presently?" She had been given to understand when she came that Margaret was not to be addressed as her equal, but respectfully as one of the family; and she had conducted herself accordingly.

I told her, vaguely, that Mrs. Campbell was out, and I did not know how soon she would come back. So she set down her tray and departed, and I rocked to and fro, with baby in my arms and dull misery in my heart, for an unreckoned time. It was in vain that I summoned pride to my aid, and tried to shame myself for feeling crushed by such a blow. I could not make myself indifferent with the reminder that it was only a servant who had forsaken me, for this had been a servant in no sordid sense. It was a friend, an equal, an intimate daily companion whose affection had grown dear to me, and whose service of love could be replaced by no hireling hands.

"I trusted you, Margaret!" I cried out in the bitterness of my disappointment, "and you have betrayed me!"

It seemed no less than betrayal of my love and my confidence, that she should leave me thus, secretly, and suddenly, and irrevocably. I brooded over it with a morbid sense of wrong that included Mrs. MacGregor, only in a worse condemnation. "If she had not thrust herself into our affairs, none of this would have happened," I thought, sullenly; and, to my shame be it written, I vented my ill-will to her in spiteful wishes much too childish and unreasonable to be repeated.

A man's step on the stair startled me by-and-by, and I sprang up in a sort of fright as the door of my room was opened. It was only Augustus, however, who came in with a rather puzzled and flurried manner.

"Has Mrs. MacGregor come?" he asked, hastily, looking round the room.

"How should I know? I thought you were to bring her," I retorted, not very graciously.

"I thought so myself, but I've missed it somehow or other. I don't know how it happened that she got the start of me. I had a carriage waiting

for her," said Augustus, excitedly, "and was looking everywhere to find her. I supposed, of course, that she'd wait in her state-room—how was I to know her in a crowd? But she didn't, and the Lord knows where she is now—*I* don't!"

"Perhaps she never came!" I exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes, she did. I spoke to the captain, and he said it was all right; she had gone on ahead. I suppose she wasn't sure about my coming to meet her, and she had the direction, so she didn't wait. It's queer, though; she ought to have got here by now."

"Hark! Is not that a carriage at the door?"

I heard the sudden trampling of hoofs and the stoppage of wheels as he spoke. Augustus ran to the window.

"There she is, by George! I'll go down and receive her," he said, hurriedly. "You'll follow me, of course? We've got to be polite, you know."

I made him no answer; he did not wait for one. From the seat in my own room, out of which I did not stir, I heard the opening of doors, the murmur of voices, the rustle of a woman's garments, and lastly the rumble of wheels as the carriage rolled away again. "It is she, then," I thought, bitterly. "She has come at last, the important person!—and for her coming my Margaret had to go."

I heard Augustus's voice calling me at the foot of the stairs, "Dora, are you coming down?" But I did not answer, I did not stir. Why should I go down to welcome Mrs. MacGregor? I had no welcome in my heart for her. Barbara came up presently.

"Mr. Donaldson sent me to tell you, ma'am, that the lady is in the parlor—the lady you've been expecting."

"Very well, Barbara." But still I made no motion to go.

"Shall I stay with the baby, ma'am?" she asked, curiously.

"No; he will not cry. You needn't wait, Barbara."

The girl went away, and I kept my seat stolidly. What I intended to do was not clear to myself. I had no distinct intention, only to put off as long as possible a hateful necessity. While I waited, putting it off, the rustling garments were heard on the stairs; quick feet came along the passage, entered at my door, stopped beside my chair.

"If you will not come to Mrs. MacGregor, Mrs. MacGregor must come to you," said a laughing voice, with a mellow sweetness of intonation that was so dear and familiar to my ear. "Mrs. Donaldson, have you no greeting for the stranger in your gates? The bonnie bairn has, at any rate—God bless him!"

The baby in his cradle had given a crow of joyful recognition; his little arms were stretched out, his feet kicking in impatient delight. Mrs. MacGregor swooped down upon him with an answering cry, and snatched him to her bosom, her velvet bonnet with its sweeping plumes falling backward, her India shawl dropping from her shoulders. "The bairn knows me, the bairn bids me welcome!" she cried, in a little storm of mingled laughter and tears. And she kissed him from head to foot, while I—with eyes to see, at last—screamed aloud:

"Margaret! my Margaret!"

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It was truly Margaret, and no less truly Mrs. MacGregor, as the quick-witted reader has doubtless discovered much more readily than Augustus and I did. It took us long to understand it, in spite of the evidence of our own eyes; and a hundred questions were asked and answered with happy incoherence, a hundred little outbursts—wondering, reproachful, ecstatic, explanatory—given utterance to, before the dual identity was fully established, and "Margaret" accepted in her new character. I should be laughed at if I were to repeat all the "fond and foolish" things that were said among us in that extravagant hour. But nothing seemed foolish to us; the relief, the satisfaction, was complete. Mrs. MacGregor was no longer a bugbear—she was Margaret! That is to say, she was the presiding genius of comfort and peace, a veritable household fairy come to take up her dwelling with us from this time forth and forever.

On her part there was an equal sense of gain, for we had been tried and proved, and not found wanting.

"If you had known what it was to be sought for money's sake, and courted and flattered for what you had to give away, you would not wonder or be wroth with me for putting you to the test," she said, wistfully. "I was a lonely woman, and my heart craved affection and sweet sympathy; but the folk that were about me, they did not understand—they could not see *me*, for the siller that was behind me."

"But what possessed you," Augustus asked, bluntly, "to make a servant of yourself? By George! when I think of having let you cook my dinners and light my fires, it makes me blush," he cried, with a mounting color that was not unbecoming to his manly visage.

"You paid me my wage," she answered, laughing, "and treated me well—better than I treated you. It was a sorry trick, after all, to tempt you to go against natural feelings for the sake of gain. I had no right to set a trap for you to fall into, and I was sore afraid, and repented me, when it was too late to get back the written word."

"But how did you find out what I had written about Margaret? That's a mystery to me still," said Augustus.

"By witchcraft, maybe. Didna ye say once I was no canny?" she retorted, merrily. "There was a day—have you forgotten it, quite?—when you fairly drove me out, between you, to take an airing; and for an object, as you said, you gave me your letters to mail. Weel, there was one addressed to Mrs. MacGregor, and I thought why should I waste time and money to send it across the Atlantic when I might read it on the spot? It was a foolish letter, all full of the great things *Margaret* had done—that

were no worth the mentioning, after all—and naturally, you see, it made Mrs. MacGregor jealous. So then she was tempted to try what value you put upon Margaret; and it would have served her right if her vanity and self-conceit had been mortified," continued Mrs. MacGregor, with glowing cheeks. "But they were so fed and flattered that she can't be sorry for her wickedness. The Lord forgive me!"

"Amen, for you need forgiveness!" replied Augustus, promptly. "To think of a respectable woman of your years, and your pious bringing up, ma'am; to think of *you*, after all your kirk and catechism, weaving such a tangled web as this! Sailing under false colors! Setting traps to lure your innocent young relatives to their own destruction! Mrs. MacGregor, I am ashamed of you," he concluded, solemnly.

But Mrs. MacGregor did not sink under the sense of shame. She put her arms around Augustus's neck and kissed him, as she had kissed the bonnie boy who had devoured her gingerbread and bannocks many a year ago. He gave her back the kiss with interest, and the baby laughed and crowed—it was all capital fun for him; and Barbara came up by-and-by, big-eyed and wondering, for the sense of mystery and excitement had penetrated even her stolid German brain, to ask would Mrs. Campbell be in presently, and what would she do about dinner?

So "Mrs. Campbell" descended to the realities of life.

"It must be a batter-pudding to-night, Barbara," she said, laughing at the girl's bewilderment. "I'll be down directly and see about the sauce."

And she put by the handsome bonnet and shawl, and tied an ample white apron over her rich silk dress, and was Margaret again—Margaret with a difference that made no troublesome change to any of us, unless it might be to Barbara. To this day she wonders what became of the lady who came in a carriage, and is incapable of comprehending the mystery of two in one. But she does not ponder over it to the detriment of her cookery, which is excellent. And for the rest, the "sweetness and light" that entered our home with Margaret dwell there still, a permanent possession in Mrs. MacGregor.

"THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

THOSE whirlwinds of conquest that swept the earth for centuries before the hordes of Genghis Khan and his successors left no more gigantic and imperishable result than the enthronement of the religion of Nirvâna. In the time of the Indian saint Gautama Buddha, in the sixth century before Christ, the spirit of God was brooding over the world, and everywhere the hearts of men were stretching out for a purer life, for a deeper knowledge of the Infinite. It was an age of reformers. Lao-Tsze in China, and Thales in the far West, had gone but a little before; while contemporary with Buddha were Confucius and Pythagoras. Following him came Xenophanes, the Eleatic school, and Heraclitus.

Buddha was the first preacher that had ever appeared in India. The novelty drew vast throngs to witness this king's son turn the wheel of the law; but his doctrine involved the overthrow of all existing sentiments and customs. It was the doctrine of universal equality, of self-abnegation, of pure and righteous living; and it gained but slowly in his lifetime. The early Buddhists give the number of those converted directly by the master as only twelve hundred and fifty. But the lofty beauty of his life and teachings sunk deep into the hearts of men groping in Cimmerian darkness, and the divine in them rose eagerly to greet it as it knocked at their doors for entrance. It soon began to supplant Brahmanism on its own soil—a religion already old, with its pristine purity hidden by tyrannical ceremonials. Early in the fourth century before Christ Buddhist missionaries had spread through Cashmere, across the Himalayas to Thibet, beyond the Great Wall into China, and were seeking the palm-groves of Farther India and Ceylon. The new religion found its poets, who clothed its high ideal in charming numbers. These gave it a power beyond that of the preacher's words. The Oriental heart is ever open to song. As early as A. D. 65, in the reign of the Emperor Ming-ti, it was publicly recognized as third among the state religions of China.

Like Christianity, Buddhism made its great conquests in a soil foreign to its birth. From India, its native country, it was finally expelled by its ancient foe, the religion of Brahma, in the eleventh or twelfth century after Christ; and to-day not a Buddhist can be found in all Hindostan. But it obtained a lasting seat in Thibet as early as the seventh century; and there to-day it sits, enthroned in a lofty grandeur, beside which all other earthly courts are poor.

The new religion taught immortality and the transmigration of souls. Whenever the body that held Buddha should perish he entered the world again as a young child. His soul was able to send divine sparks from its undying flame into many bodies; and thus a priesthood arose among the Buddhists. Buddha himself reappeared in Thibet, and here, then, was found the sacred territory. But, notwithstanding its progress in previous centuries, the glory of Buddhism began with the Mongol invasion. In the thirteenth century the wild millions of Mongolia overran the world. When they burst the mountain-bars of Thibet, and poured down into that lovely paradise, they were met by a force against which their blood-washed swords were powerless. A Buddhist priest, Thsong-kha-pa, who had revived the purest elements of primitive Buddhism, faced them unarmed, save with the spiritual weapons of

his lofty faith. Beneath his preaching the savage hearts were swayed like leaves in the wind. He converted the Mongols by myriads. Their old religion had been Shamanic. They believed in Tegri, "the sky-god," in demons, and in the souls of their ancestors. Now they accepted the purer doctrine, yet clinging to parts of their baser faith. Genghis Khan himself despised all religions, and so did his sons. But, after the Mongol Empire was divided, Kublai Khan, grandson of Genghis, and conqueror of China, embraced the Buddhist religion, and subjected Thibet to Buddhist rule. In 1193 he proclaimed that Buddha himself, in his entirety, had reappeared in the form of Thsong-kha-pa, and he raised that monk to the position of supreme pontiff, giving him the illustrious title of Dalai-Lama, "the priest who resembles the ocean in greatness of mind." This monk, then, is the father of the Catholic Church of Central Asia. He was the first pope of the "yellow-hat" Lamas. He was venerated as the first perfect incarnation of Buddha, which has perpetually renewed itself by transmigration, and will continue so to do in an endless succession of "oceans of sanctity." From that day to this, each Dalai-Lama has been, while living, "the greatest man in the world."

The Dalai-Lama (Huc says it should be *Talé*-Lama) was enthroned by the Mongol conqueror at Lha-Ssa, or "god-land." Besides his spiritual empire, which had now become vast, he was given all Thibet as a temporal kingdom, thus forming the second step of a parallel between himself and the Pope of Rome, which can be carried out through a wonderful minuteness of detail. In addition to the Dalai-Lama, Buddhism has another pope, Pan-chhen, the Bogdo of Southern Thibet. Each of the two is incarnated Buddha, and they are equal in sanctity. But the Dalai-Lama is far superior in power.

Lamaism, or what might be called the ultramontanism of the Buddhist religion, now became triumphant in the church. It is Buddhism itself, with a mixture of Sivâism, ingrafted on the old Thibetan religion. The Thibetans naturally consider themselves the purists of their faith, and they call their particular development of the cultus "Buddha's Law."

Admixture with temporal sovereignty degenerated the spiritual life of Buddhism until a reformer arose in the person of Soukapa, miraculously born in 1355. This Tangutan monk preached with great vigor at Lha-Ssa—a John the Baptist crying, "Repent! repent!" At last he ascended to heaven, but his body remains floating in air in the monastery dGa-lDan. He is the incarnation of Mahaikala, or "great time," and is continually reborn. He is found in paintings, between the two highest Lamas, holding a lotus-flower in each hand.

The doctrine of the continued identity of person in the successive Lamas is an essential element of the Buddhist creed. Since the beginning there have been fifteen incarnations of Buddha as Dalai-Lama, the last occurring a few months ago. These supreme pontiffs, like their brothers of Rome, have not been allowed to maintain their apostolic seats unmolested. Through clouds of troubles and fierce wars they kept their supremacy intact far into the eighteenth century. But, in 1750, under the sixth incarnation, the Chinese garrison at Lha-Ssa was massacred, and the emperor deprived the Dalai-Lama of his temporal power, and took him under his "protection," as the rulers of Europe have so often done with the popes. But Khian-lung afterward restored the regal sceptre; and since then the decrees are issued by spiritual pontiffs, although the Emperor of China is actually the ruler, and keeps two mandarins and a strong garrison at Lha-Ssa.

The Dalai-Lama who died recently was but nine years old when the Abbé Huc visited Thibet. The good father was keenly disappointed in not seeing "the living Buddha;" but the caravan that brought him from China brought also the small-pox, and the regent was unwilling to expose his holiness to the dreadful disease. The three immediate predecessors of this pontiff died violent deaths before reaching their majority, fixed by the law at twenty years. These mysterious deaths stirred the wild blood of the Asiatics to frenzy. They charged them to the Nomekhan, and sent a secret embassy to the Emperor of China beseeching his aid. The emperor at once dispatched to Thibet the mandarin Ki-Chan, who was so prominent during the war with England. The Nomekhan confessed his crime, and was banished. Thereupon occurred one of those whirlwinds of fury to which the Asiatic mind is exposed. The Nomekhan had been patron of the fifteen thousand priests in the Lamaserai of Sera, about half a league from the sacred city. While the great gates of the Nomekhan's palace yet held the imperial edict of banishment, written in Chinese, Tartar, and Thibetan, on yellow paper bordered with winged dragons, the fifteen thousand supporters of this potentate rushed upon Lha-Ssa. They ransacked the city, fled back to their convent at night, and in the morning rolled like an avalanche once more toward the holy towers. But they found before the city myriads of Thibetan and Chinese soldiers, eager to bathe their thirsty swords in blood. Instantly the conch-shells sounded through the plain; in one short hour the insurgents were walking calmly along their cloisters, going with meek faces to the morning choir.

To one approaching Lha-Ssa from the east, the sacred city bursts on the sight like a gleam of heaven. After long weeks of painful travel through vast deserts, where is seen no living thing but savage beasts and more savage robbers, one comes to the lovely plain of Pampou, watered by a large river, threaded by canals, and populous with happy dwellers. There is no city in the plain, but delightful little farmhouses are sprinkled plentifully among its groves, flying from their quaint towers many-colored streamers covered with Thibetan inscriptions. The Buddhists regard Pampou as the vestibule of the holy city, from which it is separated by a lofty mountain. Thibetans and Mongols climb this rugged barrier with great joy and devotion, for they believe that those who reach its summit obtain full remission of sins. As the traveler issues from the western defile, he

comes suddenly into full view of the queen of the Buddhist world, sitting enthroned in almost unearthly grandeur, guarded by an army of majestic trees, whose roots are deep in antiquity; gleaming with white houses, turreted and terraced, glorious with multitudinous temples of gilded roofs; and towering over all rises the splendid palace of the Dalai-Lama. The streets of the city are broad, straight, and clean. The houses are large, painted white every year, with borders of Lamanesque colors—red and yellow. In one quarter the houses are built entirely of ox and rams' horns, presenting a most grotesque yet fascinating appearance. But the glory of Lha-Ssa is the palace of the living Buddha. In the northern quarter of the city rises a rocky, conical height, called the Buddha-La, or Divine Mountain. Here sits the Vatican of the Buddhist world. A cluster of temples, of various sizes and marvelous beauty, incloses one grand pile of lofty gold columns, lifting high toward heaven a majestic, gilded dome. This central temple is the home of the Dalai-Lama. Here he sits and sways a power to which all other powers on the earth are puny. On holy days he fills the throne and looks calmly down on the innumerable throngs of worshipers, prostrating themselves at the foot of the holy mountain. The minor palaces are filled with Lamas, or priests, who wait upon "the vicar of God on earth." There is unceasing activity on the Buddha-La, yet all is quietness and sanctity.

When the Dalai-Lama dies—or, as the Buddhists say, when he has laid aside his mortal robe—it becomes of the highest importance to ascertain surely into what human form he has made his "rebirth." Sometimes the dying pontiff has confided to his intimate friends when and where he will reappear. Sometimes he hints darkly at it in his will. Generally, however, it is left to the hierarchical body to discover the new form of Buddha. Prayers and fasts are ordered through all the countless Lama convents; pilgrims flock to the Divine Mountain and the City of Spirits; every hand holds a rosary; on all sides is heard the magic prayer, "*Om mani padmé houm!*" ("Oh, the jewel in the lotus! Amen"). The sacred books and astrologers are consulted. All families claiming to have the Dalai-Lama send word to the authorities. Three Chaberons, or minor incarnations of Buddha, are chosen; the priests bring the child-candidates to Lha-Ssa, and, assembling the Houtouktous of the Lama state, bury themselves in the holy temple, and spend six days in fasting and prayer. On the seventh, they take a golden urn, holding three gold-fish, on which are graven the names of the children. The urn is shaken, a fish drawn out, and the baby whose name is read becomes the living Buddha. Before proclaiming him, however, the Chaberons institute certain tests. The books and robes of the dead Dalai-Lama are laid before the child, who is usually but four or five years old. He is then asked of his past career—when he read this, when he wore that, from whom he received this gift. Although in some cases the child had never before spoken an articulate word, he now answers every question correctly. One more final test is given. Little bells are brought, and he is expected to find the one he used in his former existence. Of course, it is not among them, and the child cries, "Where is my own favorite bell?" Immediately all fall on their faces and worship him; the child is arrayed in great pomp and carried through the streets in triumphal procession. The two little luckless Chaberons are sent back to their mothers' laps, with five hundred ounces of silver apiece.

These Chaberons are persons in whom Buddha is found incarnated, but to a far smaller degree than in the Pan-chhen and the Dalai-Lama. When a Chaberon, or Grand-Lama, is dead, there are no tears and mourning. It is known that he will soon reappear. But while the saint is in "the chrysalis state," the disciples at the convent which he has left widowed spend all their learning and energy to discover the place of his new birth. They consult the oracles, they watch for the rainbow, through which their lost saint speaks to them. Finally, the place of his reappearance is announced, and the devotees, wild with joy, set out to bring the child to their convent. It is invariably in some far-off, wellnigh inaccessible country; but the poor Mongols endure gladly most incredible hardships—dying from hunger, thirst, wild beasts, and robbers, to fall at the feet of the holy child.

The Chaberons are eternal; but the Dalai-Lama is eternal, omniscient, and omnipotent. Every act of his is perfect and sinless; he is infallible in deed and doctrine. There is healing in looking on him; to touch him is to become virtuous. When officiating he sits cross-legged and calm as a statue, upon five magnificent cushions placed over the altar. He is dressed in robes of dazzling splendor, whose cost would ruin many a European state. He notices no one of the suppliants, but constantly moves his hands in blessing. At times he casts around little balls made of paste or clay, and these have an infinite efficacy. Whatever pertains to him or comes from him, is omnipotent for good. He is supported by revenues whose figures transport us back to the Arabian Nights. His income is too vast to be comprehensible to a Western mind. Besides the revenues of state, the countless herds which are his own possessions, the gifts of the faithful, and legacies of love, he receives millions from the sale of idols, relics, and sacred charms. This unfathomable wealth is applied to increasing the honor of his court. The pomp and splendor of Lha-Ssa far outshine the glories of imperial Rome,

The religion of the Dalai-Lama has many wonderful resemblances to Christianity. Buddha was the child of an immaculate conception, and numerous incidents of his life find a parallel in that of Christ. He taught, too, that there is but "one sole sovereign, who has created all things; he is without beginning and without end; without body; invisible." He taught the unity of God, the mystery of the Incarnation. It is a delightful study to trace the numerous and strong similarities between primitive Buddhism and Christianity; for we love to see how God revealed his glorious truth unto those who

were seeking after him, "if haply they might find him." But historical Buddhism furnishes us with another parallel, not so pleasant—a parallel with Christianity as developed through the tortuous channels of Roman Catholicism. In India, Buddhism flourished for a thousand years, and exhibited the spectacle of a powerful and ancient religion depending alone upon spiritual authority and unity; for through all those centuries there was no national church, no hierarchy, no ecclesiastical centre. But we have seen its development in Thibet. We have noticed its resemblance to Romanism in its pope—indeed, in the rivalries of its two popes; in its temporal sovereignty, its college of priests; its extensive hierarchy; and even in its falling under the "protection" of a foreign and earthly power. Still further—we find in Buddhism a veneration of relics, with prayers for the dead, the intercession of saints, and the working of miracles. Many of these last read precisely like chapters from the *Acta Sanctorum*, with nothing changed but the names. If to all this we add the present deep belief of the Dalai-Lama that God will speedily intervene to rescue him from the imperial "protection," and establish his dominion over the entire world, the parallel will be found marvelously complete. One other strong resemblance between Buddha and Christ must be noticed. Like Jesus, Buddha established no cultus; he seems to have spent his existence in itinerant preaching, and in setting the example of a sinless life in a wicked and perverse generation.

The reciprocal influence of Buddhism and Christianity is still an open question, and is a subject for profound study. There are so many legends in the *Mahâvansa* strikingly resembling the stories of the Old and New Testaments, that Tennent claims they are the offspring of intercourse with Malabar Jews and Nestorian Christians; while Ferguson ascribes nine-tenths of the changes in Christianity during the middle ages to Buddhist origin. It is far more likely that the human mind experienced similar but independent developments beneath the palm-groves and the pine-forests—on the Ganges and the Danube. Yet the influence of Buddhism on some early offshoots from Christianity is indisputable—especially on Gnostic, Manichæan, and Neo-Platonic thought. This doubtless originated in the crowded marts of great Alexandria, where met together Jews and Gentiles, Greeks, Latins, and Orientals.

The effect of Buddhism on all its followers entitles it to our gratitude and veneration. It has transformed nation upon nation—countless myriads—of most barbarous and fierce Asiatics into beings of wonderful simplicity, gentleness, and purity of life. Out of the uncontrollable hordes that followed the wolf's-head on the banner of Genghis Khan to the most appalling slaughters that have ever drenched the world, the religion of Buddha has made peace-loving peoples among whom murder, rapine, crime of any kind, is almost unknown. In no part of Europe or America is human life to-day so secure from assault as among the untold millions of Buddhists. In Siam, especially, is the true spirit of Christianity more universally exhibited than in any distinctive Christian state. In Bangkok, a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, a broil or a quarrel is seldom seen in the streets; and sometimes an entire year passes without a single murder. Rich men love to build roads, bridges, and water-courses, by their private means for the public good, and to help the poor from their misery. No stranger is allowed to be hungry or thirsty, or in any way neglected, in a Buddhist country. The people are remarkably chaste. Respect to the aged, care of the sick and helpless, the doctrine of universal equality and brotherhood, these are essential elements in Buddhist teachings.

Buddhism is now gradually undergoing a revival, and ere it ceases it will become a phenomenon on which the eyes of the whole world will be fastened. Thousands of temples are discarding all miraculous manifestations, all the overlying crust of formalism, and returning to the grand, pristine moral truths.

The followers of Buddha are countless. Koeppen reckons them at one-third the entire population of the globe. They are double the number of Mohammedans and Brahmans combined, and threefold that of all Christian denominations. In Lha-Ssa three cloisters alone hold thirty thousand monks. In Peking are five thousand temples and eighty thousand priests. The number of priests in all China is above one million. Buddha has over four hundred million adherents. Not one is found in India; but from the balmy groves of Ceylon; from the densely-shaded Irrawaddy and the majestic Brahmapootra; from the lovely isles of Japan, the endless plains of Mongolia, the vast steppes of Tartary, and the mountains of Thibet—float up the clouds of incense to Buddha, and the ears of the one true God are filled with the din of his children's voices praying blindly, "*Om mani padmé houm!*"

Two centuries of profound peace have not wholly deadened the war-fire in Mongolian breasts. The traveler over those limitless lands is to-day entertained at every inn, beneath the shade of every black tent, with stories of the conquests of Genghis Khan. The chief and sleepless aim of the Chinese emperor is to keep his Mongolian subjects weak. But already that terrible blood is stirring anew in their veins.

Buddhist prophets have swept every chord of those wild hearts with recent utterances. They claim that the next incarnation of the Pan-chhen will occur between the Celestial Mountains and the Altai Range; that the Chinese will overrun Thibet; a great uprising of the Thibetans will end in the slaughter of every Chinese in the country in a single day; that the emperor will send an avenging army to Thibet, and at this juncture Buddha will reappear in a new Pan-chhen, arm and transform his followers into a trained host; reconquer Thibet, Tartary, China, and the vast empire of the Ooroos (Russians). Notwithstanding the years since these prophecies, they do not grow dim, but rather deepen and brighten, preparing a lurid light that may yet burst over the teeming millions of Asia.

The Dalai-Lama is the most powerful of men. He has but to lift his hand, and instantly the world would be filled with the thunder of innumerable feet, the din of countless arms, gathering to the sacred banner from the frontiers of Siberia, from the Spice Islands, and the land of the white elephant. An outbreak of tribes, the tottering of the Chinese throne, might be the signal. If that time ever comes, the world will see a war of bloods and religions so fierce and vast as to be equaled only by the frightful ravin of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ALTHOUGH literary, art, and dramatic critics do not altogether go free of censure, there is perhaps no class of people who enjoy so much immunity from censorship and public criticism as they do. There is no tribunal which calls them to account, none which points out their errors or exposes their fallacies; there is no power anywhere to which they are amenable. Every book must run a gantlet of sharp criticism; every painter must submit to see his pictures subjected to close and often illiberal analysis; every actor and singer is at the mercy of scores of writers, who watch every tone and gesture, and make public every defect. The critics, however, may blunder at pleasure, and be as perverse and unfair as they list; they may praise without reason and condemn without cause, with no power anywhere to set them right, or any which even exerts a restraining influence upon them. There are some indications that this state of things will not always continue. The artists, for instance, have been so outrageously abused in many quarters that a feeling has arisen among them looking to reprisals. They cannot much longer permit a set of reckless and presumptuous men to revile and defame at pleasure, to utter criticisms that too commonly are as malicious as they are unphilosophical and unjust. Some writers have already learned to strike back at the critics, and artists are likely to follow their example. It is even possible that in the near future we shall have journals specially devoted to the analysis of current criticisms, just as there are those devoted to the analysis of current productions. *Athenæums* in that case will look after books, and *Tribunes* will flourish whose business will be to look after the *Athenæums*. We may be sure that critics deliberately devoting themselves to other critics will afford some very lively reading.

But critics do not differ from other workers only in their immunity from supervision. They constitute a profession that for the most part is without canons, or principles, or recognized methods. Criticism nine times out of ten is simply a matter of instinct or impression; it depends upon the critic's temperament or mood, and is usually the result of preconceived notions. Those, for instance, who believe in realism in art are prepared to scoff at imagination, whether well expressed or not; and those who think that it is the sole province of art to lift the fancy and exalt the emotions, are impatient of all manifestations of another character. Of course, all criticism that springs from one-sided theories is unjust. But not only is criticism often a narrow exposition of a theory—it usually knows little or nothing of the laws of construction and expression. A host of critics will write glibly of an actor's performance; but how many have such a knowledge of the use of emphasis, and inflection, and pause, as to be able to point out wherein any given passage from a poet is uttered correctly or not? It would be effective discipline and an interesting test if some of our critics would undertake to mark the wrong use of emphasis and inflection in any given performance. Of course, the art of reading is part only of the art of acting; but it is a definite and important part, and critics should not be permitted to make wild guesses at an actor's knowledge in this particular. So also in painting. How many critics who discuss pictures with great ease and freedom are familiar with the philosophy of color, the laws of contrast, the principles of proportion and composition, the resources of the palette in the expression of texture? They have a multitude of impressions regarding these things, but how much clear and distinct knowledge? Unfortunately, they do not for a moment suppose that distinct knowledge is at all necessary. They have plenty of notions, and a ready tact in putting sentences together. Sometimes they write erroneously but honestly; sometimes their defamations are deliberately calculated. It is not uncommon for distinct attempts to be made to write down an obnoxious author or artist; sometimes a leader in criticism sets an example of defamation which a host of imitators catch up and make the fashion. Many of us can recollect an instance in this city when a writer, whose style was pungent and whose convictions were for sale, was selected to write down an eminent actor, and who did his work with all the resources of a caustic pen. It is well known that in one newspaper a brilliant penman has for years slaughtered artists right and left, for the sole reason that his criticisms are exceedingly vivacious and amusing—thus butchering, as it were, honorable men in order to make a holiday for a set of idle readers!

Literary criticism is usually more staid and trustworthy than that of either the drama or the arts—doubtless for the reason that the rules of literary art are much more commonly known, every intelligent person having some measure of knowledge of letters. Caprices of utterance here are far more common in regard to purely artistic and æsthetic work than with other kinds; a book of travels or essays will be understood, while a poem or a truly artistic tale will not. Recently there appeared a translation of one of Theuriet's minor stories—a most

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delightful picture of French provincial life, with two odd old bachelors, a quaint old maid, and a charming young woman, for characters. It is a story symmetrical in form, full of dainty and exquisitely-touched pictures, and fairly perfect in its artistic construction. But critics who know how to wrestle with a weighty "Daniel Deronda," and can pierce the mysteries of Browning, have shown themselves incapable of detecting the aroma of this delicate flower. Some of them condemned it because it is not *profound*. They are entirely right—the story is not profound; but then a criticism of this kind is as much as if one should say that a *meringue* is not a good *meringue* because it is not roast-beef. Assuredly critics should know a few primary principles—that everything must be judged by its purpose and kind—a song as a song, a farce as a farce, a tragedy as a tragedy. But, as we have already said, many critics comprehend literature very well if it does not happen to be artistic literature. It may be asked whether American readers are always alert to the excellence of the latter kind.

It is often astonishing to see how a book may be damned by perverse ingenuity, by a selection of epithets that are exquisitely misappropriate. Rudolph Lindau is a rising German writer, whose stories are recognized among competent critics as exhibiting a marked power; they are characterized by compactness and repose of style, by the absence of everything like exaggeration, by a psychological insight into character, and by a pathos almost too deep for tears. The burden of his stories is the bitter fatality that follows all men, the certainty that even our felicities will ripen into infelicities, and that mischance lurks even in the flowers and promises of life. Indisputably, one has a right to prefer a more hopeful philosophy of life, and stories that treat of brighter things; but when a critic of good standing calls these tales "hard, shallow, and melodramatic," every intelligent reader must be lost in wonder. They are distinctly not melodramatic, because, although tragic incidents occur, these incidents are treated in a severe and simple manner, without extravagance, sensation, or the slightest touch of theatrical effect. The tales are not shallow, inasmuch as they touch motive and passion at their sources; and it is simply a calm and smooth repose that is mistaken for hardness. The instances of false criticism we have given are selected as examples because they chance to be at hand. They are really harmless and slight, whereas it sometimes happens that criticism is elaborately cruel and unjust, full of sweeping denunciation that is either malicious or ignorant, the critic reveling in the exercise of his misused power because there is no tribunal which he can be brought before, no court of appeals which can reverse his wrongful judgments.

An amusing discussion has been going on in the Paris papers *à propos* of the manners of the hordes of English tourists who have invaded that city during the "great show." A writer in the *Gaulois* anathematizes the race of Britons abroad with peculiar severity, and doubts whether the pounds sterling they bring, and scatter on every side with lavish hand, compensate for the annoyances they cause and the passions they rouse in the Parisian breast. At home, he says, no one can be more hospitable, or can spare less pains to make the stay of a stranger pleasant and interesting, than the English. No sooner, however, do they shake the dust of the "sea-girt isle" from their feet than they become "bands of phlegmatic Visigoths, without decorum or respectability." In pitiable tones he complains that "they knock up against you without apologizing; they tread on your feet with their large boots without giving you notice; they install themselves at your side in a *café* or restaurant without asking your permission, sitting down on your hat with the utmost *sang-froid;* and they go to the theatre in impossible garments, of which an Asnières boatman would be ashamed." There is no break, if we may believe the indignant scribe, in the monotony of the boorish manners of the invading hosts. Day after day the same sombre procession of islanders of both sexes—the women, with rubicund noses, large, staring blue eyes, "their piano-keys projecting out of their mouths," with shapeless waists and formidable feet, are encountered, filing off like so many asparagus-plants; the men, "with dull or savage eyes, great red whiskers, giant automatons, all carrying the inevitable opera-glass across their shoulders, and crushing everything in their way with the weight of their heavy boots." The writer cries out in protest against delaying the close of the Exhibition, if it is to attract "such hordes of English;" and concludes that the Ameer of the Afghans is wiser than he is given credit for to keep the English out of his territories, even if he has to do so by force.

The English writers have so much to say about the manners of Americans on the Continent, that we may be pardoned a little malicious satisfaction to find themselves so vigorously retorted upon, even though it be by a rather overcharged French pen. The picture is certainly not a whit more exaggerated, however, than that drawn by Thackeray of the Americans he met in Switzerland, eating with their knives. Indeed, Englishmen themselves not seldom bear honest testimony to the singular appearance and yet stranger manners of the "cockney abroad." Within a few weeks an English correspondent described in a London paper the appearance of two of his fellow-countryfolk as they appeared on the boulevards. "The elder," he says, "was a man of about fifty, and was, therefore, old enough to have known better. He wore knickerbockers, and both he and his companion, who looked like his daughter, held long alpenstocks in their hands, and had knapsacks strapped to their backs. Thus caparisoned, they strode along the principal thoroughfares of Paris to the intense amusement of all passers-by." It must be taken for granted that this class of British tourists is fairly incorrigible; for French writers for centuries have been irritated out of their national politeness by their incursions and arrogance. "Our forefathers," wrote a Parisian more than a hundred years ago, "were ofttimes sorely troubled by the swarms of

invading English who hurled themselves upon the soil of France; but when I see these swarms of travelers who now invade us, annoy us, madden us, under the protection of peace, I seriously doubt which invasion—that of peace or war—were to be preferred! The buzzing of the mosquito is said to be less endurable than its bite. They used to kill our soldiers, who were but mortals; now they murder our language, which we would fain have endure." Washington Irving, with his genial and delicate humor, long ago depicted John Bull abroad, noting the ease with which he is taken in, and the excess of his generosity over his wisdom; and as John Bull abroad was a century ago, and in Irving's time, it is to be suspected he is now and will be evermore. Compared with the average Briton on the Continent, the most consequential American *nouveau riche* from the oil-regions is welcome and inoffensive in Continental eyes; and when an English writer ridicules American manners across the sea, he is throwing stones from an exceedingly transparent glass house.

THE "Contributors' Club," in the last *Atlantic*, has a communication from one of the writers for that magazine, which affirms the need of "a personal pronoun of the singular number and common gender," declaring the need to be "desperate, urgent, imperative," and illustrating by several examples the awkward straits into which writers are often placed in consequence thereof. This, as our readers know, is no new complaint; but we cannot agree with the *Evening Post* that, because in times past other writers have deplored this defect in our language, the "person who wants a pronoun" is now therefore ridiculous; nor can we assent to the *Post's* affirmation that "the English-speaking world does not feel the need of a new pronoun," and that he who does feel this need simply "lacks that complete command of his mother-tongue which would make it a perfectly flexible instrument in his hands." It is quite true that the English-speaking world has done without a personal pronoun of the singular number and common gender for a good many centuries, and in all likelihood will do without it for centuries to come; but this does not prove that such a pronoun would not be of great convenience, or that it is not largely needed. The world got along very well for thousands of years without newspapers, steam-engines, railways, or electric cables, and under an absolute necessity could do without them again. The merely necessary is very limited.

> "Oh, reason not the need; our basest beggars
> Are in the poorest thing superfluous,"

says King Lear. The question, therefore, is not whether a new pronoun is distinctly needed, but whether it is not desirable; whether, if it were possible to make one, it would not prove a great convenience to writers generally, admitting that a few have such command over their mother-tongue as to be enabled to employ it with entire flexibility and ease without addition or change. If our experience and observation go for anything, these fortunate ones are very few indeed. There is scarcely a writer whose manuscript falls into our hands who is not occasionally betrayed into an error in grammar on account of this desired pronoun. The public cannot see the numberless mistakes which are corrected by watchful proof-readers; but even watchful proof-readers do not prevent every error of the kind, as any reader of general literature who keeps his eyes open will discover. A few evenings since we were glancing over Professor Jevons's book on "Political Economy," when we noted a sentence in which the writer had been betrayed into an error of grammar obviously because a pronoun of the singular number and common gender was not at hand; later in the evening we were listening to the old comedy of "The Road to Ruin," and noted three mistakes arising from the same cause. It is entirely true that care would have prevented these errors, but they are of a nature that writers fall into so easily, so inevitably, indeed, that if the English-speaking world does not feel the need of a new pronoun, it is because it is for the most part unconscious of the endless mistakes that abound in our literature as the consequence of not having a singular pronoun that will do for either sex.

THE rapid spread of public libraries in this country is practically creating, or rather has already created, a new profession. To be sure there have been librarians, the custodians of collections of books more or less extensive, since the days of Alexandrian greatness; nor need we ignore those plodding and painstaking mediæval monks, who so sacredly preserved and have handed down to us the choice remains of classical letters. For the great libraries of England, France, Germany, and Italy, too, there have always been found men of learning, skill, and technical knowledge of books, who have lent system and order to the large accumulations confided to their charge. But until within the past few decades, librarians have been few, and it was only here and there that a scholar turned his eyes to this occupation as a life-work. The demand for competent librarians, however, has now become so wide—since every city and many villages must have their free libraries—that numbers of young men and women serve apprenticeships, prepare themselves by study and practice, and look forward to the position of a librarian as their permanent sphere of labor. We hear of congresses and conferences of librarians, as we do of those of naturalists, doctors, advocates of universal peace, and labor-unions; books have been written to serve as primers and text-books to teach the librarians' science; and we may, ere long, see schools established for the purpose of training up young people to know how to prepare catalogues and dole out books. The task of the librarian is such, indeed, as to render it worthy of being a subject of a training as systematic and as thorough as that of engineering or healing the ill. To one unfamiliar with the working of a library, it seems an easy thing to arrange books on shelves in an alphabetical, or chronological, or "subject" order; to make lists of them by topic and author; and to keep a straight account of those books

which go out to and come in from the public. But even these apparently simple duties have their perplexities, and need patient and minute care, as any experienced librarian will testify.

With them, however, the whole task of the really good librarian by no means ceases. He should be also a walking book of reference. His knowledge of books should be so broad, and so easily recalled in the memory, that he can assist a reader who knows what subject he is searching for, but not in just what books he will find what he wants. In these days of hurry, most students are fain to content themselves, not with a knowledge of all that books contain, but in what books and at what page or chapter they will find the gist of what they are seeking. The thorough librarian should be a guide in the bewildering mazes of literature, one to whom the student may confidently apply in "getting up" a subject, and upon whose knowledge he may implicitly trust. Happily such librarians are not by any means rare. The taste which leads one to choose this serene vocation, also leads him to delight in becoming familiar with the contents of the books, which become clear to him in detail as well as in the aggregate. A librarian's duties necessarily whet the memory, and keeping it in constant action bring it to a high state of cultivation. With a librarian thus endowed with the ability to aid those who ask his assistance, a student need no longer feel the sensation of bewilderment which Emerson once said always overcame him when he first entered a large library, and glanced along the endless rows of books—all which he could never hope to dip into, much less digest—ranged before him; for with such aid the student becomes really the master of the mass, which thereby yields him all it has that concerns his researches.

Books of the Day.

THE "Lives of the Poets" have long been regarded as Johnson's best, most satisfying, and most characteristic work. Merely as literary criticism, they constitute one of the few books which no student of English literature can afford to overlook or neglect; but their interest and value are much greater than mere literary criticism can ever attain to, for Johnson was primarily a moralist, he could never content himself with a simple investigation and record of facts, and from his "Lives" there can be gathered a complete outline of his views upon men and things—upon fate, free-will, the order of the world, and the conduct of life. It is well known, however, that the "Lives" are of very unequal merit. Johnson did not choose the subjects himself, but merely supplied lives of all whom the booksellers proposed to include in their collection of British poets; and, as a consequence, much of the work is of a merely perfunctory character, scarcely exceeding in length or quality of contents the ordinary prefaces which usually accompany such collections. To this, doubtless, more than to any other cause, is to be attributed the fact that, while the volumes have long been a work to stand in the library —"a work which no gentleman's library should be without"—they have never quite secured a place among those books with which every one aspires to be acquainted, and which every one must read.

Reflecting upon this, it has occurred to Mr. Matthew Arnold that a book of the first excellence—a book which would serve admirably both as a text-book in schools and as a *point de repère* (or starting-point) for those readers who desire even so much as a general acquaintance with English literature—might be made by selecting the most important of the lives in Johnson's volumes and leaving out all the rest; and in pursuance of his idea he has brought together in a single volume, entitled "Johnson's Chief Lives," [1] the biographies of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray. Of course any collection of the "chief lives" which aimed at being complete would have to include, besides those named, at least the "Life of Cowley," which Johnson himself considered the best of them all, and the "Life of Savage," which is, perhaps, the most perfect single specimen of Johnson's prose; but Mr. Arnold aimed at making his book in a sense homogeneous, and the six chosen are of preëminent interest, not merely because they are among the best when viewed from the standpoint of literary execution, but also because they are the lives of men who, while the rest in the collection are of inferior rank, stand out as names of the first class in English literature. "These six writers," says Mr. Arnold, "differ among themselves, of course, in power and importance, and every one can see that, if we were following certain modes of literary classification, Milton would have to be placed on a solitary eminence far above any of them. But if, without seeking a close view of individual differences, we form a large and liberal first class among English writers, all these six personages—Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray—must, I think, be placed in it. Their lives cover a space of more than a century and a half, from 1608, the year of Milton's birth, down to 1771, the date of the death of Gray. Through this space of more than a century and a half the six lives conduct us. We follow the course of what Warburton well calls 'the most agreeable subject in the world, which is literary history,' and follow it in the lives of men of letters of the first class. And the writer of their lives is himself, too, a man of letters of the first class. Malone calls Johnson 'the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century.' He is justly to be called, at any rate, a man of letters of the first class, and the greatest power in English letters during the eighteenth century. And in his 'Lives of the Poets,' in this mature and most characteristic work, not finished until 1781, and 'which I wrote,' as he himself tells us, 'in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste,' we have Johnson mellowed by years, Johnson in his ripeness and plenitude, treating the subject which he loved best and knew best. Much of it he could treat with the knowledge and sure tact of a contemporary; even from Milton and Dryden he was scarcely further separated than our generation is from Burns and Scott. Having all these recommenda-

[1] Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets: Being those of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray. With Macaulay's Life of Johnson, and a Preface by Matthew Arnold. To which are appended Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays on Boswell's Life of Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, pp. xliv.-439.

tions, his 'Lives of the Poets' do, indeed, truly stand for what Boswell calls them, 'the work which of all Dr. Johnson's writings will, perhaps, be read most generally and with most pleasure.' And in the lives of the six chief personages of the work—the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray—we have its very kernel and quintessence. . . . By their subjects, at any rate, the six lives are of preëminent interest. In these we have Johnson's series of critical biographies relieved of whatever is less significant, retaining nothing which is not highly significant, brought within easy and convenient compass, and admirably fitted to serve as a *point de repère*, a fixed and thoroughly known centre of departure and return, to the student of English literature."

By themselves, it will be observed, the six selected lives form a fairly homogeneous and complete work; but, in order to render it "quite perfect," as he says, Mr. Arnold has added as an introduction the "Life of Johnson," which Lord Macaulay contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica. "That Life is a work which shows Macaulay at his very best; a work written when his style was matured and when his resources were in all their fullness. The permission to use it has enabled me to fill a long-cherished desire, to tell the story of a whole important age in one compendious volume—itself, at the same time, a piece of English literature of the very first class." The only fault to be found with Mr. Arnold's prefatory essay is that it is too brief. It expounds a few leading ideas with admirable lucidity and precision, and points out with much penetrative insight the sources of Johnson's power and the nature of his services to literature; but one would like to have from the greatest English critic of our own day a fuller commentary upon Johnson's often curiously narrow and misleading critical verdicts. In an Appendix to the American edition of the work the publishers have included Macaulay's famous essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and Carlyle's equally famous rejoinder thereto—partly because they seemed pertinent to the general subject of the book, and partly, as they say, because of a recently-expressed opinion that "if a young person were to ask from what portions of English literature he could gain most benefit at a single sitting, nothing could more safely be recommended than" these two essays.

Uniform with the "Chief Lives," and in some sense as a companion and complementary work, the same publishers have issued a new edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson,"[1] relieved of obsolete and unimportant matter, and thus reduced to about half its original dimensions.

PERSONAL reminiscences of distinguished people constitute one of the most universally attractive species of literature; and many readers, who are aware of the length of the period covered by the careers of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke and the extent and variety of their literary acquaintance, will turn with eager expectation to their "Recollections of Writers."[2] The result in most cases, we imagine, will be a feeling of disappointment. The book is sufficiently easy reading, and here and there is an anecdote, a saying, or a fact, which is quite worth preserving; but the interest, on the whole, is languid, and the predominant impression left in the mind of the reader will be a sort of surprise that such veteran and practised authors could know so many people of whom we would gladly learn and yet be able to tell us so little about them. Decidedly the best chapter in the book is the one on Keats, written by Charles Cowden Clarke, who was Keats's schoolfellow for several years, who was the first confidant of his poetic aspirations, and who was perhaps his most intimate associate up to the very eve of his departure on that last hopeless journey to Italy. These "Recollections of Keats" have a freshness and flavor not possessed by any other portion of the volume, and will doubtless prove very entertaining to those unfamiliar with the details of Keats's life; yet they add very little to what Lord Houghton has told us in his biography, and give a curiously shadowy and indefinite idea of Keats's personality. This vagueness of outline, indeed, is the main defect of the entire book. Many people are talked about, but there are very few of whom we get any vivid and lifelike impression, and yet it is precisely in order to obtain such impressions that personal reminiscences are sought after. The chapter on Dickens is the liveliest and most vivacious, and is really a contribution to our knowledge of him as a man; but it deals with but one brief episode of his life—when he was manager of the famous amateur theatrical company of which Mrs. Clarke was a member—and the letters are wholly without interest. Fortunately, Charles and Mary Lamb are among the few persons of whose individuality we get something more than a glimpse; and, while the descriptive reminiscences of Leigh Hunt have the customary vagueness, there are among the letters a few which are eminently characteristic and charming. Douglas Jerrold is placed in a more agreeable light than usual, and so are all "the wits;" but then everybody seems to have behaved amiably toward "the Cowden Clarkes," who appear to have become universal favorites by offering at all the shrines that incense of uncritical admiration which is perhaps the most acceptable homage that an author can receive.

Of the "Recollections," as a whole, it must be said that their distinguishing characteristic is a certain amiable and cheerful garrulity, which would furnish excellent subject-matter for the devious ramblings of fireside talk, but which offers rather slender material for a book of literary reminiscence. A feature of the volume is a fac-simile of an autograph letter of Charles Dickens, in which he signs himself (in character) by the various theatrical "parts" which he played while acting with Mrs. Clarke.

AN index to a cyclopædia, which is itself an index to the accumulated stores of human knowledge, would at first glance seem superfluous; yet, every one who has occasion to make frequent use of such a work knows that a very large proportion of the information contained in a cyclopædia is rendered inaccessible to the casual inquirer by the fact that he does not know where to look for it. Very many of the articles in a cyclopædia cover, and are intended to cover, a great number of particulars; and no possible, or at least feasible, multiplication of titles would enable each of these particulars to be set forth under a separate heading. Again, by reason of the scientific and other classifications necessarily adopted in bringing together the vast aggregations of knowledge, the information on a given subject or class of subjects will often be found distributed under several articles, sometimes in different volumes of the cyclopædia, or is given incidentally in connection with another topic, where the reader would never think of looking for it, unless he

[1] The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Including the Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell. The Original Text relieved from Passages of Obsolete Interest. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, pp. 689.

[2] Recollections of Writers. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. With Letters of Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, and Charles Dickens. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 347.

is very expert in the use of such works. For these reasons a cyclopædia, like every other work dealing with facts and opinions, would be rendered vastly more useful by a good index; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, for the literary worker, and for those readers who resort to it for casual information, the utility of Appletons' "American Cyclopædia" is fairly doubled by the copious and carefully-prepared "Index"[1] to it which has been issued as a supplementary volume.

Only after months of constant use could one pronounce confidently upon the merits and defects of such a work, as regards the manner of execution; but the plan is certainly admirable, and the saving of labor—which, of course, is the prime object of an index—is brought to a very high point of efficiency. Not only is the reader directed to the volume and page containing what he is in search of, but to the column and the portion of the column in which it is to be found. Thus, to quote from the compiler's preface: "In the references to the Cyclopædia, the first numeral (Roman) refers to the volume, the second and third (Arabic) respectively to the page and column, and the letters, a, b, c, to the first, second, or third part of the column; e. g., 'Cottonwood, tree, XIII. 711, 2 c (ill.),' means that what is said of it may be found, with an illustration, in the thirteenth volume, page 711, lower third of the second column." Of the necessity for *searching* for what he wants—which usually consumes so much time—the reader is entirely relieved; since, by simply following the directions, he cannot miss at the first glance by more than half a dozen lines the required fact or topic. The Index has also been made in some degree a supplement to the Cyclopædia, by the insertion of additional and later information. "Thus, where a person noticed in the Cyclopædia has died since its close, the year of his death is generally noted. Where one has attained to higher office, or met with any great change of fortune, that fact is usually indicated. In many instances persons of some prominence are only incidentally mentioned in the Cyclopædia, in connection with the topics with which their names are associated. Generally, where biographical notices of such persons could be found, the briefest possible statement of the leading facts has been inserted; often the dates of birth and death alone are given, where nothing more appeared to be essential." Correction, too, is made of the occasional errors and inconsistencies which, in the vast multitude of topics treated, have crept into the Cyclopædia proper; and, in the case of foreign proper names, and such other words as seem to require it, the pronunciation is indicated. Altogether, the "Index" may fairly claim to be considered an integral, and by no means the least useful, part of the "American Cyclopædia," whose preëminence as a work of practical utility it will help to confirm.

"The Family Library of British Poetry,"[2] edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple, covers the period from Chaucer to the present time (1350-1878), and is strong in the selections from the really first-rate poets whose writings have immortalized the literature of our native tongue. The editors have used their ample space, not in the multiplication of those "occasional pieces" which from time to time have achieved a certain vogue or popularity, but which are nearly always deficient in the higher qualities of poetry. "Many of the most popular short poems in the language," they truly say, "are merely accidental 'hits' of generally mediocre rhymers. We have rescued some novel examples of this class of poems from the undeserved oblivion which sometimes follows great popularity; but, while such pieces are included in this collection, because readers in general would demand their appearance in it, the editors take satisfaction in the prominence they have given to such poets as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, Dryden, Marvell, Herbert, Pope, Akenside, Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Southey, and Tennyson." Each of these poets, and many others of the class immediately beneath them, is represented by a list of selections which represent the characteristic aspects of his genius.

THE third volume of "English Men of Letters" (of which the first two volumes were reviewed in a recent number) is a monograph on Sir Walter Scott, by R. H. Hutton.[1] It is mainly an abridgment or abstract of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," for Lockhart in his ten generous volumes harvested the field so thoroughly as to leave but slender gleanings for any one who attempts to follow in his footsteps. The only essential point in which Mr. Hutton deviates from Lockhart is in his version of the relations between Scott and the Ballantynes, a point in which Lockhart, partly from partiality for Scott, and partly, no doubt, from ignorance of all the circumstances, deviated very widely from the truth. Mr. Hutton's account has an air of impartiality, and is probably correct, and it has a special interest because in stating the grounds for his conclusions, he touches gently but firmly upon what is perhaps the most serious limitation upon Scott's magnanimity and nobleness of character—his disposition, due to a very deep-seated pride, to prefer inferior men as working-colleagues in business. The strictly original portions of Mr. Hutton's work are those in which he analyzes the sources and quality of Scott's literary power, and estimates the relative and distinctive merits of his various works. Few readers, perhaps, will be found to acquiesce always and wholly in these estimates; but in a matter of literary criticism Mr. Hutton is seldom very far out of the way, and his comments are instructive even when they are not convincing. As a popular introduction to Scott's works nothing could be better than his little monograph, but it will necessarily seem extremely meagre to one who, in Lockhart's "Life," has enjoyed one of the most thoroughly delightful biographies in the English language.

MOST readers will be surprised to find in Mr. Adams's "Railroads: Their Origin and Problems"[2] so lively and entertaining a history as is contained in its first chapter, entitled "The Genesis of the Railroad System." With a vivacity and picturesqueness of style surpassing that of Mr. Smiles, and a fullness of detail that has been equaled by no previous writer, Mr. Adams narrates the wonderful and ever-interesting story of the invention of the locomotive, the building and opening of the pioneer line between Liverpool and Manchester, and the rapid introduction of railways in England and the United States.

[1] A General and Analytical Index to the American Cyclopædia. By the Rev. J. T. Conant, D. D., assisted by his Daughter, Blandina Conant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 810.

[2] The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time. Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. With Twelve Heliotype Portraits. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Royal 8vo, pp. 1028.

[1] English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Sir Walter Scott. By Richard Holt Hutton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 177.

[2] Railroads: Their Origin and Problems. By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 216.

According to Mr. Adams, the common defect of previous accounts of the advent of the locomotive, and of the phenomena which followed in its train, is that they are written from a standpoint many years later, when the novelty of the thing had quite worn away, and that consequently they lack that freshness and spontaneity which characterize descriptions written at the time. He has gone back, therefore, in every case, to these contemporary descriptions; and has compiled from them a narrative which certainly possesses all the charms of novelty, with a dramatic element that could only be achieved by a looker-on recording the sights and sensations of the moment. The second half of the book is quite different in character, and discusses with scientific precision and lucidity the conditions of the "Railroad Problem" as it presents itself in England, France, Germany, and Belgium, and especially in the United States. He outlines with masterly force and clearness the various policies toward railroads that have been pursued in the different countries, and points out the obvious mistakes in principles or practice; but the reader speedily discovers that Mr. Adams is no *doctrinaire*, and the only practical suggestion he offers as applicable to the present state of the problem with us is for the legislative power to hold its hands for a time and see what light will be thrown upon the subject by the untrammeled operation of the natural laws of trade.

THE fact that a story has pleased the cultured and cosmopolitan audience of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, constitutes presumptive evidence that it possesses high qualities as a work of art; and the presumption is certainly correct in the case of "Remorse," by M. Th. Bentzon.[1] Its subject—the love of a married woman for a man other than her husband—is one about which English and American readers usually feel more curiosity than sympathy; but, conceding that such a theme is a legitimate *motif* for a novel, no fault can be found with M. Bentzon's method of treating it, and the moral of this particular story is severe enough to satisfy the most puritanical. It is as a work of art, however, rather than for its subject or its morality, that "Remorse" challenges our admiration. Its plot is constructed and adjusted with all the precision and skill of an acting-drama—with much more than the skill, indeed, exhibited in most of our modern plays. Every page carries the story forward, each chapter marks a distinct stage in the progress of the narrative; and we have a complete and most touching heart-history, and really delicate studies of half a dozen types of character, all brought within the space which an English novelist of similar rank would require for merely introducing his figures upon the boards. We have referred to it before, but it is worth pointing out again that the distinctive characteristic of French fiction-writers, as compared with those of England, America, and Germany, is the marked superiority of their workmanship viewed on its artistic side. As pictures of human life, with all its mystery and complexities, the better class of English novels are no doubt far more satisfactory and adequate; but in constructing and telling his story, a fifth-rate French novelist will exhibit a logical skill and a neatness and finish of workmanship which would be sought for in vain in even the best specimens of English fiction. Hamerton has remarked somewhere that Meissonier will achieve on a few square inches of canvas effects which Haydon, the English historical painter, strove in vain to produce on as many square yards; and this is about the difference between a novel like "Remorse" and one of (say) Spielhagen's or Mrs. Oliphant's.

[1] Remorse. A Novel. From the French of Th. Bentzon. (Collection of Foreign Authors, No. XIII.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 216.

A WORK for which the well-known "Dickens Dictionary" furnished the suggestion, and probably the model, is "The Waverley Dictionary," by May Rogers.[1] It is described on the title-page as an alphabetical arrangement of all the characters in Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley Novels," with a descriptive analysis of each character, and illustrative selections from the text; and the definition is more exact than title-page descriptions usually are. Taking each of the "Waverley Novels" in the order of its publication, Miss Rogers defines its purpose or "argument," quoting mainly from Scott's explanatory prefaces; arranges the persons whose names appear in it in their alphabetical order, describing the character of each, and the part which he or she plays in the story; makes record of the various chapters in which each appears or is referred to; and, where the character is of sufficient importance, quotes from the novel illustrative and descriptive passages. These selections, the most difficult portion of the task, are made with excellent judgment; and though the book falls, of course, under the "practical utility" group, it possesses by reason of them enough of the literary flavor to relieve it of the proverbial dictionary dullness. Besides the features already mentioned, there is a list of the "Waverley Novels" in their chronological order (that is, in the order of the periods of which they treat), another list showing the order and dates of their publication, and a good general index bringing all the characters of the novels into their alphabetical places; and we may say of the volume as a whole that it forms a worthy muster-roll of the most immortal of all the Scottish clans.

ALL who are interested in natural history will have reason to congratulate themselves upon the appearance of a popular edition of Wilson & Bonaparte's "American Ornithology."[2] This valuable and standard work has hitherto been held at a price which rendered it inaccessible to all save public libraries and the wealthiest private collectors; yet its contents are of a character to attract and please all classes of readers, and there are few works in American scientific literature that deserve to be more widely known. As an observer and describer of the appearance, haunts, and habits of birds, Wilson has never been surpassed and rarely equaled, and in his book, avoiding the technicalities of the ordinary scientific method, he exhibits the study of ornithology in its most agreeable and fascinating aspect. The present edition of the work is printed from the same plates and contains the same illustrations as the original costly edition; the only differences being that the three volumes are bound together in one, that the illustrations are not colored, and that the paper and binding are less ornate and heavy. Its style of issue is highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the publishers, and it is cheap not only relatively to its former high price, but absolutely, for the quantity of its reading-matter and the number and beauty of its illustrations.

[1] The Waverley Dictionary: An Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Characters in Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, with a Descriptive Analysis of each Character, and Illustrative Selections from the Text. By May Rogers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 16mo, pp. 357.

[2] American Ornithology; or, The Natural History of the Birds of the United States. Illustrated with Plates Engraved from Drawings from Nature. By Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucian Bonaparte. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Large 8vo, pp. 1178.

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